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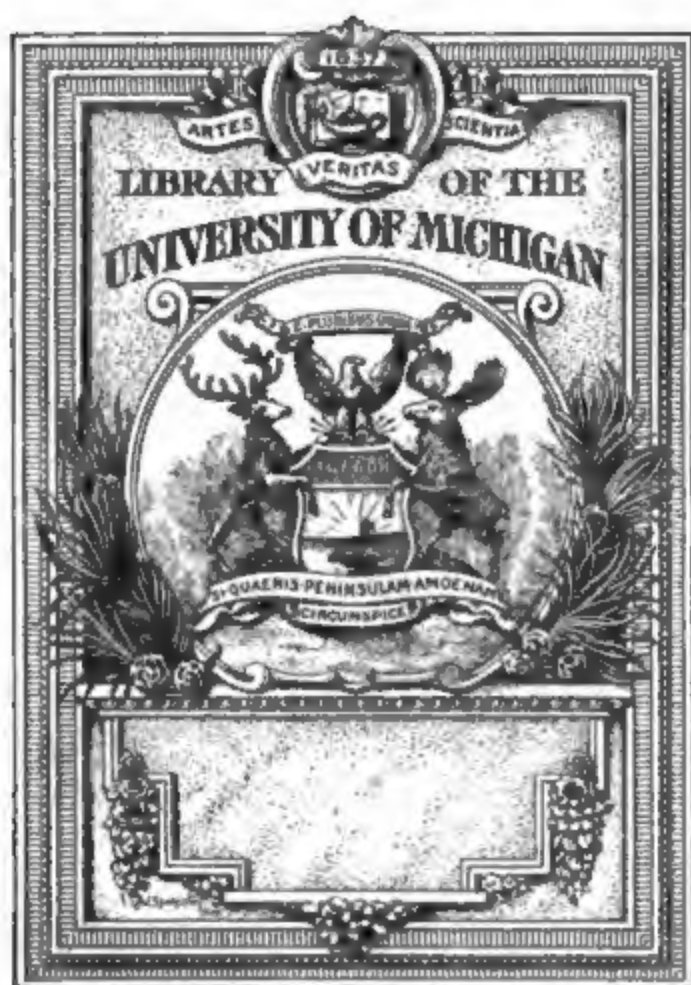
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JAMES M^cGLASHAN, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE-ST.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
NEW-YEAR'S EVE.—A SCENE IN THE CITY. MEMORY—THE FRESHNESS OF THE HEART—THE DEATH OF THE OLD-YEAR	1
SCRIPTURE SCENES.—CROLY AND GILFILLAN	9
THE SAINT OF THE LONG ROBE.—BRING NO. X. OF THE KISHOGH PAPERS	22
POPULAR PHYSICS	27
SCENES AND STORIES FROM THE SPANISH STAGE.—No. V. CALDERON'S "THE SCARF AND THE FLOWER." BY D. F. MCCARTHY	33
MEMOIRS OF ROYAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES. SECOND NOTICE	50
THE LILY AND THE BEE.—MORAL OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE	66
THRENODY	80
GEOLOGY AND THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY	81
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—No. LXVI. SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT. <i>With an Etching</i>	84
THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY. CHAPTER I.—THE MEETING IN THE STORM. CHAPTER II.—THE OLD MAN'S REVENGE ON THE DEAD. CHAPTER III.—THE ASSEMBLING OF THE HEIRS	98
LORD GEORGE BENTINCK	114
THE YEAR-KING. BY D. F. MCCARTHY	129
IRISH LAND, LANDLORDS, AND TENANTS	133

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VOL. XXXIX.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

A SCENE IN THE CITY.

SCENE.—*A Studio in — street, Dublin. Time, the last Night of December, 1851.*

POPLAR, SLINGSBY, and BISHOP sitting round the fire. POPLAR smoking sedulously. BISHOP turning over the leaves of a new song, and SLINGSBY in “a brown study.” Profound silence. At length the pendule strikes. POPLAR remits his smoking to count.

POPLAR.—One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven.

SLINGSBY.—Bless my soul! how time flies.

BISHOP.—A very original observation.

SLINGSBY.—A very unheeded one at all events.

POPLAR.—(*Yawning.*) Haw, aw—au—suppose we sit up to see the new year in. What say you, Jack?

BISHOP.—(*Yawning.*) A cap—(haw)—cap-i-tal idea (haw). Put the kettle on the fire, will you? and just rake the bars; the grate is looking as black as a wolf's mouth. Come, Jonathan, your glass is empty. Rum or brandy?

SLINGSBY.—No, Sir. I shall take no more this night. The new year shall find me in a fitting frame, watchful and sober.

BISHOP.—(*Whispers Poplar.*) Whew! There he is now in one of his tantrums. He'll be as moody and sententious as an owl at midnight. Well come, old boy, you and I'll have a taste of something warm, just to keep off the infection.

SLINGSBY.—(*Walks to the window and draws back the curtain.*) How silent and tranquilly the night wears on. See the clouds drifting athwart the dark sky, and over the thin crescent of the young moon. The gas lamps fling their dreary, ghastly light at long intervals on the lonely streets. There is scarce a soul abroad. Two or three revellers are returning home well coated against the night air. A shivering, houseless wretch sits huddled up in her scanty rags upon the steps, before the door of yonder mansion.

BISHOP.—(*In mock heroic.*) The measured tread of the caped policeman resounds upon the vacant flagway as, stiff and straight, he walks his beat, in solemn, surly majesty, the tyrant of the night, the terror of those who prowl about in the hours of darkness, the arrester of the drunkard, the propeller of the loiterer, who is forced to obey the stern mandate “keep moving,” the inquisitor of tippling houses, the corregidor of street morals.

POPLAR.—(*Joining them.*) Look at those lights gleaming from out the windows in the upper story of that dingy-looking house.

SLINGSBY.—Ay, one might fancy them to be stars hung midway between the upper and nether worlds. Spirits that repented as they fell, and so remain suspended in their downward course, too good for earth, yet unmeet again to enter the heaven from which they were ejected.

POPLAR.—Well may be so, Jonathan. I can't exactly undertake to say how that is; but stars they are, indeed, that give illumination to the world, whose rays shine far and wide on the earth's region. Beneath those lights, palefaced and languid-looking men, with green shades on their foreheads to guard their over-

wrought eyes from the glare and heat of the gas, bend over their desks and ply fast and silently their toilsome work; that wondrous art which multiplies a thousand fold the thoughts of men, and gives ubiquity to the human spirit. That is the printing-room of one of our morning papers. Do you see that solitary light from the window of the story below? Within that room sits the editor, thoughtful and absorbed in his engrossing occupation. He is, it may be, at this moment reading a few curt sentences, which have just arrived, announcing the state of Paris this morning, and then his pen dashes along the slips of paper fast, almost as fast as the thoughts grow up in his brain; and in the morning you will read, as you sit at your breakfast, the lucubrations of that midnight student; full of knowledge and power, sagacious, lucid, vigorous, and profound, or sparkling with wit, redolent of genius, scholarly and tasteful. From time to time young men bring in manuscripts and lay them before him. These are reports, some from the provinces, some from the city. A critique on the performance at the theatre that has just terminated. A review of a concert which the auditors are only just leaving, or a notice of a *debutante* singer, or some instrumental wonder, whose tones are yet ringing in the ears of those who heard them. And all this heterogeneous matter will be, ere many hours pass over our heads, reduced to fair order, composed in print, placed in the forms, laid upon the platform of the steam press, and passing to and fro beneath the revolving drums will transfer to the broad sheet that which to-morrow will form the intellectual food of thousands; bringing into every homestead its multiform intelligence, to some joy, to some sorrow, to one instruction, to another amusement, to all knowledge.

SLINGSBY.—Wonderful—wonderful, indeed! And while they are thus employed, time moves silently on, and a new year will soon surprise them at their labours. Yet nothing in the material world around us gives warning when one more cycle is completed. Smooth and silently the orbs move ever in their pathways; the earth, as she swings round, emerges from the old year and enters the new without a hitch; not a click in the mighty machinery by which old Time registers his transits, tells that the great wheel has gone round once again;—the stream flows evenly over the boundary without murmur or ripple; one wave more of the great ocean rolls in upon the shore of eternity, sinking as noiselessly upon it as the swell of the tide subsides upon the velvet sands of some sheltered bay. Ah! how awful is this stealthy pace of Time—a thousand fold more awful than if he entered upon each new stage with a sound or a shock that, like a trumpet-blast, would wake us, or, as an earthquake, make us start to our feet. If the wheel, when its revolution was completed, sent forth its sound to the ends of the earth, if the stream fell over the ledge down—down with the thundering roar of a cataract, if the billow broke upon the shore with the boom of mighty waters, then, indeed, it might be “that men would number their days, and apply their hearts to wisdom.”

BISHOP.—My dear Jonathan, I beseech you spare our nerves. Is this the way you mean to wish us a merry new-year? Why, man, you will have us howling and weeping at the birth of the babe, like the ancient Egyptians.

SLINGSBY.—Ah, Jack, you must not forget that we have first to lay our old friend in the grave.

“Yes the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely, sorely.”

BISHOP.—Well, well, that's all very true, Jonathan; but we must wake him first before we bury him, and a wake, you know, is no wake in Ireland unless there's a dash of fun in it. Let me tell you, 'tis the best philosophy in the world to cheat sorrow of his gloom, and make him smile in the midst of his tears. So now I knock you down for a song or a story.

SLINGSBY.—Well, then, I will tell you a story.

An old man lay dying: his last moment was come, for he had lived the full time allotted to all his race; and his friends gathered around him, for he had many friends who had enjoyed him throughout life, who had feasted with him

and laughed with him, and grown rich through his bounty, and wise by his experience and knowledge. The old man died in their arms ere his son, hurrying from a far and an unknown land, could reach his couch and catch his last sigh. His friends bore the dead tenderly and reverently to the tomb of his forefathers. It was a strange sepulchre where the bodies moulder not away, but sit life-like around within their appointed niches, and in their ghastly features one might still read what manner of men they were in life. And they who buried the old man placed him in the niche allotted for him, leaving him in the companionship of those who had gone before him, awaiting the great day of the resurrection; and ere they left the sepulchre, they passed thoughtfully along, and gazed on the faces of the dead; and some they saw with hollow jaws and features pinched and famine-stricken; and on the brows of others were written perplexity and distress, anarchy and war. Some glowed with the light of truth, some looked dark and false. The illumination of science was seen in one, the thirst of gain and the restless anxiety of speculation troubled the visage of another, and so on, each had his own character, which they who looked at the dead might read and ponder upon. And the friends of the old man went their way back again into the world of life to mingle with its pleasures and its sorrows, its true and its false, its good and its evil; but they bore ever with them the memory of what they had seen, and thought upon the dead sadly, tenderly, wisely.

BISHOP.—Propound your allegory, most enigmatical Slingsby.

SLINGSBY.—It is obvious. The old man is the year that is now passing away from us. Let us so deal with it. Have we not much cause to love it? Has it not given us many a joy and many a blessing, even though we may have had sorrows and trials with them? Have we not cause, too, for mourning over its death, for who can acquit his own conscience of precious hours wasted, golden opportunities neglected, good undone, evil committed. And as we look our last upon this old year, and place him with his brethren in the sepulchre of our memories, let us remember that each of them will stand forth at the last day to testify for or against us; let us in spirit review them all for warning—for edification—for instruction. Let us bethink us of the famine that has wasted our people and desolated our fields, thankful to the mercy that brought us through it, provident that a like visitation may not find us unprepared. Let us contemplate the spirit of revolution that swept over Europe, shaking the kingdoms of the earth to their very centres, overturning ancient dynasties, hurling monarchs from their thrones, and snapping asunder the bonds of law and of order as easily as a giant would rend a rope of gossamer; and while we do so, let us feel a grateful joy and an honest pride in the strength of those noble institutions which stood the shock of the storm immovably, loving our liberties as dearly as our lives, resolved to uphold and cherish them, and watch over them with the loyal devotion of free-born hearts. Let us think of the flood of light that arts and sciences have forced in upon us, and glory in its illumination; each in his own sphere, and according to his ability, giving to his own intellect the highest polish of which it is susceptible, that so it may become a *reflector* of that light, and multiply it through the world. So shall we best honour the old year—so shall we best prepare ourselves to meet the new.

BISHOP.—All very true, my dear fellow, all very true. It is well for us at times to retire upon ourselves and draw upon our memory. She will be sure to honour the draft; but the mode of payment is not always agreeable. Come, now, I'll give you a song upon that same memory:—

MEMORY.

SOFT as rays of sunlight stealing
 On the dying day;
 Sweet, as chimes of low bells pealing,
 When eve fades away;
 Sad as winds at night that moan
 Through the heath o'er mountains lone,
 Come the thoughts of days now gone
 On manhood's memory.

As the sunbeams from the heaven
 Hide at eve their light ;
 As the bells when fades the even
 Peal not on the night ;
 As the night-winds cease to sigh
 When the rain falls from the sky,
 Pass the thoughts of days gone by
 From age's memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning
 Forth again shall break,
 And the bells give sweet-voiced warning
 To the world to wake.
 Soon the winds shall freshly breathe
 O'er the mountain's purple heath ;
 But the Past is lost in Death—
 He hath no memory.

POPLAR.—Heigho ! what a chequered region is memory ! One enters its shadowy portals with a solemn fear, lest the departed things with which he is about to hold converse may sadden more than they will rejoice his spirit ; lest remorse and sorrow, rather than complacency or pleasure, shall be the companions of his wanderings through these visionary domains.

BISHOP.—It depends altogether, my dear Anthony, upon the furniture which you have laid up during the past years in the old curiosity shop.

SLINGSBY.—Not altogether. As a mirror reverses the position of objects, so memory often reverses pleasure and pain. That which in the fruition gave us joy, brings sadness with it when reproduced by memory. And so the recollection of past affliction is often sweet and sanctifying.

“ Jucunda et suavis est præteritorum malorum memoria.”

POPLAR.—Reviewing the years gone by is like revisiting the scenes of childhood. Who is there that after long absence wanders through the scenes of his early pleasures and does not feel a sadness that partakes more of pain than pleasure ? Who does not sigh to live again those innocent years of childhood ? Shall I sing you a song to the point ?

BISHOP.—Sing ! what can you sing, Anthony ?

POPLAR.—“ Indoctum,” Jack, “ indoctum sed dulce bibenti,” as Flaccus hath it. However, such as I can you shall have.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

I would I were a child again,
 As when I sported free
 Upon the greensward through the glen
 Beneath the old oak tree.
 My father's calm and thoughtful brow
 In memory still I see ;
 My mother's smile shines on me now,
 Beneath the old oak tree.

The sunshine falls as warm and bright,
 As freshly breathes the air ;
 The stream still dances down as light,
 The flowers still bloom as fair.
 Where'er my tearful eyes may range,
 Familiar spots I see ;
 The scenes I loved seem slow to change
 Around the old oak tree.

But gone are all those cherished forms
 I gazed on when a child,
 Like autumn's leaves when early storms
 Sweep through the woodlands wild.
 And all alone within the glen
 I linger musingly,
 And wish I were a child again
 Beneath the old oak tree.

SLINGSBY.—I know few things that try the feelings more severely than a return, after the lapse of many years, to the home of our young life. It needs not a sleep, like that of honest Rip Van Winkle, to work a change in all save the unchanging face of Nature. The seniors whom we looked up to are all gathered to their quiet rest in the churchyard; the beaux of our boyhood are now steady old fox-hunting, justice-dispensing, port-drinking heads of families; and the belles—ah, ruthless Time, what hast thou to answer for!—the belles are staid, many-childed, daughter-training, match-making, husband-governing, house-controlling matrons; and the little children whom we used to romp with, setting the boys a riding on our legs and putting the sweet, quiet little girls on our knees, that their large, gentle, meditative eyes might look into our own—they are now young men and women, to be approached with due respect. Ah! I warrant me, it would be as much as one's life is worth to poke the former in the ribs or call him Bob or Dicky, or to kiss the rosy cheeks of the latter, as in days gone by. All is changed, and we learn by the landmarks how swiftly and how far we have drifted down the tide, while, as long as we kept our eyes from looking on the shore, we fondly fancied that the current which was sweeping all things along with it, was gliding under us as we rode at anchor.

POPLAR.—Yes, my dear Jonathan, a fond fancy truly, and an insidious one. But it is well for us that there is something which now and then wakes us, however rudely, from our slumber, and teaches us that we, too, are helplessly, unresistingly obeying the great primal law of Nature, moving onward—onward ever.

SLINGSBY.—

“Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,
 Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.”

BISHOP.—“*Senescimus!*” Alack, Jonathan, that's the bitterest thought of all. We are growing old, old in more than years, old in feeling, old in heart, old by the knowledge of a thousand things, which we would have been all the happier had we never known. He is a fortunate man who, in turning back the pages of the book of life, finds any of them upon which a tear have not fallen to blot or blister the record of his joys. Yet few there are who would wish to live life over again; but all sigh after the fresh bloom of the heart, which years and converse with the world so speedily destroy.

Listen, and say is it not thus we sorrow over what we can never regain:—

THE FRESHNESS OF THE HEART.

I do not mourn o'er vanished years,
 Nor wish them back again;
 I would not buy their smiles with tears,
 Their pleasures with their pain.
 But, ah! I mourn o'er life's best light,
 That fades as years depart,
 Whose rays made even our sorrows bright—
 The freshness of the heart!

I do not grieve that Hope betrayed ——
 That dreams of love are o'er;
 That life is full of gloom and shade,
 Where all was bright before.
 But, ah! I grieve that Time has dried
 That well whose waves impart
 To life its verdure where they glide—
 The freshness of the heart!

POPLAR.—Heyday! Jack, you moralising! I fear me you have put an extra charge of brandy in that last tumbler; you never would have been guilty of such sickly sentimentality in sober sadness.

BISHOP.—Ah, my dear Anthony, we have all our moments of gloom when——

SLINGSBY.—For shame, Bishop; let us have no more of this morbid feeling. The world is a very good world upon the whole, and so are one-half of the men and women in it. Every one, no doubt, has his crosses; and, as Rochefoucauld says, “On n’est jamais si heureux ni si malheureux qu’on l’imagine;” but I believe no person is permanently out of sorts with mankind, unless he is thoroughly *blasé*, and has exhausted his capacity of enjoyment before his time. What, if our hearts have lost some of the freshness of boyhood, have they not expanded, and ripened, and grown rich each year that rolled over us. If they have no longer the soft velvet bloom of the young fruit, they have the mellow flavour of the mature one; and remember that the juice of the apple is sour and untasteful till time mollifies and makes it sweet. Let us, then, have no more repining about what we cannot prevent, the lapse of time and the approach of age; but let us accommodate ourselves to our changing state, by a corresponding change of thought and deportment. “Age,” says St. Chrysostom, “is, then, to be venerated, when it acts as becomes its years; but when an old man gives himself the airs of a boy, he makes himself more ridiculous than a boy can be. Still, even as we grow old, there is something of youth that we may retain with grace, as there are attributes of age which youth may assume with advantage.” This has been happily and tersely expressed by St. Augustine:—“Sit senectus nostra puerilis et pueritia senilis; id est, ut nec sapientia nostra cum superbia, nec humilitas sine sapientia.”—“Let our old age partake of youthfulness, and our youth of old age: that is, that our knowledge be tempered with modesty, and our humility lack not knowledge.”

BISHOP.—“Peccavi,” Jonathan. I acknowledge my error, and am penitent. You have exorcised a legion of blue-devils from me, and now—“Bishop’s himself again.” (*Sings*)—

“For what’s the use of sighing,
When Time is on the wing?
Can we prevent his flying——”

SLINGSBY.—True. And so, even while we speak, the fiat has gone forth that places another year with the past. It is just twelve o’clock; we shall hear the post-office clock ere a minute passes over us.

BISHOP.—

“I heard just now the crowing cock;
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps, the light burns low;
’Tis nearly twelve o’clock!
Shake hands before you die;
Old year we’ll dearly rue you;
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before we die.”

POPLAR.—Hark! the hour is come! (*The Post-office clock commences to chime, all stand up in silence. Then the hour strikes.*)

SLINGSBY (*solemnly*).—Gone, gone for ever! How profoundly solemnising is the thought. No wealth, no tears, no agony, no remorse can recal one moment of that year that has vanished for ever. We have all lived through it, and none of us in vain. The new year cannot find us in the same condition, morally or physically, in which the old one found us at its commencement; we must have made way towards, or drifted away from, heaven; to be stationary is impossible.

BISHOP.—God be with thee, old year. If the past be unalterable, the future is in our power; let us make the best of the new year. So now, Jonathan, let us hear what you’ve got on that paper.

SLINGSBY *reads*—

THE DEATH OF THE OLD-YEAR.

I.

Now the Night is at her prime.
Sadly, slowly, solemnly
Peals the iron tongue of Time ;
And there's death upon the chime,
For the OLD YEAR must die.

II.

Hark ! each peal that smites the ear,
Hoarsely, deeply, hollowly ;
Nearer brings, and still more near,
To his end the good Old-year,
That passed so jollily.

III.

Twelve notes clanged from out the tow'r,
Loudly, sternly, startingly ;
It is done !—Time's ruthless pow'r
Has bid the year die with the hour—
The Old-year's pass'd away !

IV.

Let us lay him in his bier,
Gently, kindly, rev'rently ;
With a sigh and with a tear,
With a hope and with a fear,
In faith and charity.

V.

Lo ! unto thy grave we bring,
Sadly, meekly, piously,
Many a sweet and precious thing,
Whereunto our hearts did cling
With strong fidelity.

VI.

Friends that we have loved in life,
Fondly, deeply, faithfully ;
Parent, offspring, husband, wife,
Pleasure's dreams, ambition's strife,
We lay them all with thee.

VII.

Keep these treasures for us, then,
Surely, safely, carefully,
Till the end of all things, when
Thou shalt yield them up again
As we gave them thee.

VIII.

Rest in peace, thou good Old-year,
Deeply, darkly, tranquilly—
Oh ! when the Archangel's trump we hear,
God grant that thou shalt not appear
'Gainst us to testify.

Requiescat in pace.

[BISHOP.—Hollo! there go the merry chimes of St. Patrick's. Your pardon, Jonathan, for a moment. A happy new year to you both].
 SLINGSBY *resumes*]:—

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW-YEAR.

I.

HARK! upon the ear of Morn
 Quickly, gaily, cheerily,
 Clang the jocund bells to warn
 That the infant year is born,—
 Greet him merrily.

II.

Hail to thee, thou fair NEW YEAR—
 Heartily, right heartily,
 We have watched through midnight drear,
 To give thee welcome and good cheer—
 Benedicite.

III.

May thy moments glide away
 Lightly, brightly, happily—
 May thy youth be fresh and gay,
 Sage thy prime, and thy decay
 Sweet and mellow be.

IV.

We will do thee homage now,
 Freely, truly, loyally—
 We will give our plighted vow,
 We will swear, and so shalt Thou,
 Comrades, true to be.

V.

We will prize thee, bright New-year,
 Dearly, wisely, carefully—
 Use thee well, and hold thee dear,
 'Till thy latest hour draws near,
 And, like thy sire, thou die.

VI.

Thou shalt bring us, day by day,
 Freely, fully, bounteously,
 Every good for which we pray,
 And hopeful lead us on the way
 Unto our home on high.

VII.

So that when thy end draws near,
 Sadly, slowly, solemnly,
 We'll say, "God rest thee good Old-year,
 Thou wert the best that we knew here,
 Rest in eternity!"

BISHOP.—Now, then, a glass before we part. Jonathan, I absolve you from your vow of abstinence, if indeed it is not barred by the Statute of Limitations, being made last year. Come, a happy new year to us all. Pop. your health. Jonathan, here's to you my boy. (*They hob nob each other artistically*). Now to bed, we must begin the new year respectably.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCRIPTURE SCENES.—CROLY AND GILFILLAN.*

WHAT IS MAN? is a question which has baffled the wisdom of many a sage. His life, his hopes, his end,—what are they? Is he indeed as a vapour that passeth quickly away, and is lost in the blue heavens, going, who can tell whither?—or as a drop, as Hindoo sages believe, drawn up, when his career is accomplished, from his parent earth—lightened, loosened from it by the heavenly beams—and absorbed at last in the great Fountain of Light? Or is he, as Chinese philosophers and our own blind-eyed Materialists declare, only a piece of beautiful dust—a lovely collocation of atoms, which to-day is, and to-morrow is not—walking through life an Automaton, and at death dissolving wholly, solely, into soulless clay? He seems meant to be Lord of the Earth;—yet the winds and the waves buffet him, the wild creatures of the air and the forest baffle him, and dead matter *lives* in sullen rebellion against his will. He is a pigmy amid a universe,—a perishing thing of yesterday among the everlasting hills;—by day, a trembling mote in the sunbeams,—by night, a blind, brief wanderer beneath the ever-burning stars. Earth, with its joyous streams, its enamelled plains, its hills, its sounding seas, seems made for his delight; yet how vanishing its blossoms, how fleeting its summers, how frequent its storms. The volcano lifts up its voice and its fires against him, and the earthquake tosses him like a grain of dust on its surface, or swallows up him and his works in its merciless jaws. Who shall solve the mystery?—Nature man's slave, yet at war with him!

Life itself, like Nature, is double-faced. It would seem given for enjoyment; yet how quickly the lovely mask of youth's Ideal drops off, and reveals the stern cold face of Reality, marching along the sands of Time as if to a funeral,—or, at best, bowed

with a care which only the Frivolous and the Lost ever think of spurning from them. Why dies my loved one? passionately exclaims the youth. Whither has gone my child? mournfully asks the parent. Life, it becomes evident even to the savage, is a scene of trial; but why this trial, and what man's destiny,—there is the question which man is ever asking, yet which man can never solve. Omens and presentiments are around and within him—strange dreams and reminiscences haunt him. Unearthly sounds by night bedew his forehead with cold sweat, and he exclaims—"Sure there are spirits!" The joyous sunshine and the lovely earth, by day, fill his inner being with a sense of the beneficent and the beautiful; and as he looks up into the clear azure of the skies, vanishing away fathomless into mysterious depths, he feels as if there were a buoyant something within him that would one day bear him up into that blue ether, towards the great Throne of the Worlds. But what does he *know*? He sees "as in a glass darkly;" and no fear or no hope springs up within him, without its opposite soon following. His soul thirsts with a great thirst to know, yet what is he to believe? He sees death everywhere around him, yet his soul cries loudly that it cannot die.

It is just such questions that Revelation answers—it is just this mystery which it clears up. It tells, first of all, the blessed truth, that the Maker of the worlds is good—that God is Love. It tells that the earthly life is but a link in an endless chain of existence, and that trial here is meant to train man for a future and better state;—that earthly life is a purifier, ushering him into an unseen but higher scale of being. It throws upon earth a light from unseen worlds, to guide man's steps; and bids him behold, in a single phrase, the great end of

* "Scenes from Scripture, with other Poems." By the Rev. George Croly, LL.D., Author of "Salathiel," &c. London: Colburn and Co. 1851.

"The Bards of the Bible." By George Gilfillan. 1 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1850. A second edition was published in June last.

this human life, and the great centre of human hopes—"Perfect through Suffering; sinless through a Saviour." It answers that question of all ages—that question of questions, to which neither the *Iliad* of Homer, the Plays of Shakspeare, the *Celeste Mechanique* of La Place, nor the Works of Plato, return a proper reply, but which is emphatically expressed in our vernacular speech—what shall a man do to be *saved*? To that all-absorbing query, "the Book" has given an answer, which may theoretically have been interpreted in various ways, but which, as a practical truth, he who runs may read; which has satisfied the souls of millions,—which none ever repented of obeying,—and on which many of the wisest, the most learned, the most slow of heart to believe, as well as the ignorant and simple-minded, have at last been content to lean their living confidence and their dying peace.

The Book of Divine Revelation itself is as extraordinary as its contents are momentous. It is the oldest book in the world. It tells us of expeditions prior to Jason and the Argonauts; it describes martial adventures long before Achilles and Troy. Its ethical system preceded Thales and Pythagoras; its muse was vocal before Hesiod or Orpheus. Written at intervals of two thousand years,—some sections under the shadow of the Pyramids, and others on the banks of the Euphrates; some in the Isle of Patmos, and others in the Mammertine dungeons,—it forms a miscellaneous collection of songs and history, ethics and biography, scenes from the hearth and episodes from national annals,—all hallowed by the ever-recurring presence of the Deity. It numbers among its authors one who wore a crown, and one who cast a net,—prophets, and warriors, and law-givers,—a Persian prime-minister, and a fettered captive of Cæsar. Eighteen hundred years have elapsed since the last of it was written, yet still it exists in all plenitude and power. Hundreds have assailed it, but it lives down all opposition. Giants in intellect have hurled their spears against it, but their weapons lie shivered around its pedestals. Gibbon wielded against it his ponderous yet brilliant learning—

Bolingbroke his ingenious subtlety, the French Encyclopedists their dead philosophy, Paine his invective and ribald banter; yet it lives on unshaken. *Mersis profundo, pulchrior evenit!* Time only adds to the marvel, and brings strange confirmation of its much-questioned facts. In our own day, the Valley of the Nile uncovers its hieroglyphics to confirm or illustrate its claims; and Nineveh, out of the wreck and rubbish of three thousand years, at length yields up its secrets to attest and glorify the Hebrew oracles. It is a book which has made for itself a place in the inmost sanctuary of the human heart. The few who have insulted its sacred writings have been blasted with unanimous reprobation. It has fared with them, as with Uzziah, when he went in to profane the temple of the Most High. That moment, the fatal leprous-spot rose to his brow, and, while all around sought to thrust him out, he himself hastened to depart. In fact, the love that beats in the general bosom to this book is never disclosed till at such times—and then, "thousands who care little for its precepts, and are sceptical of its supreme authority, rise up, nevertheless, in indignation, and say, 'the man who abuses the Bible, insults the race: in trampling on a book so beautiful, and that has been so widely believed, he is trampling on all of us, and on himself. Let him, as a moral leper, be dragged without the gate, and perish in his own shame.' So wisely has God guarded his Book, by the awful beauty which, like a hedge of roses mingled with thorns, surrounds it all."*

Many a grand old poem exists in the world, but the most of them are but mingled dust and gold, compared with the sublime strains of the Bible. The first of poetry, it contains also the sublimest. We care not to fight for such pre-eminence—its matter is the grand thing; yet it were injustice to overlook the high quality of its style. The Vedas of India, the poems of Kalidasa and Firdousi, and the countless fragments of Celtic and Scandinavian song—what can we say of them, in comparison, but that their beauties are bedded amid "continents of mud"—mud, too, lashed into explosions of

* Gilfillan.

fanatical folly; and that, partly from this repulsive environment, and partly from the inferiority of their poetic power, they have not, like the poetry of the Hebrews, naturalised themselves among the civilised nations of modern times. "While the faith which they have set to song," says Gilfillan, "has seemed repulsive and monstrous, the song itself is broken, turgid, and unequal, compared to the great Psalms and Prophecies of Israel." Humboldt indicates this superiority of Hebrew poetry, and the cause of it, when he says, "It is characteristic of it, that, as a reflex of monotheism, it always embraces the whole world in its unity, comprehending the life of the terrestrial globe, as well as the shining regions of space. It dwells less on details of phenomena, and loves to contemplate great masses. Nature is portrayed, not as self-subsisting or glorious in her own beauty, but ever in relation to a higher, an overruling, a spiritual power."

"At the head of all poetry," writes Dr. CROLY, "must stand the poets of Judea. I can find even in the great writers of Greece and Rome, no rival to their intensity, richness, and accumulation of ideas. Poured forth to awaken the apathy, or rebuke the guilt of kings and people, they perform a duty never required of language before, and they were divinely provided with a language fitted for the duty. It is a continual torrent of pathetic or indignant eloquence. Every conceivable image of national suffering and personal anguish; every vivid menace of human trial and divine vengeance; every possible scene of national struggle and individual ruin crowds their predictions. Nations fighting the battle of despair; nations flying before the invader; nations torn from their home, and driven out to die among the deserts, and under the burning skies of a foreign land. The sitters under the vine and fig-tree of Palestine, swept to the swamps of Media, lingering out life in the Assyrian sands, or dying in the labours and chains of Babylon. Their images from nature are not less true or less powerful—the scorching winds of the wilderness; the tempest among the sands; the ruined and lifeless city; the polluted temple; the land lying awe-struck and silent under the pestilence; 'the sky of brass and the soil of iron.' But in all their diversities of style, they

have an impress which raises them above earthly comparison. They speak with the authority of an inspired mission. Their language has a purpose altogether divine. They lavish their powers on no rich description of nature, and no luxuriant display of their genius. Their language is not born of flesh and blood. Like the Israelites in the Babylonian furnace, they walk in fire, they speak in fire, and with them 'walketh one' more than man, a protecting and inspiring Glory."

The influence of this inspired volume upon the intellect of civilised Europe has been immense. Dante and Tasso in the Italian, and Herrera in the Spanish Peninsula, have been overshadowed by its sublime influence. Milton and Bunyan, Richard Baxter and Jeremy Taylor, in our own land, drank deep from its fervid fountains. Even the "godless eighteenth century" was not without numerous traces of its power. Addison and Thompson, Young and Johnson have in varying degrees and in different ways caught the style of the Hebrew writers. The great Burke, in his "Regicide Peace," approaches them far more closely, and exhibits at once their spirit and their style—their fiery earnestness, their abruptness, their impatience, their profusion of metaphor, their "doing well to be angry, even unto death, and the contortions by which they were delivered of their message, as of a demon. 'How he snatches up their words, like the fallen thunderbolts of the Titan war, to heave them at his and their foes.' No wonder that the cold-blooded eighteenth century thought him mad."

In the nineteenth century (says Gilfillan) all our great British authors have, more or less, imbibed fire from the Hebrew fountains. There had been, in the meantime, a reaction in favour of them, as well as of other things "old." For fifty years the Bible, like its author, had been exposed on a cross to public ignominy; gigantic apes, like Voltaire, chattering at it; men of genius turned, by some Circean spell, into swine, like Mirabeau and Paine, casting filth against it; demoniacs, whom it had half-rescued and half-inspired, like Rousseau making mouths in its face—till, as darkness blotted out the heaven above, and an earthquake shook Europe

around, and all things seemed rushing into ruin, men began to feel, as they did on Calvary, that this was all for *Christ's sake*; and they trembled; and what their brethren there could not or did not, they stopped, ere it was too late. The hierophants of the sacrilege, indeed, were dead or hopelessly hardened; but their followers paused in time, and the minds of the civilised world was shaken back into an attitude of respect, if not of belief, in the Book of Jesus.

Nay more, Scripture poetry began to be used as a model more extensively even than heretofore, and this alike by those who believed and those who disbelieved its supreme authority. Not only Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey, but Byron and Godwin, Shelley and Hazlitt, imbibed or availed themselves of the matchless language of Israel's bards. Our living authors have shown a similar sympathy with the old Hebrew genius. Croly, both in his prose and in his poetry, often exhibits the fervid impress, the burning language of the Prophets—an eloquent transfusion of spirit which reaches its height in his magnificent *Salathiel*. “Macaulay quotes Scripture, as Burdett in parliament used to quote Shakspeare—always with triumphal rhetorical effect, and seems once, at least, to have really loved its literature. Professor Wilson approaches more closely than any modern since Burke, to that wild prophetic movement of style and manner which the bards of Israel exhibit—nay, more nearly than even Burke, since, with Wilson, it is a perpetual afflatus: he is like the he-goat in Daniel, who came from the West, and touched not the ground; his ‘Tale of Expiation,’ for instance, is a current of fire.”*

Time, who lays his chilling hand alike upon the poet and the peasant, is now investing with the Venerable the names of Wilson and Croly. Old friends, brother poets—though dissimilar in genius, they are worthy to be associated from the poetic fervour of their thoughts, and the pure elevation of mind which breathes throughout their writings. It is pleasing to see the deeply religious spirit of the wonderful *Dies Boreales* of the elder bard, which mingles with and hallows all their

beauties—overhanging, like sublime Night, the creations of his mighty intellect—solemn, brilliant, lovely—a Boreal sky with all its stars. Not less delightful is it to behold Croly recurring, in possibly the last work his gifted mind may bequeath us, to the Book which has coloured his thoughts, and solaced his heart for many a long day. It cheers the less gifted, and the less strong in faith, to see the laurelled Poet coming forth once more into the world, quietly but reverently acknowledging his long indebtedness to the muse of Revelation, and depositing his last-won laurel-wreath upon her shrine.

It is with no stranger step that, in the “Scenes from Scripture,” Dr. Croly now treads the sacred soil of Judea. In his “*Salathiel*,” he long ago visited it, with the soul of a poet, and the eye of an artist. He carried us with him over the length and breadth of that “Morning Land,” from the snowy peaks of Lebanon to the burning sands of the Desert; from the green hills of Bashan, to the sterile shores and waveless waters of the Dead Sea; from the sandy valley of the bush-fringed Jordan, to where the morning sunbeams glitter cheerily on the blue waters of the Levant. He has pictured, in colours brilliant as the Orient, its lion-lairs; the ruined terraces, climbing its once fruitful mountain-slopes; its “cities set on a hill;” as well as the vague but impressive signs which mark it as a land which God once favoured, but from which the glory has long departed. He painted the fiery zealots her children, isolated from the nations, yet proud and contemptuous in their isolation,—clinging with a lofty, yet half-despairing hope to the prophetic promises—and, though but “a handful on the earth,” battling with a maniac patriotism against the overwhelming strength of Rome, struggling bare-bosomed with her mailed legionaries, as the panther at bay struggles with the hunters. He has sketched, with glowing pencil, the events of her history, from the dread hour when night seized upon the sun at mid-day, and “darkness was over the face of the earth from the sixth until the ninth hour”—when the mournfully-uttered words, “Weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children,” fell like

a dread whisper of the coming doom, from the moment when the vail of the Temple was rent, and the blood of the Holy One filled the cup of Israel's sins to overflowing, down to the predicted time, when the Roman Eagles were gathered to the spoil; when the rocky vale of Jehoshaphat echoed with the shocks of the battering-ram, and the towers of Zion fell crashing from their impregnable heights,—when the legions of Titus streamed up the breaches, and blood ran in torrents in the streets of Jerusalem; and his sublime tale closes amid the conflagration of the Temple itself, its snowy marble pinnacles blackened and splintering in the flames and its golden roofs falling in molten showers upon the head of the Undying One.

This remarkable work has durably established the fame of its author in the department of prose-fiction. After the first splendid burst of immortal anguish with which it opens, it presents a gorgeous series of the sublimest combinations in which Nature and Man can mingle, scenes which genius alone could conceive, and fatuity alone can ever forget. Its style is steeped in Scripture; the author's spirit, as well as his language, is Oriental. "You feel yourselves in Palestine," says Gilfillan, in his *Literary Portraits*,—"the air is that through which the words of the Prophets have vibrated, and the wings of angels descended,—the ground is scarcely yet calm from the earthquake of the Crucifixion,—the awe of the world's sacrifice, and of the prodigies which attended it, still lowers over the land, still gapes unattended the ghastly rent in the vail,—and still are crowds daily convening to examine the fissures in the rocks; when one lonely man, separated by his proper crime to his proper and unending woe, is seen speeding, as if on the wings of frenzy, towards the mountains of Naphtali. It is Salathiel, the hero of the story—the Wandering Jew—the heir of the curse of a dying Saviour, 'Tarry thou till I come.'"

It is, confessedly, a difficult matter to write good sacred poetry of any kind; but especially, to paraphrase in verse the events of Scripture history. One chief cause of this is, that the ordinary aids of narrative poetry are here wanting. The events are too well known to allow of novelty, and too much venerated to admit of deviation. The poet must

adhere closely to his facts; and, with rare exceptions, it is only by his language that he can hope to make his own version more interesting than the original. A not very hopeful attempt truly. The Bible is, on all hands, allowed to be all but inimitable in its expressions; age has thrown its hallowed mantle over the language of our excellent translation, and its venerated words have become so familiar to our hearts that it is with difficulty we relish others in comparison. Amplification, and a lofty fervid strain resembling that of Inspiration, are the only ways by which success is possible; but the former is, in itself, too often a snare; not only from brevity being necessary in order to ensure *force*, but deviation *from* Scripture facts being inadmissible, and the introduction of accessaries requiring no ordinary taste and skill.

How well the accomplished author of the "Scenes from Scripture" has triumphed over these difficulties, we give two extracts to show. The first of these is "Balaam and Balak," the scene in Numbers, where the prophet of Pethor and the King of Moab stand on the hills overlooking the camp of the Hebrews;—where, despite the call of the monarch to "curse Israel," the heart of the prophet is moved, and before his inward eye rolls out the great Future, the struggles and triumphs of the Chosen People over enemies of the Most High, and the far-off coming of the Star of Jacob. The symbolical rising of the Star in the *poem* is a happy accessory, which adds to the picturesqueness of the stately scene, without in any way violating the spirit of the original:—

"Upon the hill the Prophet stood,
King Balak, in the rocky vale;
Around him, like a fiery flood,
Flashed to the sun his men of mail.

'Twas Morn—'twas Noon—the Sacrifice
Still rolled its sheeted flame to Heaven,
Still on the Prophet turned their eyes;
Nor yet the fearful CURSE was given.

'Twas Eve—the flame was feeble now,
Was dried the victim's burning blood.
The sun was sinking broad and low.
King Balak by the Prophet stood.

'Now, curse, or die!' The echoing roar
Around him, like a tempest came;
Again the altar streamed with gore,
And flushed again the sky with flame.

The Prophet was in prayer; he rose,
His mantle from his face was flung;
He listened, where the mighty foes
To Heaven their evening anthem sung.

He saw their camp, like sunset clouds,
Mixed with the Desert's distant blue;
Saw on the plain their marshalled crowds,
Heard the high strain their trumpets
blew.

'Young lion of the Desert sand,'
Burst from his lip the Prophet-cry,
'What strength before thy strength shall
stand?
What hunter meet thee, but to fly?

'Come, Heaven-crowned Lord of Palestine,
Lord of her plain, her mountain throne;
Lord of her olive and her vine:
Come, King of Nations, claim thine own.'

'Be Israel cursed!' was in his soul,
But on his lip the wild words died;
He paused, till night on Israel stole;
Still was the fearful curse untried.

Now wilder on his startled ear,
From Moab's hills and valleys dim,
Rose the fierce clash of shield and spear,
Rose the mad yells of Baalim.

'How shall I curse, whom God hath blest?
With whom he dwells, with whom shall
dwell?'
He clasped his pale hands on his breast;
'Then be thou blest, O, Israel.'

A whirlwind from the Desert rushed,
Deep thunders echoed round the hill.
King, Prophet, multitude, were hushed!
The thunders sank, the blast was still.

Broad on the East, a Newborn Star,
On cloud, vale, desert, poured its blaze.
The Prophet knew the Sign afar,
And on it fixed his shuddering gaze.

'I shall behold Him—but not now;
I shall behold Him, but not nigh.—
He comes, beneath the Cross to bow,
To toil, to triumph, and to die.

'All power is in His hand; the World
Is dust beneath His trampling heel
The thunder from His lips is hurled,
The heavens beneath His presence reel.

'He comes a stranger, to His own;
With the wild bird and fox He lies.
The King, who makes the stars His throne,
A wanderer lives, an outcast dies!

'Lost Israel! on thy diadem
What blood shall for His blood be poured?
Torn from the earth, thy royal stem,
Victim of famine, chain and sword.'

The Prophet paused, in awe;—the STAR
Rose broader on the boundless plain,
Flashing on Balak's marshalled war,
On mighty Israel's farthest vane.

And sweet and solemn echoes flowed,
From harps of more than mortals given,
Till in the central cope it glowed,
Then vanished in the heights of Heaven!"

A beautiful poem! And how many miseries have overtaken "lost Israel," since her blood was poured upon her diadem, for her final rejection of that blessed Star of Jacob? How many masters have lorded it over her children since the day they cried, "We will have no king but Cæsar!" Our next extract portrays in striking colours the first fell step in that woful career. It is, "The Last Day of Jerusalem"—a hymn founded on the well-known passage of Tacitus:—
"Visæ per cælum concurrere acies, et subito nubium igne collucere Templum. Expassæ repente delubri fores, et audita major humana vox, EXCEDERE DEOS. Simul ingens motus excedentium."

"Flow on, for Zion—flow, my tears—
Thou sepulchre of sepulchres,
Thy glory but a gorgeous dream,
Thy strength, a wasted summer stream;
Thy turban cloven on the ground,
With all its jewels scattered round.
Age upon age, Captivity
Sits brooding on thy leafless tree;
And where its branching glory stood,
Is shame, and agony, and blood.

"From morn to eve, Rome's iron tide
Had dashed on Zion's haughty side;
From morn to eve, the arrowy shower
Rained on her ranks from wall and tower.
Now rose the shout of Israel;
Now, like the seas returning swell,
Rushed up the Mount the Roman charge
Again beat back by Judah's targe;
Strewing with helm and shield the hill;
All wearied, but th' unconquered will.

"'Twas eve, and still was fought the field,
Where none could win, and none would
yield;
Beneath the twilight's deepening shade
Echoed the clash of blade on blade.
Still rushing through the living cloud,
Its path the Lion-banner ploughed;
And still the Eagle's fiery wing
Seemed from the living cloud to spring;
Till Rome's retiring trump was blown,
Answered by shouts from Zion's throne.
That day the Roman learned to feel
The biting of the Jewish steel.

" 'Twas night. The sounds of earth were hushed,
 Save where the palace-fountains gushed ;
 Or from the myrtle-breathing vale,
 Sung, to the stars, the nightingale.
 Splendid the scene, and sweet the hour !
 The moonbeam silvered tent and tower,
 Touched into beauty grove and rill,
 And crowned with lustre Zion's hill.
 All loveliness, but where the gaze
 Shrank from the Roman camp-fire's blaze ;
 All peaceful beauty, but where frowned,
 Omen of woe, the Roman Mound !
 'Twas midnight ; ceased the heavy jar
 Of rampart-chain and portal-bar ;
 That hour of doom, on Zion's wall
 No warrior's foot was heard to fall ;
 No murmur of the mighty camp,
 No cohort's tread, no charger's champ,
 Gave sign that Earth was living still ;
 All hushed, as by a mightier Will ;
 Ev'n wounds that wring, and eyes that weep,
 Were bound in one resistless sleep :
 Silence of silence, all around ;
 Hushed as the grave—a death of sound !

" What visioned forms, like things of dreams,
 Or like the Pole's phosphoric streams,
 Or the wan clouds of winter's even,
 Now marshal on the fields of Heaven,
 There gleam, in clouds of spectral light,
 The Camp, the Mound, th' embattled height ;
 There moves the Legion's brazen line ;
 Ill-omened Israel, where is thine ?
 Rolls up the visioned Mount the charge ;
 But where the turban and the targe ?
 The cohort climbs the visioned tower,
 Yet sweeps its ranks no arrowy shower ;
 Pale flames from visioned altars rise ;
 Israel, art thou the sacrifice.

" But sudden roars the thunder-peal,
 The forests on the mountains reel,
 And, like the burst of mountain springs,
 Is heard a rush of mighty wings !
 And voices sweet of love and woe,
 (Love, such as Spirits only know),
 Swell from the Temple's cloisters dim,
 A mingled chaunt of dirge and hymn ;
 Like grief, when help and hope have fled,
 Like anguish o'er the dying bed ;
 Like pulses of a breaking heart :
 " We must depart, we must depart."
 And grandly o'er Moriah's height,
 Encanopied in living light,
 Rose to that chaunt of dirge and hymn
 The squadrons of the Seraphim.
 From Carmel's shore to Hebron's chain,
 Shone in that splendour hill and plain ;
 Still starlike seemed the orb to soar,
 Then all was night, and sleep once more.

" But whence has come that sudden flash,
 And whence the shout, and whence the clash ?

The Legions scale the Temple wall !
 Its startled warriors fly or fall.
 Now swells the carnage, wild and wide ;
 Now dies the bridegroom by the bride ;
 Peasant and noble, parent, child,
 In heaps of quivering carnage piled ;
 On golden roof, on cedar floor,
 Still flames the torch, still flows the gore ;
 Hour of consummate agony,
 When nations, God-deserted, die !

" Yet still the native dirk and knife
 Wrung blood for blood, and life for life.
 The priest, as to the Veil he clung,
 With dying hand the javelin flung ;
 The peasant on the Roman sprang,
 Armed but with panther's foot and fang,
 From his strong grasp the falchion tore,
 And dyed it in the robber's gore.
 That night who fought, that night who fell,
 No eye might see, no tongue might tell ;
 That sanguine record must be read
 But when the grave gives up its dead ;
 Then Judah's heart of pride was tame ;
 The rest was sorrow, slavery, shame !
 JERUSALEM A NAME !"

This is a fine poem, and the perusal of it may suggest to the reader a deficiency in the admirable painting by Roberts of the storming of Jerusalem. That picture is a masterpiece of delineation, but it does not ascend into the highest domain of Art. It represents the Real, but hardly, idealised. In the *spirit* of the scene, it is somewhat deficient. The mystery and the awe which accompanied the fall of Heaven-smitten Jerusalem, the Holy City, with its holy of holies, are but inadequately rendered. The artist's exquisite management of Fire, however, and the lurid contrast between the gloom of the heavens and the glare and flames of the burning city, go far to compensate the absence of the appalling grandeur and mystery which imagination suggests.

We are not among the number of those who overrate the importance of the poetic element of Scripture. We say not that the beauty of the Bible ever did, or ever can, convert a soul ; but probably it has often attracted men to those spiritual sources where conversion is to be found. The leaves, not the flowers, of the tree of life are for the healing of the nations ; but surely the flowers have often first fascinated the wanderer, and led him near to eat and live. " In order to try to form some conception of the influence of the Scriptures upon the

minds of the millions who have read them," says Gilfillan, "let our readers ask each at himself the question—'what have I gained from their perusal?' And if he has read them for himself, and with an ordinary degree of intelligence, there must arise before his memory a 'great multitude which no man can number,' of lofty conceptions of God—of glimpses into human nature—of thoughts 'lying too deep for tears'—of pictures, still or stormy, passing from that page to the canvass of imagination to remain for ever—of emotions, causing the heart to vibrate with a strange joy, 'which one may recognise in more exalted stages of his being—of inspirations, raising for a season the reader to the level of his author—and of perpetual-whispered impressions.' 'This is the highest thought and language I ever encountered; I am standing on the pinnacle of literature.' And then, besides, he will remember how often he returned to this volume, and found the charm renewed, and the fire still burning, and the fountain of thought and feeling (thought suggestive, feeling creative) still flowing; how every sentence was found a text, and how many texts resembled deep and deepening eyes, orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death; how each new perusal showed firmament above firmament, rising in the book as in the night-sky, till at last he fell on his knees, and, forgetting to read, began to wonder and adore; how, after this trance was over, he took up the book again, and found that it was not only a telescope to show him things above, but also a microscope to show him things below, and a mirror to reflect his own heart, and a magic glass to bring the future near; and how, at last, he was compelled to exclaim, 'How dreadful is this book; it is none other than the Book of God; it is the gate of heaven!' Multiply this, the experience of one, by an unknown number of millions, and you have the answer to the question as to the direct intellectual influence of the Scriptures upon those who have really read them."

Mr. Gilfillan's "Bards of the Bible," from which these words are taken, is a work of which any writer of our times might be proud, and the concluding chapter, on the Future Destiny of the Bible, is one of unrivalled excellence. The reader of it is not less instructed

by the large views and profound discernment of the author, than fascinated by the amazing power and beauty of his language. Certainly the work is not faultless. We could point out not a few errors of taste—in one case peculiarly offensive, because savouring (however unintentionally) of something like blasphemy. But an hour's work would erase them all; and, perhaps, ere this, as we have not examined the second edition, they are already removed. Even attaching all the importance to these blemishes that any one honestly can, they are but motes in the sunbeam, and their effect is perfectly lost in the blaze of light and ardour that overstreams his page. We do not wholly agree with the talented author in his critical canons. For instance, we do not regard his work as a "prose-poem." It is all, or as nearly so as can be, *prose-poetry*, but we nevertheless demur to the work being a *prose-poem*. The plan of it precludes its being so. A poem demands unity and proportion, but the mere reading of Mr. Gilfillan's "Table of Contents" shows that no such conditions can be fulfilled in his "Bards." A work that goes *seriatim* over the several books of the Bible must, necessarily, be broken into fragments which the utmost skill of the artist could not shape into the symmetrical proportions of a poem. This mere difference between ourselves and the author in regard to a word in his preface, of course in no degree affects our opinion of the work itself. We repeat that it is excellent, and, but for one defect, perfect. That defect (which, also, is attributable, in some degree, to the plan of the work) is, want of relief. Each section he treats with the same high degree of finish and condensation of thought, and thus, we think somewhat needlessly, overtasks the mind of his reader. We would not, in ordinary circumstances, lay much stress upon this point, for we gain by it in matter what we lose in manner; but if the work is really to rank as a *prose poem*, we must reiterate the objection *terque quaterque*.

As if conscious that some such objection might be brought against his style, Mr. Gilfillan asks, in a paragraph devoted to the consideration of this subject, "Can too many really new and beautiful things be said on any subject? If artistic perfection is to be bought at the price even of one con-

summate pearl, were it not better lost?" In other words, suppose we build a temple with blocks of gold, whether is it better to sacrifice one of the precious blocks or to outrage the symmetry of the building? Now, we do not deny that there may be much difference of opinion on such a point; the dictum of sound Utility will be for preserving the precious stone, but the voice of Art will demand the preservation of the goodly plan. Of course there are many cases in which neither the "seed pearl of truth" nor the precious stone need be sacrificed—in which they may be usefully preserved and incorporated in some other structure; but in all works claiming to rank among the Fine Arts, even where matter rejected is matter lost, we would side with Beauty and Proportion against Utility.

The following Vision is a magnificent specimen of Mr. Gilfillan's powers, and shows how well Imagination may, at times, be employed to beautify sober reality, and bring it out in still stronger colours. To be fully appreciated, however, the passage should be read alone with its context, when the appropriateness of the episode would be at once apparent. How well and simply he glides from the real into the ideal!—

"As never book so commanded, roused, affrighted, gladdened, beautified, and solemnized the world, so the horrors of its fall are too frightful almost for conception. We were borne away in vision to see this great sight. We stood in the midst of a great plain or table-land, with dim, shadowy mountains far, far behind and around, and a black, midnight, moonless sky above. A motley multitude was met, filling the whole plain; and a wild, stern hum, as of men assembled for some dark one purpose, told us they were assembled to witness or assist at a SACRIFICE. In the midst of the plain there towered a huge altar, on which crackled and smoked a blaze—blue, livid—and the spires of which seemed eyes, eager and hungrily waiting for their victim and prey. Around, 'many glittering faces' were looking on; they were the faces of the priests, who appeared all men of gigantic stature. Their aspects otherwise were various. Some seemed, like the flames, restlessly eager; others seemed timid, were ghastly pale, and looked ever and anon around and above; and in the eyes of one or two there stood unshed tears. Above them, in the

smoke, dipping at times their wings in the surge of the fire, and frequently whispering in the ears of the priests, we noticed certain dark and winged figures, the purpose in whose eyes made them shine more fiercely far than the flames, and sparkle like the jewelery of hell. On the altar there was as yet no victim. All this we saw as clearly as if noon had been resting on the plain: for all, though dark, shone like the glossy blackness of the raven's wing. We asked, in our astonishment, at one standing beside us, 'What meaneth all this? What sacrifice is this? Who are these priests?' And he replied, 'Know you not this? These priests are the leaders of the new philosophy, the successors of those who, in the nineteenth century, sapped the belief of the nations in the Bible. They have met to burn the Bible, and to renew society through its ashes.' 'And is all the multitude of this mind?' 'The majority are, but a few are so weak as to believe that the book will be snatched by a supernatural hand from the burning, and it is said that even two or three of the priests share at times in the foolish delusion, but I laugh at it.' 'But who are those winged figures?' 'Winged figures,' he replied, 'I see them not.' And he looked again. 'Yes,' we said, 'with those plumes of darkness and eyes of fire.' His countenance fell; he stared, trembled, and was silent. It appeared that the multitude saw not *them*.

"The hum of the vast congregation meanwhile increased, like that of many waves nearing the shore. At last voices were heard crying, 'It is time; forth with the old imposture.' And it was brought forth; and one of the priests, a grey-haired man, took it into his hands. 'Who is this,' we asked? 'He was once,' said our neighbour, 'a believer in the Bible, and was chosen, therefore, to cast it into the flames, and to pronounce a curse over it ere it is cast.' Words would fail us to describe the multitude when the book appeared. Some shouted with savage joy, others muttered 'curses, not loud, but deep.' One cried, 'It maddened my mother;' another, 'It made my sister drown herself;' a third, 'It has cost me many a night of agony.' Some we saw weeping, and wiping away their tears, lest they should be seen; and other some looking up with the protest of indignation and appeal to Heaven. One face we noticed—that of a youth, and there was a poet's fire in his eye—who seemed about to speak in the Book's behalf, when one beside put his hand to his lips and held him back from his purpose, like a hound by the leash. And methought we heard, half stifled in the distance, from a re-

mote part of the assembly, a deep, hollow voice saying, 'Beware!'

"The priest approached the altar, held the volume over the flames, and uttered the curse. What it was we heard not distinctly, for each word was lost in loud volleys of applause, which the priests began and the vast multitude repeated. But as he held it in his grasp, and was uttering his low maledictions over it, we saw the book becoming radiant with a strange lustre, brightening at every word, as if it were uttering a silent protest, and giving the lie in light to the syllables of insult. And when he ceased there was silence, and he was about to drop the book into the burning when a voice is heard saying, not now in a whisper, but as in ten thunders, 'Beware!' And, turning round, we saw, speeding from the mountain-boundary of the plain, the figure of a man—his eyes shining like the sun, his hair streaming behind him, his right hand stretched out before. And as the multitude open, by their trembling and falling to the ground, a thousand ways before him, and as the old priest stiffens into stone and holds the book as a statue might hold it, and as the priests around sink over the altar into the flames, and the winged creatures fly, he approaches, ascends, takes the book, and, looking up to heaven and around to earth, exclaims, 'The Word of the Lord, the Word of the Lord endureth for ever!' And, lo! the altar seemed to shape itself into a throne, and the man sat upon it, and the 'judgment was set, and the books were opened.' And we awoke, and, behold, it was, and *yet was not*, a dream."

The present times present a moral phenomenon which may well rivet the attention of the thinking portion of mankind. Never was scepticism more rampant, yet never was there an age in which the Bible was less likely to be forgotten. It is not merely that its unequalled literary power secures its vitality, but that over it, as a professed revelation from God, there has begun a keen, hotly-contested fight, closing every day into deadlier earnestness, and which, at no very distant period, promises to be finally decided. That the Bible is to go down, we believe as impossible as it were shocking; but that there is a deep danger before it, a partial eclipse awaiting it, a "rock ahead," we are firmly persuaded. First of all, there is the spread of scepticism, which has now fairly become an age-tendency—a world-wide, calm, and steady current—a tide advancing upon

young and old, wise and foolish, vicious and moral, high and low. It has been found of late in strange places, even in the sanctuary of God. Witness Foster and Arnold—men of great talents, of ardent religious feelings, representing thousands—and who both died, torn and bleeding, in the breakers of doubt. The effects of this abounding scepticism are most pernicious. It has made the rash and inconsiderate abandon churches and openly avow their unbelief; it has driven one species of the timid into the arms of implicit faith, and another into a shallow hypocrisy; while meantime the bigotry of some is hardening, and others are striving to forget their doubts amid the clatter of mechanical activities in the cause of religion. "But on still the *dark tide is flowing*, and alas! gaining ground. One is reminded of a splendid drawing-room, in a room adjoining to which a secret murder has been newly committed. Brilliant is the scene, gay are the lights, beautiful the countenances, soft the music—a wall of mirrors is reflecting the various joy; but below the feet of the company there is slowly stealing along the silent blood, biding its time, and too secure of producing, to hasten the terrible effects of its discovery."

But how to meet or counteract this wide current? Some say, "Let alone; there was a similar tide in the days of the French Revolution—it passed away, and so it may be again." But the movement now is quieter, deeper—altogether irrespective of politics, and partly of morals. And though we were willing to let it alone, it will not *let us*. Its consequences, in the language of Burke, are "about us, they are upon us, they shake public security, they menace private enjoyment. When we travel, they stop our way. They infest us in town, they pursue us to the country." Efforts, indeed, to check it are numerous. Lectures and essays on the Evidences—Associations and Convocations, and many other ways, have been tried or are trying, but still the dark tide is rising. Others continue to trust implicitly in old forms of faith and old shapes of agency, provided the first be made still more stringently orthodox, and the second be intensified in energy and zeal. But too often these agents gain a partial and mean triumph by dogmatising down, instead of meeting fairly and

kindly, the doubts that encounter them; and while they are breaking in upon the ignorant gloom of the masses at home or abroad, behind, with sure, noiseless footstep, the *illuminated darkness* of this twilight age is following in their track. "Our agencies," says Mr. Gilfillan, "are excellent, but imperfect; our creeds excellent, but with something wrong in all of them. And till these imperfections be remedied, we calmly, yet fearlessly, expect the following phenomena—an increasing indifference to forms of faith; a yearly increase of deserters from churches and public worship; the increase, too, among a class of a fashionable, formal, and heartless devotion; the spread, on the one hand, of Popery and superstition, and of fanaticism and bigotry on the other, *which shall each react into doubt by its very violence*; the increase of determination and unity among philosophical sceptics continued, and fierce assaults on the bulwarks of the Bible from without—feebler and feebler resistance from within; a growing impatience and fury on the subject in the general mind; all the signs, in short, that the Book, as a religious authority, is tottering like an old crown, and must be supported from within or without, from around or from above."

The cause of all this woful uncertainty is, that the two revelations of the Deity *appear* to clash. God has revealed himself to mankind not only in his word but also in his works; and even the sincerest Christian must allow that there is "a greater strength and quantity of evidence for God's works in nature, than for the Scriptures—that the Bible cannot be equalled, in point of vastness and variety, to the universe." Nature cannot lie, neither can the Bible—but their interpreters may err. A century ago, Hume seduced many into unbelief by declaring the Scripture miracles *impossible*; but now many are falling away from the faith, because they think they can explain these miracles upon merely *natural* principles. Here is a total revolution in scepticism and natural philosophy in a single century. What should it teach us but humility?—to remember that now we "see as in a glass darkly," and in this spiritual crisis of humanity to beware of presuming too much on what we call philosophy. The great problem of the present time

is, to have our intellectual progress reconciled with Christianity; and this not only by such an elaborate system as Coleridge died in building, but also by "a living synthesis—a breathing bridge—the new Chalmers of the new time, forming in himself the herald of the mightier one, whose sandals even he shall be unworthy to unloose." This is a task similar to what St. Paul accomplished of old, when he reconciled the intellectual spirit of his day with the nascent system of Christianity; and "this is what the wiser of Christians, and the more devout of philosophers, are at present longing and panting to see."

The truth the Bible teaches is not indeed the absolute, abstract, entire truth; but it is (in our judgment, and as it shall yet be more fully understood) the most clear, succinct, consistent, broad, and practical representation of the truth which has ever fallen, or which in this world ever will fall, upon the fantastic mirror of the human heart, or of nature, and which from both has compelled the most faithful and enduring image. As the highest word ever spoken to man, it is entitled to command our belief, and comes over the world, not as a suppliant, but as a sovereign ruling our earthly night, "until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in our hearts." And yet this most precious Book, the sole hope of mankind for the future—the sole comfort of mothers mourning for their dead babes, brothers for sisters, friend for friend—now confessedly, "as a religious authority, is tottering like an old crown." It is the very tale of the Jewish temple before the advent of Christ. It had fallen into comparative contempt; the Shekinah had departed from it; it was under an enemy's hand; it was not only forsaken of many men, but God's fire was burning low upon the altar, and not a few voices were heard saying, "Raze, raze it to the foundation." Its young worshippers seem generally to have forsaken it; and in the doctrines of the Sadducees, we find an exact anticipation and parallel to the rampant Materialism of the present day. But the old disciples, the Simcons and Annas, and the middle class of men and women, were to be found faithfully worshipping. They still believed in its former divine consecration and present connexion with heaven; and two events, by-and-by, convinced

the land and the world that their belief had been sound. The first of these was the rise of the Baptist. He came in haste, to announce the approach of the mightier than he. He roused the whole land by his startling words. "And while he was yet speaking," the Master appeared. "But," says Mr. Gilfillan, "have the words, 'Behold, I will send you Elijah, the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord,' been exhausted by his coming? Was the day he introduced a 'dreadful day?' Must there not be a reference in the prophecy to events still future? We, for our parts, expect the Master to be again preceded by a forerunner. His work, like the Baptist's, may be partly conservative and partly destructive. 'Down with all that oppresses the genuine spirit of Christianity, and impedes its free motions,' shall be one of his cries. But hold to the Book with a death's grasp, till the Master come to explain, supplement, glorify it anew,' shall be another. And a third, and loudest, shall be, 'He is behind me; the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'"

"The full amount of impression such cries may produce, we cannot tell. Rouse many they must; check many they may; fan the flame of hope in the hearts of many drooping believers they will. But they will not, nor are meant to stop the progress of the mist of darkness, gathering on to that gloomiest hour which is to precede the dawning of the great day—an hour in which the Word of God may seem a waning moon, trembling on extinction, and in which every Christian heart shall be trembling too. 'There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations *with perplexity*; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them *for fear*, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth, for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And *then* shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud, with power and great glory.'

"'Tis a remarkable saying which follows:—'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.' It is as if the Saviour anticipated the crisis which was before his 'words.' They are in danger of passing away—nay, they are passing away—when He comes down and says, 'No, heaven and earth must pass away *first*, must pass away instead;' and they are straightway changed, and his warning words catch new light and fire from his

face, and shine more brightly than before. It is as it were a struggle between His works and His words, in which the latter are victorious.

"We are fast approaching the position of the Grecians on the plains of Troy. Our enemies are pressing us hard on the field, or from the Ida of the ideal philosophy throwing out incessant volleys. There are disunion, distrust, disaffection, among ourselves. Our standard still floats intact, but our standard-bearers are fainting. Meanwhile our Achilles is retired from us. But just as when the Grecian distress deepened to the darkest; when Patroclus, the 'forerunner' had fallen; when men and gods had driven them to the very verge of the sea; Achilles knew his time was come, started up, sent before him his terrible voice, and his more terrible eye, and turned straightway the tide of battle; so do we expect that our increasing danger and multiplying foes, that the thousandfold night that seems rushing upon us, is a token that aid is coming, and that *our* Achilles shall 'no more be silent, but speak out'—shall lift his

'Bow, his thunder, his almighty arms'—

'shall take unto him his great power, and reign.' And even as Cromwell, when he saw the sun rising through the mist on the field of Dunbar, with the instinct of genius, caught the moment, pointed to it with his sword, and cried, 'Arise, O God! and let thine enemies be scattered,' and led his men to victory, let us accept the same omen, and breathe the same prayer.

"Nor does it derogate from the Bible to say, that it must receive aid from on high, to enable it to 'stand in the evil day, and having done all to stand.' It has nobly discharged its work; it has kept its post, and will, though with difficulty, keep it, till the great reserve, long promised and always expected, shall arrive. It was no derogation to the old economy to say that it yielded to the new Shakinah; it had accomplished its task in keeping the fire burning, although burning low, till the day-spring appeared; nor is it a derogation to the New Testament to say, that it has carried, like a torch in the wind, a hope, two thousand years old, till it now seems about to be lost in the light of a brighter dispensation.

"And while the hope is to be lost in its fruition, what is to be the fate of the volume which so long sustained it? What *has* been the fate of the *Old* Testament? Has it not retained its reverence and power? Is it not every day increasing in clearness? Has not the

New Testament reflected much of its own radiance upon it? Do they not lie lovingly, and side by side, in the same volume? And why should not the new book of the laws and revelations of the Prince of the kings of the earth (if such a book there were) form a third, and complete the 'threefold cord which is not easily broken?' And would not both the New and the Old Testament derive glorious illustration from the influences and illuminations of the millennial day?"

From the specimens which we have now given, our readers will be able to appreciate the great talents which Croly and Gilfillan have brought to bear on their several tasks—tasks differing greatly, yet uniting in the noble aim of glorifying, directly or indirectly, the Book of God's revelation. We hold that Mr. Gilfillan's work is a national benefit. We know no book more fitted to establish the Bible on its proper grounds, and to comfort that class of sceptics, of all others most deserving of our sympathy and our efforts; those, namely, whose heart and predilections are in favour of the august volume, yet in whom intellect is ever suggesting doubts, and plunging them into the cold, shivering depths of unbelief or despair. Yet not a word of controversial writing disfigures his pages. No appeals are made to his readers to turn lovingly to the Sacred Volume; yet they come to do so insensibly. They are won by the warm-heartedness of the writer, and by his broad and truly Christian spirit of tolerance and concession. Oh, how different from cold-blooded latitudinarianism! Teach men to *love*, he says, and they will soon *understand*—a wise maxim, which the Church militant would do well ever to bear in

mind. Argument is *but a part* of Persuasion.

Dr. Croly's "Scenes from Scripture" are followed by a collection of miscellaneous poetry, containing the "Dream of Mahomet II.," and other good pieces. For the sake of unity, however, we have omitted criticising this latter and subordinate part of the volume, and devoted our attention exclusively to his poetry in relation to the Bible. We close our review by quoting a sweet little piece addressed to the "Evening Star;" that brightest and loveliest of the host of heaven. A contemplative, half-melancholy spirit pervades it. Gazing upwards from the dark earth, where there is a night for the heart as well as for the eye, the Poet beholds that bright, sweet star—that

"Hesperus, that bringeth all good things"—

and his heart flows forth to ask it of that happy Spirit Home, which his soul whispers is up in that blue starry ether, and which Fancy dreams the Planet is now beholding, it looks so joyful in its radiance:—

"Tell us, thou glorious STAR of Eve!
What sees thine eye?—
Wherever human hearts can heave,
Man's misery!
Life but a weary chain—
Manhood, weak, wild, and vain—
Age, but a lingering pain,
Longing to die!

"Tell us, thou glorious STAR of Eve!
Sees not thine eye
Some spot where hearts no longer heave
In thine own sky?
Where all life's dreams are o'er,
Where bosoms bleed no more,
Where injured spirits soar,
Never to die?"

THE SAINT OF THE LONG ROBE.

BEING NO. X. OF THE KISHOGH PAPERS.

'Tis a pleasant thing, in these Christmas times,
 To meet quaint stories in garrulous rhymes,—
 Pleasant to read of our forefathers' ways,
 In our great-great-grandfathers' grandfathers' days;
 Or a couple of centuries earlier yet,
 For the farther we go the more pleasant we get,
 As the nursery tales decidedly show,
 Beginning with "long and merry ago,"
 And ending always, I scarcely need say,
 "If they didn't live happy, that you and I may."

They were strange old days. What more do we know,
 With all our learning, of "long ago,"
 Than the vague idea conveyed in the phrase
 Which my pen has just traced, "They were strange old days?"
 We picture barons, with helmets and mail,
 Ladies who feasted on collops and ale,
 Loop-holed castles, their pleasant abodes,
 Springless coaches and horrible roads;
 We've the "properties" dragged into novels and plays;
 But what can we know of those "strange old days?"
 And the lives our ancestors used to pursue?
 Here, in eighteen hundred and fifty-two,
 When John, the butler, and Mary, the cook,—
 (Let no *chef* this unfortunate *lapsus* rebuke)—
 Wouldn't change with my lord and my lady, I ween,
 If for eighteen hundred you read thirteen.
 We, in these days of steamer and rail,
 Of poor-laws, policemen, of overland-mail,
 Of gas, electricity, consols, bank-notes,
 Clubs, newspapers, meerschauts, immaculate votes,
 Gutta-percha, gun-cotton—good reader, imagine it—
 One of us "realising" the times of Plantagenet.
 If I'm asked can we picture the period, I'll answer,
 Just as Eve might have pictured an opera-dancer.
 Though the latter in truth were the easier guess,
 The change is so wondrously slight as to dress.

But what of all this? I've a story to tell,
 And I'm wasting my rhyme,
 Ink and paper and time,
 On what every philosopher knows very well,
 Though I'm no philosopher.—I'm but a joker,
 And don't walk about with grave looks and white choker,
 To claim from mankind for my dulness indemnity,
 Because 'tis rigged out in the garb of solemnity;
 I've learned by experience the service that fun does,
 And merely desire to be "*comes jucundus*,"
 A jolly companion. But really I'm spinning
 Too much—I must come to my story's beginning.
 A queer one, explaining an incident quaint,
 How the lawyers obtained their patron saint;
 And I trust a profession so grave and so learn'd
 Will feel in the history deeply concerned.

The thirteenth century hadn't run out,
 But its closing year
 Was exceedingly near
 At the date of this serious event, I've no doubt.
 The Pontiffs of Rome
 Still continued "at home,"
 And the shades of Vacluse had obtained no renown,
 As yet, from the triple pontifical crown.
 Still I frankly confess 'tis uncertain what Pope
 From his palace looked out on the Aventine slope,
 When the worthy Evona set forth for the road,
 On a pilgrimage bound, to that blessed abode.
 Ah! a pious and sanctified pleader was he,
 Such a lawyer as now we don't frequently see.
 He hadn't his equal at law in all Brittany,
 And he beat the whole bar both at psalter and litany;
 He prayed and he fasted, he fasted and prayed,
 Which lawyers don't do in these days, I'm afraid;
 It can't be expected, indeed, when their knowledge is
 Picked up at "Godless" and "Infidel" colleges,
 At vile Inns of Court,
 Where wild people resort,
 Who call very improper things "larking" and sport,
 And instruction means nothing but mutton and port.
 Not so with Evona: he pored o'er his pleading,
 Or varied his studies with excellent reading;
 On all mundane emotions at once put a quencher,
 And, in fact, was precisely the man for a Bencher.
 A word to convey,
 More than all I could say,
 The position the worthy man held in his day.
 Grave, learned, and saintly, I don't think I've known a
 Half-dozen barristers quite like Evona.

But wherefore now does he set out from home,
 Bound on that peregrination to Rome?
 A journey, in those days, a trifle unpleasant,
 And very unlike what we find it at present.
 There wasn't a railway to Châlons-sur-Saone,
 There wasn't a steamer to run down the Rhone;
 There were free-booters given to felonious pursuits,
 Who made free with your purse, not to speak of your boots;
 There were quarrelsome counts who played tricks upon travellers
 Somewhat worse than we hear of from custom-house cavillers;
 But if you're a half-dozen years out of college,
 'Tis likely enough that you've got all this knowledge,
 In which case you don't require my information,
 So here goes, once again, to resume my narration.

Good Evona set out on a laudable mission,
 First to show for his failings a thorough contrition,
 By going, in person, with genuine lowliness,
 Absolution to seek at the feet of his Holiness,
 And to ask, in addition,
 By humble petition,
 A boon he had long set his heart on procuring,
 And that thus he had very good hopes of ensuring—
 A saint to take charge of the legal profession,
 Who its members would guard against sinful transgression,
 Make them models thenceforward of worth and sobriety,
 And distinguish them ever for wisdom and piety.

With this object and hope,
 He proceeds to the Pope,
 Prepared to despise every sort of privation,
 With so noble a scheme in his mind's contemplation.
 And I trust that there lives not a single attorney
 Who would venture to sneer at the old lawyer's journey.

How proudly rises that wondrous dome,
 That crowns the glory of modern Rome ;
 Grandest of temples, alone it stands,
 The noblest labour of human hands.
 But Rome has a church with an older claim—
 An earlier title to storied fame—
 Renowned and honoured in ages fled,
 "Of Christian Temples Mother and Head."*
 The Royal Lateran looketh still
 Forth on the far-off Latian Hill—
 Old, ere a Vatican Pontiff hurled
 His wrathful bolt on a trembling world ;
 Old, when our pilgrim, weary and faint,
 Came to ask the Pope for a Patron Saint ;
 And the reader should know, if he didn't before,
 That his Holiness lived in the Palace next door.

Who he was I have mentioned historians don't state,
 And the fact is a little obscure as to date ;
 But I've reason to think
 That he loved a sly wink,
 And relished a good-natured joke with a funny face,
 On which grounds I've decided to christen him Boniface,
 The eighth of that name having reigned, it appears,
 In this same thirteenth century's ultimate years,
 A fact that completely clears up the chronology,
 And makes needless, on my part, the slightest apology.

Evona arrived in the city, I've stated,
 And then, in due form, on his Holiness waited,
 Kneeling down kissed his toe,
 As is usual we know,
 Although, as Prince Hamlet remarks in his speech,
 'Twere a custom more honoured perhaps in the breach ;
 Which the Pope seems to feel,
 And says, "Oh, pray don't kneel,
 Good Evona, a lawyer so wise, so devout,
 And—really—I've just had a twinge of the gout.
 If you will show such homage, here, this is the thing,"
 And he holds forth his hand with the Fisherman's ring.
 At which gracious attention
 And deep condescension,
 Evona feels more than I ever could mention ;
 Thanks the Pontiff in words of the deepest sincerity,
 And then adds, "Holy Father, don't think it temerity,
 If I dare to suggest
 A wish yet unexpressed,
 But which through long years has deprived me of rest,
 And made my existence extremely distress'd :
 It is that my serious and learned profession
 Has no special claim on some saint's intercession.

* "*Urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput.*"—This designation has been given to the Church of St. John Lateran. The Basilica was built by Constantine ; but the old edifice was destroyed by fire during the residence of the Popes at Avignon, and the present beautiful church has been erected on its site.—K.

It appears to me hard
 That we should be debarred
 From a benefit all other callings may share ;
 Some of which have no wonderful claims I declare.
 Don't fancy I'd dare use a word of rebuke,
 But surely if Painters are watched by Saint Luke,
 And the sweet Saint Cecilia will patronize Fiddlers,
 We shouldn't be treated like Jeremy Diddlers."
 'Twas the phrase that he used, altho' you might not think so,
 And just copied as writ by his own pen-and-ink so ;
 And it staggered the Pope by its terseness and strength,
 More than many addresses of six times its length.

His Holiness scarce could help smiling to see
 The old lawyer so anxiously urging his plea ;
 But of course he was likewise delighted to find
 Such pious desires in a man of his kind.
 He acknowledged the justice of all that was said,
 But observed, " On one head
 Where you seem to suggest, as a ground of complaint,
 That each other calling can boast of its saint,
 It is certainly true
 That there are very few
 Which have not got some patron ; but then, recollect,
 They had, each of them saints, in their line, to select ;
 The cases you've spoken of,
 So much give token of.
 Saint Cecilia delighted in music, you know,
 And though Luke as a painter was very so-so,
 Still a painter he was, which gives colour for making him
 The patron of painters, and warrants their taking him ;
 But I'm sadly afraid
 We've not one of your trade—
 Excuse the expression—
 Your learned profession.

In the calendar ; carpenters, shoemakers, sawyers,
 Artisans of all classes, besides some employers ;
 Even doctors a few you may find—but no lawyers.
 It strikes me that this the reason is somehow,
 That you've not had a saint for a patron ere now."

Now this was a regular slap in the face.
 Evona in vain tried to fish up a case,
 But a canonized lawyer 'twas hopeless to trace ;
 So he said, " Holy Father, I'm deeply distressed
 At finding our calling so very unblest ;
 May I trust that your goodness will make a selection
 Of some saint that would lend us henceforth his protection ;
 Whose precepts shall teach, whose example shall guide
 My brethren, till now, such assistance denied—
 Do, pray, Holy Father, some patron provide."

" Well, in truth," said the Pope, " I can't just recollect
 A suitable saint your good folk to protect ;
 There's Saint Thomas the doubter—no, he wouldn't do,
 Indeed 'twould be awkward to ask him ; there's—pooh !
 No, there isn't ; you've puzzled me sadly, good man.
 But hold, ah, I have it !—I've hit on a plan :
 I really can't venture the choice to decide—
 You'll select for yourself, and let heav'n be your guide.
 In the Lateran Church there are statues in stone
 Of at least thirty saints, best for sanctity known :
 The Apostles, Saint Michael, and several more,
 In the principal aisle, within reach of the floor.

Be here at six sharp, in the morning again,
 And I'll go alone to the church with you then ;
 You shall walk thro' the aisle with your eyes bandaged tight,
 And grope for a saint as you pass, left and right,
 Going on 'till you've got to the end of your litany,
 And the matins you always repeated in Brittany ;
 And the figure you seize when your circuit is ended
 Will be that of the patron for lawyers intended.
 So be satisfied now, and no longer repine—
 You'll be guided by judgment superior to mine."

Great was the joy of the pious old man,
 When his Holiness struck out this excellent plan ;
 He felt in an ecstasy going down stairs,
 Stopped three hours at Saint Clement's repeating his prayers ;
 Went home, took no dinner, but fasted all night,
 And set off for the Lateran soon as 'twas light ;
 Where, after parading two hours on the bricks,
 He at last got admitted at quarter to six ;
 And was joined in a minute or two by the Pope,
 Who bade his attendants the temple to ope,
 And went in with Evona, first ordering the door
 To be carefully locked till their business was o'er.

And now came the moment so anxiously sought,
 To the lawyer with solemnest interest fraught.

They both are inside,
 The Pope's kerchief is tied
 O'er the eyes of Evona, who vows to confide
 The profession thenceforth to his guidance and care,
 Whom heaven shall point out for its saint "then and there."
 He gropes through the aisle
 Of the noble old pile,
 Repeating his prayers as directed the while ;
 Passes saint after saint,
 Feels his limbs growing faint,
 With emotions no language could possibly paint :
 At length, with a gasp,
 Gives a tremulous grasp,
 And exclaims, with a voice full of awfulest awe,
 "Holy Saint, be it thine to be Patron of Law !"
 But a half-second after
 The Pontiff's loud laughter
 Half chokes up his voice, as he roars to the roof,
 "Why, friend, that's the Devil you've caught by the hoof!"
 And his Holiness stood with his hand to his side,
 And shook so that one would have thought he'd have died.

Alas ! 'twas the case,
 He had stopped at the place
 Where the Prince of Archangels stood, peerless in might,
 O'er his daring competitor fallen in the fight ;
 And guided by whatever power in the matter,
 Instead of the saint he laid hold of the latter.
 And since Popes are infallible, Nick has a claw,
 I very much fear, in all matters of law.

So Evona concluded—the poor man fell sick
 When he saw that the patron assigned him was Nick ;
 He very soon died from no certain complaint,
 And—one hope for the lawyers—they made him a saint.

POPULAR PHYSICS.*

It has been more than once remarked that one of the leading characteristics of the present age is, the prodigious development which has been manifested in the application of the discoveries of the physical sciences to the practical uses of life. It may be added, with no less force and truth, that one of the most prominent characters of modern literature throughout the world generally, but more especially in that extensive portion of it in which the English language is read and spoken, is the direction which has been given to the talents, and the stimulus applied to the ambition of scientific men of the highest order, to distinguish themselves as writers for the million, and to descend from the cloisters of their colleges, laying aside the technicalities in which the laws of the material world have been for so many ages enveloped, and promulgating them in a language intelligible and familiar to all. It is not more than five-and-twenty years since this movement commenced, and to be conscious of the rapidity of its progression we have only to glance at the catalogue of works on popular science which issue from the press from year to year.

It would be a great mistake to assume that the great laws of physical science are, or ever can be, made clearly intelligible without the aid and independently of the principles of pure mathematics. But it is nevertheless true that those mathematical principles, which are indispensably necessary for their clear development, may, for the most part, if not altogether, be so explained as to be understood by all who are familiar with common arithmetic, and that such explanations can be interwoven so skilfully with the text of popular works as to enable the reader to *pick up*, as he goes along, those geometrical and mathematical principles which are necessarily involved in the exposition of the physical matter brought before him.

It is to the adroit practice of this

method of exposition that the success of the most distinguished popular writers on physics is to be traced.

One of the earliest attempts, on a large scale, to render physical science popular was the cheap series of treatises issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, under the title of the "Library of Useful Knowledge." This celebrated series was inaugurated by several tracts by Lord Brougham and Dr. Lardner, the immense circulation and popularity of which at once established it in public opinion. It opened with Lord Brougham's Essay, which afterwards obtained such celebrity, on the "Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Physical Science." This tract circulated in a few months to the incredible number of 300,000 copies. Meanwhile a treatise on Hydrostatics, from the same pen, was followed by a series of popular treatises, on Pneumatics, Mechanics, and other branches of physics, by Dr. Lardner. Other distinguished labourers in the same field followed, but the successful commencement of the enterprise was due to the productions above mentioned.

The public taste once awakened, a rapidly increasing demand for works of useful information, in every branch, of higher pretensions than the class of elementary works which had hitherto sufficed, was developed, to satisfy which several other popular series appeared, among which, the most conspicuous was the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," originated and conducted by Dr. Lardner. A distinguished contemporary writer, reviewing the literary epoch we now refer to, while he does ample justice to the spirit of the conductor and publishers of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," underrates, as we think, the "Penny Cyclopædia," and some other popular series which appeared about the same period:—

"The service," he says, "of the 'Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge,' thus begun, was not carried on in the

* "Handbook of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy." By Dr. Lardner. London: Taylor, Walton, and Co. 1851.

more ambitious departments of a work that otherwise deserves much praise,—their ‘Penny Cyclopædia.’ To write above the larger portion of the world and below the remainder, is, in effect, to write for no one. The ‘Cabinet Cyclopædia’ was an improved imitation of the publications of the Society, and here again the natural philosophy bore away the honours of the day. Not one of the eminent authors, who treated upon historical or literary topics, wrote up to his reputation. They conspired to show that men of high mark can upon occasions sink nearly to the level of a bookseller’s drudge. But the ‘Discourse on Natural Philosophy,’ and the ‘Treatise on Astronomy,’ added fresh lustre to the name of Herschel, and the masterly treatises of Dr. Lardner can hardly be praised too highly for the clear and full development of principles, for the precision of language, and the accuracy of statements. His great superiority over ordinary writers will be felt by all who read the ‘Manual of Electricity and Magnetism,’ commenced by himself, and afterwards completed by another hand. To pass from the portion of Dr. Lardner to that of his continuator is like the sudden transition, in railway travelling, from open daylight to subterranean darkness.”*

It will be gratifying to those who, like the Quarterly Reviewer, regret the abortive attempt to complete Dr. Lardner’s unfinished volumes on Electricity, in the Cabinet Cyclopædia, to learn that a complete treatise on that subject is advertised to form a part of the second volume of his “Handbook of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy,” the first volume of which is now before us. This volume comprises Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Sound, and Optics. The second will treat of Heat, Electricity, Magnetism, and Astronomy.

This work, like nearly all the scientific works of the same author, is intended for the satisfaction of those who desire to obtain a knowledge of the elements of physics, without pursuing them through their mathematical consequences and details. The methods of demonstration and illustration are accordingly adapted to such readers. Wherever mathematical principles are necessary to the clear exposition of the subject, such principles are interwoven in the text, and ex-

pounded in such language, and with such illustration, as to be intelligible to all persons who have passed the first rudiments of education.

The work is more especially composed with the object of supplying that information relating to physical and mechanical science, which is required by the medical and law student, the engineer and the artisan, by those who are preparing for the universities, and, in short, by those who, having already entered upon the active pursuits of business, are still desirous to sustain and improve their knowledge of the general truths of physics, and of those laws by which the order and stability of the material world are maintained.

To these several classes of students, to which the Handbook is professedly addressed, we think the author might safely have added that numerous class of university students, who, being devoted chiefly to other branches of academical study, have not the time disposable which would be necessary to attain the knowledge of the branches of physics included in this Handbook, by the way of rigorous mathematics, and who will find a ready road to the attainment of that general acquaintance with them which is both necessary and sufficient for their purposes, by following the methods of proof and illustration to be found in these pages.

The qualities which such a work should possess, and upon which its usefulness and popularity must mainly depend, are clearness, simplicity of language, fulness of exposition, with few technicalities of language, and copiousness in the illustration of general principles, by a reference to the most familiar phenomena. In these qualities the writings of Dr. Lardner take precedence of those of any other author of the day; and hence, as a writer of popular works on science, he stands unrivalled. Others may excel him in originality, in profundity of research, but we know of no one who excels him in the art of making whatever truth he wishes to communicate distinct and palpable to other persons. The work before us exhibits this happy art of elucidation in an eminent degree. Science is here made easy. No one who reads the work

* “Quarterly Review,” No. CLXVIII., pp. 316–17.

can fail to understand its contents, and every one who understands its contents will have gained an amount of scientific knowledge which, without such an aid, it would have taken years of painful study to acquire.

The various topics comprised in this first course, which extend over eight hundred pages of letter-press, and are illustrated by above four hundred engravings, are explained in a style and language so simple and clear as to be level with the understanding and information of all ordinary readers, and the endless variety of illustrations which are given, form a vast repository of striking facts touching ordinary objects or phenomena, which would of itself command a wide and enduring interest.

Some specimens selected from the volume will, however, convey, better than any general comment, an idea of the style of exposition and illustration which prevails throughout the entire work. One should have imagined that a subject so dry as the divisibility of matter, could afford but small scope for popular and attractive writing. Let us see, nevertheless, what it can be converted into after passing through the crucibles of so practised an artist in popular writing as the author now before us:—

*“ Illustrations of extreme minuteness.—*Dr. Wollaston obtained platinum wire so fine, that thirty thousand pieces, placed side by side in contact, would not cover more than an inch. It would take one hundred and fifty pieces of this wire bound together to form a thread as thick as a filament of raw silk. Although platinum is the heaviest of the known bodies, a mile of this wire would not weigh more than a grain. Seven ounces of this wire would extend from London to New York.

“ The natural filaments of wool, silk, and fur, afford striking examples of the minute divisibility of organised matter. The following numbers show how many filaments of each of the annexed substances placed in contact, side by side, would be necessary to cover an inch:—

Coarse wool	.	.	500
Fine Merino wool	.	.	1250
Silk	.	.	2500

“ The hairs of the finest furs, such as beaver and ermine, hold a place between the filaments of Merino and silk, and the wools in general have a fineness between that of Merino and coarse wool. Fine as is the filament produced by the silk-

worm, that produced by the spider is still more attenuated. A thread of a spider's web, measuring four miles, will weigh very little more than a single grain. Every one is familiar with the fact, that the spider spins a thread, or cord, by which his own weight hangs suspended. It has been ascertained that this thread is composed of about six thousand filaments.

*“ Thinness of a soap-bubble.—*A soap-bubble as it floats in the light of the sun reflects to the eye an endless variety of the most gorgeous tints of colour. Newton showed, that to each of these tints corresponds a certain thickness of the substance forming the bubble; in fact, he showed in general, that all transparent substances, when reduced to a certain degree of tenuity, would reflect these colours. Near the highest point of the bubble, just before it bursts, is always observed a spot which reflects no colour and appears black. Newton showed that the thickness of the bubble at this black point was the 2,500,000th part of an inch! Now, as the bubble at this point possesses the properties of water as essentially as does the Atlantic Ocean, it follows that the ultimate molecules forming water must have less dimensions than this thickness.

*“ Thinness of insects' wings.—*The same optical experiments were extended to the organic world, and it was shown that the wings of insects which reflect beautiful tints resembling mother-of-pearl owe that quality to their extreme tenuity. Some of these are so thin that 50,000 placed one upon the other would not form a heap of more than a quarter of an inch in height!

*“ Wire used in embroidery.—*In the manufacture of embroidery fine threads of silver gilt are used. To produce these a bar of silver, weighing 180 oz., is gilt with an ounce of gold; this bar is then wire-drawn until it is reduced to a thread so fine that 3,400 feet of it weigh less than an ounce. It is then flattened by being submitted to a severe pressure between rollers, in which process its length is increased to 4,000 feet. Each foot of the flattened wire weighs, therefore, the 4000th part of an ounce. But as in the processes of wire-drawing and rolling the proportion of the two metals is maintained, the gold which covers the surface of the fine thread thus produced consists only of the 180th part of its whole weight. Therefore the gold which covers one foot is only the 720,000th part of an ounce, and consequently the gold which covers an inch will be the 8,640,000th part of an ounce. If this inch be again divided into one hundred equal parts, each part will be distinctly visible without the aid of a

microscope, and yet the gold which covers such visible part will be only the 864,000,000th part of an ounce. But we need not stop even here. This portion of the wire may be viewed through a microscope which magnifies 500 times; and by these means, therefore, its 500th part will become visible."

"*The magnitude and form of the corpuscles of blood.*—In different species these red corpuscles differ both in form and size. They were long considered to be spheroidal, and are even still so stated to be in most works on physics. The observations, however, of Hewson, Wagner, Gulliver, and others have proved that they are flat or disk-shaped. In the human blood, and in that generally of animals who suckle their young, they are circular, or nearly so, their surfaces being slightly concave, like the spectacle glasses used by short-sighted persons. In birds, reptiles, and fishes, they are generally oval, the oval being more or less elongated in different species. The surface of the disks in these species, instead of being concave, are convex, like the spectacle glasses used by weak-sighted persons. The thickness of these disks varies from one third to one quarter of their diameter. Their diameter in human blood is the 3500th part of an inch; they are smallest in the blood of the *Napu* musk-deer, where they measure only the 12,000th of an inch."

Our limits do not enable us to give any extracts from the book on Force and Motion, but it is full of important truths clearly set forth and illustrated with great force and felicity. The remarks upon the composition and resolution of motion and forces are especially interesting and important to practical men.

The book on the Theory of Machinery, besides an enunciation of the general principles of mechanism, and a description of the most familiar elementary machines, gives a very lucid account of the laws which regulate the action of pendulums, whether circular or reciprocating, and an explanation of the operation of the crank and fly-wheel in steam engines. We may refer to the explanation given in this chapter of what is meant by the centre of oscillation as an example of the clearness of exposition which distinguishes Dr. Lardner's writings; for, in a few words, he conveys to the mind a distinct and accurate conception of what is intended to be communicated, when less expert demonstrators, even with

the aid of a long explanation, would have failed in making themselves understood. Rejecting all subordinate details he seizes in his elementary descriptions only upon the material points. These he portrays with a ready pencil and an unfaltering hand, so that the result is a sketch of great vigour and distinctness, which may afterwards be filled up with any elaboration of detail that is desired.

The chapter on the mechanical properties of liquids comprises the topics comprehended under the heads Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics in other works on natural philosophy; but the illustrative examples given are such as are not to be found accumulated in any work whatever. We have only room to extract the following:—

"*Example of hydrostatic pressure in the circulation of the blood.*—The animal economy supplies an example of the laws of hydrostatics, as striking as that which the skeleton exhibits of the laws of mechanics.

The heart, from which the blood is supplied to all parts of the system, is an organ endued with great powers of expansion and contraction.

When it is contracted, a pressure is exerted upon the blood in immediate contact with the muscles of the heart, by which that fluid is driven through the arteries, pressing forward the blood which already fills those canals into the veins. These various pipes and conduits are formed of an elastic material, and supplied with valves, like the valve O in the hydrostatic press, which prevent the reflux of the blood. These valves, therefore, by their reaction, form so many fulcrums, from which the contractile force of the vessels containing the blood derive their effect; and the motion of this fluid is thus continued through the veins and returns to the heart. The muscular power of the heart, to exert pressure on the blood, is illustrated by a striking experiment recorded by Dr. Hales in his statical essays. A vertical tube was put in communication with the arterial blood of an animal. The fluid, yielding to the pressure received from the heart, rushed into the tube, and rose to a certain height proportioned to the pressure. This height was found to vary in different animals, being greater in the larger than in the smaller classes. In the horse, a column of ten feet was supported; in the human body, the height of the column was but eight feet. The pressure of the venous blood was less than that of the arterial, as might have been anticipated, in the

human species its pressure sustaining only a column of six inches.

*"The functions of aquatic animals adapted to the depths at which they prevail.—*At a depth of 30,000 feet, the external pressure would render the gases of the air bladder as heavy as their bulk of water, and consequently the apparatus for generating them would lose its efficiency. In fishes which are drawn up from depths of about 3000 feet, the gas included in this apparatus, which was subject below to an external pressure of 1500lbs. per square inch, being a hundred times the atmospheric pressure, swells, when brought above the water, to about a hundred times its original bulk. This produces some curious effects, the internal organs increasing to such an extent that a part of them is driven out of the mouth of the fish, presenting the singular appearance of an inflated bladder. This circumstance, which is curious and interesting, suggests the probability that the different parts of the sea are each peopled by their inhabitants, varying not only according to climate, but according to depth."

The two books, devoted to the exposition of the mechanical phenomena of light and sound, abound in passages which, if our limits would allow us to reproduce them, would excite more wonder in some of our readers than all the marvels of oriental fiction. We must, however, limit our extracts, and conclude this review with the following specimen:—

*"Application of the Sirene to count the rate at which the wings of insects move.—*The buzzing and humming noises produced by winged insects are not, as might be supposed, vocal sounds. They result from sonorous undulations imparted to the air by the flapping of their wings. This may be rendered evident by observing, that the noise always ceases when the insect alights on any object.

"The Sirene has been ingeniously applied for the purpose of ascertaining the rate at which the wings of such creatures flap. The instrument being brought into unison with the sound produced by the insect indicates, as in the case of any other musical sound, the rate of vibration. In this way it has been ascertained that the wings of a gnat flap at the rate of 15,000 times per second. The pitch of the note produced by this insect in the act of flying is, therefore, more than two octaves above the highest note of a seven octave piano-forte."

*"Why we are not sensible of darkness when we wink.—*This continuance of the impression of external objects on the retina, after the light from the objects ceases to act, is also manifested by the fact, that the continual winking of the eyes for the purpose of lubricating the eye-ball by the eye-lid does not intercept our vision. If we look at any external objects they never cease for a moment to be visible to us, notwithstanding the frequent intermissions which take place in the action of light upon the retina, in consequence of its being thus intercepted by the eye-lid."

*"Why a lighted stick revolving produces apparently a luminous ring.—*If a lighted stick be turned round in a circle in a dark room, the appearance to the eye will be a continuous circle of light; for in this case the impression produced upon the retina by the light, when the stick is at any point of the circle, is retained until the stick returns to that point."

*"Flash of lightning.—*In the same manner a flash of lightning appears to the eye as a continuous line of light, because the light emitted at any point of the line remains upon the retina until the cause of the light passes over the succeeding points."

"In the same manner any objects moving before the eye with such a velocity that the retina shall retain the impression produced at one point in the line of its motion until it passes through the other points, will appear as a continuous line of light or colour."

*"Distinctness of vision compared with the magnitude of the pictures on the retina.—*Nothing can be more calculated to excite our wonder and admiration than the distinctness of our perception of visible objects, compared with the magnitude of the picture on the retina, from which immediately we receive such perception."

*"Example of the picture of the full moon on the retina.—*If we look at the full moon on a clear night, we perceive with considerable distinctness by the naked eye the lineaments of light and shade which characterize its disk.

"Now let us consider only for a moment what are the dimensions of the picture of the moon formed on the retina from which alone we derive this distinct perception."

"The disk of the moon subtends a visual angle of half a degree, and consequently, according to what has been explained, the diameter of its picture on the retina will be $\frac{1}{360}$ th part of an inch, and the entire superficial magnitude of the image from which we derive this distinct perception is only the $\frac{1}{129600}$ th part of a square inch; yet within this minute space we are able to distinguish a multi-

plicity of still more minute details. We perceive, for example, forms of light and shade, whose linear dimensions do not exceed one-tenth part of the apparent diameter of the moon, and which therefore, occupy upon the retina a space whose diameter does not exceed the $\frac{1}{1000000}$ th part of a square inch."

"*Example of the human figure.*—To take another example, the figure of a man 70 inches high, seen at a distance of 40 feet, produces an image upon the retina the height of which is about one-fourteenth part of an inch. The face of such an image is included in a circle whose diameter is about one-twelfth of the height, and therefore occupies on the retina a circle whose diameter is about the $\frac{1}{120}$ th part of an inch; nevertheless, within this circle, the eyes, nose, and lineaments are distinctly seen. The diameter of the eye is about one-twelfth of that of the face, and therefore, though distinctly seen, does not occupy upon the retina a space exceeding the $\frac{1}{1000000}$ th of a square inch.

"If the retina be the canvas on which this exquisite miniature is delineated, how infinitely delicate must be its structure, to receive and transmit details so minute with such marvellous precision; and if, according to the opinion of some, the perception of these details be obtained by the retina *feeling* the image formed upon the choroid, how exquisitely sensitive must be its touch!"

The eye has power of accommodation to different degrees of illumination.—The eye possesses a certain limited power of accommodating itself to various degrees of illumination. Circumstances, which are familiar to every one, render the exercise of this power evident.

"If a person, after remaining a cer-

tain time in a dark room, pass suddenly into another room strongly illuminated, the eye suffers instantly a degree of inconvenience, and even pain, which causes the eyelids to close; and it is not until after the lapse of a certain time that they can be opened without inconvenience.

"The cause of this is easily explained. While the observer remains in the darkened or less illuminated room, the pupil is dilated so as to admit into the eye as great a quantity of light as the structure of the organ allows of. When he passes suddenly into the strongly illuminated room, the flood of light arriving through the widely dilated pupil acts with such violence on the retina as to produce pain, which necessarily calls for the relief and protection of the organ. The iris, then, by an action peculiar to it, contracts the dimensions of the pupil so as to admit proportionally less light, and the eye is opened with impunity.

"Effects the reverse of these are observed when a person passes from a strongly illuminated room into one comparatively dark, or into the open air at night. For a certain time he sees nothing, because the contraction of the pupil, which was adapted to the strong light to which it had previously been exposed, admits so little light to the retina that no sensation is produced. The pupil, however, after a while dilates, and, admitting more light, objects are perceived which were before invisible.

"Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And wanders on in fear and doubt;
But soon the prospect clearing,
In cloudless starlight on he treads,
And finds no lamp so cheering
As that light which heaven sheds."—MOORE.

SCENES AND STORIES FROM THE SPANISH STAGE.—NO. V.

BY D. F. MCCARTHY.

CALDERON'S "THE SCARF AND THE FLOWER."

READING Calderon without some experienced guide to conduct one through the almost interminable expanse of his creations, has been compared, by a competent authority, to a mariner voyaging upon a boundless sea without a pilot, where he is carried from island to island, "some of craggy and mountainous magnificence, some clothed with moss and flowers, and radiant with fountains, some barren deserts." Thus has it been with us, dear reader, in our present cruise through the Spanish Main; carried by the spirit of adventure far out of the usual course, away from those well-known waters, the depth and dangers of which have been laid down in the trustworthy charts of Bouterwek and Sismondi, we know not where to steer. The sea upon which we are gliding sparkles so beautifully around us, that it would seem as if progression were a foolish labour, and that the happiest destiny would be to float thus for ever dreamily along, careless to which of the fantastic islands that gem the horizon we were borne:—

"The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright;
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light."

Yes, truly, but in time the brightest sea begins to lose its attractions, and the pleasantest voyage to grow dull. The loveliest mirage that ever rose upon the longing gaze of the land-sick mariner is faint beside the real elysium which meadows, and cottage roofs, and the gurgling of fresh, clear rivulets present to his desiring senses. All the bright harmonies of colour in the clouded or azure heavens above our heads, or in the shifting shades of the liquid emerald or turquoise element upon which we are floating, do not compensate us for the absence of some living beings, in whose fate we may take an interest, and whose hopes and

sorrows may awaken the feelings of the heart, in addition to those sentiments of wonder and delight which the spectacle of inanimate nature has excited. As if to meet our wishes and to decide our hesitating choice, as we look through the clustering islands of this enchanted sea, lo! from the shores of one of the most beautiful among them, a silken "scarf" is waved cheerfully to and fro in sign of cordial amity and welcome, the staff from which it is suspended being surmounted by a "flower," in proof of the fertility and beauty of the region to which we are invited. As we approach the shore, and behold the crowd of graceful beings, among whom it is our destiny to dwell for a brief period, we feel inclined to exclaim, in the words of Miranda—

"O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in it."

And so, having landed, we shall at once proceed to examine the species of entertainment that has been prepared for our reception. It is a light and graceful drama, one of those *comedias de capa y espada* which pleasantly revives our earliest impressions of the Spanish character and Spanish modes of life, as given to us by Cervantes, Mendoza, and Le Sage, ere they were dispelled by the sterner realities of Spanish history, or the scarcely sterner features of Spanish tragedy.

The first act of "The Scarf and the Flower" opens in some public pleasure grounds near Florence, and within sight of that beautiful city—

"Florence, beneath the sun,
Of cities, fairest one."

Two travellers are seen to enter, with every appearance of having but just alighted from their horses. These are Enrico, a young Italian gentleman,

returning from a confidential mission to the Court of Spain, whither he had been sent by the Duke of Florence, whose friendship he is honoured with; and Ponlevi, his valet, who of course forms the *gracioso* of the play. This latter personage is full of impatience to enter the city, to visit his old haunts, and to astonish his acquaintances with the wonders he has seen. He cannot understand why his master should stop so near home for the purpose of telling him the secret of his love affairs, which he pretty broadly intimates he knows already. But as the audience require to be informed of these antecedents, the impatient valet has to submit, and Enrico proceeds to narrate the difficult position in which he is placed with respect to Chloris and Lisida, two sisters of Florence, to whom, through gallantry, and the necessity he was under of concealing any particular affection, he paid equal attention, and thus unfortunately succeeded in awakening an attachment in the heart of her to whom he was *not* attached, as well as in hers to whom he was. This perplexity must be given in his own words:—

ENRICO.

Since as sisters, side by side,
Darts of love and of disdain,
Ever joined were seen the twain,
In the walks or windows wide;
Which of them, in truth, I wooed,
Which of them I sighed to serve,
I the secret did preserve;
Thus thy rigour I subdued,
Chloris. It, of course, should be
Chloris whom my service moved,
Were it Chloris that I loved,
Chloris would have hated me;
I loved Lisida, and she,
Therefore, love for me did lose;
Love doth ever thus confuse
Fortunes, &c.

He proceeds to mention that Fabio, the father of the ladies, showed his dislike to those attentions, and how he himself had been prevented from explaining the real state of his affections, by knowing that Chloris had confided to her sister the partiality which she felt for him, and continues:—

Coward, thus of courtesy,
Blind, unthanked, and full of sadness;
Loving Lisida to madness,
Chloris vainly loving me;
One I see, the other sigh for;
Worship one, and one am wooing,
Loving one, and one pursuing;

One I seek, and one I die for;
Thus doth joy divided prove,
Grief remaining still entire;
Lisida I still desire,
Chloris still I cannot love.

Ponlevi cuts the gordian knot of this difficulty in a very simple and expeditious manner. He says—

Little trouble, if you knew,
This, by Jove, would give me.

ENRICO.

Why,

What would you have done?

PONLEVI.

What, I?

I would simply love the two;
And if Lisida adored me,
I, for Lisida, would die;
Chloris, I would bid good bye,
If I thought that she abhorred me;
For beyond the fame that moves him,
Or the worth a man is showing,
With a woman, is the knowing
That another woman loves him.

While they are thus conversing, the very ladies about whom so much has been said, enter the gardens. They are accompanied by a third lady, Nise, who is their cousin, and Celia, their attendant. The entire party are so veiled as to be unknown to Enrico. Their conversation seems to be about the beauty of the surrounding scene, which ends in a charming dispute as to the superior attractions of the morning or the night, in which Enrico courteously joins:—

CHLORIS.

Oh! how pleasant is this plain
Palace, home of plants and flowers!

LISIDA.

In the bright-green fresh-leaved bowers,
In the sunny drops of rain,
May proclaims its happy reign!

ENRICO [*aside to Ponlevi*].
Stay! behold! who wander here?

CHLORIS.

No; 'tis false, this verdant sphere
Can a lovelier scene display,
At the dawning of the day,
As when the sunbeams disappear.

NISE.

Can the changing moments make
Scenes so fair, still fairer seem?

CHLORIS.

Yes; Aurora's magic gleam
Brighter charms than these can wake.

NISE.

'Tis an error—a mistake—
Thus to give the crown of light
To the Morn; the starry Night
Is the only queen.

ENRICO [*advancing*].

Senora,

Wrong not thus the fair Aurora,
Like thyself, a lady bright;
Being so, 'twere wrong to think
Aught but grateful love and duty
To that fair benignant beauty,
In whose every breath we drink
The orange, jasmine, and the pink;
To whose brightness Nature yields
The sovereign splendour of the day;
Whose fleeting sceptre hath more sway
Than *that* the prouder noontide wields;
It bringeth gladness to the fields,
And colour to the flowers and groves;
It is the season of the loves,
Harmonious hour of wakening birds;
How wrong to use disdainful words
To her whose perfectness reproves?

This beautiful panegyric on the morning draws the attention of the ladies to Enrico, and he is at once recognised by the sisters. They privately request Nise, who is unknown to him, to make some reply to his Quixotic defence of the earlier beauty of the day, that while so occupied they may escape unknown—to which she consents—

NISE.

Don Quixote of Aurora bright,
Say, what imports it that at dawn
Each dewy flower o'er earth's wide lawn
May drink the tears it wept at night?
Say, what imports the golden light
That tips the hills with roseate flame,
The drops of dew that put to shame
The tinted sea-shell's treasures pearly?
A lady, that must rise so early
Can be no *very* noble dame:—

ENRICO.

To rise, 'mid interlaced bars
Of summer woods and natural bowers,
To change for countless troops of flowers
The myriad armies of the stars—
This 'gainst no proper feeling jars—
If, where the green boughs meet above
She wanders, 'tis but to discover
The footsteps of her Shepherd lover,—
'Twere less the lady, if she strove
To sleep, when she should wake with love.

NISE.

Well, let her rise and roam the plain,
And woodlands wild, 'mid morning's dews,
Seeking her loves—for me I choose
With greater pleasure and less pain,
In evening's calm and tranquil reign

Mine to enjoy without a yawn,
Or envy of the spangled lawn.
For to my mind 'tis clear displayed
But for the common herd was made
This idle fancy for the dawn.

This graceful disputation is put an end to by the noise of an approaching carriage, which proves to be that of the Duke. The ladies are much alarmed, particularly Chloris, who has been for some time the object of the Duke's attentions, and she is informed that it is with the hope of seeing her that he now visits the gardens. Enrico, still ignorant as to the identity of the ladies, but moved merely by their apparent distress, politely offers to use his exertions to extricate them out of the difficulty, and their acts of gratitude which follow give the name and create the confusion of the drama:—

ENRICO:

Perhaps this casualty may,
Without the breach of custom's laws,
Permit my wish to serve appear,
Which is, to take away the fear
His coming here to you doth cause;
Here where the winding path withdraws
Into the highway, I shall go,
And there, by meeting him, shall so
Divert him till you have time to gain
Your carriage, and depart again.

CHLORIS.

The thanks, that for this act I owe
At present with this scarf I pay,—
Small gift with grateful feelings rife,
It is the ransom of my life:—

[*Gives him an azure scarf.*]

ENRICO.

Happy I am to serve you. May
I know to whom I owe—

CHLORIS.

To-day

It cannot be.

[*Exeunt Chloris and Nise.*]LISIDA [*aside*].

And now begin

Once more, O Heavens! the mental din,
The heart's wild fears, the soul's eclipse,—
Too small the prison of my lips
To chain the jealous fiend within,—
But since I can, beneath this veil
Avenge the burning pangs I feel,
And with the shaft of jealousy
Strike dead the heart that makes mine die,
Let me the subtle poison deal:—
Sir, since we both so deeply owe [Aloud.
Our thanks to you—alike we glow
The debt of gratitude to pay.—
Hers doth this azure scarf display,
Mine by this flower I wish to show,—

[*Gives him a flower.*]

This second present which Enrico receives renders him more anxious even than before to learn the names of those ladies who so promptly reward the ordinary attentions of a stranger. Lisida, however, retires without giving him the desired information, and begs of him, if he would not destroy the effect of his courtesy, not to follow her. Enrico then withdraws to intercept the Duke, telling Ponlevi, his valet, to endeavour to unravel the mystery by entering into conversation with their maid Celia, who has remained after them. Some introductory skirmishes take place between these garrulous personages, when Ponlevi, at length, comes to the point.

PONLEVI.

But since Saint Secret's day, we know,
Is a feast-day that's never kept,
Help me to work, thou dear adept,
Say, who are those that late did go,
And take——

CELIA.

It is a great temptation !

PONLEVI.

For every word your sweet mouth saith——

CELIA.

What am I then to take ?—

PONLEVI.

Take breath !—

That you may make the whole narration.

CELIA.

A great reward !——

PONLEVI.

This compensation,
Though high, I offer for thy sake.

CELIA.

Well then, I say, that if I take
Breath, it is only but for one
Reason.——

PONLEVI.

And that ?——

CELIA.

Is just to run ! [Exit.

PONLEVI.

What a Carthusian she would make !——

“*O criada del Paular*,” says Ponlevi, alluding to the celebrated Convent of Carthusians, and situated at the town of Paular, near Segovia in Old Castile, meaning that the astonishing silence and secrecy which she observed emi-

nently entitled her to become a member of that uncommunicative order. He, however, is determined not to give up the matter so easily, and follows her exclaiming—

A waiting maid and secrecy

Some contradiction must imply !——

The next scene presents the meeting of Enrico and the Duke. The latter is accompanied by Fabio, the father of the sisters, who has come to pay his respects to his Sovereign, before proceeding to Naples on private business. He is somewhat disconcerted by the inopportune return of Enrico, the renewal of whose attentions to Chloris he has reason to expect. However, he consoles himself by the reflection that she is his daughter, and will therefore act the part of a prudent and high-bred lady, and having said so, retires. The Duke receives Enrico with the utmost cordiality, and makes several inquiries as to his recent journey into Spain. The long and elaborate narration which Enrico gives in reply, being a spirited description of the ceremonies incidental to the act of swearing homage to Prince Balthasar, as Prince of the Asturias, fixes the date of this play in the year 1632. “Calderon would hardly have introduced it on the stage much later,” says Mr. Tickner, “because the interest in such a ceremony is so short-lived.”*

This description runs to an extreme length, being upwards of two hundred and seventy lines long. It is a series of the most brilliant pictures, where, however, the flattery of the courtier is as apparent as the ingenuity and fancy of the poet. Indeed, the former is so palpable, particularly in the sketch of Philip IV., towards the end of the narrative, that Calderon, for the only time, as far as our recollection goes, seems to have had a misgiving that his colours were laid on a little too richly and profusely.

The religious ceremonies are first described : the sacred rite of confirmation ; the splendid temple which was the scene of this spectacle ; the stage erected at the foot of the great altar whereon the homage was to be sworn.

The classification of the various dignitaries invited to this august ceremo-

* Spanish Literature, vol. ii. p. 357.

nial then follows: the prelates of the Church, the ambassadors of various kingdoms, grandees, nobles, &c., in their due gradation.

But we must pass over all this, to give in full the extraordinary, though characteristic, description which Calderon has given of the horsemanship of Philip IV. as he rides along in this procession. Exaggerated and extravagant as this picture undoubtedly is, it is still vivid and striking to a very high degree, and shows how exuberant the fancy of Calderon must have been, when, upon a subject which seems to have been a favourite one with him, that of cavaliers—

"Who feel their fiery horses
Like proud seas under them,"

so much new colouring and character can be added to those delineations which he has already given us in *The Physician of his own Honour* and *The Constant Prince*. The present description, in the circumstances on which it is founded, and in occasional resemblances of treatment, brings forcibly to mind the celebrated passage in the fifth act of *King Richard the Second*, descriptive of Bolingbroke's entry into London. There is a calm and perfect beauty in the few clear touches of the great English master's pencil, which is nearly lost in the diffuse gaudiness (if we may use the expression) of the Spaniard's. In this latter respect it more nearly resembles the account which Perithous gives of Arcite in the last Act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. It would not be without interest to place in juxtaposition three cognate pictures, by such unrivalled artists as Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Calderon. Three descriptive passages more characteristic of the peculiar manner of each of the great masters we have named, could not easily be met with. But we must content ourselves with referring the reader to the two former.

The following is Calderon's description. It is a renewed copy of the preceding picture. The steed in this case, like that of Bolingbroke, seeming to know his rider:—

ENRICO.

Of a bright brown burning sorrel,
Of a fierce ungoverned nature
Seemed to me the kingly brute,
In whose colour was depicted
The apologetic anger

Of the sun, that burned his skin,
That upon its shining surface,
In the noble beast's wild beauty
He might contemplate his own.
With such mettled pride he bounded,
That a single bound proclaimed
He could bear up a whole heaven,—
Among brutes a living mountain—
Atlas turned to life 'mong beasts.
How can I find words to tell thee
Of the strong, proud disregard
With which he, unmindful of it,
Ground to dust the stony highway,
But by saying this alone,
That I only then discovered
What a fire was 'neath Madrid?
For where'er his hoof descended,
At the touch there seemed to ope
An abyss of fiery sparkles.
And as he who touches fire
Suddenly his hand withdraweth,
So the noble steed drew back
With the same instinctive quickness,
His proud hoof from out the fire
That his hoof itself had kindled,
Making fear itself so graceful
That his feet no more upheld him,
Seemingly upraised in air,
With his boundings and curvettings.
As with man, so in the brute-world
Must a firm hand guide and rule it—
Thus the King controlled the monster
By the light rule of the reins.
Shall I say, that when afar
Rang the clarions and the trumpets
He compelled him dance in time
With the foam-creating bridle?
No; for this has oft been said.
Shall I say of horse and rider
That they were indeed but one?
No; for that were here unseemly.
Shall I say they formed a map—
Foam the sea, and earth the body,
Wind the soul, and fire the foot?
No; the thought were too conceited.
Shall I say, the gallant horseman,
Lightly using boot and spur,
Ever at the coach-door bending—
Firmly footed in the stirrups,
Using gracefully the arm;
Lowering now the hand; adjusting
Now the reins; his cloak divided;
With his body nicely balanced;
And with courteous face and bearing,
Passed he thus along the highway,
By the coach-door of the Queen?
Yes; because the simple statement
Gives the most exact description.
Do not think, that 'tis to flatter,
That I thus describe the skilful
Horsemanship of Philip. No:
For there was not an achievement
Which activity might reach to
In a cavalier, that he
Did not wondrously exhibit.
And the simple school wherein
All his knighthood's love was taught him
Was on horseback in the saddle.

If, my Lord, his arms he practised,
 He with sharp sword could apportion
 Lessons learned from the foil.
 If he went into the chase—
 Lively portraiture of warfare*—
 He with arquebuse could cover
 Everything that flew or ran.
 With the pencil he appeareth
 Wondrous Nature's new creator ;
 And in melody, his skill
 Music's inmost soul hath reached to.
 In a word, of all the arts
 There are none of which he knows not.

It is scarcely to be wondered at, after this description of a royal Crichton, that Calderon became the favourite poet of the subject of his panegyric.

To return to the characters of our drama. The Duke assures Enrico, that he would have taken a greater interest in his narrative, but for a source of private unhappiness which nearly engrosses his entire attention ; and then, either to revenge himself for the extreme length of his friend's address, or to console himself by that remedy which desperate men too often resort to in their distresses, he produces a copy of verses which he had written on the subject, and proceeds to read the following sonnet to his hearer :—

A frozen mountain on my bosom lay,
 'Round which Time twined a coronal of
 snow,
 While the warm heart fed fondly far below
 The ashes of a fire that burned alway.
 A beauteous beam, the wonder of the day,
 Down to that mine with kindling torch
 did go ;
 The snow, encircled by the fire, did glow ;
 The fire, by snow congealed to ice straight-
 way.
 Etna, at once of love and anguish deep—
 The ashes of my heart ascending higher,
 Burning my breast, compelled my eyes to
 weep.
 O, living mountain ! blind volcanic pyre !
 If thou art flame, how canst thou water keep ?
 Alas ! the tears of love themselves are fire !

Enrico at once detects the disease by this unmistakable symptom, and replies accordingly. The uncertainty so ingeniously kept up, as to which of the sisters is the object of the Duke's attachment, and his efforts to appear

interested, while at the same time he is suffering all the tortures of suspense, is amusing, and must have been still more effective in the representation :—

ENRICO.

If, my Lord, I may presume,
 This golden verse doth nothing prove ;
 It merely paints the common doom
 Of human kind—that thou'rt in love ;
 But it does not tell with whom.
 This bashful secrecy despise,
 Tell me the cause of all your sighs.

DUKE.

I think that when the name you hear,
 A well-known name it will appear,
 One whom unknown you still should prize.

ENRICO.

I ?—

DUKE.

Even so ; I have the bliss
 To love a maid, whose like is not
 On earth.

ENRICO.

Your meaning still I miss,—

DUKE.

Two daughters hath not Fabio got ?

PONLEVI [*aside*].

My master's troubled much at this.

ENRICO [*aside*].

Merciful heavens ! what's this I hear ?
 Can it be Lisida he means,
 Or Chloris ? Ah ! with jealous fear
 Once more I die !—[*aloud*] A doubt still
 screens
 The mistress that to thee is dear,
 For yet I do not know but she
 Chloris or Lisida may be,
 On which thy tender love doth wake.

DUKE.

The very doubt is thy mistake ;
 For who could doubt, whose eyes can see
 The difference 'twixt a flower and rose,
 Or rose compared with some bright star,
 Which in a nobler empire glows,
 And scattering lustrous light afar,
 Round her the beam of beauty throws ?
 Lisida is—

ENRICO [*aside*].

Ah !

DUKE.

The bud before it blows,
 But Chloris is the perfect rose.

ENRICO.

'Tis so.—[*aside*] Now who would e'er be-
 lieve
 That I so gladly could receive
 Dispraise of her I peerless deem ?

* Scott's description of the chase as being

"A noble mimicry of war,"

singularly resembles the idea in Calderon's lines—

"——— la casa

Viva imagen de la guerra."

The Duke, having got over the first difficulty of mentioning the name of the lady, proceeds then, in the usual style, to charge her with coldness, cruelty, and all those unconscious crimes which are generally laid to the charge of ladies in similar circumstances. This is too much for the plain sense of Octavio, who has been a silent listener to the entire confession. He, for his part, thinks Chloris very much wronged by these accusations, and considers the Duke has very little grounds for his despair, for the following sufficient reasons:—

OCTAVIO.

If to all your amorous wooing,
She more candid than severe,
Doth permit of your pursuing,
If when evening draweth near,
Oft thy letters she is viewing;
If, my lord, attentive ever
To thy wish, when night's stars gleam,
She, with condescending favour,
Makes her room an academe;
Where love's lore supplies the graver,
Vain, my lord, must be your sorrow,
Hills turn plains when love is thorough.
For myself at least I'll say,
She who lists to you to day
Will reply to you to-morrow.

DUKE.

Ah! how little thou dost know
About love, Octavio;
He who wisely loves would rather
Any scorn or favour gather,
Than without these love-gifts go;
For the heart can never prove
Deeper pain, than feel a love
Of whose scorings we complain not,
And whose favourings enchain not,
Nought to praise or to reprove;
Since without them we must be
Joy or sorrow, fancy free;
Saddest sight the earth is seeing,
Is the lover pleased with being
Loved as 'twere through courtesy. [*Exit.*]

After the Duke's departure Octavio volunteers a confession on his own account, acknowledging that he too is in love, and with a lady that resides in the same house with the Duke's mistress. This renews the alarm of Enrico, and the same scene of uncertainty and expectation is gone through once more. It is finally put an end to by Octavio mentioning that it is with neither of the sisters he is in love, but with their cousin Nise, who has recently come to Florence on a visit to them. He forbears giving any description of her, as Enrico will soon

have an opportunity of judging for himself: and then retires leaving Enrico and Ponlevi together. Ponlevi at once informs his master that he has succeeded in extracting from the hitherto reluctant waiting-maid the agreeable piece of information that the sisters, of whom Enrico had said so much, were two of the three ladies he had addressed that morning in the adjoining gardens, and who had rewarded his attentions by the gift of the scarf and the flower. He has failed, however, in ascertaining by which of the ladies, respectively, the separate gifts were presented, and thus the confusion is created, on which a good deal of the subsequent action depends. He is commanded to use every exertion to discover this important fact, and with this injunction the scene terminates.

The next scene is in the garden of Fabio's house. Chloris and her cousin Nise enter, and, selecting a seat beside a cool and sparkling fountain, continue their conversation:—

NISE.

Here when tenderly complaining,
This murmuring fountain crystal tears is
raining;
Trust, dear cousin, mine,
Unto my love, this secret love of thine.

CHLORIS.

Enrico is, in truth
(Here let us linger, Nise), the most courteous youth,
The bravest and most wise,
Throughout all Florence, or dame Rumour
lies;
I do not say I loved,
Or that I wished his heart should e'er be
moved
To love me; all I know
Is that it would not grieve me if 'twere so;
Thus on life went,
I neither loving nor indifferent,
When the god that wakes desire,
Breathed on the ashes and lit up the fire;
I need not say with what a grateful pride
My heart replied;
Repaying love's sweet favours with my
yielding soul,
For when thou know'st my grief, thou
knowest the whole.
This sweet compulsion, this soft strife,
Was by his absence quickly brought to life,
Since it permits the Duke
To visit me and plead his passion in his
look;
And I, so high his loyal nature deem,
Fear that his love may reach the other
extreme.

This conversation is interrupted by the entrance of Lisida, and subsequently by that of Ponlevi, who, in obedience to his master's orders, has come to endeavour to find out, from the manner in which they may speak of Enrico, the wished for piece of information as to the distinct ownership of the scarf and the flower. Availing himself of the privilege so freely granted to the *gracioso* in the Spanish drama, he enters with the utmost familiarity, and proceeds to parody the extravagant compliments so freely indulged in by his superiors in similar circumstances. Addressing the three ladies he says:—

If perchance a new arrival,
Who has little shame to spare,
May presume to take the freedom
Just to enter where he likes.
Give to me your twice three slippers,
That I may this instant kiss
The three gold-embroidered bases,
Of three columns of pure snow.

Amused by his buffoonery they enter into conversation with him, which he always turns to the subject of his master, of his visit to Spain, and of his remarkable reserve while there, so as to have left that country without having brought away with him any distinct impression of the appearance of the Spanish ladies. All his efforts, however, are unavailing to penetrate the mystery, and the scene is finally put an end to by the announcement of a visit from the Duke, who enters shortly afterwards accompanied by Enrico and Octavio. Chloris receives him courteously, more, however, on account of his companion than his own. Secretly thanking Love, that after so many disagreeable visits he can make one at least be welcome, the Duke and the ladies sit down around the fountain, and a very charming scene ensues. Each of the characters, while endeavouring to contribute to the general harmony of this reunion, is still engrossed with his or her own particular anxiety; Octavio proudly pointing out Nise to the attention of Enrico; the Duke endeavouring to advance his suit to Chloris; Enrico perplexed at wearing two rival favours without knowing which to prefer; and the sisters themselves more disturbed than any one else at perceiving, along with her own gift, the hated offering of the other.

Nor is this feeling of annoyance confined to thought alone. At first they affect to believe that those favours had been given to him in Spain, which he denies. They then endeavour to find out to which of the gifts he gives the preference, which he also evades; but finally acknowledges that it may be detected by discovering which of the two colours (the green of the flower or the blue of the scarf), has the superiority. This gives occasion for one of those graceful contests of wit and fancy so frequent in Calderon, and of which the present is a very charming specimen. Black eyes and blue, seas and skies, waves and fields, and other harmonies and contrasts of nature, have often been described and compared with more or less felicity by poets and naturalists, but neither in Bernardin de St. Pierre, nor Thomas Moore, the two most brilliant masters of the simile that we can call to mind, do we recollect any comparison more fanciful without being overstrained, than the original of the following dispute as to the superior beauty of

THE GREEN AND THE BLUE.

LISIDA.

Green is the colour God doth fling
First on the naked world,—a dress
Which doth increase its loveliness.
It is the colour of the Spring;
The fairest sight the seasons bring
Is that green ornament that sees,
Voiceless and breathless, 'neath the trees,
The many-tinted flowers take birth
On the green cradle of the earth,
The trembling stars of every breeze.

CHLORIS.

Earthly that colour and must die,
And, fading quickly, ne'er be seen;
But when the ground is clothed with green
Transparent azure lights the sky,
Spring hangs her azure veil on high;
Where myriad living lights are thrown
Over the sky like flowers full-blown,—
Say, which more richly Nature dowers,
An earthly heaven o'erhung with flowers,
Or Heaven's bright field with stars o'er-thrown.

LISIDA.

This seeming colour mocks our eyes,
As if its bright cerulean glow
Indeed were real: but we know
There is no colour in the skies;
Heaven with this brilliant falsehood lies,
This azure fiction of the blue.
If we no other reason heard
But this, the earth should be preferred
One boasts a fair, fictitious hue,
And one whose lovelier shade is true.

CHLORIS.

Not real colour I confess
Is the sky's azure; but I know
'Tis better for not being so.
Were it indeed its actual dress
It would require but little stress
To prove its greater beauty. This
Must be, I hold, the cause of his
Election, if he choose the blue,
Since, even though feigned, it hath a dress
Fairer than that how true it is.

LISIDA.

The green speaks hope, which always we
As Love's most precious offering prize;—
At least so *she* may say, whose eyes
That figured freshness ne'er will see.
The azure speaks of jealousy
And fickle change—two fiends that well
Know how to blight where'er they dwell.
What matters, then, if love is given
To wear perchance the hue of Heaven,
If it must feel the pangs of Hell?

CHLORIS.

He who on hope doth live alone,
For that but slightly praised must be;
But he who loves with jealousy
Inscribes his love on bronze or stone.
'Tis thus its steadfastness is known,
Not weakly lost when hope is o'er.
He who, though jealous, doth adore,
Shows what a faithful heart hath he,
Since in the hell of jealousy
He cannot hope for favour more.

LISIDA.

To hope is then the happiest lot,

CHLORIS.

But to be jealous more discreet;

LISIDA.

Green is the flower so fresh and sweet.

CHLORIS.

The scarf is azure, is it not?

LISIDA.

Well, and what matters that?

CHLORIS.

And what
Matters the other?

LISIDA.

But in fine
Think not the flower is mine.

CHLORIS.

Nor mine
The scarf. [*They both arise.*]

LISIDA.

But if 'twere so?

CHLORIS.

How would you act?

LISIDA.

I do not know.

DUKE.

Now in God's name the strife resign;
No bitter words will sour the sweets
Of this rare feast of wit, I trust.
Go not away.

LISIDA.

Indeed I must,
Not to hear more such vain conceits.
[*Exit.*]

CHLORIS.

'Tis not the winner that retreats—
Neither would I hear more; and so
Flying from hence I wish to go,
If I have got your Grace's leave.
[*Exit.*]

DUKE.

That, beauty ever doth receive.

ENRICO.

What has just passed I scarcely know!

DUKE.

Thou art, Enrico, amongst men
The happiest lover now alive;
For some to thee love's favours give,
And others quarrel 'bout them then.

ENRICO.

This hath their colour done, 'tis plain,
And not my fortune.

DUKE.

O strong power
Of fate! [*Exit.*]

OCTAVIO.

What grief! [*Exit.*]

NISE.

'Tis Envy's hour
Who walks about in Love's own dress.

ENRICO.

Heavens! for a scarf what dire distress;
Heavens! what distress about a flower.

There is a charm connected with this drama and with many others of a similar kind, which, like that of Spanish life itself, seems particularly grateful to us from the contrast which our northern climate renders necessary, namely, that so much of the action of both is spent in the open air. We are always in the presence of Nature, amid the flowers and the sparkling sunshine, as in the "*Mornings of April and May,*" or beside the cool margin of some murmuring fountain, in the freshness of a summer's evening, as in the preceding scene. This may account for the perpetual reference to the external appearances of natural objects, which, to persons acutely sensible of the beauty and wonder so lavishly scattered about us in this world, forms not the least attractive feature of Calderon's writings. It also may render the poetical illustrations, so frequently indulged in by the characters of his dramas, more natural and more likely to have been spontaneously suggested by surrounding objects, than would be possible in the more artificial life of people who are

less exposed to those influences. Oriental poetry, for the same reason, is even still more distinguished by this peculiarity, as indeed is all the poetry of primitive peoples. If the modern poetry of hardier and more northern races deals more successfully with the workings of the heart, and is fonder of dwelling rather under the surface of life than upon it, it may arise from the opposite reason, when in our colder regions we are shut out as it were for so many months of the year from the more beautiful phenomena of Nature, like the Laplanders in their winter caves. There are vigour and hardiness no doubt, to compensate for the absence of more luxurious and more effeminate beauty, but the difference is very striking, and must be influenced, if not wholly occasioned, by the causes to which we have referred.

Mr. Ticknor, in referring to the comedy of "The Scarf and the Flower," points out another characteristic connected with it, which is no less worthy of notice. He says:—"There are in this, as in most of the dramas of Calderon belonging to the same class, great freshness and life, and a tone truly Castilian, courtly, and graceful. Lisida, who loves Henry [Enrico], the hero, and gave him the flower, finds him wearing her rival's scarf, and from this and other circumstances naturally accuses him of being devoted to that rival; an accusation which he denies, and explains the delusive appearance on the ground that he approached one lady as the only way to reach the other. The dialogue in which he defends himself is extremely characteristic of the gallant style of the Spanish drama, especially in that ingenious turn and repetition of the same idea in different figures of speech, which grows more and more condensed as it approaches its conclusion."* The following is the scene referred to. We take it up a little later than where Mr. Ticknor's specimen begins. After pleading guilty to the various charges which Lisida enumerates, she continues:—

LISIDA.

What contradiction!—

If to see, to speak, to write,
If to wear her scarf around you,
If to follow and to watch,
Be not love, I ask, Enrico,

That you tell me what it is;
Leave me ignorant no longer
Of a thing so simply told.

ENRICO.

Let an illustration answer—
The skill'd sportsman who would make
Of a seeming speck of plumage,
Borne along in rapid flight,
The swift mark at which he aimeth,
Aims not at the bird itself,
But beside it, understanding
That to gain the wind's sure aid
He must cheat the wind a little:
The experienced mariner,
Who, the sea, that fierce and foaming
Prodigy of nature, rules,
Doth not turn his prow directly
To the port he seeks to gain,
But, by tacking through the billows,
Wiles their wrath and comes to shore:
The commander, who a fortress
Means to gain, doth first pretend
That his call to arms is sounded
'Gainst another fort, and thus
By all sounds of martial clamour
So deceives the place, that he
Hopes to find it unprotected
'Gainst the true attack, and thus
Wins it less by force than cunning:
The deep mine, that in the entrails
Of the earth begins far off—
Like an artificial Etna—
A volcano formed by skill—
Does not, where its pregnant caverns
Hold concealed a dread abyss
Of immense and hidden horrors,
Take effect, but then deceives
Even the very fire that lights it—
Here 'tis lightning—thunder there—
Here conceives and there travaileth:
If then in the fields of air
Is my love that wily hunter;
If it be the mariner
On the inconstant sea of fortune;
If in the wars of jealousy
It is to be the victor leader;
If in the bosom's mine it be
The fire so hard to be resisted;
Is it a wonder, then, that I
Have kept disguised my heart's true feelings,
That I as mariner and hunter,
Commander and volcano wild,
On land, in air, in fire and water,
Would win, would cause, would strike,
would reach to
Victory, ruin, aim, and port.

[Gives her the scarf.]

LISIDA.

You conceive that my resentments,
Weakly flattered in this way,
Will remit for your injustice
The atonement of my wrong;
No, Enrico, I'm a woman
Proud enough to scorn the love

* "History of Spanish Literature," vol. ii. p. 528.

That is only felt through vengeance
 Of another's slighting scorn :
 He who loves me, he must love me
 For my own deserts alone ;
 He must love me for no object
 But the guerdon of my love !
 If indeed, when Chloris thought you
 Her devoted lover, when
 Thou wert soul unto her body,
 You declared yourself to me,
 Then, I think perchance, Enrico,
 That with not ungrateful trust,
 That with heart but gently cruel,
 That with slightly scornful eyes,
 I might have esteemed——no further
 Will I say—I have said enough.
 This alone I will acknowledge.
 Briefly, that if thou hadst been
 Her received and favoured suitor,
 I suspect, I had heard thee then,
 Not as now when thou'rt rejected ;
 For to love one whom we know
 Is the accepted of another,
 Is the glory of our grief,
 But when rejected is dishonour.
 Go, Enrico, I advise
 That you neither seek nor ask for
 Remedy, because I think
 That the remedy will kill thee
 Soon as the disease.—What gain
 By the remedy to perish
 When the disease will kill as sure ?

As he is imploring her not to go away again under the old delusion, Celia and Ponlevi enter, the former announcing the approach of Chloris. Enrico, in his excitement, offers to conceal himself behind some luxuriant jessamines, which clustered hard by, until she passes, which renews the suspicions of Lisida, and impels her to insist that he should take his departure without speaking to Chloris, but slowly, and with ostentatious deliberation. Accordingly, as she enters, accompanied by Nise, he salutes her with the utmost formality and retires with Ponlevi, by one side of the stage, while Lisida and Celia withdraw by the other. On taking off his hat Lisida's flower falls to the ground unperceived by any of the retiring party, which occasions the stratagem practised in the next scene. The accident to the flower has not escaped the watchful eye of Nise, and she, after considerable persuasion, induces Chloris to place it in her hair, as if it had been presented to her by Enrico. Chloris has scarcely done so when Enrico, who has discovered his loss, returns hastily to look for it in the place where he had been standing. To his amazement he sees it assumed by Chloris in the manner we have described. Considering

that a little adroit flattery may be the most successful means of regaining this flower, so singularly and unpleasantly appropriated, he addresses her in the following lines, which have the misfortune of being overheard by Lisida, who in her circuit of the garden has returned to the same place. Speaking of the flower he says to Chloris :—

ENRICO.

This crimson glow,
 Speck upon a sun so bright,
 Which presumes to blend its light
 With thy forehead's gold and snow,
 Is not in its proper place—
 Guardian thorns did once enclose
 With their fence this beauteous rose,
 Still from out their strict embrace
 It was taken, wouldst thou then
 With thy bright eyes' glances try
 To replace them, so that I
 Ne'er could get it back again ?
 For though traitor thorns we meet,
 Your bright looks would ne'er betray it,
 Let my hand approach and lay it
 As a trophy at thy feet.

Lisida can scarcely trust her senses that what she sees and hears are real. The other party, rejoicing in the success of their stratagem, retire, Chloris triumphantly pointing to her rival's flower which she carries off, and Lisida vainly endeavouring to console herself by pointing to the scarf of Chloris which Enrico had given her. After their departure Lisida can no longer restrain her indignation, and she addresses her trembling lover in the following terms :—

LISIDA.

Knighthood's stain—
 Base, inconstant, treacherous, vain,
 Fickle, faithless, without love,
 Canst thou an excuse prefer
 For thy love's hypocrisy ?
 Since you gave the scarf to me
 But to give the flower to her.

ENRICO.

Hear.

LISIDA.

Why should I hear thee pray ?

ENRICO.

See.

LISIDA.

Perchance some new deceit—
 Said you not that at her feet
 You would lay it ?

ENRICO.

'Twas to say,
 Though from her I would receive it,
 'Twas not for her head designed.

LISIDA.

Canst thou think me thus so blind,
As this falsehood, to believe it?

ENRICO.

I the truth have told to thee.

LISIDA.

Would to God that it were so.

ENRICO.

If my love doth die or no
Hangs now on thy cruelty.

LISIDA.

Then 'twill die, if heaven above
Works no miracle for thee.

ENRICO.

O, unfounded jealousy!

LISIDA.

O, too ill-requited love! [Exeunt.]

Matters being in this state of most admired disorder one would imagine that no further complication could arise, and that the business of the poet ought to be to endeavour to extricate the creatures of his imagination out of their unmerited tribulations as soon as possible. Vain expectation! we have only just entered the outer circle of the labyrinth through which we must conduct the reader as best we may. The scene changes to a room of the ducal palace. The Duke enters with Octavio, the former bearing an open letter which he has just received from Chloris in his hand. He addresses his friend thus:—

DUKE.

But only this denial
Needed my love for its extremest trial.

OCTAVIO.

And do no sparks of love appear?

DUKE.

Octavio, none, since heaven doth interfere:
It every hope prohibits.

OCTAVIO.

To day dread love his vengeful power exhibits,
Making us, proudly, understand
How like heaven's bolts can fall the arrows
from his hand,
Since like the lightnings dashing wildly by,
The proud they humble, and make low the high.

DUKE.

Rather, Octavio, in coward mood
His rage o'erwhelms the prostrate and subdued,—
The tower, the proudest front that rears,
Must feel at length the heavy weight of years;
If it declines or falls,
'Tis not a building then, but ruined walls—
A mark unworthy of that flame august
Which crumbles mightiest pinnacles to dust.

The conversation between the Duke and Octavio is interrupted by the entrance of Enrico and Ponlevi. The latter attempts some jests, but the Duke not being in a congenial mood, Ponlevi thinks it better to retire. Octavio also, at the request of the Duke, withdraws, and leaves him alone with Enrico, to whom he repeats his complaints, and reads for him the letter which has been sent him by Chloris, declining the honour of receiving his visits during the absence of her father. Being thus debarred from any opportunity of personally advancing his suit, and of ascertaining the real state of her affections, he thinks of a stratagem by which he expects to be able to ascertain the latter particular at least. This is to command Enrico to pay public attention and court to Nise her cousin, who has become her sole companion and confidant, and thus through her, and through her maid Celia, whom he thinks he can easily win over by a little bribery, to obtain the wished for information. In vain Enrico offers, as his excuses, fidelity to his friend Octavio and his own engagement; but nothing has any weight against the imperious will of his master, and the Duke leaves him, threatening him with his serious displeasure if he does not gratify his wishes by acting in the manner he desires. The dilemma in which Enrico is placed is well described by himself:—

ENRICO.

Can the world show in all its scenes of wrong

A maze more subtle, or a knot more strong,
Than that which friendship, loyalty, and love,

Friend, mistress, lord, have round about me wove?

If I refuse to woo fair Nise, then
I leave the Duke complaining: if, again,
I woo her, 'tis Octavio that doth mourn;
If I watch Chloris, she is wronged in turn;
If I proclaim the truth it will appear
I break my trust, and if I persevere
I run the risk, in Lisida's dear eyes,
Of seeming Nise's favour but to prize;
Her too I wrong, and all the others so—
Lisida, Chloris, and Octavio.

Ah! me! then whither shall I go?
How then divided meet each separate woe?
Serving the Duke, Octavio not offending,
Wronging not Nise, Chloris none intending—

Nor causing Lisida one jealous fear—
Heavens! there's enough of complication here!
[Exit.]

The next scene is the garden of Fa-

bio's house, where Celia explains to Lisida the mystery of Chloris being in possession of her flower; and consequently restores Enrico to the favour of his mistress. Lisida, feeling the injustice with which she had treated Enrico, enters the house to write a letter to him, apologising for her suspicions, and assuring him of her affection. Ponlevi also makes his appearance, but conceals himself on the approach of Chloris and Nise, in order not to be seen with Celia, whom they send after Lisida into the house. A new stratagem has been prepared by Chloris and Nise, which they think the present a good opportunity of trying upon Lisida:—

CHLORIS.

Lisida, we are now together—
 Thou art my sworn friend and sister;
 As to a friend and sister's bosom
 Will I lay bare my secret soul.
 Two years have flown, thou must remember,
 Since in my gardens seemed Enrico
 A living statue; so alive,
 That all the plants were more indebted
 Unto his eyes for tearful dew-drops
 Than to the sighs that morning breathes.
 Then came his absence; and as Heaven
 Varies so often our condition
 That the bright day of love forerunneth
 Often the fickle eve of change.
 Easily thus, the scattered ashes
 Died in the fire but just enkindled;
 And in the chilling air of absence
 Vanished the flame of love itself.
 Shortly the Duke became my suitor,
 And though my honour and good fame
 Offered resistance, I acknowledge
 Not with complete success, for some
 Gentle impression, such uncommon
 Proofs of affection must have caused.
 On his returning home, Enrico,
 Jealous to see the Duke's attachment,
 Or having now become enamoured,
 Once again through jealousy's cause,
 Striveth now to wreak his vengeance
 Vainly through thee for my disdain.
 Let this garden be a witness,
 Whither, in spite of all his anguish
 Lest I should be in plaintive mood,
 For having given the scarf thou'rt wearing,
 He hath returned to give this flower,—
 Type of the hope he still doth nourish.
 If you are then my friend and sister
 As I have said,—if thou would'st share
 Part of my joy as all my sorrow,
 Do then this single act for me:
 Love thou Enrico much,—repaying
 With a firm faith and true affection
 His faith and love which are so false;
 Do not in any way exhibit
 Your knowledge that he feigns and hides

Through them his vengeance. To awaken
 Love 'tis enough to think he loves.
 Thus will the Duke have lesser reason
 For being jealous; thus Enrico
 Feel full security in love;
 And in his lord's recovered favour
 I will gain quiet, you a spouse,
 And all more joy and less disquiet.

LISIDA.

She thinks that me she is deceiving,
 When 'tis herself that is deceived [*aside*.
 Certainly Chloris when I saw thee [*aloud*.
 Making such prefaces and prologues,
 I thought the affair was very arduous
 That should be done by me for thee;
 Do you not ask me more, my sister,
 Than to deceive a man? Was ever
 Anything easier? Insufficient
 Is it to know that I'm a woman?
 Needed it then to urge me so?
 But notwithstanding all, to serve thee
 This will I say, that though I thought
 Never to speak to thee more, obedient
 Will I be now to thy commands.
 From this day thou'lt see me with him
 Ever from dusky night till dawn,
 Ever from dawn till night descendeth.
 And ere upon that starry pyre
 The sun renews his life, consuming
 His golden plumes in silver fires,
 I will despatch to him a letter
 Filled with a thousand fond entreaties,
 Telling him come to see me; so
 Worded that you will be persuaded,
 Even you, yourself, that it is true;
 Or, at the least, no clear distinction
 Will you be able to discover
 Betwixt these feigned and false endear-
 ments—
 Do you wish more?

CHLORIS.

Not even so much

This extreme readiness to meet his views rather disconcerts Chloris, but nevertheless she thinks it better to persevere; and so, assuming an air of complete satisfaction, she takes her leave of Lisida, not, however, before Ponlevi had slipped out and acquainted his master Enrico with the entire conversation. Lisida's reflections, after the departure of her sister, take the shape of the following sonnet.

LISIDA.

If Chloris bids me for Enrico feign
 Love, that the sooner he might her forget,
 Then with her sorrows would my eyes be
 wet,
 While I should feel my own love's sharp
 disdain.
 But if she thus my fondness would restrain,
 Snaring my love within this subtle net,
 Oh! it were doubly wrong in me to let
 Action and thought attempt a risk so plain;

And since the mark at which her arrows fly
Is pictured in this green-girt rose's hue,
Gathered by stealth and speedily to die,
Heedless I may her jealous efforts view ;
For he who once is guilty of a lie
Is always doubted tho' he speaketh true.

Enrico and Ponlevi enter immediately after, and converse a while apart; the former rating his valet very severely for the story which he has just brought him, which he considers little better than a deliberate untruth. The latter persists, and Enrico then determines to test the matter by at once addressing Lisida, satisfied that as they parted on terms of coldness and estrangement, her manner now will be consistently reserved. To his amazement she addresses him with the utmost affection and cordiality, and thus at once corroborates the information of his servant. It is now his turn to act the part of the deceived and injured lover; and if Lisida used strong language in her denunciation of him in a former act, he certainly equals her in this. He interrupts her in the midst of her protestations thus:—

ENRICO.

Stay, thou false, ungrateful siren,
Cunning crocodile delay thee ;
If you weep your tears destroy me—
If you sing your songs are fatal.
Proved too well by all your changes,
Since to-day your jealous weeping
Gave me mortal anguish—tyrant !
And the strains that speak forgiveness
Also give me death. Oh ! leave me,
Since of thee I am not certain,
Whether tears or songs you give me.

Lisida, considering that these reproaches refer to her unjust suspicion of him in an earlier scene, answers with more forbearance than might be expected:—

LISIDA.

Neither to-day was feigned my weeping,
Nor is my laughter false, Enrico.
Opposite though they be, the twain
Born of the soul are twin affections.
If I, to-day, wept jealousy's sorrows,
I, to-day, sing praises to love,
Joyously thanking all his unravellings,
Since from Celia secretly listening,
Full explanation I have received.
Then it is not a siren that calls thee,
Feigning tenderness, to her arms ;
Nor a crocodile is it that wrongs thee
With the show of false-flowing tears.
It is love alone that among these branches
Singeth or weepeth equally true,
When he weepeth and when he singeth.

He is still doubtful. She gives him the letter, which is directly confirmatory of the information he has received, and he then plainly charges her with being in league with Chloris to deceive him, at the same time mentioning his authority. As might be expected, Ponlevi at first denies the whole story. Lisida, however, succeeds in explaining the matter to her lover's satisfaction, and reconciles her truth to him and her falsehood to Chloris by the following illustration:—

LISIDA.

Saw you never, Enrico, a table,
Which, when placed in one light, presents
A perfect form of exquisite beauty,
And in another a monster feigns ?
For the figure is so indebted
Unto the pencil's magical art,
Opposite things it represents :
So is my love ; in the light of Chloris
It a monster of terror seems ;
But in that of Enrico, perfect
Beauty becomes.

A reconciliation follows, and Chloris and Nise just enter in time to see the ill success of their manœuvre, and the very friendly terms that seem to exist between their intended victims. Jealousy, however, and a talent for intrigue, are not so easily baffled, and the fair plotters are again at work. Enrico, at the request of Lisida, takes a few turns with her in the garden, leaving Chloris, Nise, and Ponlevi together. Nise asks Chloris for any scrap of paper she may have about her, and she, having nothing but a trifling bill for some domestic matters, gives it to her, Nise saying it will answer the purpose of her new stratagem perfectly well. Limited as our space is becoming, we must give this scene, which reminds one of the ever-delightful comedy of Moliere:—

NISE.

Ponlevi !

PONLEVI.

Your will, Senora ?

NISE.

Listen to me.

PONLEVI.

What do you command ?

NISE.

This !

[*She strikes him.*]

PONLEVI.

Good heavens ! you're going to strangle me.

NISE.

Caitiff vile, is it thus you dare
To wrong my sense of honour?

PONLEVI.

What honour?

NISE.

Thus, with blushless face of assurance,
So to dare?

PONLEVI.

But what have I dared?

NISE.

Wretch, be silent! [*Strikes him again.*]

PONLEVI.

You are stabbing me
With ten tapering daggers of crystal,
Bearing ten mother-of-pearl points!

NISE.

Thou to me? [*She tears the paper.*]

Enter LISIDA.

LISIDA.

What meaneth this outcry?
What has happened, cousin?

NISE.

'Tis nought;
Hence, thou scoundrel, infamous pander,
Ere from a window out you fly.
Thus I scatter the torn pieces,
Numerous as spotted butterflies here,
Of the letter you dared to bring me.

PONLEVI.

I?

NISE.

Presume not to answer a word.
Hence!

PONLEVI.

Please heaven——

NISE.

Come, no replying.

PONLEVI.

That——

NISE.

What! still dost thou dare to talk?
Off with you.

PONLEVI.

Yes, I will do so. Masters,
This lady has taken a drop too much!

[Exit.

Nise then explains to Lisida the cause of her indignation against Ponlevi, pretending that he had the audacity to bring her a love-letter from his master, he at the time being supposed to be engaged to another lady. Lisida, taught by the former attempt at deception, is now not quite so credulous, and is determined to have some stronger evidence than her cousin's assertion. She accordingly picks up the scattered fragments of the alleged letter, much to the embarrassment of her informant, and finding no more dangerous passages than the price of a fresh egg, a bottle of perfumed water, and some

VOL. XXXIX.—NO. CCXXIX.

other matters of that kind, which the purveyor's account contained, she jocularly treats the affair with mock seriousness. Nise becoming desperate at this discovery, persists with vehemence in her assertion, that Enrico has recently paid her constant attention, though in reality he had never addressed her but on the occasion of his meeting her and her cousins in the first scene. She declares (little thinking that she would take her at her word) that if Lisida conceals herself at that very moment, she will have an opportunity of witnessing with her own eyes the truth of this statement. Lisida, determined to overwhelm her, and thus put an end to those repeated attempts to mislead her, says she will do so, and, notwithstanding Nise's efforts to change her determination, saying that she but jested, she withdraws at the approach of Enrico behind some shrubs that concealed her from view. Enrico enters, accompanied by Ponlevi, expecting to find Lisida, but in her place sees Nise. Though he had scarcely ever spoken to her, and though he had lost very much of the favour of the Duke by not entering with alacrity into his views with respect to the pretended attentions which he asked him to pay to Nise, it occurs to him now that he might, with perfect safety, make a little experiment of the manœuvre suggested by the Duke, and thus regain his friendship, without Lisida knowing anything of the matter. In the meantime Chloris and Celia had returned, and were concealed spectators of the scene at one side of the stage, as Lisida was at the other; and thus the unfortunate Enrico commits himself almost irretrievably in the presence of all the parties interested. This scene is the last which our space permits us to give, at any length, of this charmingly-intricate drama:—

ENRICO.

Good God! here is Nise alone. [*Aside.*
No one sees me—no one is near;
If I could only conquer my fear,
Opening the mine as the Duke has shown,
I could serve his love and secure my own.
For a love that's fictitious and occult
Should always a secret hour consult;
I am alone and invisible here
To Lisida, so I need not fear
To make the attempt with a good result:—
Fair seraph of this sweet paradise, [*to Nise.*
This beauteous garden, love's bright bower,
Since thou art both the guard and the flower,

E

At once the protectress and the prize,
Sheath the flashing sword of thine eyes ;
Hear the delicious sounds divine,
Hear the trembling wishes that pine
In the lover's bosom, like prisoned doves,
Accept this spoken homage as Love's,
And not, fair Nise, as if it were mine.

NISE [*aside*].

What is this I hear?

CHLORIS [*from her concealment*].

Ah, me!

LISIDA [*from her concealment*].
Death my confidence doth reward!

PONLEVI [*to Enrico*].

Recollect this is Nise, my lord,
And not Lisida.

ENRICO [*to Nise*].

I saw thee,

Therefore I love thee—so it should be ;
From that moment, dazzled and blind,
Heart and soul to thee I resigned.
Motes that no other sunbeam know,
For that form of beautiful snow
Lives in a sphere of fire confined
Ever since then, my love to tell
Day after day an occasion I seek.

PONLEVI.

Think, my lord, 'tis to Nise you speak.

ENRICO.

I am not blind ; yes, I know it well.

LISIDA [*aside*].

As Love lives, it was truth that fell
From her lips ! 'Tis Nise he doth adore !

CHLORIS [*aside*].

Heavens ! can there be a miracle more ?
It is for Nise that now he sighs !

PONLEVI [*aside*].

All in a moment for Nise he dies !

NISE [*aside*].

It must be true love that now he swore.
Who ever saw such a strange confusion !
What was spoken in jest but now
Turns out true, one knows not how.
Let us favour the new illusion.

ENRICO.

Though I have lived so long in delusion,
Now undeceiving, at last, I die.

NISE [*aside*].

Never in all my life have I
Seen a man more in love. [*Aloud*] But you
Paid court to Chloris a time ?

ENRICO.

'Tis true

My will a slave at her feet did lie.

CHLORIS [*aside*].

Ah, the traitor !—how soon it fled !

NISE.

Then, it seems, your affection turned
To Lisida, and for her you burned.

ENRICO.

My spirit was chained where her feet would
tread—

This is the only true word I have said.

[*Aside*.

LISIDA.

Ah, how cruel !

NISE.

And now to me
You offer your heart the last of the three.

ENRICO.

In you my glory is all complete.

NISE.

Never in all my life did I meet
A Florentine more Portuguese-like.

ENRICO.

To be
Attached to two others will not be deemed
Any loss to the third, if you recollect.

NISE.

Why, can there be a greater defect ?

ENRICO.

Rather a merit. No one has dreamed
That anything should be less esteemed—
A book or a painting, a statue or blade—
Because the artist, perchance, hath made
Some others before it. No, it is thought
Better fashioned, more skilfully wrought,
From his greater experience in art or trade.
Thus, I infer, in my love for you,
It doth redound to its credit more
My having loved two others before.
Not through election now I woo,
Force, as God knows, I yield me to ;
For but living to-day in you,
All that my love my fortune can do—
All the experience over me gone,
Is to make a perfect work in one
Of what I but learned in the other two.

Nise makes no reply to this address, but goes to the side scene where Lisida is concealed, and, leading her forth by the hand, conducts her to the place where her sister Chloris is also listening. She says it is for them and not for her to decide upon an argument so very sophistical as that of Enrico. His consternation under this overwhelming exposure may be imagined, as well as the mingled complaints and revilings of the sisters, the whimsical condolence of Ponlevi, and the triumph of Nise. With this complete confusion of all parties the second act closes, Enrico persisting in his innocence which will yet be made manifest, and stating that he looked for a restoration to his mistress's favour to two agencies alone, namely, his silence as to the past, and his constancy as to the future.

The third act of this drama is as complicated as the two preceding, as full of intrigue, and equally perplexed by the plotting and counter-plotting of the rival parties. We, however, have not left ourselves space to penetrate the labyrinth any further, or to extricate, in its full proportions, the

curiously twisted thread of the action from the surrounding entanglement. The reader may take it for granted that nothing is wanting to the *denouement* of this thoroughly Spanish comedy, from sonnets and serenades to duels and dilemmas of every conceivable description. It is enough to say that all the parties are made thoroughly happy, which felicitous termination is brought about in the following way. Enrico has lost the confidence of all parties, not only of the sisters, but of their father Fabio, who has returned from Naples, of the Duke who thinks he is his rival with Chloris, and of his friend Octavio, who has learned his extraordinary conduct towards Nise. He receives a challenge from the three gentlemen, and an invitation from Lisida to meet them and her at the one time, and in the same place, to answer for his conduct, with his sword to the former, and with his explanation to the latter. None of the parties know of the proceedings of the others, so that the hero has enough to do to endeavour to uphold his character as a man of honour, by preventing the several challengers meeting, and thus doing away with any chance of arranging the dispute without the appearance of bringing them designedly together. He is thus placed not only in a position of much embarrassment, but of great danger, and it is the irrepressible interest which Lisida betrays for him under those circumstances that reveals the true state of her affections, and brings about a happy solution of all the difficulties. Chloris accepts the hand of the Duke, Fabio consents to the marriage of Enrico with Lisida, and Octavio is united to Nise. There is one scene in the third act which we must be excused for giving. It is altogether lyrical, and will appropriately terminate our specimens of this charming drama. The Duke and Enrico, attended by Ponlevi, bring musicians to the house of Fabio by night to serenade his daughters. The sisters take up the melody and something like a concert takes place.

ENRICO—[*to the Musicians*].
Sing then, and perchance thy strain
To a milder mood the heavens may move:

DUKE.

Sing to me the praises of love.

LISIDA.

Sing to me of jealousy's pain.

CHLORIS.

Sing to me the praises of sadness.

ENRICO.

Sing to me the praises of joy,
That the sun may know he cannot destroy,
Even by his absence, beauty and gladness.

THE MUSICIANS *sing*.

Love, love, thou rulest above,
Kingdoms, and laws, and powerfulest things;
Weak to thine is the sceptre of kings—
The only potent Monarch is Love!

CELLA *sings*.

Jealousy, why to thee is given
This name reproachfully? since the jealous
But for one letter would be the zealous—
And only the zealous reach to heaven?

PONLEVY *sings*.

Fortune, who, with longing sighs,
Will at thy heedless altar kneel?
Oh! paint with wings thy fickle wheel,
Since swifter far than it rolls—it flies!

NISE *sings*.

Reason, reason, tell me I pray,
How long shall conquering love be thy master?
If pleasure, in coming, will not travel faster
Why should'st thou fly so swiftly away?

DUKE.

Let no interruption come near thee.

LISIDA.

Cease not from the melody, no.

ENRICO.

Oh! continue and speak my woe.

CHLORIS.

Sing more 'tis a joy to hear thee.

THE MUSICIANS *sing*.

Has fate some favour still concealed?

CELIA *sings*.

Has hope some blessing rich and strange?

PONLEVI *sings*.

Can then my sorrows have some change?

NISE *sings*.

Can love's deep heart-wounds then be healed?

DUKE.

Sing, although their songs excel.

LISIDA.

Be not silent although they sing.

ENRICO.

Sing, your words some solace bring.

CHLORIS.

Do not cease, since you sing well.

ALL *sing*.

Reason, fortune, jealousy, love,
Are passions that vary;
Reason faileth through time,
And fortune grows weary;
Love is a fire
Which jealousy kindles—
Pleasure groweth fatigued,
And passion dwindles.

MEMOIRS OF ROYAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

SECOND NOTICE.

It will be remembered by our readers that our notice of the royal and illustrious ladies who are the subjects of Mrs. Green's, Mrs. Bush's, and the Senora George's works, terminated with the life of the Princess Eleanora, youngest daughter of King John, who married first the Earl of Pembroke, and afterwards the celebrated Simon de Montford, Earl of Leicester. The luckless destiny of her children also claimed our attention, and the eventful story of her hapless daughter, who had wedded the brave Llewellyn, was closely interwoven with our short notice of the gallant though unsuccessful struggle of Welch nationality.

Edward the First of England was a bold and unscrupulous politician; but as fortune is said to favour the ventures, his ambitious designs on the independence of neighbouring states met for a time with signal success. In touching on the history of his sister, Margaret, Queen of Scotland, we shall see in their germ some of those circumstances which at a later period led also to the temporary prostration of Scottish freedom.

Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry the Third and Eleanora of Provence, was betrothed in infancy to the youthful heir apparent to the crown of Scotland. Alexander the Third became king, by his father's death, when only eight years of age; nor was the ceremony which linked him to a no less youthful bride long deferred, for the marriage took place at York, two years after his coronation at Scone. The inauguration was unusually splendid.

"In order to invest with all the dignity of hereditary grandeur the boy-king, who as yet could have so little to recommend him, an aged highland bard, with a flowing beard and hoary locks, attired in a robe of scarlet,

advanced to the royal footstool, and, bending the knee, he chanted in the Gaelic tongue, to the great delight of the assembled multitudes, the names of all the ancestors of King Alexander III., commencing—'Benach de re Albin Alexander, Mak Alexander, Mak William, Mak David, &c.,' and 'in eloquent meter of his language, schaeving all the kings of quhilkis he was linially descendit' up to Fergus, the first king, and back through the endless genealogies of the Scoto-Irish to Iber-Scot, the first Scotchman who was descended from Niul, King of Athens, and Scota, daughter of Pharaoh Cenchres, King of Egypt."

The destroying hand of time has passed lightly over the stately palace of the ancient Scottish kings, and Scone yet stands nobly, overlooking the rich plain of Perth, and commanding the broad and fertile valley of the Tay. But, though outwardly little changed since its walls witnessed the coronation of the young Alexander, it can boast no longer the possession of the wondrous Lia-Fail. The old prophecy declared—

"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocumque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

Or in other words, that wherever the Lia-Fail should be preserved, a monarch of the Scotie race should reign. It is well known that the "stone of destiny" was removed from Scone by Edward the First, and placed in Westminster Abbey, where it still remains under the coronation chair of the sovereigns of Great Britain. The accession of the Stuart dynasty to the crown of England is looked on as a remarkable fulfilment of the old prediction. And it is one of the boasts even of the royal family of Guelf, that they derive through the same source a claim to represent the old Irish line, and to share in the prophecy which ensures its permanence. The history of the Lia-Fail, before it was

* "Lives of the Princesses of England, from the Norman Conquest." By Mary Anne Everett Green. Vols II. and III. London: 1850. Colburn.

"Memoirs of the Queens of Spain, from the Period of the Conquest of the Goths to the Accession of her present Majesty, Isabella II., with the remarkable Events that occurred during their respective Reigns, and anecdotes of their several Courts." By Anita George. Edited with an introduction and notes, by Miss Julia Pardoe. Vol. I. London: 1850. Bentley.

deposited at Scone, is still more curious. Among the *Palladia* of the mysterious colony of the Tuath-de-Danaans, on their invasion of Ireland, had been this enchanted stone, whose property it was to emit a musical sound whenever pressed by the foot of the rightful monarch; and Fergus, the leader of the Dalriadic colony, after his conquest of North Britain, in order to authenticate his claims to the new Scotie kingdom, had caused the "Stone of Destiny" to be transferred to his adopted capital. This stone, from which our luckless *Innisfail* had derived her ill-omened appellation thus came, as the Scottish antiquarians aver, into the keeping of the monks of Scone, from whom it was taken by the conquering Edward. But the Irish antiquaries, on the other hand, with abundance of zeal and learning, allege that the true Lia-Fail was still at Tara, when a bard called Keneth O'Hartigan composed a poem in celebration of its mystical properties in the tenth or eleventh century; and Dr. Petrie demonstrates that the very stone so sung by the Irish bard can be identified and seen on "Tara of the Kings" to this day.

In tracing the journeyings of the "Stone of Destiny," we have for a time forgotten Alexander and his young bride, but must now revert to their marriage festivities. The hospitalities exercised at York by Henry III. in honour of this occasion were princely in the extreme. Not so his ungenerous attempt to surprise his son-in-law into a compromise of his country's independence, by demanding of him homage for his free kingdom of Scotland, as for the lands Alexander held in England, of Henry as his liege lord. The claim was obsolete, as the demand was ungenerous. Eighty-six years had elapsed since William the Lion, taken prisoner in the battle of Alnwick (1175), had been compelled by Henry II. to acknowledge him feudal suzerain. This degrading submission had not been of long continuance, for the chivalrous Richard I., before his departure for Palestine, frankly renounced the homage for the kingdom of Scotland, which had been extorted by his crafty and politic father; and only required of William the Lion the customary feudal service for his English fiefs. Alexander, young as he was, could not be entrapped into so fatal an acknowledgment;

and, with great sagacity, warded off the ungenerous demand, by saying that he had entered England, not to treat of matters of state policy—on which he could not enter without the advice of his counsellors—but to cement his friendship with Henry by taking his daughter to wife.

This insidious attempt was afterwards repeated by Edward I., but was defeated, also, by the firmness of the King of Scots. Notwithstanding these designs of the English monarchs, Alexander ever continued on the best possible terms with his father and brother-in-law. This may be ascribed to the sincere attachment he bore his Queen, and Margaret warmly reciprocated his affection. The happiness they should have enjoyed in the early years of their wedded life was marred by political intrigues, and the young sovereigns were successively the prey of rival factions contending for power during the King's long minority. Margaret bore her husband three children; a daughter, who became the wife of Eric of Norway, and two sons, Alexander and David, promising young princes, but both destined to untimely graves.

The great event of Alexander's reign was the battle of Largs. This fishing village, on the coast of Ayr, was the scene of a fierce contest between the piratic hordes of Haco of Norway, and the forces of the Scottish King. These formidable invaders had long hovered about the northern coast, and western isles of Scotland; at last their galleys entered the Firth of Clyde and appeared off Largs, where they had determined to effect their landing. Tytler, in his masterly history, draws a highly animated picture of this terrible invasion. It happened to be our own fortune to peruse his exciting narrative, while lying at anchor in this beautiful bay, surrounded by pleasure boats, and close to the evidences of wealth, of civilisation, and security which abound along all the shore; yet, as we read of the pale landmen of Carrick watching the approach of the barbarian fleet, flying inland for succour, finding none, and returning with the courage of despair to dispute the debarkation of their enemies, the scene of to-day faded from our sight; instead of the trim yachts, we seemed to behold the long galleys of the Sea-Kings, urged through the foam by double banks of great oars; and on

the yellow strand, instead of the white bursting swell of the tide, the tumult and commotion of a bloody battle. But we shall present to our readers, in the words of another, some details of this important contest:—

“The year 1263 was marked by one of those important events which, by arousing the energies and kindling the spirit of a brave and determined people, when under the guidance of a talented leader, impress upon the period a national interest that causes it to be looked back upon with pride and pleasure by many a succeeding generation. This was the celebrated descent of Haco, King of Norway, into Scotland. Contests had long been waged between the monarchs of the two countries, about the rights of sovereignty over the western isles. To support his own claims, the Norwegian King now appeared in Scotland. In vain did Henry III., alarmed at the danger which threatened his son-in-law and his daughter, write to Haco, protesting against his attacking the dominions of his ‘dear son and ally, the King of Scotland.’ Equally vain was his appeal to the Pope to stop the progress of the Northern Invader. Haco had collected an army so powerful that the most energetic efforts of Alexander would have failed in raising a force at all competent to meet the invaders, had they seized their advantage and landed immediately. With admirable skill and presence of mind, however, he made such preparations as were in his power, inspiring confidence into his troops by the calmness of his demeanour, and trusting to his own resources to supply the rest. Aware that, could he succeed in decoying his adversary to trifle away the brief summer of those northern regions, the elements themselves would undertake his cause, he professed the most pacific intentions, and made demands so moderate, that Haco was in hopes that he should win his object without running the hazard of a battle. Month after month passed away in negotiations, which ever seemed to be drawing to a close, and yet were never concluded, when the first howlings of the autumn blasts gave fearful tokens to the sea-king of the perils ensuing upon his situation. The Scottish emissaries abruptly broke off the conferences; all treaty was discontinued, and the aged Norwegian monarch saw, with vehement indignation, that he had been made the dupe of a young sovereign, only just out of his minority. The weather rendered it extremely dangerous for his troops to land; the forces of Alexander were congregated on the beach to oppose them; but such was the desperate spirit of the Norsemen that they contrived, with much loss, to effect a landing, and after a spirited harangue given by each of the leaders to his troops, grounded on the one hand on the justice and righteousness of their cause, and

on the other on the desperateness of their situation in case of defeat, the battle of Largs commenced, in which, after an obstinate and bloody conflict, the Norwegians were driven back to their ships. The elements completed the destruction which the sword had begun. Storm after storm scattered and wrecked the remaining vessels; the King himself escaped to one of the Orkney isles, where, his haughty spirit, broken by disaster, and his hardy frame worn with fatigue, he soon after expired.”—*Mrs. Green's Princesses of England*, vol. ii. pp. 209–211.

The precise date of the battle of Largs has been, until lately, a disputed point, for the annalists of that day vary in their accounts; but they agree in noticing a remarkable natural phenomenon which took place during the combat of the contending armies. This was an obscuration of the sun, which was so darkened that a ring of light alone remained visible around his disk. Modern astronomers have calculated that an eclipse of the sun, which would be annular in those latitudes, did actually take place in the month of August, 1263.

The gratifying intelligence of the birth of an heir to his crown reached Alexander at the same time with the news of Haco's death. “Wyntown's Chronicle” records the king's joy at events which seemed to bid fair to ensure the stability of his throne:—

“And when of that byrth com tythyng
To Alysawndyr the thryd oure kyng,
It wes tould hym, that ilke daye,
That dede the kyng wes of Norway.
And soe in dowbil blythenes
The kingis hart at that tyme wea.”

Thus fortunate in war, successful in his internal policy, blessed with domestic peace, and a promising offspring,—for a second prince was born to Alexander and Margaret—the King of Scotland seemed secure in his happiness. “But,” as the wise man of Greece observed, “no man's life can be deemed happy till the hour of his death,” so was it exemplified in the closing years of this monarch's reign. Alexander died young, yet he outlived all his children! His beloved Margaret departed first, the victim of decline. His elder son was cut off in the flower of his age; and his younger, David, lived not to attain the age of manhood. His only daughter, Margaret, Queen of Norway, had also died, leaving an infant daughter, the sole remaining scion

of the race, who thus became heiress to her grandfather's throne. Appalled by the calamities which threatened Scotland, should his issue fail, Alexander yielded to the wishes of his people, and selected a second consort; but adverse fortune still pursued him, and he met with an untimely fate soon after his marriage with Yolante of Dreux.

"His death was occasioned by a singular accident. He had been giving a sumptuous feast to his nobility at the Castle of Edinburgh. The revellings were prolonged to a late hour, and were all the merrier because of a prediction which had gained considerable credence among the vulgar, that that day was to be the day of judgment. Meanwhile the night had grown intensely dark; a terrific storm was howling around when the king declared his intention of riding to Kinghorn, where his Queen Yolante was then staying. Vain were the persuasions of the nobles to deter him from his daring scheme. One of his servants ventured a remonstrance; the king bade him remain behind if he feared. 'No, my lord,' answered the man mournfully, 'it would ill behove me to refuse to die for your father's son!' and he mounted and followed his master. The monarch and his small train crossed Queen's Ferry in safety, and reached Inverkeithing; the storm was becoming still more terrible; fresh objections were urged against his proceeding farther. 'You may spare yourselves this trouble,' he replied, smilingly; 'give me but two runners who can shew me the way.' The road now lay along the summit of the rocks coasting the harbour of Pettycur, and, in the intense darkness, the steed on which the king rode stumbled on the brink of a terrific precipice, near Kinghorn, and precipitated his master from its giddy heights. This fatal accident took place on the night of the 19th of March, in the year 1286, and it plunged the country, over which Alexander had so long and ably ruled, into an abyss of calamities that have scarcely a parallel in the history of any nation."—*Mrs. Green's Princesses of England*, vol. ii. p. 222.

Mrs. Green gives us in a note the following curious anecdote of Thomas the Rymer from Bellenden's Boethius:

"On the day before the king's death the Earl of Mar sent for him" (Thomas of Erceldou), "and asked him what sort of weather there would be to morrow; he said there should be the greatest wind that ever was heard in Scotland before noon. The morning, on the contrary, turned out bright and clear. The earl sent for Thomas and reproved him for his false prognostics. This Thomas maid lital ansuer, but said, 'Noun is not yit gane.' And incontinent ane man came to the gate

schawing that the kyng was alane.' Then said the propheet, 'Gone is the wynd that sall blaw to the grete calamite and truble of al Scotland.' This Thomas was ane man of gret admiration to the people, and shew sundry thingis as they fell. Howbeit thai wer ay hid under obscure wourdis."

On the death of her grandfather, the Maid of Norway, as the young Margaret was called, found herself the acknowledged Queen of Scotland. A regency of five was appointed to conduct the administration during her minority. Tidings of Alexander's death were transmitted to Norway, and the presence in her kingdom of the young princess earnestly solicited. It may be interesting to mention that to this the old ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens" is supposed to relate; and Sir Walter Scott, in his introductory notes to this very ancient poem, suggests that the naval expedition, which forms its subject, was that sent to Norway to announce her accession to Margaret. It may be referred, perhaps, with still greater probability, to a period a few years earlier, when the Maid of Norway became heiress presumptive by the death of her uncles, as the king is alluded to in the ballad as living at the time. We quote this curious account of an expedition, which proved so fatal to its commander, from "Percy's Reliques:"—

"The king sits in Dumferling toun,
Drinking the blude-reid wine;
O quhair will I get guid sailor
To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the king's richt kne,
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That sails upon the se.

The king has written a braid lettere,
And sign'd it wi' his hand;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red
The teir blinded his ee.

"O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se?

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne;
O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

" Late late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi' the aulkl moone in her arme ;
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will come to harme.

" O our Scots nobles were richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone ;
But lang owre a' the play wer played,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

" O lang, lang may thair ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence,
Cum sailing to the land.

" O lang, lang, may the ladies stand,
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair ;
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they 'll se thame na mair.

" Hae owre, hae owre, to Aberdour,
Its fiftie fadom deep ;
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit."

The version given in the "*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*" is much longer ; it consists of six and twenty stanzas, and details at great length the objects of the expedition :—

" To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

" Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it
sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

The poem next details the reception the admiral meets with in Norway. It would appear that the lords of Norway objected to the hardy sailors "thus spending the king's gold." Sir Patrick indignantly justifies himself from the base accusation :—

" For I brought as much white monie,
As gave my men and me,
And I brought a half-sou of good red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me."

He angrily prepares to return homeward, spite of the remonstrance of his men and the coming storm. This is very finely described in the longer version :—

" They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the litt grew dark, and the wind
blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

" The anchors brak, and the top-masts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm ;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn."

Well might Coleridge exclaim :—

" The bard, be sure, was weatherwise, who
framed,
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick
Spence."

We must return, however, from these flowery paths of poesy and song, to the sober record of the historian.

Edward I. was desirous to unite the kingdoms of England and Scotland by a marriage between his son and the Maid of Norway. This proposal met with the ready assent of the estates of the two nations. Had this scheme been accomplished the neighbour countries would probably have been united three centuries earlier, and have been spared the vindictive warfare which lasted from this period down to the accession of James Stuart to the crown of England, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. But in escaping the calamities they would also have lost the lessons and training of adversity, and Scotland, in all probability, could not have pointed with just pride to a history abounding in instances of heroic daring and generous love of country ; nor would her sons, even in the present day, have exhibited those distinctive characteristics of untiring energy, fortitude, perseverance under difficulty, "endurance, foresight, strength and skill," which have made them, in all climes and in all pursuits, eminently and uniformly successful.

But the fair Maid of Norway did not live to reach her kingdom ; she died on her voyage ; and, with her, the regal line from whom she was descended became extinct, and Scotland found herself a prey to anarchy, and exposed to the miseries attendant on a disputed succession.

" When Alexander, our king, was dead,
That Scotland led in love and law,
Away was sons of ale and bread,
Of wine and wax, of game and glee :
Our gold was changed into lead ;
Christ, born into virginity,
Succour Scotland and remedy,
That sted is in perplexity."

The candidates for the vacant throne were twelve in number, but the real question of inheritance lay between

two of the claimants, John Baliol and Robert Bruce, both descended, by the female line, from David Earl of Huntingdon. This noble was brother to William the Lion, of whom we have already spoken, and, by the failure of issue of the elder branch, the vacant crown vested in his descendants. Baliol was great grandson of David, by his eldest daughter Margaret; Bruce, his grandson, by his second daughter Isabella. Thus Baliol was the representative of the elder branch; but Bruce asserted that *his* claim was superior, being one degree nearer in blood to the Earl of Huntingdon.

Edward I. artfully contrived that this disputed point should be referred to his arbitration, and having possessed himself of the fortresses and strongholds of the kingdom, on pretence of placing them in the hands of the rightful monarch when his claim should be determined, proceeded to consider at leisure the question submitted for his decision.

Although Baliol's claim was finally acknowledged, this unfortunate prince found himself king in name only, and his position that of a suppliant and pensioner of his powerful neighbour. Having ventured at last to resent the treatment to which he was subjected, Edward overran Scotland, possessed himself of its castles, and extorted from his weak puppet, Baliol, a renunciation of his crown to his "liege lord" the King of England.

But Edward was not destined to retain the prize thus iniquitously acquired. A noble form—the SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY—stands prominent on the page of Scottish history—the heroic Wallace. His achievements are familiar to all; nor need we pause to paint

—"the patriotic tide
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die—the second glorious part!"

Nor did the fatal defeat at Falkirk, nor the death of Wallace, extinguish the thirst for independence which he had excited in the breasts of Scotchmen.

It was not, however, until the death of Edward had transferred his sceptre to the feeble grasp of his son, that the English rule in Scotland was completely overthrown. Robert Bruce, grandson to the Bruce who was Baliol's competitor, by his decisive victory at

Bannockburn (1314) established the freedom of his native land; and by his wise rule in peace as well as in war, won and merited the name of the "good King Robert."

The Battle of Bannockburn, if considered in its moral effects, as well as in the immediate results which followed it, is, perhaps, not surpassed in importance by any similar conflict of modern times. The army of Edward II. numbered 100,000 men; that of Bruce is estimated at only 30,000; but the Scottish forces were animated by the cause for which they fought, and the remembrance of the cruel and ignominious treatment they had experienced at the hands of the English. In this great achievement every aspiration of Scottish national pride finds a complete satisfaction. There is no more secure foundation for the peaceful pursuits of life than the consciousness of having acquitted ourselves nobly in war. Would that instead of the miserable feuds that constitute the tenor of our Irish annals, we could look back to a Bannockburn! Then might we hope to produce not only poets and historians, but merchants and manufacturers, like those to whom modern Scotland owes her renown in letters, and her eminence in intelligence, in wealth, and security.

We have now to relate the fortunes of a second English princess, who became by marriage Queen of Scotland. The Lady Joanna, wedded to David Bruce, was second daughter of Edward II. and Isabella of France, and was only seven years old when she was contracted to the son and heir of the good King Robert. Perhaps no better evidence can be adduced of the success of the Scottish war for independence than is afforded by this marriage. Joan-make-peace, as she was called, had not a happy destiny. David was a weak monarch and an unfaithful husband, and many years were passed by the sovereigns in exile, first at the court of France, suppliants for aid from Philip of Valois, and at a later period in captivity in England.

David and Joanna returned to Scotland in the summer of 1341.

"The enthusiasm of the Scots, when they learned that their young monarch, the son of their idolized Bruce, the polar star of all their hopes through many an hour of gloom and despondency, had at last landed in his

own kingdom again, knew no bounds. They flocked in crowds to welcome him; nobles and populace vied with each other as to which should testify the greater delight; and they attended the king and queen in triumph to Perth Castle, where, in abundant feasts and wild revels, they gave fresh vent to their exultation.

"King David, at this time, was just entering upon his eighteenth year. In person he was tall and comely; well skilled in martial exercises, and of intrepid bravery; but he was wanting in capacity to govern, and his French education had initiated him into many youthful tastes and follies, the indulgence of which proved very injurious to his interests. . . .

"We have no distinct record of the tone of popular feeling in Scotland, at this time, in reference to the English-born Queen; though we are told that

'She was sweet and *debonnaire*,
Courteous, homely, pleasant, and fair.'

It would seem probable that, since she had left England in childhood, and, from that time, had been constantly surrounded by Scottish and French associations and interests;—since, moreover, her brother had broken through the ties of kindred-love, had treated her husband as his sworn foe, and even endeavoured to place a rival on his throne, the Scots would regard her rather as the faithful consort of their sovereign, than as the sister of their potent enemy. 'Joan-make-peace,' as she had been tauntingly called, did not verify her soubriquet, for she appears never to have exercised any restraining influence over the military ardour of her husband and his adherents, when directed against her native land."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. iii. pp. 122–4.

Fortune still proved adverse to David Bruce. He made an incursion to Durham, and was taken prisoner in the battle of Neville's Cross.

"What miseries, anxieties, and griefs," says a contemporary writer, "did the noble lady, Joanna, sister of the King of England, and Queen of Scotland, suffer in those days! The afflicted lady herself, and those to whom, with tears, she related her sufferings, alone can know them. Her husband had treated her with indifference; she had seen others usurp her place in his affections; but he was now a captive, sorrowful and in suffering, and her woman's heart forgave and forgot the past, in the anxiety to be of some service to him. . . . She requested a safe conduct to England, which was granted by her brother in the most cordial terms. It contained a charge for every attention to be paid to 'Joanna, our very dear sister, consort of David Bruce, remaining in our tower

of London, to come with as many persons as she shall please, of any state or condition whatsoever, to our Kingdom of England, to speak with the aforesaid King, and to remain in England as long as she shall choose, or return to Scotland at pleasure.' This document bears date October 10th, 1348. The Queen instantly availed herself of the permission; and, without tarrying to provide herself with wardrobe, wine, or any other customary travelling requirements, she set out at once, and, with a celerity of travelling very unusual in those times, reached London in little more than a week. There, in the royal fortress where she herself first saw the light, she rejoined her imprisoned husband, from whom she had been parted upwards of two years."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. iii. pp. 135–9.

After a captivity of ten years' duration, David found himself once more free, and returned to Scotland with his Queen. Cruel mortifications, however, were in store for the faithful Joanna. The King had attached himself, while in prison, to Katherine Mortimer. She attended him on his return, and was speedily installed in the position of royal mistress. The outraged Queen could not endure this open insult: she left Scotland, and sought a refuge at her brother's court. Here she died, greatly regretted, at the age of forty-one. Her character is thus given by the chronicler Barnes:—

"Queen Joan, also of Scotland, surnamed Joan of the Tower, sister to King Edward of England, deceased towards the end of this year (1362) without issue; but that it is better to leave an honourable report than children behind. And certainly, if King David, her husband, had never been oppressed with adversity, she might have been accounted happy; but then she had never been extolled with that commendation which her virtue and conjugal affection doth claim from posterity. For during the seven years' exile which King David had formerly led in France, she would by no means forsake him or his fortune, but faithfully and constantly adhered to him, both then and also all the time of his imprisonment here in England, which was for the space of eleven years more."

David Bruce survived his injured wife eight years. He married, after her death, the beautiful Margaret Logie, a woman of ignoble birth and light conduct, from whom he was afterwards divorced. He died at the

age of forty-seven, justly despised by his subjects; and, as he had no children, the crown he had so unworthily worn descended to Robert Stuart, son of his sister Marjory, the first monarch of his celebrated but unhappy race.

In tracing the career of the Queens of Alexander the Third and David the Second, we have presented to our readers a brief but continuous narrative of the period of Scottish history comprised within the years 1250 and 1370. From a desire to preserve the sequence of events unbroken, we have abstained from any particular notice of the younger daughters of Henry the Third, or the children of Edward the First. To one alone we shall briefly revert—Beatrice, second daughter of Henry the Third, and wife of Lord John of Brittany. This princess's life was a short but happy one; she did not live to become Duchess of Brittany; but her children and children's children long ruled over this important province. To one of them, allied to her in blood, and still more nearly by marriage, we shall now direct the reader's attention—the Lady Mary, fourth daughter of Edward the Third, and Philippa of Hainault.

This princess was, from the hour of her birth, the destined bride of Lord John de Montford, then in his fourth year. He was resident at her father's court; while his heroic mother, "who had the courage of a man and the heart of a lion," combated for the rights of her absent son and captive husband with the rival claimant to the duchy of Brittany, Lord Charles of Blois.

The Earl of Montford, husband of this enterprising lady, was the youngest brother of Duke John the Third. His competitor had married Jeanne, only daughter of Guy de Penthievre, an elder brother. The Earl of Montford, finding the claim of Lord Charles of Blois pronounced by King Philip of France superior to his own, resolved, in order to secure a powerful ally in the impending struggle, to do homage to the King of England for the duchy of Brittany. Immediately on his brother's death, he contrived, by aid of his wife, to get himself acknowledged in Nantes, the capital of the duchy, and also at Limoges, as rightful successor to Duke John the Third. The inhabitants of these towns not only did him homage as their liege lord, but placed the treasury at his disposal.

Thus furnished with the sinews of war, he possessed himself of Rennes by force, and of the strong castle of Henebon by stratagem. We cannot resist giving his further proceedings in the naïve narrative of Froissart:—

"Why should I make a long story of it?" pertinently remarks this most amusing of chroniclers. "The Earl of Montford continued his conquests, gained the whole country, and was everywhere addressed as Duke of Brittany. . . . He then embarked and landed in Cornwall, . . . and was received at Windsor by the King, Queen, and all the barons at that time there, with great joy. He explained to the King, the Lord Robert d'Artois, and to the council, the manner of his seizing and taking possession of the duchy of Brittany, which had devolved to him as next heir to his brother lately deceased. He suspected, however, that the Lord Charles of Blois and the King of France would attempt to deprive him of it by force, for which reason he had come to hold the duchy of the King of England, and to do him homage for it, provided he should be secured against the King of France, or any others that should attempt to molest him in his rights. The King of England, considering that his war against France would be strengthened by this means; that he could not have a better entry into that kingdom than through Brittany; that the Germans and Brabanters had done nothing for him, but cost him large sums; and that the lords of the Empire had led him up and down, taking his money, without making any return for it—was very happy to comply with the Earl's request, and received his homage for the duchy by the hand of the Earl, who was called and addressed by the title of Duke. The King then gave his promise in the presence of the lords who had accompanied him, as well as before those barons of England that were there, that he would aid, defend, and preserve him, as his liege man, against any one—the King of France, or any other—to the uttermost of his royal power. These promises and homage were written and sealed, and each party had a copy of them. After this, the King and Queen made such rich presents of jewels and other gifts to the Earl, and to those who had come over with him, that they pronounced him a gallant King, and fit to reign many years in great prosperity. They afterwards took leave, embarked, and landed at Roscoff, a town in Brittany, the place whence they had sailed; and thence he went to Nantes, where his Countess had remained, who told him that he had done well, and had acted wisely."—*Sir John Froissart's "Chronicles,"* vol. i. p. 92.

Rumour had informed the King of France of this defection. To assure himself on the subject, Philip sum-

moned the Earl of Montford to Paris. The crafty noble obeyed, aware that positive intelligence of his treason could not then have reached the ears of his Sovereign. However, after an interview with the King, in which he professed himself submissive to his will, De Montford privately returned to Brittany; giving out that he was confined by sickness to his hotel at Paris. Once more in security he vigorously prepared for war. "He related to his Countess all that had happened, and wrote, according to her advice, to all the towns and castles which had been surrendered to him; established in each able captains, with plenty of soldiers, cavalry as well as infantry, and paid them handsomely."

The War of Succession in Brittany derives most of its interest from the characters of the two remarkable women who were its virtual leaders. The captivity of her husband, which proved a lengthened one, did not crush the dauntless spirit of the Countess of Montford. He was taken prisoner at Nantes; but his masculine wife, dissembling her grief and terror, took her young son in her arms, and addressed her friends and adherents. "Oh gentlemen," she said, "do not be cast down by what we have suffered through the loss of my lord; he was but one man. Look at my little child here: if it please God he shall be his restorer, and shall do you much service. I have plenty of wealth, which I will distribute among you, and will seek out for such a leader as may give you a proper confidence." But the mother feared to entrust her boy to the uncertain fortunes of war, and sent him to England, where, as we have mentioned, he grew up at the Court of Edward III., with his affianced bride, the little Princess Mary. Meantime the resolute Countess threw herself into Hennebon, a strongly fortified place, open to the sea, which she hoped to defend against the armies of France until the arrival of expected succour from England.

She rode through the town in complete armour, mounted on a war-steed, encouraging the inhabitants by her presence and example. During this siege, Froissart informs us, "the Countess performed a very gallant deed:" she ascended a tower to observe the motions of the enemy, and watching her opportunity, while the assailants were engaged elsewhere, she sallied

forth at the head of 300 horsemen, attacked their camp and set fire to the tents, and then, finding herself unable to regain the city-gate, made for Brest, which she reached safely before her pursuers could overtake her. By a still more masterly countermarch she re-entered Hennebon the next day in triumph.

But the forces of Lord Charles of Blois pressed the siege with such vigour, that the garrison of Hennebon were soon reduced to extremities, and some of the most influential citizens were disposed to insist on a capitulation. The Countess entreated and remonstrated in vain; at last she implored them to grant her the respite of a few days more; "and begged of the lords of Brittany, for the love of God, that they would not doubt but she should receive succours before three days were over." It was a period of cruel suspense to the heroic lady; she gazed anxiously from the ramparts of the castle on the broad expanse of ocean. At last she joyfully exclaimed, "I see the succours I have so long expected and wished for, coming!" It was even so; the English fleet, which had been detained by contrary winds, proudly hove in sight; and the citizens of Hennebon hastened to receive these welcome allies:—

"The Countess, in the meantime, prepared and hung with tapestry, halls and chambers to lodge handsomely the lords and barons of England whom she saw coming, and sent out a noble company to meet them. When they were landed, she went herself to give them welcome, respectfully thanking each knight and squire, and led them into the town and castle, that they might have convenient lodging; on the morrow she gave them a magnificent entertainment."

This reception seems to have pleased the English mightily. After the banquet Sir Walter Manny, their commander, sallied forth, attacked and destroyed the aggressive constructions, machines, &c., of the enemy. "Many legs were made to kick the air," Froissart tells us in his picturesque description of the passage of arms—"many brilliant actions, captures, and rescues might have been seen." The enemy was compelled to retreat, and Sir Walter Manny re-entered Hennebon in triumph. "The Countess of Montford came down from the castle to meet them, and with a most cheerful

countenance kissed Sir Walter Manny and all his companions, one after the other, like a noble and valiant dame."

What knight could prove recreant so rewarded! But the Countess of Montford was not the only one of her sex who possessed an indomitable spirit, and other characteristics of a "noble and valiant dame" of the fourteenth century. Her competitor, Jeanne de Penthièvre, wife of Lord Charles of Blois, was no less pertinacious in contending for her rights. It will be remembered that this lady was only child of Guy, elder brother of the Earl of Montford, and claimed to be a nearer representative of the defunct Duke John III. When her lord was taking leave of her for the tented field, she impressed on him on no account to consent to a compromise of her rights; nor listen "to any treaty or composition which may be offered, so that the whole body of the duchy may be ours." On many occasions during this prolonged struggle, both the rival claimants would gladly have arbitrated the points in dispute; but Lord Charles, however solicitous for peace, could not yield from motives which Froissart naïvely acquaints us with:—

"Lord Charles was very courteous and polite, and perhaps would willingly have listened to terms of peace, and been contented with a part of Brittany, without much wrangling; but he was, in God's name, so hard pressed by the last words of the lady his wife, and the knights of his party, that he could neither draw back nor dissemble."

The campaign did not terminate with the death of the Earl of Montford, nor the captivity of Lord Charles of Blois. Their dauntless wives ceased not to animate their respective adherents to fresh combats. The Countess of Montford, we are told, "was equal to a man, for she had the heart of a lion; and, with a rusty sharp sword in her hand, she combated bravely;" while the Countess of Penthièvre fiercely asserted her claims, and reproached her husband with pusillanimity in consenting, even in thought, to waive them. "Sire, what would you do?" she exclaimed. "By God, you have not the heart of a valiant knight, if you will thus give away, like a recreant, the pleasant heritage of your wife. No knight, be he who he may, is worthy to hold lands unless he will defend them with drawn sword."

Under such leadership the war was a protracted one. In the mean time years fled by, and the young De Montford had grown to man's estate. His promised bride, the Princess Mary, had attained the age of seventeen; their nuptials were no longer deferred, and were solemnised at Windsor in the year 1361.

The young and interesting Duchess did not live to visit Brittany. She died a few months after her marriage, sincerely lamented by her husband, as we learn from Guillaume de St. Andre, chronicler to the Duke of Brittany:—

"Mais ne vequit pas longuement
De quoi Jehan fort mount dolant.
Trente sepmaines furent ensemble,
Sans plus ne moins comme il me semble,
Si mourit la noble Marie
A qui Dieux vuielle octroyer vie,
Pardurable, sous nulle fin!
Prion très touse qu'il soit anisin."

Three years after Mary's decease, John De Montford became undisputed master of Brittany by the death of his formidable opponent. Some of the most graphic chapters in Froissart's Chronicles are devoted to this important event. Even the readers to whom this delightful book is accessible may, in the multiplicity of its details, have passed heedlessly over this part of Sir John's narrative. We feel sure we shall give pleasure to many by quoting the most vivid passages from his history of the important battle of Auray (1364).

Froissart's 227th chapter is headed:—*The Battle of Auray, in which Sir Bertrand du Guesclin is made Prisoner; Charles de Blois is slain; and John de Montford is victorious.*

It commences thus:—

"A little before eight in the morning the two armies advanced near to each other. It was a very fine sight, as I have heard those relate who saw it; for the French were in such close order that one could scarcely throw an apple among them without falling on a helmet or lance. Each man-at-arms carried his spear right before him, cut down to the length of five feet; a battle-axe, sharp, strong, and well steeled, with a short handle, was at his side, or hung from his neck. They advanced thus handsomely a foot's pace, each lord in array and among his people, with his banner or pennon before him, well knowing what they were to do. On the other hand the English were drawn up in the handsomest order. . . .

"In this first onset there were hard blows between the lancemen, and a sharp scuffle. True it is that the English archers shot well at the commencement, but their arrows hurt not, as the French were too well armed and shielded from them. Upon this they flung away their bows, and, being light and able men, they mixed with the men-at-arms of their party, and attacked those of the French who had battle-axes. Being men of address and courage, they immediately seized several of these axes, with which they afterwards fought valiantly and successfully. There were many gallant feats of arms performed; many a struggle, many a capture, and many a rescue. . . . The French and Bretons fought in earnest with their battle-axes. The Lord Charles showed himself a marvellously good knight, eagerly seeking for and engaging his enemies. His adversary, the Earl of Montford, fought with equal gallantry; and each person spoke of them according to their deserts. . . . Battalions and banners rushed against each other, and sometimes were overthrown and then up again."

At last the fortunes of war proved adverse to Lord Charles de Blois. He fell on the battle-field of Auray, and with him perished the hopes of his party:—

"The whole flower of chivalry who had that day taken the side of Lord Charles de Blois were either prisoners or slain, particularly the bannerets of Brittany. . . . In a word, the defeat and loss were immense. Numbers were slain in the field, as well as in the pursuit, which continued for eight good leagues, even as far as Vannes. A variety of accidents happened this day, which had never come to my knowledge, and many a man was killed or made prisoner. Some fell into good hands, where they met with kind and civil masters."

De Montford had the remains of his unfortunate rival honourably interred, which was "but his due, as he was a good, loyal, and valiant knight." "His body was afterwards sanctified by the grace of God, and venerated as St. Charles. But before it was removed from the bloody field, the young Duke visited the mangled corse. He approached the spot where he was lying apart from the others, covered by a shield, which he ordered to be taken away, and look at him very sorrowfully. After having paused awhile he exclaimed,—'Ha! my Lord Charles, sweet cousin, how much mischief has happened to Brittany from your having supported by arms your pretensions. God help me, I am truly unhappy at

finding you in this situation, but at present this cannot be amended.' Upon which he burst into tears. Sir John Chandos, perceiving this, pulled him by the skirt and said, 'My lord, my lord, let us go away and return thanks to God for the success of the day; for without the death of this person, you never would have gained your inheritance of Brittany.'"

So terminated this protracted war. Its historians cease to interest themselves in the future fortunes of the two remarkable women who may be said to have originated it; and the names of Jeanne de Montford and Jeanne de Penthievre, henceforth sink into oblivion. The province so fiercely contested became, in the next century, a fief of the crown of France, by the marriage of its inheritrix, Anne of Brittany, with two successive monarchs, Charles VIII. and Louis XII. This warfare to the death, developed the martial qualities of the Bretons; they have ever been a hardy race, vigorous in thought, as well as prompt in action. Their sterile country, with its rock-bound coast, and Celtic population, *les Bretons bretonnant*, has nurtured an indomitably brave and loyal people. Among the illustrious sons of the soil we may name, in war, Nomenoe, Barbetote, Du Guesclin, De Richemont, Moreau. On the sea, Duquay-Tronin. In science and literature, Abelard, Descartes, Maupertius, Chateaubriand, and Lamennais.

While the transactions we have been recounting took place in Brittany, female influence was no less paramount in other parts of Europe. In Spain and Portugal a succession of energetic queens played a prominent part in the affairs of the Peninsula. In Castile Maria La Grande, wife of Sancho IV., and regent during the minority of her son Ferdinand IV., and grandson, Alfonso XII., proved herself a wise and enlightened ruler. During a lengthened period she secured, by her temperate but vigorous administration, the tranquillity of that country, so torn by internal convulsions. She died in 1321, and is highly eulogised by her biographer:—

"The death of this indefatigable woman, whose strong intellect, keen foresight, and disinterested zeal, had so often preserved the kingdom when on the verge of ruin, was lamented throughout the nation. Maria, if

we consider the age in which she lived, was truly a prodigy. In her were blended the masculine virtues of the stronger sex, and the mild ones of her own. She united the talents of the experienced politician, and the art of the great general and tactician. The firm support of a tottering throne, yet the conscientious advocate of the rights of the people; neither daunted by reverses nor elated by prosperity; wise, humane, and pious, amid a host of ambitious, selfish contenders for power, she alone was unmoved by motives of self-interest, and from the first to the last day of her long and useful career, steadily kept on her undeviating path of rectitude. In the history of nations her name shines with a radiance dimmed by no one blot. Justly surnamed *The Great*; placed in a situation as perilous as it was exalted; living in times when it was often deemed excusable, if not praiseworthy, to do evil for the sake of effecting good, this Queen has left a memory unstained by crimes, unsullied by foibles."—*Senora George's "Queens of Spain,"* vol. i. pp. 236–7.

Her grandson, Alfonso XII., had been betrothed, in childhood, to Costanza Manuel, daughter of Don Juan Manuel, one of the highest nobles in Castile. When this prince attained years of discretion he repented of his engagement, and married Maria of Portugal, while the rejected bride became wife of Pedro, Crown Prince, and afterwards king of Portugal.

Maria of Portugal was an unhappy wife. Her disposition was cruel and vindictive, and jealousy—but too well founded—called into active exercise all the evil passions of her nature. The early years of her married life were childless; her husband had never loved her, and neglected her for his beautiful mistress, Leonor de Guzman. This lady was the loveliest woman of her time. Her rank was exalted, her manners were gentle and fascinating, and her intellect highly cultivated. Leonor maintained her empire in the heart of Alfonso for upwards of twenty years; but her great influence was ever exercised with moderation and wisdom. The king, it is said, wished to repudiate his unloved wife, and raise her rival, who had borne him nine sons and a daughter, to the throne; but Leonor urgently dissuaded him from a course which would prove detrimental to his kingdom, by exciting the enmity of the Portuguese monarch, father to Queen Maria.

Maria of Portugal was consoled for her husband's indifference by the birth

of an heir to the throne. She devoted herself to the education of her son, and instilled into the mind of the young Pedro the sentiment of bitter hatred and thirst for revenge, with which her own breast was animated. The death of Alfonso afforded the long desired opportunity for gratifying these vindictive feelings. Ere his corse was cold the hapless Leonor de Guzman was thrown into prison, separated from her children, and finally strangled by order of the queen. Maria of Portugal is even said to have witnessed herself the death agonies of her detested rival.

Many royal mistresses have played an important part in state affairs; few have been so distinguished in history as Leonor de Guzman. The beautiful lady, so loved by Alfonso, was ancestress of an illustrious line of kings. Her son Henry, Count of Trastamare, wore, though illegitimate, his father's crown, and became the founder of that mighty though bastard race who long swayed the sceptre of Castile; and, after the union of Castile and Arragon, gave to Spain a succession of its most illustrious sovereigns.

On the accession of Pedro IV. he treated his brothers with kindness and leniency. Henry and Frederic, the twin sons of Leonor, had fled to Portugal after the death of their mother. Pedro permitted them to return and reside on their estates; and conferred on Frederic the grand mastership of Santiago, a post of trust and dignity.

It is said that on the betrothal of Pedro to Blanche of Bourbon, the Master of Santiago was one of the envoys sent to escort the affianced bride to Castile; and that, on the journey, a criminal attachment was formed between Frederic and his brother's destined queen. To this circumstance is ascribed the aversion felt by Pedro for his young wife of eighteen, whom he forsook three days after their marriage, and never re-visited. If this tradition be true, Frederic, though treacherously dealt with, was not the innocent victim of his brother's thirst for blood. Pedro stabbed him in cold blood, and for this, and similar actions, was branded with the opprobrious name of "*The Cruel*." The fate of Blanche of Bourbon was tragical in the extreme. She endured a long and rigorous captivity, and died in prison ten years after her luckless marriage; whether by poison, or the dagger, or

from natural causes, is a question of which the true solution is shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

Pedro, however, was not insensible to female fascination. Maria de Padilla long reigned mistress of his affections; and, after her death, the king legitimized her children, asserting that he had privately married her before his union with Blanche of Bourbon. Their daughters, Constance and Maria, were wedded to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Edmund, Duke of York, sons of Edward III. of England, and brothers to the Black Prince, who combated so heroically for the King of Castile against his rebel brother, Henry of Trastamare.

Pedro the Cruel had many enemies. The Pope, with whom he was on the worst possible terms, legitimatised Henry, and conferred on him the kingdom of Castile! The King of France permitted the bastard of Trastamare to levy troops in his territory to carry on the war, and aided in ransoming Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, taken prisoner, the reader will remember, in the battle of Auray, to lead the Free Companies. These mercenaries gladly consented to hire their services to the Count of Trastamare, provided they were commanded by so redoubtable a leader as the Sieur du Guesclin, who, they felt assured, would conduct them to certain victory. A short campaign followed. It resulted in Pedro's overthrow, who had the mortification to see his bastard brother ascend the throne from which he had been so summarily ejected.

The discrowned king in his distress applied for aid to Edward the Black Prince, then holding his court at Bourdeaux. This gallant commander hastened to the succour of the exiled monarch; for, said he, "I do not think it either decent or proper that a bastard should possess a kingdom as an inheritance, nor drive out of his realm his own brother, heir to the country by lawful marriage; and no king, or king's son, ought ever to suffer it, as being of the greatest prejudice to royalty." Scarcely had the English champion crossed the Pyrenees to assist his ally, when a letter from Henry of Trastamare, then King of Castile, reached him. This singular epistle was addressed—

"To the High, Puissant, and Honourable Lord, the Prince of Wales and of Aquitaine."

"MY LORD,—We have been informed,

that you have with an army passed the mountains, and have entered into treaties and alliances with our enemy, to make war upon and to harass us. All this has caused in us much astonishment; for we have not done anything, nor ever had the smallest hostile intentions against you, that should justify your advancing hitherward with a large army, to deprive us of the small inheritance which it has pleased God to give us. But as you are the most powerful and most fortunate prince of the age, we flatter ourselves and hope that you glorify yourself in it. Since we have received certain intelligence that you seek us in order to offer us battle, if you will have the goodness to inform us by what road your intentions are to enter Castile, we will advance to meet you, in order to guard and defend our realm.—Given," &c., &c.

This letter was courteously received by the Black Prince. "This bastard is a gallant knight," he said, "and of good prowess; for he must be a valiant gentleman to write me such a letter." His reply, however, was less civilly couched:—

"Edward, by the grace of God, Prince of Wales and of Aquitaine, to the renowned Henry, Earl of Trastamare, who at this present time calls himself King of Castile."

"Whereas you have sent to us a letter by your herald, in which, among other things, mention is made of your desire to know why we have admitted to our friendship your enemy, our cousin, the King Don Pedro, and upon what pretext we are carrying on a war against you, and have entered Castile with a large army. In answer to this, we inform you, that it is to maintain justice and in support of reason, as it becometh all kings to do, and also to preserve the firm alliances made by our Lord the King of England with the King Don Pedro in former times. But as you are much renowned among all good knights, we would wish, if it were possible, to make up these differences between you both, and we would use such earnest entreaties with our cousin, the King Don Pedro, that you should have a large portion of the kingdom of Castile, but you must give up all pretensions to the crown of that realm, as well as to its inheritance. Consider well this proposition; and know further, that we shall enter the kingdom of Castile by whatever place shall be most agreeable to us.—Written at Logrono, the 30th day of March, 1367."

The leaders did not confine their exertions to letter-writing. The opposing armies met at Najara, and fortune favoured Don Pedro, who found

himself once more King of Castile. Pedro did not requite the services of his English allies as he had promised; they were not even reimbursed the outlay they had expended on arms and accoutrements, and returned, much dissatisfied, to Aquitaine.

Meantime Henry of Trastamare was not inactive. He re-assembled his forces, and defeated Pedro at Montiel. The King took refuge within the castle, which still held out; nor did he leave it until impelled by hunger, his small garrison having been reduced to extremity by the close blockade. Then, accompanied only by twelve trusty followers, he sallied forth, under cover of the darkness, hoping to make his way unobserved through the beleaguering host. A tradition has survived, which informs us that the King's spirits were greatly damped by observing, as he left the castle, a motto, carved in stone, over the portal, "*This is the Tower of La Estrella.*" Where this tower of *La Estrella* was situated, Pedro, actuated by superstitious terrors, had long endeavoured to discover, for an astrologer had foretold to him that from the tower of *La Estrella* he should go forth to die.

The prediction was verified at last. Pedro was made prisoner in the act of escaping, and was stabbed to the heart by his rival, who ascended the throne made vacant by a brother's death. We shall close our brief gleanings from Spanish history with the account which Froissart gives of the capture of the hapless Sovereign of Castile:—

"At midnight, . . . Don Pedro . . . set out. It was very dark. At this hour the Bègue de Villaines had the command of the watch, with upwards of three hundred men. Don Pedro had quitted the castle with his companions, and was descending by an upper path, but so quietly that it did not appear as if any one was moving. However the Bègue de Villaines, who had many suspicions, and was afraid of losing the object of his watch, imagined he heard the sound of horses' feet upon the causeway; he therefore said to those near him, 'Gentlemen, keep quiet, make no movement, for I hear the steps of some people. We must know who they are, and what they seek at such an hour. I suspect they are victuallers who are bringing provision to the castle, for I know it is in this respect very scantily provided.' The Bègue then advanced, his dagger on his wrist, towards a man who was close to Don Pedro, and demanded, 'Who art thou? Speak, or thou art a dead man.'

The man to whom the Bègue had spoken was an Englishman, and refused to answer; he bent himself over his saddle, and dashed forwards. The Bègue suffered him to pass; when addressing himself to Don Pedro, and examining him earnestly, he fancied it was the King, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, from his likeness to King Henry, his brother, for they very much resembled each other. He demanded from him, on placing his dagger on his breast, 'And you, who are you? Name yourself, and surrender this moment, or you are a dead man.' In thus saying, he caught hold of the bridle of his horse, and would not suffer him to escape as the former had done.

"King Don Pedro, who saw a large body of men at arms before him, and found that he could not by any means escape, said to the Bègue de Villaines, whom he recognized: 'Bègue, Bègue, I am Don Pedro, King of Castile, to whom much wrong has been imputed, through evil counsellors. I surrender myself . . . and beseech thee, in the name of thy gentility, that thou put me in a place of safety. I will pay for my ransom whatever sum thou shalt please to ask; for, thank God, I have yet a sufficiency to do that; but thou must prevent my from falling into the hands of the Bastard.'"—*Chronicles of Sir John Froissart*, vol. i. p. 388.

The Bègue de Villaines was, unhappily, powerless to fulfil Pedro's last request. Henry of Trastamare entered the tent where the King lay; and the brothers, with the fury of wild beasts, joined in a death struggle, which proved fatal to the rightful heir of Castile. "Thus died Don Pedro who had formerly reigned in great prosperity. Those who had slain him left him three days unburied, which was a pity, for the sake of humanity, and the Spaniards made their jokes upon him."

Pedro's character has been variously represented by historians. Some depict him as a monster, guilty of the most appalling crimes; others, as an enlightened and philosophic prince, solicitous for the well-being of his meanest subject. It is not easy to reconcile these conflicting opinions. We should remember, however, that the writers who have chronicled his actions flourished under the shadow of that House of Trastamare which supplanted him on the throne; and, also, that his inquiring and speculative mind, and frequent intercourse with the Jews and Moors of Spain, made him an object of dislike to the ecclesiastical authorities. Above all, the evil passions of his nature were early developed by his weak and jealous mother. Maria of

Portugal sowed the seeds of suspicion, distrust, and cruelty in the breast of her son. He reaped a powerful host of enemies, whose designs against him were made successful by the aversion or indifference of his subjects for the cause of their unloved though rightful monarch.

Before we close the instructive volumes of the Senora George, we shall follow her in a digression which she makes to the affairs of Portugal, by recounting the fate of Costanza Manuel, the intended bride of Alfonso of Castile, whom he rejected for Maria de Portugal. We have already mentioned that the slighted maid was wooed by Pedro, Crown Prince of Portugal; but the union was one of state policy, not of affection; and Costanza, wounded by the indifference and infidelity of her husband, died of a broken heart.

Inez de Castro was the object of Pedro's tenderest regards. As soon as his hand was free he privately married her, but carefully concealed the fact from his father, King Alfonso of Portugal. Years elapsed, and Pedro, urged in vain to form a second suitable matrimonial alliance, persisted in declining the hands of princesses proposed for his acceptance. Alfonso's suspicions were aroused, and he determined to separate his son from his mistress, as he deemed Inez de Castro to be. His ruthless resolve was barbarously executed. He took advantage of the prince's absence on a hunting expedition, and repaired to the abode of the doomed lady. Alfonso found her at her beautiful villa on the Mondego, surrounded by her children. Apprehensive of evil, she deprecated his anger, and her trembling little ones clung to the king's knees entreating for mercy. Moved by their infantine beauty, Alfonso half-relented from his cruel purpose. His counsellors, however, urged the accomplishment of the deed of blood, as a necessary piece of state policy. The beautiful Inez knelt in vain—she was barbarously murdered; and her blood dyed the pure waters of the Mondego, "cold and clear." Miss Pardoe, in a note, describes the scene of this horrid tragedy:—

"At the moment of their arrival she was seated with her children on the margin of a fountain, fed by a spring in the rock which overhung the grounds, and under the shade

of two lofty cedar trees. As their errand was announced to her, she eagerly sprang up to demand their tidings, when she was instantly struck down by the assassins, who left her with her head lying across the marble border of the basin, where she was discovered by her attendants, with her long hair floating upon the surface of the water, which was dyed with her blood. Until the late revolution, this spot, rendered historical by the fatal tragedy of which it had been the theatre, remained precisely in the same condition as at the period of her murder; the piety of her life, the gentle urbanity of her bearing, and her exhaustless charity, having so deeply endeared her to all ranks, that any change effected in the place would have been considered a sacrilege."

Pedro, animated by a just and natural indignation against the murderers of his wife, vowed an undying vengeance. He waged war on his father, but Alfonso's death speedily followed that of his victim, having been accelerated by remorse. The tortures which Pedro, thus become king, inflicted on the murderers of Inez, were fiend-like in their imaginative cruelty. The corse of the beloved one was exhumed, clad in royal attire, and crowned in the Cathedral of Coimbra, then re-interred with great pomp in the monastery of Alcobaça.

Pedro directed, on his death bed, that his body should rest by the side of his adored Inez. For nearly five centuries they lay, unmolested, in the peaceful slumbers of the grave. Their mortal remains, after this long interval, were disinterred; and the body of Inez preserving, it is alleged, the same miraculous exemption from decay that had been remarked on its first exhumation, was once again exposed to the gaze of intruders on the tomb:

"The two magnificent sarcophagi, containing the bodies of Inez and her royal consort, occupied a small chapel, enclosed by a screen of richly wrought and gilded iron, in the right aisle of the splendid chapel. The gates were forced by the French during the Peninsular war, and the tombs rifled; during which sacrilegious process the illustrious dead were torn from their resting-place and flung upon the pavement. Three of the community (of whom the prior was one), instead of flying, had concealed themselves within the sacred edifice, and were enabled to witness, from the place of their retreat, the brutal violence of the invaders. On my visit to Alcobaça, in 1827, I made the acquaintance of the prior, whose community had once more rallied about him, and who

solemnly assured me that although the body of the prince had entirely perished, leaving nothing but a mere skeleton clad in its royal robes, that of Inez remained perfect; her beautiful face entirely unchanged, and her magnificent hair, of a light, lustrous auburn, which had been the marvel of the whole nation during her life, so enriched in length and volume, that it covered her whole figure, even to her feet, and excited the wonder and admiration of the very spoilers who tore away the rich jewels by which her death-garments were clasped.”—(*Editor's note*—“*Queens of Spain*,” vol. i. p. 243.)

The story of Inez de Castro has been charmingly narrated by Camoens, in his great national poem of the *Lusiad*. The romantic incident of the homage rendered to her after death, forms the theme of one of Mrs. Hemans's spirited ballads. With her touching representation of the scene, and of the feelings of the principal living actor in it, we shall conclude our brief notice of the beautiful and unfortunate Inez:—

“It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes and the blaze of light,
All gathered round the dead!

“And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compress'd,
Lest the strong heart should fail.
King Pedro with a jealous eye
Watching the homage done,
By the land's flower and chivalry,
To her—his martyr'd one.”

“There is music on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding
aisle

In dark procession go.
And the ring of state and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her that queen of clay.

“And tearlessly and fiercely
King Pedro led the train;
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe
When they lowered the dust again.
'Tis hush'd at last, the tomb above—
Hymns die, and steps depart;
Who called thee strong as death, O love?
Mightier thou wast and art!”

How different a picture do the times of these princesses present from that which surrounds the writer, living under the peaceful sway of Victoria! Violence and vice, war, pillage, and insecurity, are the characteristics of the one period;—peace, virtue, and contentment of the other. One of these petty states whose jars and animosities have made the lives of thousands unhappy, and the labour of thousands unproductive, would not in wealth and intelligence equal one of the counties which now owns the gracious sovereignty of our Queen. The spectacle of a power so vast conducted with so much gentleness, and of a position so splendid filled with so much humility and virtue, is one on which the writers of after ages will long love to look back as the most delightful of historical contrasts; and we cannot take leave, even for a season, of the troublesome times of these princesses of bygone days, without congratulating ourselves and our readers that we live in the age and under the government of the greatest and best Queen who has ever reigned over a grateful nation.

THE LILY AND THE BEE.—MORAL OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.*

THE Crystal Palace! Day after day, now for above a year, the name has appeared in every newspaper, has been uttering by almost every tongue. First came the marvel of its erection. A few months—less than is ordinarily assigned to the construction of a labourer's cottage—were allotted to the arising of a fabric that should enclose the aggregated marvels of the industry and the skill of six thousand years, and of a thousand races, that should receive the peoples of the world within it. There were sneers, and scoffs, and inuendoes of some; prophecies of failure in a hundred ways; forecastings of non-completion, forecastings of swift dissolution and crashing ruin; forecastings that looked, perhaps, deeper into the true effects of things, and further into the ultimate results of them, that augured possibilities of national humiliation, from this gallant show of national progress and power. Day by day, amid all these, and despite them all, the erection went on; the fabric, itself a more wonderful monument of the enterprise and skill of man than any one it was destined to receive within it, "rose like an exhalation" of combined beauty and power. Light and graceful as a fairy palace, firm and self-sustaining for its destined purposes as an Egyptian pyramid, it soared towards its completion.

At last, and by the appointed day, the wonderful structure was finished. From the north and south, the east and west, there streamed into it the art and the industry of all nations. The powers and aptitudes of every nation were represented in it; the developments of every era since the flood were typified in it. The rude handiwork of the Esquimaux was there, with majestic, and polished, and complex machines, endowed with all but human faculties. Rude carved masses of stone were there, speaking of barbaric times, and simple minds, and skillless hands; and there were "plead-

ing" statues and glorious sculptures, all but worthy of the loftiest era of Grecian art, and imbued with more tender sentiment or more solemn eloquence than Grecian art could ever attain.

With solemn ceremonial was opened this stately show: with solemn prayer, with deliberate invocation on it of His blessing who alone can bless, and with deliberate ascription of all the glory thereof to Him whose is the earth and all the fulness thereof. The Crystal Palace already was the exhibition of the world's industry—the industry not of the world of present, but of the world of the past and present in one—the industry not of the few great nations alone whose names are as household words—but of tribes whose very existence was known but to a few, and whose names, even with their achieved productions thus before us, pass from our remembrance at once. It was now to become the gathering place, not of the world's industry alone, but, by abundant and multiform representation, of the world itself. Europe and Asia, Africa and America, Arctic Island and Tropic Zone, civilisation and savageism, Christian and Parsee, Mahometan and Jew—all met there. The highest intellectual culture, the humblest and most undeveloped capacity existent upon earth, may have been in contact there. The achiever of the Britannia bridge, or the deviser of the electric telegraph, may have often there stood side by side with one who still—

"Thought the silver moon,
That nightly o'er him led her virgin host,
No broader than his father's shield."

From every land, from every corner of our own land, the crowd streamed continuously on toward this centre of attraction to the world. Day after day we heard of numbers still increasing; of twenty, forty, sixty, seventy,

* "The Lily and the Bee; an Apologue of the Crystal Palace." By Samuel Warren, F.R.S. William Blackwood and Son, Edinburgh and London.

a hundred thousand; till the intelligence became as a truism, and the record in the daily press hardly attracted a passing glance. What were the thoughts, what the emotions, that occupied the minds and swelled the hearts of these daily gathering multitudes? what the influences this proud display wrought in each and all of them? An archangel, with all minds and hearts so open before him, as we know them to be open to ONE alone, might possibly chronicle that varied showing of human thought and affection, aspiration and emotion; but hardly any inferior finger. Yet, so far as the daily and weekly press, so far as the allotted records of this world's show, could be taken as the exponent of these multitudinous thoughts, a wearying sameness, an almost saddening monotony, pervaded them all. In pæans of triumph over the great achievement, exclamations of wonder at the gorgeous result, labourings of language to describe it, acclamations over the assembled marvels of human enterprise, the accomplishments of human industry, the triumphs of human wisdom, the beauties and the majesties of human art; these somewhat, though even this not much, varied as to form or power of expression, constituted almost the entire utterance *thus recorded* of all this mass of human thought and emotion.

It thus truly represented all that passed through all these minds and hearts? Young and old, rich and poor, civilized and savage, cultured and ignorant, thoughtful and thoughtless, was there not seen of Him who seeth in secret, in one out of all these, aught of other, deeper, higher emotion than this of exultation in the genius, the enterprise, the achievements of man? Among all these thousands upon thousands, was there not found one to recal to remembrance that opening solemnity, and all that it designed and professed to express, not one to recall that opening prayer, that solemn consecration of all to the one God of all power and wisdom, whose "inspiration giveth man understanding;" that solemn, deliberate ascription of all the glory of all this glorious show to him alone? Did there awaken in no heart, the more deeply because of the lustres and splendours and greatneses of these achieved results, the realisation that, except that "in Him we live and move and have

our being," the rudest specimen of handicraft presented there had been as impossible to us as the calling suns into being with a word? And did there "enter into the ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth," from amid the complex, ceaseless, mysterious hum of that vast assemblage, no whisper escaping from all the overcharged excitement of the heart, "not unto us, Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory"?

We believe, we are sure, there have been such deeper awakings, such nobler emotions, such purer and higher outbreathings. We believe there have been those wandering through these long arcades of splendour, rejoicing to the uttermost in all that they presented and represented of the capabilities and the achievements of man; rejoicing too to claim kindred with all the ages, all the nations, there present through their marvels of invention or adaptation; but amid all this appreciation of human accomplishment, finding time for one reverent thought of Him, one adoring ascription to Him, without whom and whose presence with man nothing of all this ever could have been. We believe there have been hearts uplifted from all that unresting murmur of activity and life toward the ineffable serene of His eternity; going forth from amid all that lustre of human manifestation to consider Him "who only doeth wondrous things," and breathing their humble thanks to the one God and Father of all, that He had endowed man with capacity and faculty for achievements so varied and so wondrous.

Was there to be no permanent record of these higher emotions? Pencil and pallet, daguerreotype and calotype, have long been labouring to fix the forms and the outward presence of that world's wonder. Newspaper and magazine have done what they could to chronicle the feeling of exultation that man, even that same man who is but of yesterday, should have done all this. Were the thoughts, the emotions, the aspirations that awoke toward Him of whose wisdom and might man, at his best estate, is but the feeble instrument, to be left with no other record than in that "book of His remembrance," where all such feelings are written before Him for ever? Such feelings, indeed, need, and in the ordinary case tend to seek, no other record than that

one which is written there ; but for all men there is a power in the fitting expression of all deepest and highest emotion to develop it into stronger vitality and more defined explicitness within the heart itself ; and it may be well conceived that there are multitudes in whom abode the capability of such emotion, latent and unawakened, to whom the existence of such expression by another had been as an instant and strong awaking. For these it was most needful that expression should be given. Not amid the first excitement, the tumultuous acclamation, the general exhilaration that swelled around this concentration of human genius and industry, had it been meet that the voice should have spoken which strove to give utterance to these higher emotions. In all likelihood it had been then comparatively unheard. But now that these excitements in some degree are stilled, now that this wonder is at a close, and that the crowds who, week after week, have thronged to its attraction, are withdrawn again into the quiet of their accustomed life—now that the merely sensuous and intellectual impressions its marvels may have aroused remain rather as memories than as present actualities, and that opportunity is given to consider what of higher teaching than of mere human power, of mere abiding impression than of the mere pleased eye or astonished mind, exists for us in this accumulation of these treasures of industry and art ; now is the appropriate time that some voice should be heard speaking of yet higher realities than all human grandeurs, of more solemn and sacred thoughts than of the utmost power and wisdom of man ; recalling that first dedication of all to that God whose is “the kingdom, the power, and the glory,” and showing to us that, if we would not have that noble ceremonial a mere idle form, our thoughts must arise humbly, reverently, trustfully, to Him “that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers before Him ;” and we must, even from all contemplations of human greatness, be won the more adoringly to consider Him of whose eternal substance all greatness is but the feeble shadow.

Such we have felt to be the great general purpose of Mr. Warren's work : and it seems to us a purpose in itself so noble and so just, so worthy of any ge-

nium and any power, that for the sake of it we would fearlessly claim forgiveness for a degree of failure that, with any purpose less lofty, would be altogether unpardonable. But failed he assuredly has not. That his work will encounter no objectors, we do not conceive. To that class—a large one in the best ages the world has ever seen, and we fear not only a large but an increasing one in our own age—whose constant aim is to put God as far as possible from His own universe, it will be especially and utterly distasteful. Whatever the special guise which infidelity may assume : whether it clothe itself in the garb of explicit rejection of that “more sure word” of revelation, without which all revelation of Him in Nature were worthless to us ; in that of absolute denial of Him as aught else than a convenient name for the All of visible and sentient things ; in that of that practical deification of material interests which the wonderful mechanical inventive genius of our era and country so tends to foster ; or in yet more insidious and dangerous forms—to infidelity in every shape and guise, the “Lily and the Bee” will be a mark for fierce abuse or affected contempt. To other classes, also, less avowedly or conspicuously without faith and without God, this “Apologue of the Crystal Palace” will seem as an idle tale, the folly of its conception only equalled by the fantastic form of its execution. To that grovelling utilitarianism, whose highest conception of use never soars above that life whose description is, “let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,” the assertion, explicit or implicit, on its every page, of a use whereunto all things are referable which transcends the narrow limits of earth and the brief endurance of time, will make it seem as the baseless fancy of a disordered mind and morbid heart. To that sordid and rampant radicalism for which Royalty is at the utmost but the head policeman of the state, the tone of chivalric, and more than chivalric—of *Christian* loyalty which pervades it all, will make it a dire and utter offence. And finally, the maintainers of that gigantic superstition, now striving with almost more than devilish craft and energy to resume its old predominance in our land, will owe that work no thanks which, in briefer space almost than we take to tell it, deals fuller, truer, sterner justice to its “mystery

of iniquity," than does the most laboured volume we can name.

We do not suppose, however, that the silence or the disesteem, the abuse or the would-be contempt of such classes as these will greatly weigh with Mr. Warren. We are very much mistaken in him, if the genuine appreciation of one thoughtful heart—the awaking of one of his countrymen or his brethren to higher thoughts and holier emotions in connexion with this sight of wonder, than had arisen amid the oppression of the sensuous and intellectual excitement of its actual presence or its vivid memory, or the giving adequate expression for such thoughts and feelings to one heart, in which they had been struggling toward outgoing, will not with him outweigh immeasurably all such depreciation as that we have indicated. But there are others, capable of truer understanding and fuller sympathy with Mr. Warren and his work than from these classes may be expected, who may be repelled by a first and superficial regard of it—repelled by its unexpected form, its *apparent* disjointedness, or its peculiarities of diction and expression. Specially for the sake of such men, we will freely admit that to ourselves, the first hasty, or at least superficial and uncontinuous glance was startling, and almost repellant; that it was only after careful, thoughtful, continuous perusal of it that we felt Mr. Warren had produced in "The Lily and the Bee," one of the noblest prose-poems of the day—noble as any we recal in purpose and aim, and in achievement worthy of these; and that all subsequent perusal has only confirmed us in the impression thus made. We simply ask them thus to peruse it. We ask them to go to its perusal not as to that of a work intended to amuse an idle hour, or to wile away the tedium of a railway journey, but as to that of one aiming and endeavouring humbly and reverently to speak of Him before whom angels "veil their faces with their wings;" from this noble exhibition of human greatness to draw suggestion for the contemplation of His only greatness; and from the special consideration of two things, which are to us but as the humblest and most familiar of all His doings, to illustrate how "in the things wherein men do proudly, God is above them." And we fearlessly appeal to their own innate

sense of rightness and fitness, whether the work which aims at such things as these does not deserve attentive and serious perusal; and whether, dealing with thoughts and emotions so high, it might not have been *à priori* inferred that, in degree as it achieved its aim, it would be one that absolutely required such perusal. We are sure that, read with only so much preparedness of mind and heart as this measure of seriousness and thoughtfulness we have indicated, few who are capable at all of bringing such seriousness to bear upon it, will rise from this little work other than, in some respect or other, wiser and better men.

We have already endeavoured to indicate the *general* purpose and tendency of Mr. Warren's work. It is a call to remember, amid all our exultations over the majesty of human power, the mystery of human intellect, the adaptive creativeness of human genius, which the marvels of the Crystal Palace exhibit, Him, the one living and true God of Nature and Revelation, to whom by profession, in the solemn opening ceremonial, the glory and the grace of all these things were ascribed. It is a protest against the infidelity, of whatever guise or form, speculative or practical, explicit or implicit, which seeks to remove Him from the contact and constant presence of all His creatures, and all their doings, and all their sufferings, as against the superstition which would interpose between His creatures and Him some human presence, some created medium. It is a solemn appeal against the materialistic predominance which so much in the character of the era tends to foster and to further;—against that spirit which, amid the majesty of man's conquests over the physical and material, tends to forget the higher warfare to which he is called, and the spiritual and immortal interests involved in that warfare; and an appeal against this spirit, not by any formal demonstration of its sin and its ruin, but by the far more availing and penetrating method of the ceaseless, implicit enunciation of these higher interests, these nobler achievements, as underlying, sustaining, giving all the true worth and dignity they possess, to these very material achievements themselves.

The machinery, so to call it, by which Mr. Warren works out his end is, as it meets us in his poem, simple

enough. He sketches in quick and vivid outline all the imposing grandeur of the scene ; leads us through those long and lofty arcades, crowded with the varied results of human skill and achievements of human faculty ; exalts to the uttermost the majesty, the wonder, the beauty of them all ; travels from land to land, among race after race, in their representations there ; dilates on the strange and matchless contrasts that present themselves on every side : then he leads us to the *Bee* ; shows us it working by that mysterious and infallible instinct of which the most philosophic definition our present knowledge can attain to is, that it is God working without the intervention of the fallacies and imperfections of human reason, or the wayward blindness and caprice of human will ; and shows it to us in virtue of that instinct achieving, with steadfast aim and with unerring certainty, results more wondrous far than the most wondrous of human achievements. Again, he stands in spirit within that palace of wonders when night has fallen on it, and the ceaseless murmur of its day-life is stilled—sees, and feels, and knows, arising, flitting around him, hovering by him, hurrying past him, the ghosts of the great and memorable names of the world of the past : father and mother of mankind, monarchs and conquerors, sages and philosophers, seers and poets,—all sore amazed and perplexed that the world is as their world was no longer ; change everywhere symbolised and shown forth by that mysterious scene on which they find themselves ;—change in empires, change in races, change in science, change in art ; change beyond all that the wildest dream of an elder time could conceive ; change hurrying and hurtling on still with unresting and remorseless pace ; effacing all landmarks they knew, sweeping away their most cherished theories, undermining their firmest beliefs, save the one faith in Him who changeth not ; giving new constitution to the very system they inhabited, turning their dreams into realities, and their realities into dreams. Then we look with him upon that flower—that “*Lily of the field*”—which eighteen hundred years ago received consecration from the look and the words of God's incarnate Son, that has enshrined it in the reverent love of every Christian heart for ever ; and behold how it is still the same as when

He said of it—“*I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these ;*” still arrayed with a loveliness and a grace that pales and dims man's fairest work beside it ; and see in its unchanged beauty and fragrance, year after year renewed, and in all lands the same, the present symbol, the ever-living memorial of that Divine love which was before all worlds, and shall be still the same when these heavens have shrivelled up like a scroll.

It is not on the surface that all this could be exhibited in a volume of two hundred pages ; and the superficial reader who turns to “*The Lily and the Bee*,” expecting to find in it such amusement as he finds in the Christmas tales which have of late inundated us, will look for it in vain. Much is told, told with fervid eloquence, with earnest solemnity, with high poetic power. But, as with every work of genius, more still is suggested and awakened within the reader's own mind and heart ; and he who will but go to the study of this little work with a prepared spirit, will find that not one reading, nor many readings, will exhaust its own thought, or the thoughts, the feelings, the emotions it will awaken within himself. And while it seems to us that the general scope and purpose of Mr. Warren's work may be thus described, such description gives no adequate conception of the much more of special purpose included within this general one ; of the exuberance and variety, the vigour and fervour of illustration through which all is brought out ; or the magnificent readings from almost every branch of science that are wrought into the texture of the whole.

Let it not be supposed by any of our readers that Mr. Warren finds it necessary, to work out his purpose of uplifting our thoughts from all the greatness of man and of his achievement, to the calm infinitude of the Divine majesty and the unlabouring operation of the Almighty hand, by any depreciation of what man has done ; finds it necessary to abase man in order to the exalting Him who made man in His own image, and breathed into him from Himself the living soul. Such might have been the natural resource of a less clear-seeing mind or a more morbid spirit ; it is not his. Every page of his work tells us that few, if any, even of those who have been

stirred by no thought save of human pride and self-exaltation, have trod those walks of splendour with a more full and deep appreciation of all their marvels; that few, if any, have within their deepest heart done truer and fuller justice to all the splendour of achievement represented there, or more intensely realised the might of intellect, the concentration of thought, the plastic energy of genius, which gave birth to these countless inventions of industry and creations of art. He has felt and known to the full what every right-minded man will feel with him, that after all that humanity has achieved or will achieve, after all manifestations of thought and energy his doings may present, enough remains, and will to the end remain, in the humblest, most familiar, most unconsidered manifestation of Him, of whose greatness there is no searching out by man or angel, to show forth His doings not by comparison but by contrast with man's mightiest doings; to proclaim Him not as the mere adapter, but as in all things and evermore the Creator, and to exhibit that exhaustlessness of His infinitude to which "there is no great and no small." Nay, more; we question whether it is possible truly and fully to appreciate all that humanity has achieved and is evermore achieving, save in connexion with the living and abiding impression of His majesty, who has given to man, and is every hour and every moment sustaining in him, all faculty of invention, all energy of accomplishment.

Let not those, then, who seek to degrade and to vilify man and all his doings, in the arrogant if not the impious thought of thereby exalting Him who has given man the privilege to call Him Father, turn to Mr. Warren's book in the hope that any food for this morbid folly of their's will be found there. It may be that for such, if any such there be, its pages will rather afford implied rebuke of this morbid spirit, and awaking to a less clouded vision and to healthier feelings; that they will learn through it to regard all the greatness of man, all the wonders of his genius, all the devisings of his invention, all the conquests of his intellect, as to be even reverently contemplated, because these all are, in the last result and definition of them, but as rays of the Divine glory, dimmed indeed by the medium

through which they pass, but still of God, in Him, by Him.

We have already referred to the form in which Mr. Warren has clothed the work, actuated by aim so lofty as that we have endeavoured to indicate. That form it is difficult to describe. He has called "The Lily and the Bee" an apologue, but it is something more than an apologue; it is a reverie, but with nothing of the unpractical or dreamlike character of a reverie; a rhapsody, with its rapidity and fervour, but without its disconnectedness and uncontinuity of flow; a prose-poem, on whose wild and wayward irregularities of rhythm, as they at first appear, will be discerned, as the reader enters more and more into the spirit of the work, unvarying purpose, uniform self-command, the true regularity of relation to the subject-matter of the lines. Often on a first reading, always on a superficial reading, what seem violent breaks in the continuity and abrupt transitions in the sentiment of the work will present themselves; but deeper penetration of its meaning and aim will more and more discern the under-links that bridge over all these, and show how all the variety of sentiment or feeling, thought or emotion, presented in it, are tending on toward the one last result. We not only feel the form to be in the highest degree suitable; we question if any other that could have been selected would have equally availed to the end in view. We not only pardon the apparent irregularities, the interposing episodes, the hurrying changes; we come more and more to discern purpose in them all, and to feel them to be important if not essential elements to the complete impressiveness of the work.

This peculiar character, however, leaves the task of extraction one of special difficulty, and it is hardly possible by extract to do other than injustice to Mr. Warren's poem; for the finer threads of the connexion must thus be lost, and all the appearances of abruptness and violent transition left without that full explanation which is instinctively felt and realised in the continuous study of the work. And often, too, whatever passages might be selected, it must seem as if they bore no decided relation to the general aim and tendency we have indicated; as if they were mere fragmentary sketches,

with no further purpose than that which each may bear upon its own face. The very opening passage for instance—solemnly simple and eloquent as in itself it is—the three gatherings, one on the plain of Shinar, to defy the God of heaven and earth; one on the plain of Dura, to do homage to the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; and one within this Crystal Palace, this wonder of our age—what claim, some reader may ask, have these first two things to mention here? what, perhaps, save the loose and fanciful analogy that in them, as in this last, there was a gathering of many nations, and peoples, and tongues? Not so; there is a deeper connexion between these three; there is a direct and high relation of each of them to the general aim Mr. Warren has in view. That gathering on the plain of Shinar, that muster by the Babylonish monarch, were for denial of the King of kings and Lord of lords; this is for the deliberate acknowledgment of Him as not the Lord of heaven alone, but of earth and all the fulness of it, of man and all his powers and all their achieved results. From the long-past eras of these first assemblings, there comes down to us a voice of solemn warning, that this one be not like them in its sin and its punishment; that the acknowledgment our lips have made be not belied by our hearts being lifted up with theirs at Shinar, to deem from all this gorgeous display of human greatness that there is power in us “to build a city and a tower whose top shall reach to heaven,” or seduced by the golden sheen of that Mammon who has his image and temple as surely among us as ever on the plain of Dura, to bow down and worship him as our God.

We believe we might take any passage from Mr. Warren's work, and show an intimacy of connexion, a directness of relation to the general aim, as complete as this we have endeavoured to point out in this opening scene: and we are sure the reader will have no conception of the high artistic skill with which the whole has been constructed, unless he will himself attempt something of this process. But we trust enough has been done in this isolated example to induce our readers to believe, that whatever appearance of abruptness, disconnexion, or non-relation to the all-pervading purpose

our extracts may present, it is appearance only; and that closer study will reveal to them how there is not only object in all, but object specifically referring to the ultimate design.

We cannot forbear quoting the noble picture of the third of these great gatherings—the dedication scene in the Crystal Palace; for in it is struck the great keynote of the strain:—

“A Christian Queen, on whose Empire setteth not the sun; who had read in Holy Writ of the plains of Shinar and of Dura, went forth with her Consort and her Offspring, attended by her princes, her nobles, her statesmen, her warriors, her judges, her philosophers, amidst a mighty multitude: not to inaugurate an idol, not to Dedicate an Image, and impiously command it to be worshipped; but, in the hallowing presence of His ministers whom Nebuchadnezzar had dishonoured, to bow before HIM, THE LORD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH, who, from the place of His habitation, looketh down upon all the inhabitants of the earth, and understandeth all their works; to offer humble adoration and thanksgiving for His mercies, marvellous and numberless, vouchsafed to herself and to His people committed to her charge; in Whom she ever hath affiance, seeking His honour and glory: to cement, as far as in her lay, a universal brotherhood, and promote among all nations unity, peace, and concord; to recall great nations from the devastations of war to the delights of peace; to exhibit a mighty spectacle, equalled but by its spectators; humbling, elevating, expanding, solemnising the soul of every beholder capable of thought, purified with but even the faintest tincture of devoutness; speaking to great minds—to statesman, philosopher, divine—in accents sublime: telling of Man, in his relations to the earth; Man, in his relations to men; Man, in his relations to God.

“Yes, to a Palace, risen like an exhalation, goes the Queen, mindless of predicted peril—standing within it, the dazzling centre of a nation's love and anxiety; with stately serenity, beside her illustrious and philosophic Spouse, and illustrious offspring; her eyes reverently downcast, while one voice only sounds, humbly uttering prayer and praise—Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the glory!—amidst all that is lovely, great, and pious, from all lands; whose eyes are moistened, whose hearts are swelling: anon peals forth, in solemn harmony, Hallelujah!”

We once heard a foreigner, a fugitive German democrat, and as truculent a denouncer of king, noble, and priest, as ever breathed on earth, describe the effect on him of her Majesty's reception in Glasgow in 1849; and tell

how the electric thrill of loyalty, that bore down even the fierce radicalism of that hot-bed of radicalism, swept him, too, so utterly before it, that he felt it were little indeed to die in obedience to such a feeling and in such a cause. Mightier surely still, on every heart in which all power of loyal feeling or chivalric emotion was not utterly dead, must have been the effect of the scene so vividly pictured to us in the following passage: for here religion and loyalty were blent together, and prayer to Him, by whom kings reign, arose from assembled thousands on her behalf, who is the cynosure of the love, the devotion, the homage, of that race in which, for many an age, the feeling of loyalty has burned with the purest flame:—

“Yonder comes **THE QUEEN!** Not hideous shot, nor shell, tears open a crimson path; but one is melting before her—melting with love and loyalty. All unguarded! No nodding plume, nor gleaming sabre, to startle or appal: she is moving amidst myriads—silent myriads: unheard by her, but not unfelt, their thoughts, fondly flowing while she passes by.

O, all from foreign lands: uncovered be awhile; behold a solemn sight—

A nation's heart in prayer:

And hear their prayer,

God save the Queen.

And God save thee, too, wise and pious Prince, Her Spouse! Well may thine eye look round well pleased, and with a modest dignity, on a scene designed by thee: sprung into being under thy princely fostering; an enterprise right royal, nobler far than ever Prince before accomplished: all bloody feats of war eclipsed—by this of Peace, all-potent peace. O glorious war to wage: Science and Truth, with Error, Ignorance, and Prejudice—lying all prostrate here: vanquished: O would it were, to rise no more! And thou here, too, young Prince, their firstborn son: thou hope of England: future King: God bless thee, Prince: God grant thee many many years, wherein to learn, by bright example, how to wear a crown and sway a sceptre. Look well around thee: think of Her whose hand is holding thine: and that such scene as this, thou never, never wilt behold again. Read then its lesson well! Illustrious Three, our hearts yearn, seeing you stand before the image of your ancestor, Alfred: the Great: the Good: the Wise.”

We would fain follow with our author the Royal presence through all the realms of her own vast Empire, as represented by their varied contributions to that scene of splendour;

through all the many lands and the far islands of the sea, which have there their allotted provinces, and whose habits and the tale of whose developments might all be read in their achievements as presented there. But this were far too long to give in whole, and to present fragments of it were to mar its unity of beauty and power.

What gem has man nobler, purer, more priceless, more enduring far than the Koh-i-Noor, the mountain of light; gem within the possibility of every man's possession; gem which death shall not rend from him, but only dissolve away all eclipse from its lustre, and reveal to the uttermost all its power? Let Mr. Warren answer in his own exquisite episode:—

“Seest thou a feeble form, attenuate, the death-flower blooming on his wasted cheek?

He dare not mingle with the eager throng ceaselessly surrounding thee.

His brilliant eye, hath caught but distant glimpse of thee.

On his eyelids is the shadow of death. He, too, bears a gem within: Genius: its splendour consuming the frail casket.

By its inner light he views this scene—his soul a star, dwelling apart, in starry solitude—as not a soul of all within these glassy walls can view it. No, none, save gifted he:

Motes in sunbeams, merely, they with him compared.

Gifted one! Dear soul: Poor soul! an humble eye is on thee—all unknown to thee: unseen by man, a tear hath fallen.

I can no more: no mortal man can stay thy flight from earth to native skies.

Not many suns shall set, well knoweth he, alas! who now, with trembling hand, wipeth the death dew from his exhausted brow, ere he

Close hid in dust shall lie—yet seen by one Omniscient Eye—

Hidden the casket only: the jewel far away, high in the skies,—and rapturously viewing brighter scenes than these!

And yonder one, of mien so meek and modest! Schooled in affliction's sharpest school—a sufferer—schooled! sublimed!

Nor grief, nor want, nor pain,—neglect, nor scorn of proud Mankind, can shake his constant soul,

Nor dim the Gem he bears—

A FAITH, divine.

Oh what a blessed eye is his, looking serene on thee!

Mountain of Light!—Pale now thy uneffectual fire,

Poor gem, eclipsed utterly.

A dull, faint spark before the lustrous gem He wears!

Its sweet light shall shine more sweetly still,

In the Dark Valley which we all must tread,

Turning the shadow of death, into the morning.—

Taken the last dark step,—at length got Home,

Then that gem blazes suddenly! as in a kindred element—

Illuming immortality.”

Perhaps there is no science, the progress of which has been more wonderful, or its revelations in the course of that progress at once more startling and more majestic, than Geology, including its most important branch of palæontology. Men may be yet alive, whose childhood saw its first faint approaches to the dignity of a science under Hutton and Werner, and it is almost a recent memory with us how to attempt maintaining the mysterious chronology of the earth and of the progressive developments of life upon it which it proclaimed, was held equivalent to the entire rejection of the revealed Word. But a few years have passed since then; and already there is hardly one to be found who has not been convinced, by its accumulated and magnificent proofs, that it was not the Mosaic records which were at variance with its revelations, but alone man's crude and premature interpretations of these records. Marvellous have been the examples of acute and far searching induction which its annals have in late years exhibited. Genus and species, form and size, character and habits, of animals whose very congeners have long since disappeared from earth, have been determined from a tooth: strange reptiles have been figured out from their footprints, and monster birds reclothed with form from their jawbones. Nay more; much has been determined, with almost the certainty of actual vision, with regard to the condition of the earth's surface, the position of its primeval seas and rivers, mountains and plains, and the relations of its atmosphere, in those long eras of its past to which its strictly mundane epoch is but as yesterday, from the inductions thus made with regard to the vegetable and animal life that creative will thus called into existence on it. And of all these wonderful revelations this is the general characteristic and the sufficient description: order emerging out of confusion, light out of darkness, beauty and harmony out of seeming chaos and disarray,—now with a solemn stillness like the silence of eter-

nity, now with fierce convulsive throes, as if the tortured earth were shivering to pieces; all tending on continually through these countless ages toward that time when he might inhabit and inherit it who should be formed as in the very image of God, and for whom in the fulness of time He should be “made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death,” who from eternity had dwelt with God. Of all these wonderful inductions, of which the annals of geology are so full, we question whether one could be found more beautiful in itself, and more signally and strongly illustrating the true method of physical induction, than that which Mr. Warren has selected, and clothed in language adequate to its own beauty. We would willingly extract the entire passage, with its vivid sketch of those great successive eras which geology has unfolded to us, and of the great characteristic animals which distinguished them; but our space forbids; and for this, as for much else, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

We would fain select some kindred passage from that kindred, yet contrasting, science, which looks, not like geology down towards the abysses of the earth, and the strange secrets of its indefinite past, which have been concreted there into abiding endurance, or forth into those vast eras over which broods the primeval darkness through which the light is but as yet beginning to break: that kindred, yet contrasting, science, whose gaze is as if into the very home and native seat of light, the realm of suns, and stars, and firmaments; which has to deal there with vaster though not, perhaps, more wondrous histories; to search there through spaces in which not earth alone, but its orbit, are hardly appreciable points, and to measure orbital years to which its years are less than moments. However contrasted in other respects, these two great realms of human research are most entirely kindred in this; that in astronomy, as in geology, all extensions of our means and of our achievements have only the more clearly revealed the consummate harmony that everywhere prevails,—the universal subordination to that law of which the Psalmist has given us higher definitions than any other which man can elaborate:—“For ever, O God! THY WORD is settled in the hea-

vens: THOU hast established the earth, and it abideth. These continue this day according to THINE ordinances, FOR ALL ARE THY SERVANTS." But our selection must, to a very great degree, be regulated, not by the absolute superiority in impressiveness and power of the passages, but by their facility of severance from what precedes and follows, without much of their own beauty being marred, and their significance lost in the process. And from this inviting subject we must turn to hear Mr. Warren sum up the achievements and the attempts of MAN:—

"See, all around, the shining traces of man's presence and powers, in this his allotted scene of action—powers daily developing, till the strongest intellect bends under the pressure of accumulated discovery:

Lord of the creation, all animals are his—the fowls of the air: the fishes of the sea: cattle: and every creeping thing:

He captures them: compels them to do his bidding:

Changes their nature: turns their weapons upon themselves: slays them:

Nay, he TORTURES, in the plenitude of his power, in the wantonness of his will:

Minute or stupendous: hideous or beautiful: gentle or fierce, all own his sway, and fall his prey, alike for his necessity, or his sport;

He feasts on their flesh: with it, daintily pampers his luxurious palate: he gaily decks himself in their spoils: he imprisons them,—captive witnesses of his lordship:

Smiling tranquilly, he contemplates howling, roaring, hissing, yawning monsters, whose very blighting breath he feels:

Tenants of every element: scorpion: serpent: eagle: lion: dragon: behemoth!

He hollows mountains: he levels hills: he raises valleys: he splits open rocks: he spans vast streams: he beats back the roaring ocean.

He mounts into the air, and is dizzily hid in the clouds:

He descends into the earth, and extorts its precious treasures:

He sails round the globe, defiant of storm, commanding the wind and the tide:

He dives to the bottom of the ocean, mindless of monsters amazed, rifling its coral and pearl, and recovering its long-hidden spoils.

He turns water into air, and air into water: the solid substance into fleeting vapour, and vapour again into substance.

Light and the lightning he hath made his dazzling ministers and messengers: they do his imperious bidding: they array his handiwork, in the twinkling of an eye, in splendour, golden and silver: they image his lordly features: arrest the fleeting shadow: do the dread behests of justice, flying fast as his

thought: speak his instant pleasure beneath the ocean: from distant shore, to shore: traversing continents: joining the east, west, north, south: and boldly threatening time and space.

His venturous eye has pierced the awful heaven: he scans illimitable space: he weighs the shining orbs: he tells their laws, distances, motions, and relations: the misty way he turns into myriad blazing suns: he tracks the mysterious travellers of remotest space, foretelling their COMINGS and their GOINGS.

He dares even to speculate upon the Unseen——

The Infinite——

Omniscience——

Omnipresence——

Omnipotence——

And reverently contemplates him whose darkened image he bears, oft forgetfully: HIS MAKER: Him, who erst asked awfully, *Adam, where art thou?*"

Wonderful is the summary, and little wonderful that the heart should be lifted up as it considers of all this, and sees around it, in that dazzling scene, the realised symbols, presences, representations of all this faculty, the reaped and heaped results of all this victory. Only be it lifted up in gratitude, not with pride; only be there the thought, the feeling within it, of His presence and power, goodness and grace, from whom is all this faculty, by whom has been all this victory; and be the higher lesson ever learning by us amid and from all human, all created manifestation,—“Lo! these all are part of His ways: but how little a portion is heard of Him! but the thunder of his power who can comprehend?”

To rebuke our human pride; to chasten our self-exultation; to show to us how far short of fulfilment still, after all humanity has won through six thousand years of toiling thought, of restless enterprise, and of unexhausted power, is our Babel “whose top may reach to Heaven;” how infinitely Man the adapter is still beneath God the Creator,—Mr. Warren might have led us into those mightier realms of creation where every step unfolds wonders upon wonders, that strike even on the rudest sensibility with impressions of majesty of power, and mystery of working. He might have borne us forth into that indefinite of space where worlds, and suns, and systems are strewn like golden dust, and shown us all these journeying through the pathless and shoreless ether-sea with

unerring regularity, in obedience to the same unseen reality,—call it force, or law, or what we will,—in virtue of which the rain-drop falls to earth. He might have descended with us into those depths of the earth which science has penetrated, and read those lessons of omnipotent power and foreseeing wisdom which have been “graven as with an iron pen on the rock for ever.” He might have conducted us into that not less teeming realm which chemistry is unveiling to us; that realm of atomic energy and activity where every form of physical force seems ceaselessly working with its highest possible intensity, and change is evermore so swiftly ensuing that we can detect its progress alone by its complete results. He might have placed before us the marvels and mysteries of organisation as manifested in the body of man, their highest and last result, and shown us how all forces were called into operation there; how all phases and forms of life were represented there; how there is something in him that claims affinity with all things; how

“Man is all symmetry :
Full of proportion, one limb to another,
And each to all the world besides.
Each part doth call the farthest brother,
For head with foot hath perfect amity,
And both with moons and tides.”

All these realms he has entered, but it has been primarily to exhibit what man has accomplished in them. He knew there needed not to seek in these more complex workings of creative energy, or these mightier manifestations of divine power, what might prevail to show that above all human height God is still infinitely high; what might avail to reprove our pride, and exhibit manifestations to which the proudest trophies of human genius the Crystal Palace enfolds are less, far less, than the rudest handiwork of the child to the mightiest work of the man or the nation. Rather we should say, what might avail to attest that between Man's doings at their greatest, and God's at what we deem their humblest, the difference is not of measurable degree but of measureless and unpassable kind. The Bee and the Flower are enough, whereby to read this solemn lesson to us: the bee in its daily workings, and the flower in its familiar and unvarying garb. These afford manifestation enough of the “light inaccessible” and unapproachable of His glory

to make all human glory pale beside them; and to these Mr. Warren is content to turn from all the gorgeous showings of human achievement which these crowded scenes afford, from all the restless and ceaseless whirl of human change suggested within them, to learn from the one of Him who “is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working,” above all grasp of creative comprehension; and, from the other, that amid all change He changeth not, for “His righteousness is an everlasting righteousness,” and “His mercy endureth for ever.” Let us turn with him, and hear what the little insect tells us:—

“Tiny Expositor forsooth! Exhibitor! of Industry—

Yet, I do misgive me that I see, in thee, a small Unmedalled one!—

In this Our Palace! Hive! Our Royal Hive!

Were ye ordained to gather for yourselves alone, and not for us, though from Our flowers?

Ye skilled ones! why keep your science all to yourselves?

For sixty centuries we taste, luxurious, what you gather and prepare,

But have not learned your art, and cannot supersede your toils!

Make ye honey now, as from the first, ye did?

Perfect and pure, then as now, now as then?

—How choose ye flowers? Or do ye choose?

Know ye blossoms fruitful, barren? Or are they all to you, ye little Alchemists! alike?

Go ye a first, a second time, in vain?

O strange Bees! Why do ye gather from the poison-flowers,

Sweets hurtful—deadly to yourselves—or us?

Is it your being's End and Aim, to gather honey?

Or hath Omnipotent Omniscience, all Benevolent,

Other and deeper purposes, in His Divine economy, ever inscrutable by man?

Ponder this Bee!

Perfect his work: is thine?

Transcendent Mechanician, though so small!

Behold his Architectre—

A Royal Palace here—there chambers for the Royal race—doors and passages, extensive, numerous, surrounding all the Hive—Magazines well filled—and guarded jealously—Gates fortified: and within, without, stand watchful sentinels—antennæ all alert lest spoiler enter—or hideous

Sphinx!—monster! death-headed!—
Him to guard against, the grim intruder,
they raise the Barricade—with bastion
—casemate—gateway massive!

I learn, O Bee! O wondrous monitor! I
learn from thee!

O deep, instructive Mystery!—

Before thee, little Bee, Presumption stands
abashed, and solemnly rebuked—

And Ignorance instructed, if it will!

Or conscious, or unconscious, Teacher, Bee,
yes, humbly will I learn from thee!

In ONE we live, and move, and being
have!

Giving to each his powers, and sphere,
appropriate!—

Man! Bee!

Our mission each!

Though thine for ever hidden from my
eye,

My mission let me know, and reverently
fulfil!

—Let not the wise man glory in his wis-
dom:

Neither let the mighty man glory in his
might:

Let not the rich man glory in his riches:

But let him that glorieth,

Glory in this,

That he understandeth and knoweth ME,

That I am The Lord,

Which exercise Loving-kindness, Judg-
ment, and Righteousness, in the earth:

For in these things I delight, saith the
Lord."

Thus impressively and fittingly closes,
with these words not of man's wisdom
or authority, the first great section of
Mr. Warren's poem. And, in these
words of Divine authority, is summed
up the one great aspect of the moral
he would draw from the Great Exhi-
bition,—the rebuke of the pride that
would deify man, by the enunciation of
God's mightiest and most perfect work-
ings, worked from the beginning and
evermore working through feeblest in-
struments; the calling of human ex-
ultation toward Him in whom alone
our glorying may lawfully be; and the
calling that exultation, chastened into
adoring gratitude, to arise for nobler
and higher things than all these phy-
sical conquests, or all the enterprise and
intellect that achieved them—even for
this above all else, "that he under-
standeth and knoweth ME, saith Je-
hovah."

Shall we join him now amid that
ghostly crowd, from the distant and
the past, which throngs around his spirit
amid the stillness of night—in that
scene whose day-aspect is of crowded

and hurrying life, ceaseless activity,
dazzling and varied splendour? The
contrast may well be an impressive
one; and it is, perhaps, to this section
of his poem that those of his readers
who have most deeply penetrated its
spirit will most frequently return, for
passages which linger on their memo-
ries and haunt their imaginations.
But there is even less in this second
section than in the first which admits
of being given in extracted form with-
out appearing fragmentary and pur-
poseless. With the page presenting
breaks enough in appearance to the
eye, and even detached pictures and
episodes enough to the mind, the unity
of purpose and tendency flows on in
subtle under-current so ceaselessly, that
the most detached of such episodes
we could select would appear aimless
by itself, compared to the place it
holds in the general continuity of the
work. We must, however, quote the
opening picture of the Night-scene in
that silent Palace: the brooding still-
ness, the splendours dim, the thousands
gone, the rising of those ghostly visit-
ants, the solemn air their presence
sheds around and within his soul.
There is, perhaps, in human language
only one perfect and faultless descrip-
tion of such visitation, and that is
found in the oldest portion of the oldest
Book—"In thoughts from the visions
of the night, when deep sleep falleth
upon men, fear came upon me, and
trembling, which made all my bones to
shake; then a spirit passed before my
face; the hair of my flesh stood up; it
stood still, but I could not discern the
form thereof; an image was before
mine eyes; I heard a still voice saying,
'Shall mortal man be more just than
God?'" To compare with this, Mr.
Warren's, or any analogous descrip-
tion, were an insult to the common
sense of our readers. It stands alone
and unapproachable in its severe sim-
plicity and chastened awe. And it so
arises to our remembrance, and so op-
presses our spirit, whenever we read
an attempt to express such ghostly visi-
tation, that all such attempts wear to
us the guise of inefficiency and failure.
Yet we think that to many Mr. War-
ren's will not be unimpressive. There
is throughout the whole passage much
that may be eminently suggestive, even
though, as a whole, the picture of such
ghostly arising leaves the imagination
and the feeling unsatisfied, in compa-

rison with that instinct of awe and mystery which awakens at the barest intimation of such emergence of shadowy presence :—

“The seventy thousand gone ! All gone,
And I, ALONE !

—How dread this silence !

The seventy thousand, with bright sunshine, gone,

And I alone—and moonlight all irradiates solemnly.

All gone!—the living stream, with its mysterious hum——

My brethren ! and my sisters gone ! From every clime, of every hue and every tongue !

But a few hours ago, all here : gleeful, eager, curious, all,

Admiring, all—instructed, thousands——

Some, stirred with deep thoughts, and fixed on musings strange——

But now, thus far on in the night, all, all, asleep——Past, Present, Future, melted into ONE.

—Dream-dazzled some — seeing all the world, and all its denizens at once—in every place at once——hearing again the murmur——hum——the pealing organ——

Ay, all alone——

The very BEES, wearied, are all asleep in yonder hive of theirs,

Save where before the porch stand their sentinels, within, without—all vigilant, as ours.

There's not a breath of sighing air to wake yon sleeping flowers, or stir the leaves of yon high Trees, stately sentries o'er the Flowers.

Yon banners all hang waveless — their proud devices now scarce visible——

Embleming Nations, restless ! stern ! in battle order seeming even yet !—startled some, convulsed but recently.

But now, at length, ASLEEP—all here, sleeping grandly secure, serene, reliant—Lately worn with war and tumult : now

Soothed into repose by sights and sounds of an unwonted Unity, and Peace and Concord,

As though they owned the Presence awful, of Him

Who maketh Wars to cease in all the world,

Saying, Be still, and know that I am God.

Mighty nations ! all in glorious Congress met, as ye never met before, and may never meet again, When ye wake up, be it with thoughts of Peace,

Peace, lovely Peace,

Come from the God of Peace !——

O, could this concord last ! and blessed harmony enwrap this troubled globe,

Rolling through Heaven in its appointed course,

Before the eye of God, Well Pleased,

The God of Peace !

—Am I *alone* ! And do I wake ?—or sleep ?—or dream ?

Hark ! A sound ! startling my soul !

A toll profound——

The hollow tongue of Time, telling its awful Flight——now, to no ear save mine !

Heard I ever here that solemn sound before ? Or did my million fellows hear, or note ?

Now dies the sound away,

But upwaketh, as it goes, Memories of ages past ! The Gone,

THEY COME ! THEY RISE ! THEY RE-APPEAR ;

It is an awful sight——

Man from the grave, around one Man upon the Earth——

Man in eternity, around one Man in Time, Immortality Mortality surrounding,

Melting my soul away.

They see me not—yet I their presence feel
Fearfully—my ghostly kindred all——”

Turn we now to a gentler theme. We have heard the lesson of the Bee ; we have read its teachings of a mightier than all human power, a wiser than all human wisdom, working with unfailing certainty and unresting energy, through instrument that our foot can crush. What says the Flower to us—the flower crowned above all her sisters by no human hand ? She completes the lesson, and adds to these intimations of almighty power and omniscient wisdom the assurance of unchanging love ; stands forth before us the living symbol, the lovely emblem, of the grace which put on human presence and incarnate manifestation in Him, whose words have sanctified it above all flowers to man for ever. King and conqueror, philosopher and sage, moralist and poet, have seen around them, in those gathered treasures of human achievement, universal and all-embracing indications of change ; have mourned over desolations long fulfilled, or stood amazed and perplexed amid the signs of revolution hurrying on without rest and without end. Where shall they—where shall we—find rest amid this unresting whirl ? Where shall we stay ourselves that we be not swept utterly away before it ? The Lily tells us : whispers in our heart of hearts the message it has received from him who only knows the Father, and calls us to rest in Him and His love, “with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.” It stands before us, reflecting no mere light of nature, such as might have been discerned by thoughtful eye and earnest heart amid the dimness of natural faith, or the brooding darkness of heathenism ; but radiant

with the light directly caught from Him who came to be the light and the life of men, breathing of peace in all our fears, whispering consolation in our every sorrow, hope for our worst despairing; because charged by Him with message of all-sufficient and unchanging grace. Let Mr. Warren himself be its interpreter to us; the passage is a long one, but it were something like sacrilege to abridge it:—

“Lily! Thou com'st to me, All Through,
All Down the distant starry heaven,

A Messenger! with Heavenly message
fraught!

I see a glory in Thee, Now,
And bow my head, in reverence.

O, Queen of Flowers!

Chosen from thy sisterhood,

So fair and fragrant all,

Full Eighteen Hundred years ago,

To wear the Diadem,

Then placed upon thy beauteous brow,

Ever since, The Queen of Flowers!

Hail, Queen!

O, lovely Majesty!

Exalted thus, by One

Who made both Thee, and Me;

And while He trod the earth,

Its present God, who made both Earth
and Heaven,

Pointed with radiant finger to thy fault-
less form,

But little thought of by his creature,
Man,

And showing Thee, to Him—

O, flower of the field!

Which to-day, art,

And art, to-morrow,

Cast into the oven:

—He who Knows, as man can never know,

As the Maker knows His work,

Creator, His Creation;

As before Omniscient eye thou stood'st,

Unconscious, blooming loveliness,

In Glory all Arrayed,

Eclipsing Solomon, in all his glory!

King, by a Queen!

Man, by a Flower!

Lovely Lily, Queen of Flowers!

O what grace and glory thine!

And exhaling fragrance, too!

Sweeter, infinitely far, than sweetest of
perfumes!

O neglected Queen of Flowers! Benignant
one!

Blooming then, and ever since, and now,

Balm diffusing for the Broken-hearted!

Hope for Hopeless!

Faith for Faithless!

Emblem divine!

From thy fragrant bosom, stream unseen,
Into my heart, with care oppressed, with
trouble laden,

Sweetness from Heaven!

Wisdom! Goodness!

VOL. XXXIX.—NO. CCXXIX.

Pride abasing, raising Lowliness,
Presumption, and Distrust,
Reproving with a tender Majesty,
God, man.

Cease, then, aching and repining heart!

Come, thou Lily,

So royally arrayed with Glory out of
Heaven,

Thou, the Lovely, ever Loved!

Thou hallowed, hallowing Flower!

Come, thou mystic lovely One!

Whispering tenderly of Heaven,

Come, let me humbly press thee to my
heart—

Stillling its throb, and silencing its sigh.

O thou sweet Flower!

See! the tears I shed, and all for love of
Thee!

From a heart so overcharged,

Gently by thyself distilled.

—Peace, troubled Heart!

Peace! Be still!

Before the Flower, whereby,

One dead, Yet Speaketh,

Sitting on the throne of God,

Unto the listening heart of Man,

His Dearly Loved,

And Life-bought Man.

I hear! and Make me ever hear!

That still small Voice.

— So shall I never know Despair,

Nor see his fell eye fixed on mine.

Poor! poor, 'mid all This Wealth,

Within this Palace all so glorious,

Truly deemed,

Standing alone,

With Gems, and Gold, and Silver,

Ruby, crystal, coral, pearl,

And all Precious Things,

Glistening everywhere around:

If my spirit for a moment falter,

Lily, I will think of thee,

And living, hope and love, and patient
wait,

And peaceful die,

With the Lily on my heart,

Sweetly stilled, in death.

So, HE Who chooseth Things which are
Despised,

Even as I, poor worm, perchance!

Yea, Things which are not,

To bring to nought the Things that Are,

That no flesh should glory in His Presence,

By this Flower,

Hath spoken loudly unto Man,

While proudest Art, stands all abashed,
as naught, in Nature's presence.

And when He speaks,

And wherever,

And in any way He will,

Silence, O Man!

And meekly hear,

• Lest happily He should say,

I have spoke in vain,

Man will not hear
His God,
Here and Now only,
Will not hear,
But Hereafter shall.

So, sweetest of sweet Flowers, I softly
press thee yet again,
With a tremulous hand,
Unto a loving chastened heart,
By Affliction chastened, sometimes sore.
Come, let me gently take thee reverently
from parent earth,
For thou art freshly sprung from God:
And looking here around, with all un-
dazzled eye,
While fade away these little things of
Man,
'Time, sense,
Then fix my steadfast gaze on thee,
O, LILY,
A SON, upon the emblem blooming,
Of an ALMIGHTY FATHER's Power and
Love."

We do not envy him or her who
can rise from the perusal of the Lily
and the Bee unimpressed, unsolem-
nised, unwarned, unsoothed. There
is no book on which it were easier to
be *critical*, provided only the heart be
sufficiently dead within us, and the very

power of all higher feeling
emotion lost to us; no bo-
which sneer and sarcasm con-
easily levelled, that might
those as heartless and fee-
the sneerer; and from w-
rate lines or phrases migh-
easily detached, that migh-
justify such contempt. V-
there has been no power i-
thus critical upon it; that
along overpowered before
of its thought and emotion;
all attempt to analyse its s-
investigate its aim had been i-
less we had put it far awa-
and studied first our re-
rather than the actuality of
the mass of contemporaneou-
will correspond with our ve-
we do not anticipate; but
believe the ultimate verdict
that Mr. Warren has produc-
Lily and the Bee, one of t-
poems of the day; and the
mate issue will be that he ha-
a work, which will survive
vidual memories of the Cry-
and its Great Exhibition h-
away.

THRENODY.

TO J. H.

On thy breast fair flowers blow,
And, while seasons come and go,
Ever sadly blossom so.

Wailing winds the green grass wave,
Which enwraps thine early grave;
Sweetest showers its verdure lave.

Nigh thy resting-place, God-given,
Solemn sounds be heard at even,
Rising slowly up to heaven.

And the redbreast's wail of woe
Sigh along the winter snow,
'Neath whose shroud thou liest low.

Till the Resurrection come,
Rest thou in thy flowering tomb;
Thy God then shall call thee home.

W. G.

GEOLOGY AND THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—in an article in your last number, entitled “The Present State of Geology,” the writer attacks the “Vestiges of Creation,” rather by unfavourable inferences, as to what its doctrines lead to, than by particular arguments. He refers, however, to the work of Mr. Hugh Miller (“Footprints of the Creator”) for a conclusive victory over the first-mentioned treatise, and this he proceeds to give in some detail. Will you allow me, a candid geologist, and, as I hope, a rational Christian, to point out that the desired victory over the work in question is not attained, as your contributor assumes, by any recent discovery regarding the order of fossils, but that, on the contrary, your contributor’s author, Mr. Miller, and consequently your contributor himself, have been very unfortunate in this respect?

Your contributor says, “When he (the author of the ‘Vestiges’) demands a fish from an early fossiliferous formation,” Mr. Miller “knocks him down with an enormous ‘asterolepis’ from the old red sandstone of Orkney. This *asterolepis* is an ugly customer, more difficult to dispose of than a folio of metaphysics. It appears a positive fact against a negative argument.” The public might infer from this that the author of the “Vestiges” had assumed the old red sandstone to be devoid of remains of fish, and that the discovery of the *asterolepis* was conclusive against his theory. Now the facts of the case are, that the “Vestiges” acknowledged fish, even in the lower and more ancient formation, called the Upper Silurian, and the strength of Mr. Miller’s argument from the *asterolepis* is, not in its being a creature of the very earliest era of its class, but in its being from an early era, and yet a creature both large and highly organised. From the fact of fish having existed in several groups of strata antecedent to that in which the *asterolepis* was found, I have always looked upon Mr. Miller’s exposition of the characters of

that fossil, ingenious and pains-taking as it is, as very much labour thrown away, so far as his object of overthrowing the development theory is concerned.

Your contributor, after all, admits that to drive the author of the “Vestiges” out of his chosen field of battle, “we must find a fish for him in an earlier formation.” “Building,” he says, “on the insecure ground of negative evidence up to a certain date, and disregarding [this is not true] the fact that ever since the publication of Sir Roderick Murchison’s great work on the Silurian System in 1839, ichthyolites were known to occur in that formation, the author of the ‘Vestiges’ asserts as a leading corroboration of his principle of creation, that the first seas were for numberless ages destitute of fish. ‘I pin my opponents,’ says he, ‘down to the consideration of this fact, so that no diversion respecting high mollusks shall avail them.’ ‘And how,’ retorts Mr. Miller, ‘is this bold challenge to be met?’ Most directly, and after a fashion that at once discomfits the challenger. . . ‘I, in my turn, pin you down, I reply, to the consideration of the antagonist fact, that fishes were *not* absent from the earliest fossiliferous formations.’ . . . He then proceeds to show, on authorities that will not be disputed, viz., Sir Roderick Murchison, Professors Sedgwick and Phillips, that the *Onchus* has been found in the Llandeilo flags and in the Lower Silurian rocks of Bala, and the defensive spines of *Placoids* in the Oriskany and Onondago limestone of New York, rocks which occur near the base of the Upper Silurian System, as developed in the western world.”

In reality, this portion of Mr. Miller’s book, though comparatively small, is the most important, seeing that the question of an era of invertebrate animals is truly one of the utmost consequence to the development theory. But your contributor will hear with surprise and regret that the boastful words of Mr. Miller on this point have

been premature. The blame, I must say, is not primarily his; but that is of little consequence.

In the November number of the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society* is a paper recently read before that body by Mr. J. W. Salter, a palæontologist of the first authority. He tells how he and Professor Sedgwick, in 1846, found on a slab of the Llandeilo limestone "a compressed and tapering fossil, longitudinally ribbed, and bearing so much resemblance to the defensive fish-bone called *onchus*," that he at once named it so. In the winter of that year, the professor "announced the discovery of defences of fishes in the Upper Llandeilo flags of South Wales." During the same year, the geological surveyors discovered, at Bala, "a fragment curved like some *onchi*, and, like the Llandeilo one before noticed, striated lengthwise." It was "only cursorily examined," but nevertheless "entered in our rough catalogues as a fish defence." Sir Roderick Murchison also adduced it, in a Memoir on the Classification of the Older Rocks, "as an argument for the union of the fossiliferous rocks of North Wales with the Lower Silurian—a point now established on other grounds."

Such were the slender materials on which Professor Sedgwick and Sir Roderick Murchison grounded when they led Mr. Miller into a belief that the rocks below the Upper Silurians were no longer devoid of vertebrate fossils!

Mr. Salter now announces that the fish-spine found at Bala is, in reality, "half the rostral shield of a trilobite common there—the *Illænus Davisii*—and that its resemblance to an *Onchus* was due merely to its being broken in half and obscured by stone." He adds—"The Bala fish being thus disposed of, the probability of the Llandeilo one being equally spurious, became manifest; and I was not at all surprised to find it described last year by Professor M'Coy as a new genus of asteroid zoophyte, probably allied to the glass-plant."

So much for Mr. Miller's "authorities that will not be disputed," and particularly for Professor Sedgwick, whom he describes as "one of the most cautious and practised geologists of the present age." To receive, on a *cursorial examination*, a fragment of

the most abundant of fossil crustaceans as a fish defence, even though found in so startling a situation, is, indeed, a fine specimen of caution. In his famous review of the *Vestiges*, in the *Edinburgh*, he says—"To perceive resemblances is the habit of a child. To perceive the differences of things is another faculty essential to advanced knowledge." When he found something resembling a fragment of a fish, where fish had never been found before, had he remembered this maxim before agreeing to accept it as a fish, the anti-Vestigeian cause might have been spared this disgraceful defeat; the more disgraceful, as the reversal of an assumed victory.

As for the defensive spines of *Placoids* found in the Onondago limestone and Oriskany sandstone of New York, it is of no consequence whatever in the question, even if they should not turn out, like Sedgwick and Murchison's fish defences, to be fragments of a crustacean or a zoophyte, for these rocks are above the Lower Silurian formation—that section of the palæozoic series about which the question truly exists.

As this formation is of enormous thickness and chronicles a vast portion of time, we must be prepared to admit in all candour that for the mean time the development theory has an advantage on its side in respect of negative evidence. An invertebrate era of great extent is what it originally assumed, and we can as yet say nothing positive to the contrary. Mr. Salter does, indeed, adduce "certain rounded black substances," which have suggested the idea of coprolites, and by a train of reasoning from chemical analyses, would infer that these are indications of "animals of high organization" in the era of the Llandeilo flags. But on such doubtful intimations little, I apprehend, can as yet be founded, especially after what we have seen of the unscrupulousness of geologists in admitting evidence for fish. And even though the Llandeilo flags should be ascertained to contain traces of such animals, there are still lower fossiliferous rocks in which nothing like vertebrates have been found.

From a wish to warn such writers as your contributor against hasty triumphs, I may advert to some other matters stated in Mr. Salter's paper. First, let the reader understand that the Upper Silurian formation consists of five great

divisions, in the following ascending order:—1. Wenlock Shale; 2. Wenlock Limestone; 3. Lower Ludlow Rocks; 4. Aymestry Limestone; 5. Upper Ludlow Rocks. Mr. Miller presents fish in the Wenlock shale, on the authority of Professor Phillips,—a point of some consequence to his argument. Now Mr. Salter tells us that Mr. Phillips “thought he had found some minute remains of the kind, but now distinctly states that he must not be considered as authority for fish-remains in any stratum older than the upper beds of the Aymestry limestone.”

Thought he had found! here is one considerable piece of recovered ground to the development theory. Next above is the Wenlock limestone. In Sedgwick's review of the *Vestiges*, in the *Edinburgh*, there was a great crow over “characteristic portions of a fish,” indicating a Cestracient of the Placoid family, from the shells alternating with the Wenlock limestone, “proving to demonstration *that the oldest known fossil fish belongs to the highest type of that division of the vertebrata.*” (I give the Professor's own italics.) Mr. Salter now reports the Rev. P. B. Brodie's account of the discovery of this fossil:—“A friend of his, interested in the collection of organic remains, but not a practical geologist, found two of these bones lying together mixed with the ordinary shells and corals of the locality, in the Longhope quarry. Mr. Brodie visited the spot with him and ascertained the exact locality; he then sent the specimen here figured to Sir P. Egerton, who at once pronounced it a cestracient fish, and under that title it was mentioned by the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. But, unfortunately, I think, for its authenticity, it was found lying loose among the debris of the quarry, not imbedded in the shale; and it has such a suspicious resemblance to certain fish palates which occur in the mountain limestone quarries of Mitchel Dean, not four miles distant, that I confess I have the greatest doubts as to its origin. It is not at all unlikely that quarrymen of Mitchel Dean, who pick up these showy fossils, might be working in the Longhope quarry, and drop them from their pockets.”

The carelessness and rashness here exposed are, I must confess, astounding; and anxiety to overthrow the development theory can, of course, be no excuse for it. On the contrary, the opponents of that theory have grounds of heavy blame against those who have laid them open to so severe a blow as this exposure inflicts. The result of the whole is that the invertebrate era of the *Vestiges* remains exactly as it originally was represented in that work, with the additional force derived from so many ignominious attempts to undermine it.

Having only given particular attention to the geological part of this question, I do not feel called upon to make any further remarks; but I cannot close without expressing my great regret that geologists should have exposed themselves so extremely to one whom they have pretty generally proclaimed as a rash theorist. He may now not unreasonably ask if excessive scientific caution is only required when a great generalisation like his is to be entered upon; and if any degree of superficiality in observation will do when such a generalisation is to be opposed? Had he ever grounded upon a single fossil, “cursorily examined,” or upon one which had only been found loose amongst debris, and which might have been dropped from a workman's pocket, what merriment it would have given rise to! How unsparing would have been the irritable Woodwardian professor! But from pity to my own order, I must refrain from pursuing this humiliating theme.

I am, &c.,

A CANDID GEOLOGIST.

December, 1851.

P.S.—Footmarks of a reptile have lately been announced from the Potsdam Sandstone in Canada (supposed to be equivalent to some of our Lower Silurian); and if this fact were true, it would be a staggerer to all present views regarding these early rocks. But I must confess that I cannot put much faith in any such sporadic or exceptional instances, after the sad fate of the *Onchus* species of the Bala and Llandeilo rocks.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LXVI.

SIR JAMES EMERSON TENNENT.

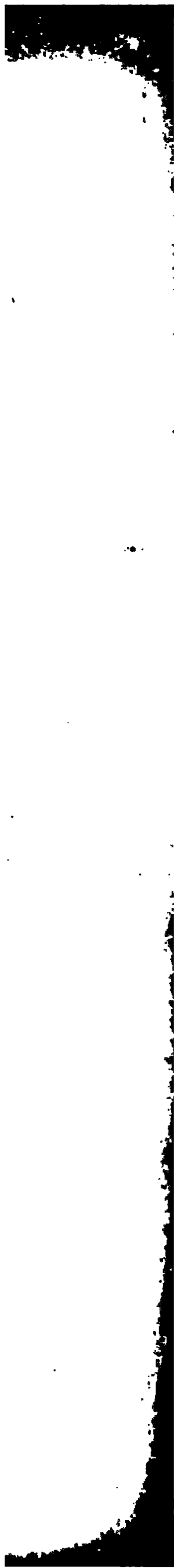
To form a just estimate of public men, in a spirit of fairness, is more difficult than at first may appear. It is sometimes arrived at under bias, or without consideration; the mind and feelings prejudiced, whilst information, partial and garbled, supplies the evidence on which a verdict is pronounced: this cannot be satisfactory; but worse, it may often be unjust. As Christianity, in its simple power, enters more earnestly into our every-day life, generosity of feeling will secure a more fair and candid temper; and thus will impart a better tone to public opinion. Sketches of public men are but the collation of such leading incidents as assist us in weighing and understanding their character; and if the reader is bound in duty to be just in his conclusions, the writer is not less bound to be accurate in his narrative.

James Emerson (now Sir James Emerson Tennent) was born in Belfast, in the year 1804; and in the same town, with Mr. Napier, the Member for our University. His early years were spent in the midst of the beautiful scenery of the valley of the Lagan, which probably may have had its influence in maturing a taste for the fine arts, and encouraging the pursuit of natural history, which have always distinguished Sir James, who has been the kind and earnest patron of the arts, and the friend of struggling genius. In our sketch of Mr. Macdowell, the sculptor, his name is honourably noticed. At the Belfast Academy, then under the management of the late Dr. Bruce, a most accomplished scholar, he received his early education. This school has enrolled in its annals the names of Sir Henry Pottinger and the Rev. Thomas Romney Robinson, with other distinguished pupils. Of all the teachers within its walls, there was one who is remembered by almost every merchant of standing in Belfast, one of the most remarkable men in his class of life; he was the famous writing-master, old Robert Telfair. The right hand had not a finger on it; it was a round stump, with a kind of cleft in the centre; the left had only the thumb and fore-finger, the rest a lump of flesh and bone. He could flog, mend pens, or dash off elegant writing with the most finished facility; nor was he less famous for a round of quaint maxims, which made up a system of philosophy for the school, a code of laws which have helped to form the character of many merchants and several public men, who enjoyed the advantage of his instruction.

Here it was that Sir James first learned to wield the pen of a ready writer. His taste for drawing came in aid, and his copy very soon attracted the notice of "Taffy," for such was the familiar name of the old Socrates. At the close of each week, a specimen piece of writing was prepared for home inspection. On this was endorsed in red ink, by the celebrated finger and thumb, the average character of the week. "Attentive and improving," was the great encomium; "tricky betimes," the censure, which was accompanied with a remembrancer, both "real and personal," upon a nameless quarter. The singular habits of this most singular man, encouraged in some degree the manœuvres of his pupils. He had an evening school, not in the academy, and here also Sir James attended. An ancient clock stood behind the antique chair in which the old man sate, from 5, P.M. until 6.30. Once a week, at a uniform hour, with his back to the school, standing on the chair, he wound the clock with the wonderful finger and thumb. Every left hand in the school, braced up in exact imitation, performed the same revolutions. The cane, well spliced with waxed thread, reposed on the mantel-piece. At the fire it was lawful to stand, facing it, for a few minutes; but it was felony to turn your back to it; this practice, he said, led to "clubbing" (loose chat), and the hinder part should only be warmed by his own hand and the redoubted cane. Many a time was the announcement made, that the full moon or the setting sun might envy the bloom he would impart to the region of soft impressions. He had a thorough contempt for the British rule of letting guilt escape rather than possibly condemn innocence. No, he said, better to lay



J. Emu Tennent
Glasgow 1877



on a few of "the tricky lads," than suffer a "caitiff" to go unpunished. And looking on certain speedy punishment as a *sine quâ non*, whenever any mischief was done, of which the author could not be discovered, he selected six of the most likely to be offenders, and turned them over the end of a desk, where a genuine half dozen was impartially administered to each with the cane, "the thickness of the judge's little finger," which he declared to be in accordance with the law of the land.

The Member for the University, as well as Sir James, has occasionally had his place amongst the selected six; yet both were peculiar favourites—light-hearted, young, and playful: a good copy always ready, and a merry trick often prepared, whilst old Taffy in his chair, after all the pens were mended, and the school in full work, would delight and instruct the upper form with anecdotes and maxims, all adapted to commend habits of industry and homely virtue.

On one occasion Sir James had vexed him, and he made up his mind to tell the father of his pupil wherein his son had been guilty. He was on terms of great familiarity with all the parents; so he sauntered off at seven o'clock with his indictment prepared. On the next evening when Sir James came to the school, just after the catalogue was called, he was summoned up to the side of the magisterial chair, and addressed thus:—"I went to tell your father of your misdeeds; but when I went in, he produced to me some of your drawings; he was proud of you, you caitiff; it softened me, I could not bear to bring the old man's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, and I determined to give you a free pardon. Redeem the time." The quaint but genuine appeal to good feeling met its reponse, and Sir James soon recovered his position by diligence and good writing. Arnold has dignified the true theory of education, but as a plain practical affair, this wonderful old man had reduced it to working order. It was not merely in drawing that Sir James's taste for the fine arts was manifested, but in modelling, gilding, and the kindred employments of taste and skill. They drew him off, however, from severer studies.

In the year 1821 he entered the University of Dublin under the Rev. J. H. Singer, D. D. He does not appear to have laboured for University honours: and, although he was well taught in his classics, he did not give himself to them in good earnest, and still less to the exact sciences, which form so large and important a branch of Collegiate study. The attractions of general literature absorbed his energies; and, except in the catechetical examinations, his College course was not distinguished. Natural history had engaged his attention: he was, about this period, one of the early founders of the Belfast Natural History Society, the influence of which has since been so great in exciting an interest through Ulster for this delightful and instructive study. The Museum of the Society at Belfast has been enriched with many gifts, which, with industry and taste, have been collected by Sir James, in his travels, in various countries.

Addicted thus to the pursuits of lighter literature, and natural history, buoyant and enthusiastic, he was attracted by a proposal to visit Greece in company with a fellow-pupil and townsman, the present Member for Belfast, Robert James Tennent. This was about the year 1824. In the spring of this year Lord Byron had died. The two young "liberators" travelled across the Continent, wintered in Italy, and, in the next spring, landed in the Morea. He soon afterwards accepted service as a Lieutenant of Artillery in the corps then formed at Napoli de Romania, then the seat of government. The fate of Greece at this time was most critical: an unequal struggle had been maintained by her own efforts against the whole force of the Ottoman Empire: European governments lavished their professions of sympathy. Her strength was pining, her life ebbing, whilst each successive campaign gave new strength to the Turks.

The Pacha of Egypt, Mahomed Ali, sent the flower of his army on board a powerful fleet: he placed it under the command of his distinguished son, Ibrahim Pacha, whose orders were to land in the Morea, and not to leave it until it should be reconquered for the Porte. The Greek Government relied on its heroic fleet, manned by the seamen of Hydra and the Cyclades. This was commanded by the brave Miaoulis, aided by Canaris, the celebrated brulotier, whose fireships had already saved Greece from final subjection.

Sir James received an appointment on board the admiral's flagship. The fleet of nearly seventy sail encountered the Egyptian fleet of Ibrahim Pacha, consisting

of one hundred and twenty sail, including ships of the line, off the southern coast of Candia. A general action took place: the fireships of Canaris destroyed numbers of the Ottoman vessels; but the fleet escaped, chased and checked by the Greek fleet for the ensuing month. Meanwhile the Sultan sailed from the Dardanelles, joined the Egyptian squadron, and landed the troops in the Morea, which they overrun, and eventually laid siege to Athens.

The Governments of Europe at length were aroused: England, France, and Russia interposed; the decisive action at Navarino was fought in 1826; and the destruction of the combined Ottoman fleet led to the final liberation of Greece, and the erection of an independent monarchy.

Public sympathy had been much awakened by the first literary publication of Sir James—"A Picture of Greece in 1825." It appealed to European interference, as due to humanity. It was translated into French, republished in Paris in the same year, together with the interesting "Journal" of Count Pecchio, a companion and fellow-traveller of Sir James in Greece.

In 1828 there appeared from the ready pen of Sir James, his "Letters from the Ægean"—two delightful little volumes, describing the lovely scenery of the Levant, and the lingering traces of ancient customs, and illustrative of allusions in Holy Writ, especially in the New Testament.

From the recent memoir of the poet Campbell, it appears that Sir James contributed valuable papers to the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and there is reason to believe that our periodical literature is indebted to him for many important contributions in the interval between 1826 and 1832.

In 1830, a work, requiring diligent study and deep research, emanated from his pen. It was entitled, "The History of Modern Greece, from its Conquest by the Romans, B.C. 146, to the Present Time. 2 vols. 8vo." It was dedicated to the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin; and as a mark of their respect for the author they afterwards, in 1842, conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. This history is valuable as the only work in English literature which treats of the annals of Greece during the middle ages. The bulky tomes of the Byzantine historians and the obscure chronicles of Italian and Spanish authors had to be melted down—a labour which needed a chivalrous spirit to encounter.

The doctrines of the Greek Church and its history; the decline of the ancient language of Hellas; the formation of the modern Romaic; specimens of modern Greek literature; the decay of architecture, sculpture, and painting in this once favoured land, form the interesting subjects of this remarkable work. It is a beautiful and simple testimony to the power of truth, to find the early training of a pious Christian mother in the literary productions of the child of her affections. In all his publications may be traced the skill and taste of the artist—the ardent lover of those scenes of nature, whereon God has impressed the soft beauty of landscape or the grandeur of sea or mountain; but beyond, and above all, the magnifying, upholding, illustrating, and honouring openly the Word of God, are never omitted when a word in season is properly available.

About the year 1830 he was called to the English bar, and, in 1831, married the only daughter of the late William Tennent, of Belfast, an eminent banker. On his death, in 1832, Sir James, in conformity with the will of his father-in-law, assumed the surname of Tennent, and succeeded to the properties in the counties of Antrim, Fermanagh, and Sligo. He is a Deputy-Lieutenant of Fermanagh.

The demesne and ancient mansion of Tempo, in this county, to which he has succeeded, has been rendered a place of note by the pen of our gifted country-woman, Maria Edgeworth. It is the scene of "Castle Rackrent," one of the most popular of the graphic sketches of this distinguished lady.

A new era now opens in the life of Sir James. His native town had just acquired, under the Reform Bill, the privilege of choosing representatives for the Imperial Parliament. It is not possible to speak of the progress of industry, intelligence, and order; the increase of population, manufactures, wealth, and commerce in this prosperous locality, without a short pause for review and reflection. Belfast had been formerly remarkable for its radical and (to some extent) seditious spirit in bygone days. In 1798, it was a plague spot. Afterwards it attracted a West Indian trade, small but remunerative; there were also some sugar-houses for refining, but few manufactures. The cotton-spinning, which had been introduced to a limited extent, had to contend with rival establishments in Glasgow and

Manchester ; whilst both the raw material and the manufactured yarn had to bear heavy charges for carriage before it came to its profitable destination. A few large mills were kept at work, but it never flourished as a trade. It was forced, and not remunerative.

About the year 1827, the spinning of flax was first established by a family whose name is identified with the subsequent prosperity of their native town—its manufacturing progress, the instructive example of what can be achieved by careful diligence, well-directed effort, unswerving uprightness—in a word, by prudence and skill, by industry and virtue. The Messrs. Mulholland, then and still the attached friends of Sir James, laid the foundation of this wonderful manufacturing movement, which has achieved such national results. They selected a manufacture suited to the capabilities of the country and the linen trade, upon which could be made available the largest amount of local advantages. They were men of sterling character ; by honest industry and prudence they accumulated capital, and, at the right time, applied it judiciously to a well-selected object. God gave a blessing to their labours ; nor have they ever forgotten that the property of the merchant and manufacturer, not less than that of the landlord, has its duties as well as its rights. In every good work they are ready with their influence and their purse.

About the year 1810, the Academical Institution had been built and opened. Sheridan Knowles, the first of English teachers, was then in Belfast, and, in many families, plain but pious parents were engaged in obtaining for their children the benefit and blessing of good education.

The provision trade, and the war prices, had brought money to the town ; and the linen manufacture invited, as it has rewarded, enterprize, and the employment of capital. The young were acquiring knowledge, the older accumulating capital ; industry expelling discontent, and intelligence subduing disaffection. Intelligence and education thus progressing and maturing, Belfast, throbbing with new life and vigour, was invested with the privilege of choosing representatives. It had been gradually shifting from Radicalism, finally subdued into the stronghold of Whiggery. The rippling on the surface of society indicated this as the prevailing character ; but beneath was a deep, latent Conservative flow of increasing intelligence, and successful industry : a class of men was growing up, neither required nor inclined to intermeddle with local or general politics ; in fact indisposed to step beyond the proper line of duty in their routine of daily life.

The Whig party, spontaneously active and vigilant, having a ready capital to work upon, wherever either education or employment had not sufficiently displaced discontent or disaffection ; and even to such as were otherwise intelligent and industrious, but unwilling to be quiet or inactive, the opportunity for acquiring notoriety, or securing early consequence under the assumption of liberality or public spirit, was conveniently offered. Men of substance, cautious and unobtrusive, may improve, but will not create opportunities for public or political interference ; but where by sound preparatory processes, education and industry have secured a trading capital of intelligence and property, popular power will generally develope and increase the Conservative element.

So it was with Belfast. With the extension of popular representation, preceded by education diffused and education encouraged, the town has burst into a state of prosperity almost without a parallel. It is now the pride of Ulster and the hope of Ireland. Its schools, its public institutions, its churches and congregations ; its harbour, docks, and quays ; its numerous and extensive mills ; its banks ; its railways ; its industrious people ; the spirit and energy of improvement ; the self-reliance and stability which characterise its general progress, have diffused over and around the district such happy influences as cannot but radiate over other parts of Ireland. It is now some years ago, since the late Lord Chief Justice Bushe was standing at a point which commanded a perspective view of the district between Carrickfergus and Belfast. “How charming,” said he, “is that prospect. Not for its natural beauty, which is great indeed, but there is a moral loveliness suffused over it all.” Since then, how multiplied the forms, how accelerated the progress of prosperity in Belfast !

In 1832, the influences of the educational and other agencies at once entered into the arrangements for the election of representatives. These were on the side of the young distinguished townsman. Educated in the town, an active

member of literary and historical societies, imbued with public spirit and not unused to the activity of public life ; with reputation as an author, with ready eloquence, and untiring energy, Sir James was naturally pointed out for the new post of honour, under an arrangement giving to the lord of the soil one member, the independent electors to choose another. The views of Sir James were naturally of a liberal cast ; all his early associations and course of life led to this. He advocated the removal of civil disabilities from the Roman Catholics, and the extension of the suffrage under the Reform Bill ; but, at the same time, he was deeply and intelligently attached to all the great institutions of the country, and resolved to maintain the inviolability of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland.

Many more experienced men had supposed that by a generous and timely concession of civil equality, Ireland would enjoy repose, and Irishmen combine for the advancement of their common country. But popular power, in league with priestcraft and sedition, soon opened the new chapter of the Repeal agitation. The sagacious and industrious Northerners, the firm friends of British connexion, were combined against this delusive and dangerous project. They saw it was the device of fanatical priests and factious demagogues, willing to sacrifice the great interests of Ireland for their own selfish and sectarian objects. It had the effect of uniting, in common co-operation, men of different shades and degrees of politics in Belfast, and these, supporting Sir James with united strength, he and Lord Arthur Chichester, son of the then Marquis of Donegal, were returned in opposition to Sharman Crawford and Robert J. Tennent, the present member. Neither of the unsuccessful candidates was sufficiently explicit in his declaration against Repeal.

The Whig party in the town had not before had their strength measured or their real power tested. Sir James had concentrated in his favour personal friends from the ranks of the liberal sections, many of whom concurred with him in general policy ; whilst Conservatives supported him on principle, as one sincerely and intelligently attached to the institutions of the country, and especially to the maintenance of the Imperial Union. The two candidates on the Conservative side were, therefore, returned—a most galling result to the “demagogue” party, and unsatisfactory to a very different class, men in their way respectable and intelligent, but too shallow and superficial in their politics to work out, in a comprehensive spirit of co-operation, the real good of a country so peculiarly circumstanced as Ireland. A bitter conflict of contending parties followed. Many look back on it with regret : more with real profit, regarding it as the price of privilege under a free constitution, the discipline which is almost unavoidable in the early stages of extended influence and increase of popular power.

At this time the Earl of Derby, then Mr. Stanley, was the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Chivalrous, eloquent, and intrepid, he was what he is, in all the great outline of his character, but had not then manifested what he has since so unequivocally shown, a wise and cautious moderation, which testifies the prudent spirit of the statesman, reposing in the calmness of conscious strength. Circumstances then called forth his great powers of debate, his smiting sarcasm, his vigorous and syllogistic eloquence. Sir James at once fell into his ranks, and never ceased to acknowledge allegiance to this truly honourable, high-minded, and able chief.

When the treacherous attack was made on the Irish Church, by the supporters of the celebrated Appropriation Clause, Sir James voted with the Conservative party, by whom it was valiantly opposed. In the second session of his political career he was selected by Lord Derby to discharge a duty of no ordinary importance. Mr. O'Connell, then in the House of Commons, was challenged to debate the Repeal question : the opposition was confided to Lord Monteagle (then Mr. Spring Rice) and Sir James E. Tennent. The speeches of the mover and seconder were triumphant. O'Connell never renewed the discussion in the house ; nor has it since been ever seriously propounded as an open question.

At this time the secession of the Duke of Richmond, Lord Ripon, Sir J. Graham, and Mr. Stanley took place. Sir Robert Peel commenced the great task of consolidating a powerful, intelligent Conservative party ; and of all the Irish members, who had supported the general policy of Lord Grey, Sir James E. Tennent was the only one who gave his adhesion to the Conservative Opposition under the guidance of Sir Robert Peel, and the sanction and support of Mr. Stanley.

A troublous period followed, in which the great principles of the Constitution passed through a fiery ordeal. Sir James gave his primary attention to questions of trade and manufactures, and made effective speeches in connexion with these interests. His speech on the timber trade of North America was acknowledged by the merchants of New Brunswick, who presented an address to him in a golden box. In the protection of the copyright of designs for the decoration of manufactured goods, printed calicoes, woven silks, carpets, and other articles, he took a very active and leading position, and brought in a bill, which was supported by Mr. Cobden. It was carried in 1842, and in 1843 many of the manufacturers whose interests were protected by this measure, presented Sir James, at Manchester, with a service of silver plate, of the value of £2,000, as a testimony of their gratitude. In carrying out his plan of protection, he determined to make himself acquainted with the state of manufactures in other countries, especially in Germany. This led to the publication of his work on Belgium, which appeared in 1841, and his *Treatise on the Copyright of Designs*.

In 1841, when Sir Robert Peel was entrusted with office, he appointed Sir James to the office of Joint Secretary to the Board of Control, of which Lord Ellenborough was president. In this he continued under Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey and the Earl of Ripon. Whilst in this office, it devolved on him to defend the policy of Lord Ellenborough in reference to the close of the Affghan war: the speech was in all respects creditable and effective. The late Archbishop of Canterbury confessed that he had intended to vote against Lord Ellenborough, in the Upper House, on the same question, but that the speech of Sir James had convinced him that he ought to vote in his lordship's favour, and with the Government of Sir R. Peel. A similar occurrence took place on the motion of Mr. Labouchere to admit foreign flour into Ireland, when Sir James supported the claims of the Irish millers. The late Mr. Shiel listened to the speech with earnest attention, avowed that it had changed his views, and followed up this avowal consistently, by voting with the Protectionists on this occasion.

A restless anxiety for continual change, and a healthful appetite for progressive improvement, are not to be confounded. Enlightened Conservative policy gives to the latter its cordial sanction; to the former, an uncompromising resistance. The circumstances of the country required to have its great institutions invigorated and adapted to the exigencies of the time. The extension of power and influence amongst the humbler classes necessitated the increased provision for education and religious training. In all the measures for these great national objects, Sir James had his part.

As a man of business, an attentive correspondent, a useful friend, and an impartial representative, who never declined the call of any constituent, whether a supporter or opponent, his merit is generally and unhesitatingly acknowledged by all parties. His peculiar habits of order and arrangement, the exactness with which he methodises papers and disposes of correspondence, the despatch of commissions, the promptness of action, and knowledge of all that is needed for busy public life, these give him a very great advantage in Parliamentary labours.

Before 1845 he had obtained, for some years, valuable training at the Board of Control. He had, with maps and books, laboured with intense industry to understand India; and his position and opportunities must have facilitated his researches. The Earl of Derby was then at the head of the Colonial Office, and found it necessary to deal decisively with a novel state of things in the important colony of Ceylon. Accumulated difficulty, arising from long neglect and mismanagement, had to be at once vigorously encountered; the public service had lapsed into a torpid, inefficient state, which could not, without peril, be much longer endured. "The Civil Service" of the colony formed a close corporation, which secured a strict monopoly of all public offices and employment. Family compacts and cliques superseded public requirements, screening incompetence and concealing impropriety. The result of all this was what must naturally have been expected.

We in Ireland can understand what we have felt and feel to be the curse of such government. Public patronage abused; paltry jealousies fomented; a provincial pettiness pervading the whole policy of the place; the intriguer generally successful, the upright seldom; merit not necessarily an obstacle, but never a title to public favour and reward.

When the state of things in Ceylon had thus degenerated, the office of Secretary of the colony became vacant. It combined the double duty of the leader of the Legislative Council and chief officer of the Executive. The Governor of Ceylon, the gallant Sir Colin Campbell, impressed on Lord Derby the importance of passing over the Civil Service, and selecting some efficient man, with administrative experience, to be sent out from home to aid in carrying on with vigour the government of the colony. The manner in which Sir James had filled the office which he then held; his reports and despatches, which had attracted the especial notice of the President, and obtained the emphatic approval of Sir Robert Peel, caused Lord Derby to offer him the vacant office, in compliance with Sir Colin Campbell's suggestion. In August, 1845, he resigned the secretaryship of the India Board, and Lord Mahon succeeded him in this office.

In 1842, the King of Greece had sent him the order of knighthood, in testimony both of his military services and literary labours; he also sent him the medal voted by the Greek senate to those who had carried arms during the war of the liberation; and our most gracious Sovereign gave permission to the new Secretary of Ceylon to accept and wear both, and now conferred on him the honour of knighthood—his present title, Sir James Emerson Tennent. In the autumn of 1845 he sailed for Ceylon. On arriving there, he soon found the influence of petty intrigue earnestly at work to frustrate and damage his efforts, and thus avenge the supposed wrong done to the civil service by his appointment over their heads. Whilst Sir Colin Campbell remained in Ceylon, this teasing trickery was not felt, because Sir Colin knew the parties, and was prepared to defeat all the attempts of this mean jealousy, and to support his secretary with energy and firmness. When Sir Colin's governorship terminated in 1847, the Whigs, after the events which displaced Sir Robert Peel, had returned to power, and Lord Grey was placed over the Colonial Office; and the vigorous, lion-hearted Stanley had ceased to be secretary.

Both at home and in Ceylon it was surmised that Sir James might be the new governor—that the interests of the colony would be considered, and party claims postponed. But the friend and supporter of Lord Stanley had his brand upon him, and this was sufficient to secure the scowl of Lord Grey; besides, Lord J. Russell had a young cousin unprovided, and Ceylon was accordingly honoured with the governorship of Lord Torrington. Family arrangements, in a domestic cabinet of caballing cousins, summoned into action the instinct of self-preservation, and the charity which begins and ends at home.

This young nobleman, utterly unfit for such an office, with many high personal qualities, but without any experience to train him for his new position, departed for Ceylon. He was aware that the official knowledge, administrative habits, and training of his secretary had been passed over, in order to do a small job for "the happy family," by his own appointment; and (as is not unusual under such circumstances with small men) he may have supposed it possible that the injured man might withhold confidence and give his Governor but a reluctant support.

He may have felt also his own utter incompetence to fill the office, and, therefore, if he could not calculate on a cordial support from the secretary, to enable him to fulfil, with any degree of safety, his own duties, his most prudent course might be to make himself independent of this injured and possibly resentful officer. Accordingly, he brought out with him two "trusty and well-beloved councillors;" one a private secretary, *who did his work*, *ex animo*; the other, a son-in-law of Mr. B. Hawes, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and NEPHEW OF DR. WISEMAN: this gentleman had been trained in diplomacy, by first receiving the education of a Jesuit priest, then obtaining a place in the West Indian Custom House, and next a "family provision" as Auditor-General in Ceylon.

The position of Sir James at this time was certainly most peculiar. Over the colonial department, the imperious, crooked-minded Lord Grey; under him the slippery Benjamin Hawes; over the colony, the uneasy, incompetent cousin of the Premier, with his private secretary in intimate alliance with the Civil Service, which had previously been stung with jealousy and disappointment, and thus the plans of carrying on the government were concerted, with the aid of the young Jesuit, who soon laid out for himself the office of secretary, when Sir James could be displaced. The exchequer was empty; the community in a state of bankruptcy; and a native population, inflamed by hostile feeling, verging on rebellion.

The rebellion at length broke out ; it required to be met at the outset with vigour and decision ; the measures which were adopted have been detailed before the Committee of the House of Commons, and the part taken by Sir James, by whose timely counsels, carried into execution by the distinguished military officers, especially that most excellent and amiable Irishman, Colonel Drought, of the Fifteenth Regiment, a movement which might have been very serious and formidable, was suppressed.

The republican press of course represented all this as a combination of cruelty, oppression, and injustice ; free trade in rebellion and insurrection should be secured, and so Joseph Hume was called upon to bring the state of Ceylon under the notice of the House of Commons. Angry discussions followed. Had the secretary for the colonies been even moderately detested, a sensible and plain statement would have satisfied Parliament ; had the under secretary been even moderately distrusted, his explanations would have been accepted *cum grano salis*, and Lord Torrington left undisturbed ; but Lord Grey was so heartily hated, and Mr. Hawes so thoroughly discredited, that no statement of the one, nor explanation of the other, would be accepted by the public : Lord Torrington was sacrificed for the sins of the colonial office.

A Parliamentary inquiry followed ; and the Secretary of Ceylon was sent over to defend the Governor, and this task he successfully accomplished.

The injustice to this young nobleman, and to the colony, by this system of official jobbing of public patronage, was most lamentable. Incompetent to think for himself, and to act on his own resolves, he became more or less the dupe of dishonest intriguers, the supposed friends and advocates of "*law and order.*" The fluctuations of a weak, honourable, but credulous mind manifest themselves in the details of his daily life. At one time confident of the fidelity of his secretary, and conscious of the importance of his services ; then earwigged by some disappointed member of the civil service, or some Jesuitical whisperer in his household, he began to doubt and distrust his official adviser. With characteristic weakness marring a frank and kindly nature, he was in the habit of writing to his fancied friends these conflicting and contradictory impressions, as they floated across his mind, and his treacherous confidants treasured up the letters for the evil day.

His defence before the committee rested on the evidence of the secretary, Sir James. To discredit the witness, therefore, was the obvious course for his enemies to demolish his defence ; and accordingly at the close of a triumphant defence, out came one of Lord Torrington's most foolish, confidential epistles, disparaging the very man whose credit was essential to his lordship's defence. Such an exhibition of inconsistency, incompetency, and indiscretion could not, of course, in any view of it, have had any other result than to require his lordship's removal, and he must therefore be immolated. His public policy was justified ; but his weak, vacillating, foolish simplicity was so fully exposed that it was not possible to leave him in possession of his office ; still, as the cousin of Lord John Russell, some cover should be thrown over his incompetence. It was a personal slur on him ; it was discreditable to the Whigs to appoint him to such a post—nay, it was very unjust to the young nobleman himself. To break the fall, it was arranged to suggest that he had great difficulties to contend with in Ceylon ; that the civil service was in revolt ; that they did not support the Governor as they should have done ; and then it was insinuated that this had been occasioned by Lord Stanley sending out Sir James Emerson Tennent, thereby provoking jealousy, and causing in the end, embarrassment to Lord Torrington ! It was also suggested that Mr. Wodehouse, the head of the disappointed party, had quarrelled with Sir James, and as they had disagreed, and Lord Torrington needed the cordial co-operation of both, the most advisable course would be to remove *all three*, Lord Torrington, Mr. Wodehouse, and Sir James. Lord Torrington was recalled ; Mr. Wodehouse promoted to an appointment of a higher rank and pay at Honduras ; but Sir Emerson Tennent (*as the friend of Lord Stanley*), offered the higher rank, but *greatly reduced salary*, of Governor of the gloomy rock of St. Helena ! Lord Torrington, in a letter to Lord John Russell, dated in July, 1850, had expressed himself in these words :—

"From the moment Sir Emerson Tennent came to Ceylon he has been subject to the greatest persecution and injustice from various public servants (a body known here, and named by Sir Colin Campbell "*the family compact*") ; every

effort was made to damage his character in my eyes; and the determination of this party, of which Mr. Wodehouse was the head, was to get rid of him at any cost. You may wonder I was not better acquainted with all this before. I did know it, but I could not bring my mind to believe that so great a conspiracy should be for such paltry reasons; every charge that could be imagined against a public servant has been laid at Sir James Emerson Tennent's door, and all this because he came to an office that they were all considered incapable of filling; these attacks have been so steady and determined, that, to a certain extent, they have taken root both in India and in England, *and something should be done to right him before the public, to mark his conduct as a public servant, who has done his duty faithfully; to prove the confidence of Government, and what they think of the treatment he has undergone.*"

The "something" has been done; worthy of Whig treachery, and still more worthy of Lord Grey, the patron of Mr. Selby, a scion of the estate of his Lordship in England, whose restoration to office we must notice.

Had any impartial inquiry been instituted, had the deliberate conclusion of Lord Torrington been disproved, as to the treatment experienced by Sir James from the members and friends of the "family compact," at the head of which was Mr. Wodehouse; or, as to his conduct and services in the very difficult and peculiar position in which he was placed; nay, had Lord Grey taken upon himself to affirm that Sir James had, *in his judgment*, been guilty of official misconduct deserving or requiring removal, as a penalty for his offence, there would have been a show of seeming justice in the course ultimately adopted towards him. It is only relieved by the reckless and disgusting jobbery exhibited in reference to Mr. Selby. There is nothing even resembling this, but an occasional promotion at the Irish Bar, when some seasonable recreant, or political pervert, finds favour in the eyes of the friends of "law and order." Our own delightful Goldsmith describes the modest merit of the strolling player, selected for the part of Cato, as he himself avowed, not because of any pre-eminence over his fellows, but he had an old coat, which when tastefully turned inside out, answered for the Roman toga. Mr. Selby, however, had peculiar qualities. Bound to Lord Grey by feudal ligaments, this gentleman had been clerk to the Attorney-General of the Cape of Good Hope. He was then admitted to be an attorney, and about six months afterwards came to Ceylon with Sir Anthony Oliphant, and was then admitted to be an advocate. He was seven years an advocate there, when, having been first made Deputy Queen's Advocate, he was then, at the end of four years, appointed by Lord Grey to the responsible office of Queen's Advocate, which had been always filled by a well-educated member of the English Bar.

The conduct of this gentleman in declining to give advice as to the court-martial, which even Sir John Hogg admitted would not have been tolerated in India, but have ensured the prompt dismissal of the advocate, may have led, and we believe much contributed, to the results which provoked so much indignation in reference to the punishments awarded by the military tribunal. But the strange incident which occurred in consequence of Mr. Selby stating an alleged conversation between himself and Lord Torrington, in reference to the execution of a native priest, opens a chapter which is beyond the influence of ordinary comment. Under any circumstances, it was a breach of confidence to disclose the communication between the Governor and the law adviser; and, as Lord Torrington justly observed, in his letter of 27th October, 1849, after repudiating the truth or accuracy of Mr. Selby's account of the interview, "that it was an unpardonable breach of confidence, both official and friendly. I must say, if conduct such as this is to be tolerated or justified, there must be an end to all confidential communications with government officers, and, above all, with the law officers of the Crown, to whom our communications are in the last degree confidential. Had Mr. Selby been a lawyer, and either educated or trained for the bar, the mere etiquette of the profession would have taught him the courtesy as well as the necessity of observing confidence as regards what passes in his interviews with the Governor; and I am willing to attribute his error to the want of these advantages, *and the misfortune of his having no other legal knowledge or observation than such as he acquired as a clerk to the Chief Justice when Attorney-General at the Cape.*"

It had been considered that this disclaimer was not sufficiently explicit. Lord

Torrington had been charged by Mr. Selby with expressing himself in a manner which, if truly stated, would have warranted impeachment. In May, 1850, Lord Torrington writes to Lord Grey to say he had been surprised to hear that his disclaimer had been by some persons thought to be insufficient; and he adds that he had not wished unnecessarily to injure Mr. Selby, nor "to war with him." He concludes in these words:—

"I am now, my Lord, necessitated in my own defence to declare to your Lordship, on the honour of a peer and a gentleman, that I made use of no such words as those put into my mouth, and that the statement to that effect is therefore simply untrue."

On the 2nd August, 1850, Lord Grey replies to this letter, and after referring to Mr. Selby's statement, and Lord Torrington's denial of its truth, he adds, *"I have no hesitation in assuring your Lordship that I give entire credit to this denial."*

On the 15th August Lord Grey writes to Lord Torrington that, on his advice, Lord Torrington should be *relieved* from the government of Ceylon. He states his approval of all his public policy, especially as connected with the commercial and financial condition of the island, but that he had failed in maintaining harmonious co-operation amongst the persons employed in the public service there; that the public interest required his Lordship's removal.

On the 3rd of December, 1850, three official letters were written by Mr. Hawes to Sir Emerson Tennent, Mr. Wodehouse, and Mr. Selby. Those to Sir Emerson and Mr. Wodehouse are duplicates. They refer to the hostile feelings of these gentlemen to each other, and the production of private letters in explanation of mutual assaults on their conduct and character. Mr. Hawes announces that Lord Grey does not assume to decide which is to blame as the aggressor.

The production of the letters by Sir Emerson Tennent had been with the full sanction and approval of Mr. Hawes himself, and, fortunately, the memorandum made by Mr. Loaden, a most respectable and intelligent solicitor, who was present when Mr. Hawes fully concurred in the necessity and propriety of producing the letters, has placed this beyond all reasonable doubt. This memorandum is now public property.

No official error or misconduct is even suggested against either Sir Emerson or Mr. Wodehouse; they are also *relieved* from their public offices in the colony.

Next we come to Mr. Selby. The letter to him is of the same date—December 3, 1850. After announcing the careful examination of the evidence, "Lord Grey is glad to find that the necessity of *relieving* Mr. Selby from his office is not imposed on him! so far from it, he is to have eighteen months' leave of absence!! But still Lord Grey is compelled to express his great dissatisfaction with his conduct in the colony. "It seems clear to his Lordship *that you have failed in giving the late Governor of Ceylon that advice and assistance in the discharge of his duties, at a time of extreme difficulty, which he had a right to expect from his principal law officer.*"

He then refers to the rumour to the prejudice of Lord Torrington as to what Mr. Selby had stated to have occurred at the interview, and after stating that he does not enter into the question whether the words said to have been used by Lord Torrington really were so or not, he simply censures Mr. Selby for breach of official confidence, as an indiscretion of a very reprehensible character, *but trusts his conduct hereafter will be more guarded.*"

Is it possible to conceive conduct more outrageously unjust, more at variance with every principle of private honour public virtue and sound policy? Three officials are dismissed—for there is no magic in the word *relieved* or *removed*; against these there is no imputation of official neglect, error, or misconduct. A fourth is censured as failing in public duty, wanting in personal honour as connected with that duty; already condemned by the solemn denial of Lord Torrington, accredited deliberately by the official adoption of Lord Grey; and whilst Lord Grey in August declares he gives entire credit to the denial which fastened on Mr. Selby a far graver charge than censurable indiscretion, this is passed over as an open question, and the only public officer acknowledged to have been undeserving of public confidence is restored to his office in the island! A more disgusting, discreditable affair, a more unjust, flagrant job was never perpetrated. No candid man of common sense and ordinary feeling but must condemn it as foul injustice, calculated to bring into contempt the whole system of colonial policy, under such a head-piece.

It is some consolation for the friends of Sir Emerson to find that the man who deprived him so unrighteously of his office, still more unrighteously restored Mr. Selby. It is strange, indeed, that in such a department of the public service as the Colonial Office, such influences should be allowed to poison the policy of this great country, where sound and efficient administration is more than ever needed to preserve life and warmth, and circulate British feeling, in the members of the colonial empire.

We have been drawn into this cursory glance at the Ceylon question, which engaged so large a share of public attention. A careful examination of the evidence and documents warrants the conclusion that Sir Emerson Tennent has suffered much injustice, and been most unrighteously treated by the Government: the arch-delinquent, of course, is Lord Grey. Had the motion of Mr. Baillie been confined to a vote of want of confidence in the Colonial Secretary, and not involved an imputation on the character or honour of Lord Torrington, the result might have been very different. Many who excused Lord Torrington on the score of incompetence and good intention, would have condemned Lord Grey for his crooked, inconsistent, unprincipled course of procedure.

Sir Emerson Tennent was now left no choice. Remonstrance was vain, where justice or truth had no entrance, at least no influence; and therefore, most reluctantly, he accepted the Governorship of St. Helena. He was anxious to be present at the discussion on Mr. Baillie's motion, when first proposed; but this indulgence was denied; and he was obliged to embark a few days before the debate was expected to take place. His old friend and schoolfellow, the member for our University, had, with judicial impartiality (we have reason to believe), scrutinized the whole question; and after he had fully satisfied himself where the right lay, he signified his readiness to stand by his friend, in the event of any adversary making a hostile attack. Mr. Napier, in the arrangement of the debate, was assigned the important duty of replying to Mr. Hawes; but when the latter had finished, the night had advanced much farther than was anticipated; and as Sir James had not been attacked, Mr. Napier at once made way for Mr. Gladstone, who replied on the general question to the Under-Secretary.

Sir James sailed for St. Helena during stormy weather, and, after encountering a hurricane, he was forced to direct the frigate to put back to Portugal, and land himself and his family at Lisbon. The life of Lady Tennent was in imminent peril from the severity of the voyage. Whilst at Ceylon, Sir James collected materials for his very interesting and valuable work on the history of Christianity in the island. This is not only his last, but certainly his best publication. The following notice of it is taken from the *Calcutta Review* of June, 1851, a periodical conducted by the most experienced of our missionary labourers in the East:—

“For those missionaries who are not content to follow in the beaten track, or to invent over again what has been tried and found wanting by their predecessors, but who rise to the height of their position, and devote all their powers to the grand and glorious work of winning the natives to Christ, we would recommend Sir Emerson Tennent's book as an invaluable help. He unites the practical knowledge of the missionary with the philanthropic spirit, the large views, and philosophical habits of the Christian, the statesman, and the scholar. He discusses, with a thorough mastery of the subject, the principles on which the various missions are conducted, the experiences of the missionaries themselves, the obstacles in their way, and the means they have used to counteract them—translations, the press, teaching, preaching—in short, nearly all the grand and pregnant questions which yet await and demand solution; and he discusses them all in a manner not only worthy of his acknowledged ability, but with a candour, freshness, and impartiality, which, it is but fair to say, we have never met with elsewhere. There is something, to us, as rare as it is delightful, in meeting with a powerful, vigorous mind, raised far above the vulgar atmosphere of straining after notoriety or of doubt, that is fonder of display than research or satisfaction, and turning, with a calm but a kindred spirit, to contemplate and record the labours of those that seek to carry forward the grandest work that man can engage in, the true panacea for human misery, and the last hope of the world.

“The book does not treat exclusively of missions. It has a slight, but po-

pular and interesting sketch of Brahmanism, and a more elaborate and masterly account of Buddhism than any we have seen elsewhere within the same compass. It is a very delightful work—a worthy and fitting employment for the leisure hours of an accomplished Christian gentleman.”

This most pleasing work of Sir James, which is written in a large and Christian spirit, details the success of missionary labours under various aspects. It analyses and illustrates the several methods of propagating religion by corruption, coercion, and persuasion; and it also forcibly urges the importance of blending intellectual culture with religious instruction, so as to make the teaching permanent in its results. It also strongly impresses the value of using the native language of the people, and founding good schools—well regulated, providing a liberal course of education. He justly remarks that, however true it may be that intelligence and education are no sufficient security against individual infidelity or disregard of Scriptural truth, yet *a nation* is never lowered in morals or religious feeling by general education. The experiments tried in Ceylon are very instructive to show how plainly right, how encouraging also, the missionary method, which is neither aided by the corrupting influence or coercive pressure of an unprincipled government, but seeks, in the simplicity of truth, and by the agency of teaching in schools, preaching in churches, and the ministrations of social intercourse, to circulate and impress the living truths of the Gospel of peace and love.

The importance of extended education and religious training increases day by day. The increase of popular power, the facility of free and general intercourse, the communication of thought, the energy of mind, all demand a corresponding progress in the education of our people. There is a freer scope for moral agencies, a wider range for all the forms of missionary labour to promote the good of man and the glory of God. This work, then, is a very acceptable contribution, which has been most seasonably offered, and the spirit in which it is written is at once enlightened and sober.

Circumstances unforeseen and unexpected have brought Sir James back once more to his native country, and may place him speedily again in the House of Commons. The borough of Lisburn has opened its bosom to him, and before this sketch meets the public eye he may be the Member for that neat, respectable town. We confess, however, we would wish to see him at the general election returned as one of the representatives of his native city. His chastened experience of life is now considerable, his habits of business adequately formed and tried. Ireland is surely nauseated with party violence, which has shivered her best interests, cultivated the bad passions of her children, and retarded the progress of a fine country. The constituency of Belfast comprises an admirable body of commercial intelligence, industrial energy, and public spirit.

It is high time that Ireland should find in the legislature some reflection of the sound portion of its interesting and intelligent people. It is no easy matter to discharge faithfully and usefully the duty of a prudent representative; it needs a well-informed understanding, with sobriety of judgment, and fairness of mind, well expressed by *moderation*. It requires settled habits of business, knowledge of the routine of public duties, whilst the temper of Parliament, the suggestions and opinions of influential public men, the exigencies of sound policy, and the general good of a mixed and free community, must all be taken into account in weighing the difficulties which a representative has to encounter, in the course of an efficient representation. Never, perhaps, was it more important that our Members should be men of practical good sense, who would give their best attention to promote and protect the material interests of Ireland. The equitable adjustment of the land question, the establishment of the packet station in the West, the extension of railways, the more economical working of the poor-law, the consolidation and amendment of complicated laws, and the improved administration of both civil and criminal jurisprudence, the honest use of public patronage to reward merit, and secure for the public service the most competent and efficient men, a wise economy in public expenditure, the condition of the labouring classes, and the extension of good and useful education amongst our people, these might engage the efforts of earnest and intelligent men, more profitably than polemical strife and fanatical bombast. The country now begins to feel the returning thrill of life; the energy of industry is especially active about

Belfast. Party spirit has abated, personal bitterness is softened, if not subdued. It would be a good omen to see Sir James Emerson Tennent replaced in the representation of Belfast without the violence or contention of a party conflict. He would find himself in the House of Commons beside his old companion, the member for the University, and near his zealous, eloquent friend, the member for Enniskillen. A score of well-educated and high-principled Irishmen, who would co-operate in a rational spirit for the protection of the solid interests of their country, would soon stop the arrogant assumption which appropriates to a few of the hollow and high-sounding "brass bandmen," the title of representatives of the people of Ireland—the Irish Members, the monopolists of name and nation.

To Lisburn, to Belfast, to the well-ordered counties and boroughs would we look with hope and confidence for a good example, a selection of men competent and willing to attend to useful duty for the common weal. It would be a cheering day for Ireland if even half of her representatives could be reasonably supposed to be worthy of confidence and respect, as men of independent feeling, love of country, and personal integrity. Legislation cannot do much, it is true, to reform a people, but the legislature may still exercise powerful influence for good or for evil. It is the depository of the national power; it should be supplied, therefore, with capable and active men of business, who understand the wants and wishes of their constituents, and are able to assert and vindicate their claims and rights.

Since Sir James went out to Ceylon, Ireland has passed through a severe, a trying ordeal. What was grasped at as a necessary of life, is now sought rather as a profitable investment; fictitious value will cease to be, and a real standard ultimately be fixed. Heavy and sore have been the afflictions of high and low, rich and poor, for men have been forced into their real and true position; a crash has ensued, and people startle at finding how much that was supposed to be real has proved to be fictitious. Belfast has not suffered, it has steadily progressed. It had the start in trade, in education, in manufacturing industry; all the elements of social and commercial prosperity have been used, and they have multiplied. The ready and increasing market for agricultural produce has materially benefited the country all around, and self-reliance is their text, and 'Excelsior' the motto on the banner.

It would be important for the town, as for Sir James, to renew their connexion. The improvement of Ireland, and the proper management of our colonies, must be main elements in the policy of a wise statesman. It may be that, at no distant day, the Earl of Derby may be placed at the head of a new Cabinet. He may in a spirit of sound progress appeal more to the good sense of the middle class community, and seek to promote their solid interests by a plain, honest policy. It is possible that Sir James might be included in his official list; and it is evident that as Member for Belfast he would be in a position to command respect, as the representative of a community so industrious and successful.

A career of great usefulness is now open to such of our representatives as have the judgment and good sense to pursue it. By avoiding as much as possible angry altercation, which lowers the disputants and their country in the estimation of sound-thinking men; by seeking, as much as practicable, for opportunity to co-operate, and, without suspicion or distrust, trying to act together, a small body of men of this stamp, and in this spirit, might, by combining their exertions judiciously, gradually rescue Ireland from the grasp of faction, and rouse the country generally into waking life and duty.

We want improved men—men reformed, roused, instructed; moral power, self-respect, the plain agencies of industry, intelligence, and virtue. The elements of prosperity are around us on every side; shall we turn them to good account, or turn aside, trample them under foot, and spend our strength on the vapouring absurdities which are the trading stock of a delusive agitation?

The western world becomes more and more accessible. Commercial enterprise, extension of manufactures, more appropriate distribution of skill, capital, and labour, must naturally result. We have been led into these reflections by following Sir Emerson Tennent in his past history, and anticipating his future course of life. He has been trained for activity and duty; he has ever manifested a love of literature, a taste for arts, an interest in sacred truth; he has acquired a great experience of life, a knowledge of commercial and colonial policy, and he comes back to the town which first afforded him the nurture of education, and a post of public usefulness. He finds it more worthy still for him to be one of its

Members ; no longer under the influences of party violence, but alive to the intelligent use of popular privilege. In an anxious hope for Ireland, we look to Belfast, not with jealousy, but with pride and satisfaction. We have heard it remarked of Sir Emerson Tennent, that no Irishman ever needed his friendly aid and sought it in vain. On leaving for Ceylon in 1845, a body of Irishmen in London presented him with a dessert service of gold, accompanied with a most cordial address ; and on leaving Ceylon the various public bodies, including the great sections of the Christian community, tendered admirable addresses, containing suitable expressions of esteem and gratitude, their testimony to his public usefulness and private virtues.

After all, a life laborious, literary, and philanthropic ; adding to the stores of well-digested knowledge, and the collections of natural history, botany, and the fine arts ; befriending struggling genius, protecting manufacturing skill, illustrating and commending Holy Writ, and recording the experience of enlightened missionary labour, and still in the prime of active maturity, ready to be engaged in untiring effort for the acknowledged good of our common country, is an offering deserving of the gratitude of true-hearted Irishmen. We have looked at his course of life with a friendly eye, not insensible to human frailties, nor blind to minor faults. He is liable to be stimulated too suddenly, and to bound too precipitately under the stroke of impulse. He fears to offend, when he not less fears to concede ; the one is the result of deference to opinion, the other of respect for truth. He is skilful and sensitive, and thus he inclines to take a circuitous path, when plainer and coarser minds would rush straight onward. He is more faithful as a friend than formidable as a foe ; for his nature is kindly and gentle, not fashioned for angry strife or stern conflict.

He is an intelligent, educated Irishman, generous and earnest ; and this is a goodly title at the present crisis. His country has now great claims upon him, as it has on all her sons who possess station, influence, talent, able to lend a timely hand in renovating and sustaining the hope of Ireland. Let it be our daily prayer, that Ireland may at last become a land of peace and prosperity, and our daily duty, by all the simple, generous agencies of peaceful citizenship, to promote so great an object. We who are now under the meridian, may not realise the sight of a happy fatherland, but we may leave behind us, and yet behold from another and a better world, peace, happiness, and industrial virtue, amongst our children's children.

THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING IN THE STORM.

THERE WAS a wild storm out at sea—a storm by night—the winds and the waves had begun to lift up their voices just when the tumult of the world was hushed in the silent darkness, so that on the earth all was tranquillity, while the ocean raged in fury; it was as though that spirit of unrest which haunts the hearts of men, having been driven out of them by the charm of sleep, had taken refuge here among the boiling waters, and prepared to hold a frantic revel. The mad sea was a fitting field for such a guest, and the fierce sport they made together seemed designed for a mocking imitation of the stormy human passions, which convulsed the land by day.

There was a mimic war in heaven—the thunder, for artillery, and the shock of the electric clouds, like the meeting armies when fellow-mortals do battle for destruction; then the beautiful lightning was as the flashing hopes that gleam in at times on the darkness of the soul, and often blast it in the passing of their fatal brightness. The waves leapt, and rose, and sunk to rise no more, like men wrestling for happiness and finding a grave, and ever as the tempest swept by the rain went with it, wildly weeping, as though its big, bursting drops were the frantic tears of an earthly despair.

In the midst of all this senseless strife, a ship went struggling helplessly. It was a piteous thing to see it, for it was so like a human being, straining every nerve to keep above the whelming waves; strong as fate the billows bore it up towards the very heaven, then dashed it down, and trampled on it like a fallen enemy; but the stout old oak stood the shock, and as yet the good planks held together, though the danger was imminent, and not one on board expected to see the light of another day.

The scene on deck was very striking, for human nature was there stripped of all disguise and all self-deceit before the presence of death.

Pride and ambition, ostentation and avarice—the fallacies of the world, the complacent lies of society, the hopes and griefs that were of earth alone—all unrealities, in short, had passed for these shivering, helpless beings, with the life that seemed receding from them—that hour of horror revealed them to themselves and to others: there would be no more smiling lips over blackest hearts; no more bold looks over craven spirits: those murderous waters, as they dashed them to and fro, wrung from them the very secrets of their souls.

There were some there who carried a fair name through the world, and won honour and praise for their virtuous living, that now shrieked out to the pitiless winds, the detail of crimes which had deformed their soul unseen. There were others who had seemed full of love to the beings who cherished them, and now stole the rope or the spar from their straining hands, that they might save themselves therewith, whilst they left these to perish; but still, whatever shape the frenzy of that perishing crew might take, whether their cries were of remorse, or prayer, or impotent rage, but one desire and instinct seemed to animate them all—the desire into which every energy of their soul was gathered up and concentrated—for the mortal life that was being rent from their passionate grasp.

Life! life! it had been to many of them a torturer, full of anguish and disappointments—a hard task-master, driving them on from day to day with weary feet and heavy heart, as over arid deserts, where no sweet waters were springing from the wells of human love or friendship, to slake their thirst for sympathy; they had prayed for death, they had writhed in the power of this life, and sought to be rid of it, as a prisoner of his bonds,—and now, when the bubbling waves came sweeping over the deck to their very throat, there uprose in each heart such an intensity of love for it, that all

other thoughts were swallowed up in this one burning wish. They cared not who perished round them, the dearest and the best; they cared not what torments it might bring them in the future, only let them not feel its warm breath departing from their lips, its throbbing from their heart.

Now, in the midst of all these beings hanging between life and death—maddened by their terror for the one, and their passion for the other—there were two who maintained a perfect serenity, and looked with quiet eye and smiling face, upon the boiling surge which threatened to engulf them.

The first of these was a young girl, who had been lashed to a mast, against which she leant quite motionless; she was one of those sweet spring flowers, whose bright and joyous aspect shows, that they have known only the sunshine of life's early day; no sorrow as yet had checked those bounding feet, that loved to spring so lightly over woodland paths, nor hushed the carol of that gladsome voice, which rivalled the summer bird in melody; cloudless and pure were her eyes as the sky at dawn—fresh the soul within her as the morning dew; the beauty of guilelessness, and of a heart at rest, shed a light around her which had an indescribable charm.

It was a strange thing to see her there, looking out so serenely on the war of the elements; whilst others wept and raved, no sound was heard from her, and though strong men lay writhing at her feet in a paroxysm of terror, no thrill of fear shook her tender frame; calmly she stood, her white garments shining in the night, like the pure robes of some angel of peace; her sweet face shaded by the golden glory of her long flowing hair, her fair hands folded over her tranquil bosom, and a faint smile lingering on her parted lips, like the soft light of a reflected moonbeam, on the still waters of a lucid lake.

There was one there who, even in that hour of tumult and distress, could not choose but look on her in her marvellous tranquillity; he, like herself, was calm—the only other in all that trembling crew who faced death with indifference. But it was sufficient to look upon his countenance to read the secret of his silent courage; strange it was, indeed, that she—so young, so fair, so like a snow-white lily—should be ready to fall without a sigh into the embrace

of the deadly corruption; but it was no marvel that this man should be well content to feel on his strong, passionate heart, the iron grasp which alone would still its beating. A noble face was his, bearing the marked evidence of a powerful mind, a resolute spirit, and a generous heart; but it was so sorrowfully stern, so deeply shadowed with the gloom of some great darkness which lay upon his soul, that it was plain the bitterness of life alone had engendered this recklessness of death.

They had never met before, these two. She was so young, and he already well nigh past his prime, for he had numbered some forty years; yet now the attraction of a common sentiment drew them towards one another as though they had been kindred spirits. He was gazing intently upon her, when she turned her bright, candid eyes towards him, and smiled. She seemed willing to answer the question his looks were asking, concerning the reason of her fearlessness in this great peril. There was a momentary lull in the storm, and he suddenly walked towards her. It was no time for the courtesies of the world, and he did not hesitate to address her. “How is it that you alone can meet this appalling danger in such perfect calm?” She answered him at once, as frankly as he spoke, with a confiding, child-like smile upon her lips.

“Because life, so far as I have known it, has been so happy and so beautiful, that I believe death must be more beautiful and happy still.”

“What a marvellous doctrine; where can you have learned such untenable philosophy?”

“I do not know what philosophy means. I have but said what I have been taught by one who was my master. Life, which is a mystery, came to me unasked, and I found it a most joyful thing; if death, a deeper mystery, come alike unsought, why should I doubt it will be a yet more precious gift? But look!” she continued eagerly, “is it not true that the storm is abating?—the sailors are working cheerfully. Surely there is hope. Oh! say that it is so; for, though I do not dread death, because I believe that its gloom conceals some glorious joy, I do fear such a passage to it as this—the actual pain, the horror of drowning, the sinking, choked and struggling, into that dark sea. Tell me, shall we live?”

“Yes,” he answered slowly, as he

looked around the scene, where all gave token that the tempest's wrath was spent. "I think, indeed, that the danger is over; I think that we are saved. You may hear it in the exulting of these trembling wretches who, but a few minutes since, were crawling on the deck in abject supplication. Well, they have what they asked, and soon they will curse the hour when their request was granted."

She looked at him with an innocent surprise in her large, clear eyes. She seemed to think him a being of a different nature from herself. At last she spoke.

"And now, since we two alone seemed well content to die, when all others raved and shrieked for life, will you tell me why it was that you were thus willing to be done of earth; for I can see it was not because you believe, as I do, beauty, and goodness, and love in all things, however dark and strange they seem as yet?"

"And did your master teach you," he said with a bitter smile, "that there is beauty in suffering?"

"Yes! in suffering, in pain, and death; for he said that beneath their stern aspect there lay hidden treasures that were immortal, blessings crowning us with stingless joy; but if you fear suffering, why do you not fear to die: they say there is a pang in dying?"

"You answered my question, and I must answer yours; but it were better for you not to know that such things can be in this world. I did not fear, or rather I courted, the last struggle, because I have found the agony of life sharper than the agony of death can be." He turned away abruptly, as he spoke, and seemed desirous to close the interview; and truly it was a strange conversation which had taken place between those two, in the midst of that fierce, stormy night, with the waters gaping open-mouthed for both their lives. It could not have occurred at all under other circumstances. Two strangers could not thus have told out their secret thoughts, had they not been driven by uncontrollable impulse to a close companionship, because of the communion of feeling which seemed to inspire both in that tremendous hour; but now that it was past, that they must re-enter on the ordinary routine of life, the words they had not scrupled to say to one another appeared to them both as some strange, wild dream.

When they met again, it was as though they never had departed from the ordinary customs of society. Yet this brief conversation was destined to have a weighty influence on the lives of both of them.

Their next meeting was in the morning, when all traces of the midnight storm had passed away—when, brighter and more beautiful than ever before, the earth, and the sky, and the daylight seemed to the eyes that had looked on death so near. The passengers were all collected on deck once more, as they had been when the tempest was raging; but now it was that they might weep tears of delight as they felt the glow of the sunshine—that they might revel in the very throbbing of their pulses, which told how the warm life-blood was careering, unchecked, through their hearts.

Soon, however, the memory of their danger passed away, like a hateful dream, and they began, according to the nature of men, to occupy themselves, with a sort of unconscious interest, in the actual circumstances passing before them.

The ship in which they were embarked was bound, from the coast of Ireland to that of England. Her ultimate destination was a seaport town in Devon; but at present she had suddenly swerved from her course, and was making for the land just where a tract of richly wooded country attracted the eye by the luxuriance of its vegetation, and the evident traces of that care and cultivation which are usually bestowed on the estate of a wealthy proprietor. The vessel hove-to within a short distance of the shore, and a boat was lowered. The captain informed any curious inquirers that it was for the accommodation of some of the passengers who were to disembark at the little fishing village now visible on the coast. He was still speaking, when the noble-looking man already mentioned came to take leave of him, and to thank him for his efforts in the storm of the previous night. He then passed with a quiet, stately step through the crowd of passengers, and went down into the boat which was to convey him to the shore. He did not fail, however, to look round anxiously for her, with whom he had become so strangely acquainted; and it was with evident regret that he quitted the ship without having seen her again. He had

observed, during their short voyage, that she was under the protection of an elderly lady, who seemed, from a certain stiffness in her manners and appearance, to have occupied, at some time, the post of governess; but during the storm she had been so utterly prostrated by fear and bodily ailment, that she had abandoned all care of her charge. Even in the morning, when all danger was over, she appeared still too much stupefied to be of much service to the young girl; and both ladies were evidently fortunate in having a most efficient attendant in the old grey-haired man, whose primitive appearance and manner seemed to indicate that he was an old country servant. The stranger was scarcely placed in the boat when, somewhat to his surprise and pleasure, he saw this old man carefully depositing the duenna of his young friend on a seat near him; and in another moment there was a light footfall on the ladder, a waving of white garments, and she was herself placed beside him, whilst the sailors, pushing off from the side of the vessel, made all speed towards the shore. Both turned round hastily, and their eyes met in a glance of recognition.

"It would seem our destination is the same," said he with a smile; "at least so far as the fishing village. After that, I cannot, indeed, hope it, for the path which leads to my abode is not one that many would seek to travel."

"Is your home near this?" she said eagerly. "I am so glad to hear it; for perhaps you can tell me something of this country, which is quite new to me."

"Most certainly I can," he answered. "I think I know every tree in the wood, and every flower in the valleys; my whole life, so to speak, has been passed in these localities."

"Then tell me do you know Randolph Abbey?"

He started with a movement of the most uncontrollable agitation, and looked at her almost fiercely, as though he suspected the intention of her words; but her candid gaze disarmed him; he compressed his lips firmly, which had grown deadly white, and answered composedly—

"I do know it well, most intimately; not only the Abbey, but its inhabitants; they have been my friends these many years."

"Then you must be mine also," she

said gaily; "for I am myself a Randolph."

"I might have guessed it;" and he looked thoughtfully upon her.

"And you know them all—all the party I am going to meet?—for I was told I should find so many relations there."

"I think I am acquainted with every one who ever crossed the threshold of Randolph Abbey," he said with a faint smile; "from old Sir Michael himself down to the great wolfdog Philax, who guards the outer gate; and you are his niece, no doubt—the only child of his brother Edward."

"Yes, I am Lillias Randolph; did you know, then, that I was expected?"

"I have not been at the Abbey for some time," he answered, while an expression of deep pain passed across his face; "but I know that Sir Michael is collecting round him all his nearest heirs, that he may choose amongst them one to whom he shall leave the Abbey and estate, which he has the power of willing away to whom he pleases. I knew that he sent for you to complete the number."

"Very true, and that alone damps my pleasure in going to see my new relations, that this visit to my uncle is for such a purpose; however," she continued, laughing merrily, "with so many charming cousins as I believe I have to dispute the prize with me, I think I need not fear that it will fall to my share."

"Nevertheless, it were a fair possession," he said, turning round, and pointing to the beautiful shore they were rapidly approaching. "All those magnificent woods and green luxuriant fields, as far as your eye can reach, belong to Randolph Abbey."

She looked with some interest on the lands which had been the heritage of her ancestors; but soon withdrawing her eyes to gaze fixedly at him, she said with some earnestness—

"You seem to know so much more of my family than I do myself, I should be thankful if you would give me some information respecting those I am about to meet. I do not even know how many cousins I have there. I have heard that I had several uncles, all of whom died except Sir Michael, but I have never seen any of their children."

"Sir Michael had four brothers, of whom your father was the youngest,

and his favourite. They all died, each leaving a child. The heirs of the three eldest have already been summoned to the Abbey, and now you will complete the party."

"But will you not describe them to me, and my uncle and aunt?—they are quite strangers to me."

"Describe them! I! impossible;" and his features, which had relaxed from their habitual sternness while he spoke to her, suddenly assumed an expression of severity which almost terrified her; the colour mounted to her fair face as she felt that, perhaps, her request had been unwarrantable to a perfect stranger. He saw her embarrassment, and instantly the smile of singular sweetness, which at times rendered his countenance almost beautiful, dispersed the passing shadow.

"You must excuse my abruptness," he said; "I have been so little accustomed of late to the society of such as you are; but, indeed, it were better you should go unbiassed to receive your first impression of your relations. Did you say you had never seen any of them?"

"None. I have lived all my life with my dear old grandfather in Ireland, far from any town, in the old house, among the wild green hills, which was my poor mother's home. I never saw either of my parents, but I have heard so much of her I seem quite to know her; my heart and spirit know her; whereas of my father, and his family, I know literally nothing."

"The time is at hand, then," he said, pointing to the beach; "there stands Sir Michael's carriage to convey you to the Abbey." She turned her sweet countenance with a timid, anxious look to the shore, and he gazed at her evidently with deep interest; suddenly he addressed her—"You wished me to describe your cousins to you, and I could not; but now, when I think that you are going quite alone amongst them all, I feel strangely tempted to give you one caution: think what you will of the others, and be as friendly with them as your heart prompts you, but beware of ——" A name seemed trembling on his lips; he plainly struggled to utter it, and then some thought checked him. "No," he said, speaking more to himself than to her, "it were an act of blind, human policy to seek to shield her by any earthly scheming from the approach of evil; let her

go, powerful in her own innocence and purity of heart; what better safeguard can she have than that deep guilelessness?" He saw that she gazed at him in astonishment as he spoke—"You will scarce regret," he continued, smiling, "that our acquaintance is drawing to a close; I must seem to have dealt very strangely by you; and I have yet a request to make before we part, which will, I fear, yet astonish you still more. Will you promise me not to mention to any individual whatever at Randolph Abbey that you have met me? you do not know my name, but they would recognise me by your description, and I earnestly desire I should not be spoken of amongst them." The fair, candid eyes assumed an expression of gravity.

"Pray do not ask me this, for I cannot endure concealments."

"That I can well believe," he answered. "I would fancy your young mind clear and limpid as the purest waters; but trust me that I do not make the request without a reason you would yourself approve of; you would not wish to give pain to any one I know."

"Indeed I would not."

"Then you will not speak of me at Randolph Abbey, for by so doing you would cause acute suffering—not to me, but to another."

"That is quite enough; I will promise you to be silent, unless some unforeseen circumstance should compel me to speak of what has passed between us."

"I thank you much," he said; "and now here we part. You will excuse my not accompanying you to the carriage, as you have your servants, and I do not wish to be seen by Sir Michael's people." The boat had reached the shore; he leaped out and assisted her to disembark; then, still holding her hand for a moment, he looked at her with the strange, sweet smile which so beautified his face, and said—"I need scarcely say, all good be with you, for I feel it must be so. There are many stern natures in this world, but none cruel enough, I am sure, to betray so trusting a heart, or cause such cloudless eyes to grow dim in tears; you never will deceive or injure any, and, therefore, will deceits and wrong fall harmless round you. Your own frank and unsuspecting goodness will be as invincible armour upon you, and fear

not, therefore, when you find yourself in the midst of the toils which crafty human nature spreads over life ; walk on in truth and guilelessness, according as your own generous impulse dictates, and I do not doubt that the pure and gentle spirit of the woman will come forth unscathed, where many a stronger has been scorched and withered ; for you will soon learn that the dangerous paths of this world are over hidden fires and by treacherous pitfalls."

With these strange words he left her before she had time to answer him ; it seemed to her that what he had said was not intended as a mere general remark, but that it applied directly to herself, from some secret knowledge he possessed of her future prospects. She remained looking after him in astonish-

ment, not unmixed with interest in one who seemed so strangely to have assumed the position of friend and counsellor towards her ; the echo of his voice still ringing in her ears, so full of mournful sweetness, and the haunting melancholy of the eyes which had read her inmost soul, oppressed her with a feeling of sadness very new to her light heart. She saw him mount a horse which his servant held in readiness for him, and, in another instant, he had disappeared in the woods.

With him, however, passed the cloud he had raised ; a thousand new objects of interest were before her, and her eyes seemed to catch the very sunbeams as they passed, while her light feet bounded eagerly to the spot where Sir Michael's servants awaited her.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD MAN'S REVENGE ON THE DEAD.

IN a small room, darkened by the deepening shadows of the twilight, sat a withered old man—looking infinitely more like a necromancer of some centuries back than an English baronet of the present day. The species of cell in which he sat was placed in the loftiest turret of Randolph Abbey, as far separated as possible from the apartments inhabited by the family. It was entirely filled with a variety of scientific instruments, which seemed to be in constant requisition ; the quaint, old lattice window was thrown wide open, and a telescope fixed at it, in the proper position for a contemplation of the heavenly bodies by night. At the other end of the room was fixed an apparatus for chemical experiments, and here Sir Michael was seated, poring over some liquid which he was subjecting to the influence of a spirit-lamp. He wore a black velvet cap, which contrasted forcibly with the fixed livid colour of his face, and his person was enveloped in an ample dressing-gown of the same material, in which the shrivelled, meagre form seemed almost lost. It seemed incredible that a living frame should be so wasted and shrunken as his was—the skin had literally dried on his hands, till they were like those of a skeleton. There was nothing life-like in his whole appearance, except the small, piercing eyes, which glittered with a startling brightness.

Who could have imagined, to look

upon him, that within this withered body there glowed the most intense and ardent passions, it can be given to a human being to feel on earth !

No young man, in the strength and energy of his prime, ever loved with so fierce a love, or hated with so bitter a hate, as did this worn, attenuated being ; in truth, it was the fire, undiminished still, of the strong, passionate heart that throbbed in so frail a tenement, which had sapped the very springs of life within him, and dried up the blood in his veins.

Even now, the ceaseless activity with which he busied himself in his chemical experiments, the convulsive twitching of his mouth from excessive eagerness, was but the result of the one burning thought that consumed him, and from which he sought relief in physical action. He cared nothing at all for these things about which he occupied himself, but long practice, systematically undertaken, and his own great ability, had rendered him a wonderful adept in science ; he had resolutely become so, because he knew that these subtle experiments, and the singular combinations they produced, must, to a certain degree, prove an aliment to the intolerable restlessness produced by the one strong passion that lay feeding at his heart, like a serpent coiled around it.

It was a glorious summer day, and outside the thick walls of the turret the sunlight was glancing, and the green

trees waving in the wind ; but he dared not go out to the free air and the smiling nature, for—if released from the occupation he had created for himself, because it demanded such incessant attention, the current of thought, undiverted from its natural course, would too surely ebb back upon his soul with its waters of exceeding bitterness ; and therefore had many years of this old man's wretched life been spent as he was spending this present hour—bending over the glowing crucible, that he might avert the shock of the antagonistic properties which he had purposely combined, in order that his mind might be engaged in preventing the collision. None knew better than himself how profitless and miserable was this existence he had made, but except he fed, even with this food of ashes, the serpent thought that haunted him, it would have preyed on him to madness. Truly that dark fluid, beneath which his withered fingers were even now so busily turning the powerful flame, was an apt symbol of his own life—wasting away before the hidden fire which himself was goaded on to foster hour by hour.

Absorbed as he seemed to be in his strange employment, he nevertheless heard with great acuteness the approach of some person, who knocked softly at the door and then opened it. Sir Michael turned round eagerly ; the new comer was a servant, who said quickly, "My lady wishes to speak to you, Sir," and disappeared at once, as though the locality was one in which he by no means desired to find himself.

But the old man had heard the message, and through all the red glow cast by the flaming lamp, his livid face grew ghastlier still with strong emotion. He leant back in his chair, breathing quick and hard, and with his hand pressed to his side ; then rising hastily, he gathered the long black garment round him, and left the room, heedless of the boiling liquid, whose ingredients it had required days to combine, and which now, overflowing in the crucible, was lost entirely. Through the vaulted passages of the noble old building the Lord of Randolph Abbey took his way, stealing along within the shadow of the wall, the shrivelled hands still clasped over his bosom, and trembling with agitation. One might have fancied him the spectre of some old miser, creeping back to

visit the beloved gold which had turned, as it were, to molten lead, crushing him within his grave ; but it was, indeed, hard to believe that this was the possessor of as noble an estate as ever came to a man from the dead hands of a long line of ancestors, and that wealth well nigh untold was at his command. He crossed the great hall, a magnificent room, lighted by an immense Gothic window at the one end, whilst the other was occupied by a large organ, from whence he passed through various passages, covered with the softest carpets and lined with silken hangings. It was plain that he was on the outskirts of a region where luxury was systematically studied. At length he reached a door, which was closed only by heavy curtains, and there paused for a moment.

A voice was heard within, a clear, full toned voice, talking, as it would seem, in terms of endearment to some animal ; and as it came murmuring on his ear, there stole a light into that old man's eyes, a light reflected from the bright spring-time of life, when first he had heard those tones, and vowed to follow their sweet sound the wide world over, little dreaming they would lure him through a labyrinth of such varied agonies ; his whole countenance was softened by the gleaming of that pure affection from his eyes, for it was the memory of the young fresh love that still held unalterable dominion over him. This was his misery, that it was as young as ever in his aged heart, strong and lusty beyond what the withered frame could bear ; but no longer fresh and true, no longer guiltless, for it will be seen how this deep love had engendered a deeper hate.

With the beauty of that tenderness still lingering on his face, he drew back the curtain and passed into the room ; and straightway was he met by the glance of stinging, cold disdain that all these many years had, hour by hour, and day by day, tortured his love to madness, and lashed his very soul to fiercest irritability. A most beautiful woman was Lady Randolph, though now in the ripe autumn of her days ; stately and magnificent in dress and appearance, with pride in every gesture and movement, and a haughty self-love filling that swelling breast, and curling the finely chiselled lips.

She was surrounded by the utmost

refinement of luxury, and lay extended on a chaise longue, with a delicate little Italian greyhound nestling beside her, to whom she continued to talk in fondling accents, even when her husband stood before her. Yet there was no symptom of an indolent disposition in her appearance; there was, on the contrary, a flashing gleam in the proud eyes, which seemed to tell of fiery energy.

These met him, as we have said, with a glance of withering contempt, which caused the shrivelled frame to shake and quiver. Yet memory had been busy at his heart, when he heard her voice come softly through the curtain, as once through the green shade of the whispering woods, in his summer time of love and hope. There was a tremulous softness in his tone, a sad deprecating of her disdain, when he spoke to her.

“You wished to see me, Catherine.”

“Only that I might give you a piece of intelligence, no doubt most gratifying to you; another of your heirs has obeyed your summons; I am told that Lilius Randolph is arrived.”

She spoke as if she could have wished that every word should cut to his very heart; it was plain that the fact thus announced had somehow touched a wound of rankling bitterness in her own. She went on, gazing fixedly at him with the most frigid coldness—

“This Lilius is the daughter of your favourite brother, is she not?—I presume she will be the fortunate individual on whom your choice will probably fall. Henceforward, then, it may be a pleasant subject of speculation for me whether this girl, whom you have never so much as seen, will vouchsafe a crust of bread to your widow, and a garret to shelter her in the home she shared with you.”

He literally writhed under these bitter words, and wrung his withered hands. He spoke with a moaning voice, like that of a child in pain—

“Catherine, Catherine, it is yourself who have forced me to it. You know how, living, all that I have is yours,—my whole wealth utterly at your command; dying, as soon I must, how thankful would I leave all I possess to you; yes, thankful should I be to think that from the very grave my love had still the power to benefit and bless you—if you would but give me the

pledge I ask. You know how from this overwhelming affection which I have given you these long, interminable years, there has been born a hate deeper, deeper even than its parent love, for it constrains me rather to endure the bitterness of your reproaches, the agony of leaving you destitute on earth, than consent that even one inch of my property, one penny of my wealth, should pass from your hands to the offspring of the man I have abhorred.”

“Yes! and to have so abhorred him, the best and noblest of his kind—and now to hate his helpless child—I tell you, you can have no heart of man within you, but the very nature of a tiger, cruel and crafty. A deadly hate it must be, truly, which can pursue a man into his very rest of death, and wound the poor corpse in the person of his son. Oh! how could you abhor him—you who have seen him in his living grace and goodness?”

“Because he loved you,” almost shrieked the old man; “and oh, Catherine, my wife, so long and vainly dear, because you loved him also.”

“I did, and do,” she exclaimed, weeping passionate tears; “oh! how I love him still, my first, my only choice, the husband of my youth, the father of my child. You thought I should forget him, did you, in the midst of all this luxury? I tell you I love his green and narrow grave, with the dead ashes it contains, ten thousandfold better than this palace home and the living husband within it.” The withering scorn with which she uttered these last words seemed to madden him.

“What, you doat on his very grave,” he said, stamping his foot, “and by the side of it you would have starved, a penniless widow, had I not taken you.”

Her breast heaved with anger—

“And should I not have been well content to starve, rather than eat that bitter bread which I bought with the title of your wife; but the child, *his* child and mine, would have perished, or lived in misery; and for *his* sake, for my lost husband’s sake, I married you, that I might the better cherish the poor son he left me.”

“Oh! Catherine, why will you torture me? It is true, that, from the days of our first meeting, you have fostered within me the unconquerable hate which, for my agony and yours, has grown mightier than the mighty love I bear you. It is by this wanton lavish-

ing upon him, and now upon his son, of the tenderness I sought with a life's idolatry to gain, which has curdled the very blood within my heart, and makes me feel that I would rather leave you to languish in the worst of poverty than furnish you the means of blessing him with all life's treasures, and dwelling with him in delight, when I can no longer claim your presence, by the wife's obedience, if not alas! alas! by the woman's love. No, Catherine, though my resolution has made our life a miserable struggle, yet am I immoveable in this—I never will go down into the dungeon of the grave, and know that over my impotent dust the son of my rival is revelling in all my wealth, dwelling in my home, making you happy, as you never were when at my side, because he has the likeness of his father in his face. Already is it torture to me to know he is within these walls; and often I have thought that, madly as I love you, it was a dear bought pleasure to have you as my wife, when the condition on which you came to me was the presence of this hateful boy. Oh, Catherine, be advised, give him up—strange object of affection, truly!"—and he laughed bitterly,—“not to starve—he is your son—I do not ask it; but to go and live upon a pittance somewhere out of my sight and thoughts. Then give me this easy pledge, that he never shall inherit Randolph Abbey, and I will have no other heir but you. With your own hands, if you will, you then may drive out all these children of my brothers; I care not what becomes of them; and here you shall be a very queen, possessor of the whole fair lands for ever.”

He had given her time to quell her emotion in this earnest speech, and he shuddered as he met the look of impassible and contemptuous determination with which she answered him—

“Why will you weary me with proposals, which I have a hundred times rejected, and will reject again, as often as it shall please you to amuse yourself by making them. I require no more of these detailed assurances that you design to be, as you have ever been, my bitter enemy.”

“Oh! Catherine, is it to be an enemy to worship you as I have done?”

“Yes! a remorseless enemy, and this selfish worship my sorest persecution. What other name were fitting for you, who, in your jealous hate, have

struck blow after blow upon my miserable heart, in the persons of those most dear to me? Did you not, by your machinations, deprive my noble husband of the employment by which he lived, and then, rolling in riches as you were, did you ever stretch one finger to save him from the wasting poverty which brought him to the grave? Are you not his murderer?” and she grew fearfully excited. “Did you not hide all from me, till I discovered it long after I was your wretched wife, when, had I known it, you never should have so much as touched this hand of mine?”

“But, remember, remember; he had done me a deadly wrong—he stole you from me. What injury I ever did him was like to this?”

“It might have been an injury,” she said, with a bitter smile, “had he stolen my love from you; but this you never had, Sir Michael Randolph—not even before I knew him. I loved luxury and greatness, as I do now, and I had agreed to marry the Lord of Randolph Abbey, as such, and nothing more. Then I met your gentle cousin Lyle, and the sweet power of affection overcame ambition. My first love was, if you will, your fair estate; but he was my second, and my last, for ever!”

“Do you not fear to speak such words to me?” he said, his face growing white with anger, “and to irritate me thus bitterly, when you know I have no power to control the fierceness of my passions? Do you not dread my vengeance?”

“No; for whilst you live you can never injure me; your own heart would resist your efforts so to do; and besides, the bonds that unite us would prevent us. You never can take from me the right to share your home, and find my chief pleasure in its luxury; nor can you, by the oath which I made you take as the condition of our marriage, in any way deprive my child of the shelter of this roof.”

“It is true, I cannot; though I would give my right hand to do it!”

“That may be,” said the scornful voice, “but you cannot escape your vow any more than I can the marriage oath. And now, we have had enough of these odious scenes of mutual reproach. You have fully instructed me in your resolve, to punish a dead man for the love I bear his ashes, by depriving myself and my son, after your death, of the estate I have shared with

you. I am fully aware of your intentions, and I congratulate you on the pleasant task you have prepared for yourself, of choosing an heir amongst half-a-dozen needy relations; and, now, if you have any doubt as to my plans, I will tell you them, once for all, and let there be an end to this childish struggling between us. I married you in order to procure a home for my son, and for myself the luxury in which my nature delights; both of these you are bound to give us in your lifetime, and you are decided to dispossess us of them hereafter. If, then, your belief that you have an incurable malady be true, we have not long to enjoy these benefits, for which I sacrificed that which is dearest to a woman's heart—the faithfulness of her worship to one alone; and, therefore, since the price I paid for them has proved so tremendous, I will, at least, make the most of them while they are left to me. My son shall not stir one hour from this house; I will not descend one step from my place, as mistress of the Abbey and all your wealth; and, if we survive you, as you predict, I will promise you not to curse your memory, because I should lose my self-respect in so doing, since, be you what you may, I have given you the title of my husband." And the haughty woman turned from him as she spoke, sweeping her gorgeous robes after her with so dignified a movement, so stately a curve of the proud neck, that his anger was almost quelled in admiration of her queen-like beauty. Lady Randolph had reached the door, when she paused and looked back, "We have forgotten Lillas Randolph; is it your pleasure to receive her here in my presence?"

"Yes, send for her at once," he answered, eagerly seizing a pretext to keep her in his sight; for, despite her bitter words—despite the age which sent the blood so sluggishly through his veins—he ever felt, when she left the room, that going forth of strength from the soul with the departing of one beloved, which is the penalty of a deep affection. She rung a little silver hand-bell, and desired that the newcomer should be conducted to this room; and then she sat down immovably to await her, without glancing at her husband. She was, to all appearance, calm; but the heaving chest showed how the proud heart was still beating fast, whilst he shook in every

limb, like an aged tree, over which a storm had passed. He gazed intently upon her, as in her presence he ever did, and at last, seeming irritated at her silence, he said, in a voice, tremulous with passion—

"Remember, Lady Randolph, that however bitterly you hate me, I will have none of it reflected back upon my niece. Lillas Randolph must find here a home, and a happy one. I will have it so; and no unkind treatment of yours must render it otherwise."

"I do not wonder you should fear that I may have learned in *this* house the exercise of petty tyranny, and the punishing of the innocent for the crimes of others; but we do not easily learn that which is against our nature, and I think experience may tell you that your lessons have failed. Is there one of the Randolphs now located in this house who can complain of me, in any way whatsoever?"

He was glad that the sound of approaching footsteps prevented the necessity of an answer. Both turned to the door to greet Lillas Randolph.

She came in like a very sunbeam, all light and peace, dispersing, as it were, by her presence, the storm of angry passions that had been raging there. Both of them were disposed to meet her with preconceived animosity, but they were at once disarmed by the serene purity of her aspect. The large candid eyes, with their timid glance, half shy, half free, so like a young fawn; the sweet face, glowing beneath the soft hair, with a faint blush of diffidence; the whole atmosphere of innocence, and hope, and loving kindness towards all men, which seemed to be around her, had power to stir long silent depths in both those seared and angry hearts; the bitter strife, whose cause and results had become magnified to their distorted vision, to an importance which nothing on this fleeting earth could really merit, almost melted away before *her* presence, who seemed prepared to walk through life in such joyousness and singleness of heart, with eyes that could see nothing but beauty, and a mind that could perceive only goodness. Lady Randolph came forward, and took her hand with a degree of politeness which Sir Michael knew to be a most unwonted act of condescension, but which to the sunny-hearted Lillas seemed to be a very cold, repulsive welcome. She looked up with her

clear eyes to the proud, handsome face that bent over her, and wondered if it was of this stately lady that she was to beware, for the half-uttered words of the stranger had impressed her strangely, and the one thought, that there was to be for her a hidden enemy within these walls, had appeared to haunt her very footsteps ever since she entered Randolph Abbey. Sir Michael approached, and Lady Randolph at once let fall the little hand that fluttered in her own. Lilius timidly advanced towards her uncle; involuntarily he put his arm round her, and stroked down the soft brown hair: "poor Edward," he murmured, "how wonderfully you resemble him."

"Then you will love me for his sake, will you not?" and she looked coaxingly up to him.

"Dear child, would that you could be like what he was, to me, the only creature who ever loved me."

"And now I will be another; only let me try to take his place." She put her arms round his neck and nestled close to him, till the old man felt, as it were, the warmth of a new life creep into his breast from the beating of the pure young heart beside him. He pressed her fondly to him; it was so long since any one had seemed to consider him as a being for whom it was possible to feel the least affection, that her gentle words were strangely soothing to him. Suddenly she started in his arms, for the door was closed with great violence; it was Lady Randolph, who had left the room, and she wondered at the strange gleam of pleasure which lit up the livid face of her uncle. Unconsciously she shrunk from him as from something evil; but little indeed could that innocent mind conceive of the feeling which made him exult, in having thus drawn forth an indication of jealous anger from the wife, who so long had crushed him with her cold contempt. Lilius remained with her uncle, and told him the brief history of her untroubled life; all things connected with her seemed gentle, pure, and happy, even where images of death forced their way amongst them. He listened as to some melodious poem, whilst she told him of her mother, the sweet Irish girl, who had lured his brother Edward, in early youth, from all the grandeur of Randolph Abbey, to come and dwell with her among the Connaught hills; and how, as Lilius had heard from her

old nurse, they had been the fairest couple ever seen, living for one another only, and thinking earth a paradise, because they walked upon it hand in hand.

"And then, dear uncle," continued Lilius, "it seemed as though they feared, that time or change should make them less be loved one to another; or since that could never be, that any evil should rise up to separate them even for one day; and so they went and lay down side by side in the green churchyard, where none could seek them out, to trouble the silent love they knew would live beyond the grave. My father died the first, and my mother laid her head upon his heart, when it ceased to beat, and never lifted it again; and so they buried them just as they were, and she lies there still, most sweetly sleeping. She said, just before she expired, that his heart had been her resting-place in life, and should be so in death; and so it was, and is even yet, a blessed rest.—Is it not, dear uncle?"

He almost crushed her hand in his, and said, "Tell me no more of them, Lilius, I cannot bear it;" he was thinking how the proud feet of his disdainful wife would spurn the turf from his unhappy grave.

Lilius thought it pained him to hear of the brother's death whom he had so loved, and therefore gently changing the subject, she began to tell him of her own happy childhood and youth—how she had lived with her good old grandfather, the pastor of a country village, roaming the hills all day a free and joyous child, and in the evening sitting by his side, gaining from him all needful learning, and many tender counsels to smooth her path in life; and how the one bright lesson he had ever taught her was to have deep faith in the love and goodness pervading all things inwardly, even as beauty clothes the world outwardly; to believe that however dark, and bitter, and mysterious might seem the destinies of man, yet all has a merciful purpose, and shall have a joyous ending, if only we will have patience, and hope, and loving-kindness one towards another; and how she was to fear nothing on this earth, not pain, nor sorrow, nor death, for that all these were tender messengers working their work of mercy; and how she never was to suspect evil or to look for it in others, but ever to seek only that which was good

and pure in them, for that there is not in the world a soul, however stained, but has some fair spot lingering from the brightness with which it was clothed when it came forth—a new-created spirit, bright as a star. So she spoke, telling her gentle, happy ideas in a sweet murmuring voice, and Sir Michael felt, with every word she uttered, that from this wise and beautiful teaching she had come out the sweetest, purest, most loving of human beings, ever ready to cast back all thought or shadow of evil, and seek only that which is lovely and of good report—the germ of which is everywhere to be found, even

in the blackest heart that ever weighed down the breast of man ; and so, bending over her, Sir Michael kissed the spotless forehead, and internally resolved that she, and none other, should be his heiress, the possessor of Randolph Abbey : but he said nothing, for when he had summoned the children of his four brothers to come and reside with him, that he might make choice of an heir, he had announced to them that they were to have a probation of six months, during which time he designed to judge of their merits, without making any announcement of his decision, till the period had expired.

CHAPTER III.

THE ASSEMBLING OF THE HEIRS IN PRESENCE OF THE JUDGE.

THROUGH the dark old hall, from which the lingering twilight was excluded, came Lilius Randolph towards the room where she was to meet the assembled family, and make acquaintance with her competitors. It was a fairer sight than these grim walls had witnessed for many a day, to see her wandering down, with her sunny hair and snowy garments, among the suits of armour and warlike relics of ancient times which lay around on all sides : there was a grace in all her movements, a softness and purity in her aspect, which made her ever seem like a moving light, and now, in that shadowy expanse, her glancing form was almost the flitting of moonbeams along the wall. She paused one moment at the door, and though her thoughts were busy with the recollection that amongst those she was about to meet there was to be found, she knew not where, a dangerous foe, yet did not her heart beat one stroke the faster beneath the gentle hands so calmly crossed upon her breast. She felt that she had injured none, she knew that never would she desire aught but the well-being of all around her, and therefore she feared nothing that man could do, for she was well convinced that there are limits set to the unprovoked wrong.

In another moment she stood within the room—a lofty saloon, magnificently furnished, and of great size ; there were two fire-places, but the whole group were collected round one, for although the summer was just bursting over the earth, the evenings were still chilly.

She distinguished at first only Sir

Michael and Lady Randolph. The former crouching down in a huge arm-chair, the latter standing so as to display her majestic height, with an arm laden with jewels leaning on the mantel-piece. She saw the young girl come in ; but the other persons present were turned from the door, and none heard the light footfall on the thick carpet till the childlike form, all fair and white, stood close to her aunt, contrasting strangely with the haughty lady in her dark velvet robes.

Lilius looked up ; so strange is the power of a few brief human words, that, as she gazed from face to face, it was with the question in her heart, “Which of you is to be my enemy ?” Before her stood two young men, both strikingly handsome, but most unlike : one, who appeared the eldest, was a noble specimen of joyous, hardy youth—a fine open countenance, from which the dark had been dashed away as with a free hand, a gay smile, a bold, clear eye, a mellow voice—these were all indications of what he truly was—a frank, generous-hearted man, with great nobility of sentiment and a rare sincerity. The other were less easily described, and seemed of a very different stamp ; slighter of make, and with a fairer face, he seemed the very embodiment of meekness and gentleness, and his large, almond-shaped blue eyes were seldom raised when he spoke ; and yet there was a refined intelligence beaming in every line of his countenance ; the soft silken hair and delicate hands might have graced a woman, and Lilius inwardly decided, as she looked on him,

that he must be a gentle spirit, easily broken; little fitted to battle with the rough world. He, at least, could never be one of whom any should beware, nor yet could the beaming countenance of that bolder man hide aught but a noble heart; where then was her future enemy? it must be the third of her unknown cousins. Lady Randolph now named these to her: Walter was the elder, son to Sir Michael's soldier brother, who died heroically upon the field of battle; Gabriel, the child of one who had disgraced his family by a concealed marriage with a woman of low rank. She stated these circumstances as calmly as though the offspring of this person had not been standing before her: he listened to the contemptuous allusion to his mother without a word or movement; but Lilius saw the slight hands tremble violently and the chest heave;—was it with anger or shame?

"This is not all," said Sir Michael, who had watched the scene; he turned to Lady Randolph—"Will she come?"

His wife made no answer, but walked towards a small door which seemed to open into some inner apartment: she opened it, pronounced the name of "Aletheia," and returned to her place. There was a pause. Lilius had heard no sound of steps, but suddenly Walter and Gabriel moved aside, she looked up, and Sir Michael himself placing a hand within hers, said—

"This is your cousin Aletheia; her father, my third brother, died only last year; the hand she held sent a chill through Lilius' whole frame, for it was cold as marble, and when she fixed her eyes on the face that bent over her, a feeling of awe and distress, for which she could not account, seemed to take possession of her.

It was not a beautiful countenance, far from it, yet most remarkable; the features were fixed and still as a statue, rigid, with a calm so passionless, that one might have thought the very soul had fled from that form, the more so as the whole of the marble face was overspread with the most extraordinary paleness. There was not a tinge of colour in the cheek, scarce even on the lips, and the dead white of the forehead contrasted quite unnaturally with the line of hair, which was of a soft brown and gathered simply round the head; it was as though some intense and awful thought lay so heavy at her heart

that it had curdled the very blood within it, and drawn it away from the veins that it might be traced distinctly under the pure skin. It was singular that the immovable stillness of that face whispered no thought of soothing rest, for it was a stillness as of death—a death to natural joys and feelings; and mournfully from under their heavy lids the eyes looked out with a deep, earnest gaze, which seemed to ignore all existing sights and things, and to be fixed on vacancy alone. Aletheia wore a dress of some dark material clasped round the throat, and falling in heavy folds from the braid which confined it at the waist; she stood motionless, holding the little warm hand Sir Michael had placed in hers, without seeming almost to perceive the girlish form that stood before her. There could not have been a greater contrast than between that pale statue and the bright, glowing Lilius, the play of whose features, ever smiling or blushing, was fitful as waters sparkling beneath the sunbeam.

"Do you not welcome your cousin, Aletheia," said Sir Michael, with a frown. She started fearfully, as if she had been roused by a blow, from the state in which she was absorbed. She looked down at Lilius, who felt as if the deeply mournful eyes sent a chill to her very soul. Then the mouth relaxed to an expression of indescribable sweetness, which gave, for one second, a touching beauty to the rigid face; a few words, gentle, but without the slightest warmth, passed from her pale lips. Then they closed, as if in deep weariness. She let fall the hand of Lilius, and glided back to a seat within the shadow of the wall, where she remained, leaning her head on the cushions, as though in a death-like swoon. Lilius looked inquiringly at her aunt, almost fearing her new-found cousin might be ill. But Lady Randolph merely answered, "It is always so;" and no further notice was taken of her.

They went to dinner shortly after, and Lilius thought there could not be a more complete picture of comfort and happiness than the luxurious room, with its blazing fire, and warm crimson hangings, and the large family party met round the table, where every imaginable luxury was collected. Little did her guilelessness conceive of the deep drama working beneath that fair

outward show. Her very ignorance of the world and its ways prevented her feeling any embarrassment amongst those who, she concluded, must be her friends, because they were her relations, and she talked gaily and happily with Walter, who was seated next to her, and who seemed to think he had found in her a more congenial spirit than any other within the walls of Randolph Abbey. All the rest of the party, excepting one, joined in the conversation; Lady Randolph, with a few coldly sarcastic remarks, which stripped every subject she touched upon of all poetry or softness of colouring. She seemed to be one whom life had handled so roughly that it could no longer wear any disguise for her, and at once, in all things, she ever grasped the bitterness of truth, and wished to hold its unpalatable draught to the shrinking lips of others. Sir Michael listened with interest to every word which Lillas uttered, and encouraged her to talk of her Irish life; whilst Gabriel, with the sweetest of voices, displayed so much talent and brilliancy in every word he said, that he might well have excited the envy of his competitors, but for the extraordinary humility which he manifested in every look and gesture. There was one only who did not speak, and to that one Lillas's attention was irresistibly drawn. She could not refrain from gazing, almost in awe, on Aletheia, with her deadly pale face and her fixed, mournful eyes, who had not uttered a word, nor appeared conscious of anything that was passing around her; and her appearance, as she sat amongst them, was as though she was for ever hearing a voice they could not hear, and seeing a face they could not see. Lillas had yet to learn that "things are not what they seem" in this strange world, and that mostly we may expect to find the hidden matter below the surface directly opposite to that which appears above. She therefore simply concluded that this deep insensibility resulted from coldness of heart and deadness of feeling, and gradually the conviction deepened in her mind, that Aletheia Randolph was the name which had trembled on the lips of her unknown friend, when he warned her to beware of some one of her new relatives. It seemed to her most likely that one so dead and cold should be wholly indifferent to the feelings of others, and disposed only to work out her own ends as best she

might; and thus, by a few unfortunate words, the seeds of mistrust were sown in that innocent heart against one most unoffending, and a deep gulf was fixed between those two, who might have found in each other's friendship a staff and support whereon to lean, when for either of them the winds blew too roughly from the storms of life.

Once only that evening did Lillas hear the sound of Aletheia's voice, and then the words she uttered seemed so unnatural, so incomprehensible, to that light heart in its passionless ignorance, that they did but tend to increase the germ of dislike, and even fear, that was, as we have said, already planted there against this singular person. It was after they had returned to the drawing-room that some mention was made of the storm of the preceding evening, to which Lillas had been exposed. Walter was questioning her as to its details, with all the ardour of a bold nature, to whom danger is intoxicating.

"But, I suppose," he continued, smiling, "you were like all women, too much terrified to think of anything but your own safety?"

"No," said Lillas, lifting up her large eyes to his with a peculiar look of brightness, which reminded him of the dawning of morning, "the appearance of the tempest was so glorious that its beauty filled the mind, and left no room for fear. I wish you could have seen it. It was as though some fierce spirit were imprisoned behind the deep black veil that hung over the western heavens, to whom freedom and power were granted for a little season; for suddenly one vivid, tremendous flash of lightning seemed to cleave asunder that dark wall, and then the wild, liberated storm came thundering forth, shrieking and raging through the sky, and tearing up the breast of the sea with its cruel footsteps. It was the grandest sight I ever saw."

"I think there must have been another yet more interesting displayed on board the vessel itself," said the sweet, low voice of Gabriel. "I should have loved rather to watch the storms and struggles of the human soul in such an hour of peril as you describe."

"Ah! that was very fearful," said Lillas, shuddering. "I cannot bear to think of it. That danger showed me such things in the nature of man as I never dreamt of. I think if the whirl-

win I had utterly laid bare the depths of the sea, as it seemed striving to do, it could not have displayed more monstrous and hideous sights than when its power stripped those souls around me of all disguise."

"Pray give us some details," said Gabriel, earnestly."

He seemed to long for an anatomy of human nature in agony, as an epicure would for a feast.

Lilias was of too complying a disposition to refuse, though she evidently disliked the task.

"One instance may be a sufficient example of what I mean," she said. "There was a man and his wife, whom, previous to the storm, I had observed as seeming so entirely devoted to one another; he guarded her so carefully from the cold winds of evening, and appeared to live only in her answering affection. Now, when the moment of greatest peril came—when the ship was reeling over, till the great mountains of waves threatened to sweep every living soul from the deck, and the only safety was in being bound with ropes to the masts—I saw this man, who had fixed himself to one with a cord that was not very strong, and who held his wife clasped in his arms, that the waters might not carry her away. At last there came one gigantic billow, whose power it seemed impossible to withstand; then I saw this man withdraw the support of his arm from the poor creature, who seemed anxious only to die with him, and use both his hands to clasp the pole which sustained him. She gave a piteous cry, more for his cruelty, I feel sure, than her own great peril; but with the impulse of self-preservation, she suddenly grasped the frail cord which bound him. Then he, uttering an impious curse, lifted up his hand—I can scarcely bear to tell it." And Lilias shivered, and grew pale.

"Go on," said Walter, breathlessly.

"He lifted up his hand, and struck her with a hard, fierce blow, which sent her reeling away to death in the boiling sea; for death it would have been, had not a sailor caught her dress and upheld her till the wave was passed."

"How horrible!" exclaimed Walter.

"Oh, miserable to be thus rescued! Happy—thrice happy had she so died," said a deep-toned, mournful voice behind her.

Lilias started uncontrollably, and

looked round. The words had been spoken very low, and as if unconsciously, like a soul holding converse with some other soul, rather than a human being communicating with those of her own kind; yet she felt that they came from Aletheia, who had been sitting for the last hour like an immovable statue, in a high-backed oaken chair, where the shadow of the heavy curtain fell upon her. She had remained there pale and still as marble, her head laid back in the attitude that seemed habitual to her; the white cheek seeming yet whiter contrasted with the crimson velvet against which it lay; and the hand folded as in dumb, passive resignation, on her breast. But now, as she uttered these strange words, a sudden glow passed over her face, like the setting sun beaming out upon snow; the eyes, so seldom raised, filled with a liquid light, the chest heaved, the lips grew tremulous.

"What! Aletheia," exclaimed Walter, "happy, did you say—happy to die by that cruel blow?"

"Most happy—oh! most blessed to die by a blow so sweet from the hand she loved."

Her voice died into a broken whisper; a few large tears trembled in her mournful eyes, but they did not fall; the unwanted colour faded from her face, and in another moment she was as statue-like as ever, and with the same impenetrable look which made Lilias feel as if she never should have either the wish or the courage to address her. Her astonishment and utter horror at Aletheia's strange remark were, however, speedily forgotten in the stronger emotion caused her by an incident which occurred immediately after. Sir Michael had not been in the room since dinner-time, and now he suddenly entered. He came forward with a rapid step towards Lady Randolph, and even she seemed to quail beneath the steady gaze of his angry eye. He stood before her for a moment, as if the rage that swelled his bosom were too great for utterance; and his face became of the colour of iron white with heat.

"Lady Randolph, he has again presumed to cross my path; I have met him, I have seen him, I stumbled against him, as he came with his noiseless step, like a viper; I should have fallen if his arm had not upheld me. How has he dared—how have you dared to molest me thus?"

"It was not intentional, I am sure,"

said Lady Randolph, evidently annoyed; "certainly he did not expect to meet you there; you know how careful he is."

"But am I to be exposed to the possibility of such a meeting? Was it not a distinct stipulation that he should avoid even the risk of encountering me? Lady Randolph, is it or is it not a part of the agreement by which I permit him to dwell in this house, that I am never to be tormented with the sight of him?"

"It is, it is," she answered impatiently; "and for that reason I am vexed this should have occurred. I admit that you are justified in your complaint, since such was our contract, however cruel this condition; but I will take care it does not happen again; and at all events, Sir Michael, it seems to me that this is a most unfit discussion to be heard by your nephews and nieces."

"There I differ from you," he said, with a bitter smile, for he loved to humble the proud woman who had trampled on his heart these many years; "as they all have various motives for seeking to please me, it is as well they should know my peculiar tastes; let me tell you then," he said, turning towards them, "that there is one man in the world whom I hate as I would hate the vilest reptile, and that man is under this roof; whoever wishes my favour, therefore, will avoid him as they would a pestilence."

"Let us go," said Lady Randolph, hastily rising, "it is quite late; come Lilius, you look pale with fatigue, I will show you the way to your room, in case you lose yourself in the long passages."

This produced an immediate dispersion of the party; Aletheia glided away whilst her aunt was speaking, and Gabriel followed her with his eyes till the door closed on the dark figure; then he came with many expressions of kindly interest to hope that Lilius would rest well, whilst Walter warmly shook hands with her, and seemed, in his simple "good-night," very fervently spoken, to express far more than his cousin had done. But it was not fatigue that had chased for a moment the colour from the sweet face of Lilius: it was the blighting breath of that deadly thing, the hate of a human heart. Never before had this innocent child come in contact with such a pas-

sion. Of love, she knew enough; its fragrant atmosphere had been around her from her cradle, it had come to her night by night in the fond kiss of her grandfather, and well nigh hour by hour in the endearing words and caressing arms of her kind old nurse, who cherished her as such sweet blossoms of life's early spring are ever cherished by those who have attained its winter; but of hate she knew nothing; it was the first time that this accursed thing had crept into her presence, which steals about this world, poisoning the well-springs of friendship and affection, that rise to refresh us out of the desert sands, of this our pilgrimage, and turning their sweet waters into blood.

The first touch of this vile passion sickened the young heart of Lilius, and filled it with the most intense compassion for him, unknown as he was, who had become the victim of such a fierce aversion. How she wondered who he was, and what he had done, to be so detested, and it seemed to her gentle nature that no man, not the worst criminal, could, with justice, be so dealt with by a fellow-creature; but a kind of instinct told her that the hate was causeless, and therefore did it seem to wound her, as if herself had been injured. She followed Lady Randolph through the long galleries, and she whose step had been so fearless on the dangerous mountains, now shrank from the shadows on the wall; for it seemed to her as if this house, and every heart within it, were full of dark, strange spectres; bad thoughts haunting these souls like ghosts; evil passions lurking beneath fair outward appearances; and words full of meaning which she could not fathom floating on her ear.

But for the deep peace of her own innocence, the clear cool waters of perfect truth in which her own soul lay steeped, so fresh and pure, Lilius would have trembled to remain an inhabitant of this place, where she felt instinctively there was so much that was mysterious and dark. But she resolved to hold firm her own sweet faith and practice, that there was mercy in all events and good in every heart, and that she had nought to do but to love all mankind with an active, charitable love; and so she trusted to be as safe and happy here as in her Irish home, where simplicity of life was the natural result of simplicity of heart.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.*

A POLITICAL biography of Lord George Bentinck, by Mr. Disraeli, must needs be a work of interest and importance. Either the subject or the writer would be sufficient to invest it with both. The combination surrounds it with peculiar attractions. Yet if he has personal advantages in his name and his position, the writer has, from that very name and position, ventured on a difficult if not a perilous task. The political life of the deceased statesman was comprised in those eventful years that witnessed the completion of the change in the commercial system of the British empire, which, even as regarded the great agricultural interest, substituted for our ancient policy of fostering national industry, legislation founded on the economic doctrines that are called those of "FREE TRADE." We need not remind our readers of the circumstances of exasperation under which that change was effected by statesmen whose political existence pledged them to resist it. The result was, that, amid angry recriminations, was broken up the combination which was called "the great Conservative party," and a new political alliance established in its stead. The times in which all this was done were necessarily times of fierce excitement and of deep passion. In the events of these years the writer of these memoirs took an active and a distinguished share. In the passions which these strange events evoked he sympathised. In the personal conflicts which marked them he bore the most prominent part. It is not easy for the actor in these scenes to review them at so short a distance with the calmness that alone could give dignity to what in truth is history. Still more difficult is it for him to do so when he is yet to continue the battle which has been bequeathed to him by the statesman whose life he undertakes to pourtray. If it be hard for the counsellor and comrade of the late George Bentinck to sketch, with impartial truth, the contests in which he gallantly stood by the side of his friend, it is still harder for a leader of a party to trace the history of its formation. It is impossible, indeed, to conceive a task in the execution of which a man of ordinary mind would be more warped by

the recollections of the past, perplexed by the entanglements of the present, and embarrassed by the anticipations of the future. We can give to Mr. Disraeli no higher praise than to say that he has overcome these difficulties. He has done so by the strength of that which, if it be not "the sovereign passion of mankind," is certainly the sovereign passion of genius—the love of truth. Writing probably without thinking of his own reputation, he has produced a memoir of his friend in which he has combined the warmest enthusiasm of affectionate attachment with the calmness of the critic; and in which, if he has risen above party prejudices, and forgotten party passions, he has not only added to his reputation, but we verily believe must increase his influence even as a politician.

One of the opening sentences of the book explains at once the difficulties of the task, and suggests the talismanic influence by which he escaped or surmounted difficulties with which only "the sovereign passion" could successfully compete.

"The difficulty of treating cotemporary characters and events has been ever acknowledged; but it may be doubted whether the difficulty is diminished when we would commemorate the men and things that have preceded us. The cloud of passion in the first instance, or in the other the mist of time, may render it equally hard and perplexing to discriminate. It should not be forgotten that the most authentic and interesting histories are those which have been composed by actors in the transactions which they record. The cotemporary writer who is personally familiar with his theme, has unquestionably a great advantage; but it is assumed that his pen can scarcely escape the bias of private friendship or political connexion. Yet truth, after all, is the sovereign passion of mankind; nor is the writer of these pages prepared to relinquish his conviction, that it is possible to combine the accuracy of the present with the impartiality of the future."—p. 3.

In one respect the appearance of this memoir is well timed. The admirers of the deceased statesman had just completed the inauguration of the statue that now adorns one of the

* "Lord George Bentinck, a political Biography." By B. Disraeli. 8vo, Colburn and Co. London, 1851.

principal squares of the metropolis, in which they have recorded their admiration of his character. A more fitting and probably a more lasting monument is raised to his memory in the memoir of his friend. The affection of genius can heap honours on the tomb, more precious than the costliest tributes of the monumental brass; and in the living image of virtue and of worth, preserve memorials of departed heroism more enduring and more truthful than the marble that coldly perpetuates the colossal semblance of the outward form.

Like the artizan, however, in Paris, who complained bitterly that the revolution was not postponed until he had completed the cabinet on which he was at work, we must say that as regards the convenience of us poor monthly reviewers, the publication could scarcely have been more ill-timed. The late period of the month at which this biography was given to the public was such as almost effectually to preclude a notice as deliberate as it deserves. To wait, on the other hand, for another month, would be to criticise a performance upon which every reading person will, before then, have formed his opinion. Left, therefore, our choice between a hurried and therefore inadequate notice, and a late one, we have, we know not whether wisely, preferred the former.

Once for all, we have expressed our opinion of the merits of this work. We say all that can be said when we say that it not only sustains but adds to the literary and political reputation of the distinguished writer. In the observations which we mean to offer in reference to these pages, we propose to deal with them, not as containing the biography of an individual, but as the history of the downfall of a great political party, and the rise of a new one. In the session of 1846 the old Conservative party was completely, and, it is now manifest, irretrievably broken up. It is one of those singular phenomena

which sometimes, in the progress of human affairs, demonstrate to us the fallibility of all human calculations, that the very same individual, whose tact and high personal character had, according to universal estimation, gathered and built up that great party, should be the person to destroy his work, and scatter the result of his own devoted labours to the winds. Stranger still it is, perhaps, that he should have done so under circumstances which indicated the want of that very species of sagacity and forethought, for which he had acquired unexampled credit; under circumstances, too, which more or less compromised that very personal character in which he and his party justly took so much pride. Let us say for ourselves that we never shared in that extravagant admiration which, ten years ago, amounted to a positive idolatry of Sir Robert Peel. Perhaps for this very reason we have not been able entirely to sympathise with the bitterness of the attacks with which his former worshippers have not unnaturally assailed him. We remember perfectly when in the eyes of his enthusiastic admirers our estimate of his character would have been deemed treason to the Conservative cause, of which he was then believed to be the champion.* Now the very same estimate would be considered by the same persons as far too high for his true character. Want of space, we regret to say, prevents us quoting at length the sketch of Sir Robert Peel's character which this volume contains. We regret it, however, the less, as we perceive that this singularly powerful portraiture of a character in many respects paradoxical, is already largely quoted in the newspaper press. It manifests, certainly, in a very remarkable manner, that power of true, and, at the same time, nice appreciation of character, for which those who know Mr. Disraeli intimately give him credit. If his judgment of Peel's character has a fault, it is that of being too generous,

* In the month of May, 1840, it so happened that the writer of these pages, in an interview with the late Duke of Newcastle, was discussing the political character of Sir Robert Peel, then in the very height of his popularity with the Conservative party. In the course of the conversation the Duke expressed an opinion that upon the question of agricultural protection the Conservative leader might be depended upon never to change. The reply which was noted at the time was—"Before six years you will see Sir Robert Peel bringing in a bill for the total repeal of the duties on corn." The prophecy was, perhaps, a bold one; yet it was fulfilled with just a few months of the period to spare. When the disastrous events of 1846 by a singular coincidence verified the prediction, the most excellent and ever-to-be-lamented individual to whom it was addressed was alive, to remember and acknowledge the circumstance.

and this is one which, even as an atonement of past severities, may in him be readily excused. Still, we cannot subscribe to the according to Sir Robert Peel of even the qualified and, perhaps, problematical pre-eminence which the following summary of his character assigns to him :—

“ One cannot say of Sir Robert Peel, notwithstanding his unrivalled powers of despatching affairs, that he was the greatest minister that this country ever produced, because, twice placed at the helm, and on the second occasion with the court and the parliament equally devoted to him, he never could maintain himself in power. Nor, notwithstanding his consummate parliamentary tactics, can he be described as the greatest party leader that ever flourished among us; for he contrived to destroy the most compact, powerful, and devoted party that ever followed a British statesman. Certainly, notwithstanding his great sway in debate, we cannot recognise him as our greatest orator, for in many of the supreme requisites of oratory he was singularly deficient. But what he really was, and what posterity will acknowledge him to have been, is, the greatest member of parliament that ever lived.”—p. 319.

We can, we think, perfectly understand the sense in which Mr. Disraeli uses the words—as implying that, on the whole, his capabilities qualified him to exert the greatest, at least the most successful, influence in the management and tactics of the House of Commons. We cannot, we confess, so entirely separate the member of parliament from the statesman and the orator, as to believe that, even as a member of parliament, Peel could be compared with Pitt. There is a high wisdom manifested, and a great truth expressed, in the few sentences in which he describes the great defect of Peel's moral and intellectual organisation :—

“ Thus gifted and thus accomplished, Sir Robert Peel had a great deficiency—he was without imagination. Wanting imagination, he wanted prescience. No one was more sagacious when dealing with the circumstances before him; no one penetrated the present with more acuteness and accuracy. His judgment was faultless, provided he had not to deal with the future. Thus it happened through his long career, that while he always was looked upon as the most prudent and safest of leaders, he ever, after a protracted display of admirable tactics, concluded his campaigns by surrendering at discretion. He was so

adroit that he could prolong resistance even beyond its term, but so little foreseeing, that often, in the very triumph of his manœuvres, he found himself in an untenable position. And so it came to pass that Roman Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, and the abrogation of our commercial system, were all carried in haste or in passion, and without conditions or mitigatory arrangements.”—pp. 304-5.

“ Wanting imagination he wanted prescience.” These words enunciate a great truth of our nature. It was not, however, merely the want of the creative faculty, in its ordinary sense, which made him deficient in foresight. It was the want of the power that appreciates the strength of the dominion which a principle exercises over the minds of men. This power, it is true, may be referred to the imagination. It is probably so in the sentence we quote. But let us call it by what name we will, it is a faculty without which it is impossible even to judge of the elements of action upon an estimate of whose effects the calculations of the future depend. The enthusiast sees nothing but the force of his principle, and against all ordinary probabilities the enthusiast is sometimes right, even in his prospect of success. The man of the world deals only with present appearances, and makes no allowance for influences which it requires a higher sagacity than the wisdom which is termed prudence to foresee. He too is often right, but in an age of knowledge and of that activity of the intellect and passion to which cant has given the name of progress, his expectations are often liable to be erroneous.

Yet, after all, in a generation that prides itself on common sense, the man who deals only with the present is more likely, with the mass of mankind, to acquire the reputation of being wise. If the wisdom be an exalted one that looks to remote results, it requires a higher judgment to appreciate it. Perhaps, in a selfish age, Sir R. Peel, like Louis Philippe (Mr. Disraeli suggests the parallel), owed much of his great reputation to the absence of any truly great qualities. In all ages of the world the selfish virtues are those most likely to be respectable, and even popular. “ So long as thou doest good unto thyself men will speak well of thee,” was a truth in the days of the Psalmist, as it is now. But in an age of the worship of material prosperity, the reputation

for prudence, too often acquired by a plausible accommodation of opinions and principles to circumstances, if accompanied by a certain amount of intellectual skill, constitutes the most certain claim to the admiration of the world. This reputation both of the distinguished men to whom we have referred pre-eminently enjoyed. Neither of them ever marred it by any indiscreet generosity or desperate devotion to an unfashionable principle. Each of them possessed, in a high degree, that tact which, without their talent, would have been mere cunning, and if combined with genius would have been perhaps wisdom. Neither of them could foresee or meet great emergencies. Peel's Emancipation Bill is the most miserable instance in English history of improvident resistance, and still more improvident concession. Had Pitt been in Peel's place in 1830, the Reform Bill of Lord John Russell would not have passed; had he been the minister of William IV. in 1835, the Lichfield House compact could never have driven him from power. Had Louis Philippe been a truly great sovereign France would not have witnessed the revolution of 1848. What chance, on the other hand, would these two renowned champions of European order have had of meeting the dangers which threatened Europe in the usurpations of Napoleon? If Pitt had been a Peel, and Alexander, at a later period, a Louis Philippe, their calculations of unexampled prudence would have ended in the subversion of the liberties and the institutions of Christendom. There was a time when men's belief in the wisdom of the Conservative King and the Conservative minister, identified their power with what is called the cause of order, and measured its duration only with their lives; yet the fabric of the political power of both fell as easily as a house of cards blown down by the breath of a child.

Whatever may be the estimate of the character of Sir Robert Peel, there is no doubt that in 1846 he broke up, by his conduct on the Corn Laws, the political party which it was the triumph of his life to have organised. His admirers say that it was a great sacrifice to what he believed right. His enemies denounce it as a great meanness; and, probably, in truth, it was a compound of both. That Sir Robert Peel had persuaded himself, *or permitted another to persuade him*, that the repeal of the Corn Laws was

necessary for the good of the country, it is impossible to doubt. That on that conviction he acted determinately is manifest. But it is not either in the sincerity of the persuasion, or in the resolve of acting upon it, that we test intellectual or moral greatness. The process by which opinions are formed is that which tests true greatness; and the man whose counsels are swayed by passion, wavered by timidity, perverted by influence, and unsteadied by high and determined moral resolve, may honestly act upon a conclusion to which, in its higher and nobler sense, we can scarcely apply the term.

It is now no secret that Sir Robert Peel never calculated on the extent of the defection of his party which followed his alteration of opinion. "A fat cattle opposition" was the epithet contumaciously applied by a member of his cabinet to the resistance which they expected to be made to their Corn Law Bill. Sir Robert Peel is now known to have urged upon one member of his cabinet, who pressed him with the danger of breaking up his party, that the opposition would only proceed from some score of impracticables, who would do as they had done upon the Maynooth Bill, gratify their obstinate prejudices by dividing against the one measure; but upon all others fall back into the ranks of the party. Even the tone of his early speeches indicated an utter contempt for those who might possibly have created a small mutiny in his camp. He had, in truth, so trained his followers to the surrender of their opinions and principles whenever expediency dictated the sacrifice, that he fancied he might calculate upon their discipline to any conceivable extent.

That his calculation was not altogether rash, the event but too lamentably proved. His cabinet, which in the beginning of November, had been almost unanimous in condemning his project, in the end of December were content, with one memorable exception, to adopt it. In the House of Commons, 111 members, returned upon the express pledge of maintaining the Corn Laws, voted at his bidding for their repeal; and in the House of Lords, in which, in the year 1840, but six members could be found even to assent to an inquiry upon the subject—the House of Lords, of which almost every leading member was solemnly pledged to the principle of Pro-

tection, he succeeded in carrying its abrogation by a majority of forty-seven.

Still, however, he far underrated even the strength of the opposition. He vastly undervalued the power that would be brought against him in debate. Upon every division he was left in a miserable minority of the party that had placed him in power, and was indebted for his victories to the support of those whom he had led that party to displace. The debate that was expected to occupy but two nights, extended over three weeks. The country party, which it was supposed would be represented by a few men described as well-meaning but stupid, whose adherence to their opinions would be graciously admitted to be respectable, because honest, bigotry,—who would, no doubt, deliver speeches, in which they would say their say,—but which would neither tell upon the house nor the country,—that party exhibited upon the emergency in which they were unexpectedly placed, a power of debate, an energy of character, and an abundance of resources, which unquestionably took the rash and contemptuous confidence of the minister by surprise.

In these conflicts it was that Lord George Bentinck for the first time appeared prominently upon the political stage. To use his own expression, quoted by his biographer, “he had sat in eight parliaments without ever having taken part in any great debate.” Animated by indignation at what he regarded as the treachery of his leaders, he became all at once the life and soul of the party that resisted them. With indefatigable energy he set himself to organise, from the dispirited and broken ranks of those who still adhered to Protection, an opposition. We must refer to his biography for a detail of the labours by which he arranged even the programme of the debates—inviting speakers—seeking out and urging country members to sustain their parts—doing all this with that absence of all selfishness or self-seeking, which nothing but the entire devotion of a sincere and generous heart to a cause can give—bearing his own part in the debates with a power which experience alone might be supposed capable of conferring. Those who read the not exaggerated account which is vividly given in the pages of Mr. Disraeli, of these marvellous efforts, will be able to ap-

preciate the loss which the country and the cause of Protection sustained in his premature death.

In one thing, and in one thing only, this account is incomplete. It cannot do justice to the share which was taken in these conflicts by Mr. Disraeli himself. The country has not yet forgotten those brilliant and withering invectives which destroyed the political prestige of Peel's character and name. This history of the opposition to the bill of 1846 is necessarily incomplete, since it omits that, which, after all, is the most striking feature of that opposition—the eloquence and power with which the writer himself assailed the ministerial conduct and measure.

This is not the place or the opportunity to supply the defect. We do not complain that Mr. Disraeli has done himself injustice, because his undertaking the task of this history necessitated it. Nevertheless the sketch is incomplete, in which his efforts have not the foremost place. Not all the untiring energy—the lofty pride—the great personal influence of a Bentinck—not all the commercial knowledge of a Baring—not all the spirit and determination of the advocates of Protection, organised as they were unquestionably into a party by the exertions of Lord George—not all would have enabled the country party to maintain their position, either in the house or the country, without the eloquence and power in debate which have placed the member for the County of Buckingham in the foremost rank of the parliamentary orators of our day.

Never let it be forgotten that upon the position maintained in these debates, the very existence of a Protectionist party in parliament or the country depended. Had these debates been as weakly conducted on the part of the country gentlemen, as the minister expected, the calculation of the minister as to the result would probably have been realised. The opposition, indeed, to the ministerial bill would have been honest and real. But the duty of that opposition once discharged, those who offered it would, upon the next division, have been absorbed into “the party.” Just as, upon the Maynooth question, the dissentients would have separated for the occasion—have then grumbled and rejoined—and as upon other questions than that of the May-

nooth grant, men who paid their convictions the tribute of a useless vote upon the main question, would have relapsed into the old ranks of the "organised hypocrisy," and from the superstition of keeping out the Whigs, sustained against Whigs and Radicals the minister who, upon that occasion, was sustained by Whigs and Radicals against them.

That such a result was not improbable a perusal of Mr. Disraeli's most interesting detail of the debates on the Irish Coercion Bill must satisfy any reader. Upon this measure Lord George Bentinck, influenced, as we gather, by Mr. Disraeli, with some difficulty persuaded a large number of his party to refuse unconstitutional powers to a minister in whom they have no confidence. Even the son of the Duke of Buckingham was induced, when the vital question arose, to attempt to save the ministry that had betrayed the agriculturists, in order to keep out the Whigs. "Indignant and irritated by the conduct of those with whom he was associated," the farmer's friend "was still unprepared to assist in handing over the government to the Whigs, who offered, by their accession to office, nothing to the Tories but the gratification of vengeance." Nothing but the manly vigour of the Protectionist leaders prevented the absorption of their party into the ranks of the "renegade" ministerialists. The laws of political gravitation attract in party splits the inferior mass to the superior. The possession of acknowledged parliamentary ability and experience, and, above all, of ministerial power, made the minority of the Conservative party, in this instance, the weightier of the broken fragments of the divided body. The tendency of that gravitation is graphically described by Mr. Disraeli, when he tells us, that on the night of a stirring speech of Lord Geo. Bentinck's against the Irish Coercion Bill, in which he had designated the phalanx that had changed with the Prime Minister as "renegades" and "paid janissaries:"—

"Rage rather than despair was conveyed by the countenances of the 'janissaries' and the 'renegades.' The 'moderate men,' who wished to be at the same time on the best terms with their constituents and the treasury bench, keep in the government and yet keep their seats, murmured their disapprobation of 'strong language,' and said, that a vote of non-confidence

would have been the proper course, knowing very well that they would not have supported it. Many trimmers were observed to walk home with 'janissaries,' or lighting their cigars with 'renegades,' declare, with a glance of secret sympathy, that they being thorough Protectionists, should certainly vote for protection of life."—pp. 259–60.

We repeat, then, it must never be forgotten by the friends of protection to native industry, that it was by the debates upon Sir Robert Peel's bill that a Protectionist party was formed. Then was the impetus communicated that gave to the broken mass of the shivered planet the position of an orbit in the political system. We do not undervalue what has been done, and it is little, after all, to what may yet be done out of doors. We do not, above all, undervalue the force of a principle. But those who know how disheartening it is to attempt to form a new party in a country in which principle is so much represented by party traditions and political integrity preserved by party ties—they, we say, will best understand us when we say, that had the separate existence of a Protectionist party in parliament been lost in 1846, the existence of that party would be a mere matter of speculation. The advocates of native industry would, at this moment, be the discontented and, therefore, disparaged followers of a Peelite camp; like those Conservatives who condemned the Irish Corporation Bill or the endowment of Maynooth, for ever grumbling at what they would have called the abandonment of principle by the leaders of their party, and yet for ever enabling them with impunity to abandon it again—for all purposes of influence detached from the party, a separate and inferior caste—but, for all purposes of power merged in the mass whose principles, or at least actions, they condemned.

It is not easy now to realise to ourselves that such might have been at this moment the position of those who adhere to the principle of protection to native industry. Let us, however, recall the state of parties in 1846, and, grievous as was the miscalculation of Sir Robert Peel if tested by the result, no one will venture to say that it was one altogether unjustified, either by past experience or by reasonable anticipation of the future. Upon how many similar occasions had the great champion of expediency de-

serted the principles of his followers, and seen them vote in miserable minorities against him, grumble, and return to their allegiance! Where was he to calculate on a mutinous party finding leaders, when, with the solitary exception of Disraeli, he had taken care to secure every man of proved parliamentary ability in the House of Commons. He did not calculate on the strength which indignation at treachery gives to gentlemen. It was beyond his moral nature to appreciate it. But still, when we remember all the influences of 1846, when we call to mind the public admiration of the minister, the undisguised and almost unconstitutional sympathy of the court, the timid surrender of the House of Peers, the absence of all public confidence in the untried Protectionists in the House of Commons; when we think of the prestige, unmeaning as we believe it to be, that in this free country attaches to men who have held office under the crown; when we think that in 1846 the Protectionists had not a single man who had ever been a cabinet minister in the House of Commons; that their opponents some time after deemed it an intolerable presumption that their foremost men should dare to take their seats on the front benches of the opposition; that in a country where cant, unfortunately, has mighty power, they could be taunted with the vulgar sneer that they would snap at office for one day for the sake of being called Right Honourable; when we estimate all these things, we cannot be insensible to the courage or the ability with which these men demeaned themselves, who, against these fearful odds, established the new party that five years afterwards were offered, and, in the person of their chief, rejected—to the public mysteriously rejected—the power of government.

Second only, if second, to Lord George Bentinck, the merit of forming this party belongs to Mr. Disraeli. His was at least the merit of having earlier seen through “the organised hypocrisy” of the system, which it delighted those who were betraying Conservative principles to designate as the great Conservative party. In 1845 he had the sagacity to perceive, and the courage to say, that *Protection was then in the same position as Protestantism was in the session of 1828*, words then received with incredulity, ay,

branded as the expressions of personal spleen—words realised to the letter in the opening days of the session of 1846. These things we hold it impossible for any friend to the great cause of protection to native industry to forget. Far be from us the servile adulation which fancies that the leaders of a party can do no wrong. But farther still, if possible, be the ungenerous suspicion that could make a man an offender for a word, and, upon light or trivial grounds, withdraw the full, the entire confidence that has been fairly earned in times of difficulty and peril. Expressions, perhaps unguarded expressions, of Mr. Disraeli's have left him open to the perversion of the enemies of his cause; in some few instances, and we believe they are but few, to the misapprehensions of its friends. Were we to express our opinion, we would say, that the only censure to which he has fairly exposed himself, is that of using language calculated to dispirit the, perhaps, too sanguine hopes of his followers. We confess we cannot help thinking that in a leader this is a fault. “When a standard-bearer fainteth” the mischief is great; it is nearly as great when it is believed that he has done so. But this is a fault very different from unfaithfulness. If ever man has given pledges of his sincerity in the cause of protection, Mr. Disraeli is that man. It is the enemies of the cause, and they alone, who, day after day, with suspicious earnestness, labour to persuade us that he has compromised, or qualified, his adhesion to its principles. Their accusation, in fact, is nothing more than this, that he has not fought the battle with the weapons they would choose, or in the manner which they would dictate. Nay, he has had the unspeakable presumption to decline giving battle when they were of opinion he ought to hazard all upon the issue of a general engagement. But not a single sentence of his has been quoted in which he has disowned, or retracted, or qualified one of the principles to which, in 1846, he so nobly pledged himself, and which he has since so often and so triumphantly defended.

We have said that the very existence of the Protectionist, as a parliamentary party, depended upon the position which, in the debates on the Corn Bill, the advocates of the protective system were able to maintain. A very little

time made it apparent that whatever might be their ultimate fate, the new party at least was formed. It was manifest, too, that it numbered in its ranks the proudest and the best of the followers of the ministry. Mr. Disraeli graphically describes the desertions at the critical moment, on the night that sealed the fate of his ministry, of these men from Sir Robert Peel. We quote, a little out of place, the description of the division on the Irish Coercion Bill:—

“At length, about half-past one o'clock, the galleries were cleared, the division called, and the question put. . . . It was not merely their numbers that attracted the anxious observation of the treasury bench as the Protectionists passed in defile before the minister to the hostile lobby. It was impossible that he could have marked them without emotion: the flower of that great party which had been so proud to follow one who had been so proud to lead them. They were men to gain whose hearts and the hearts of their fathers had been the aim and exultation of his life. They had extended to him an unlimited confidence, and an admiration without stint. They had stood by him in the darkest hour, and had borne him from the depths of political despair to the proudest of living positions. Right or wrong, they were men of honour, breeding, and refinement, high and generous character, great weight and station in the country, which they had ever placed at his disposal. They had been not only his followers, but his friends; had joined in the same pastimes, drank from the same cup, and in the pleasantness of private life had often forgotten together the cares and strife of politics.

“He must have felt something of this while the Mannings, the Somersets, the Bentincks, the Lowthers, and the Lennoxes, passed before him. And those country gentlemen, ‘those gentlemen of England,’ of whom, but five years ago, the very same building was ringing with his pride of being the leader. . . . They trooped on: all the men of metal and large-acred squires, whose spirit he had so often quickened and whose counsel he had so often solicited in his fine Conservative speeches in Whitehall Gardens: Mr. Bankes, with a parliamentary name of two centuries, and Mr. Christopher, from that broad Lincolnshire which Protection had created; and the Mileses and the Henleys were there; and the Duncombes, the Liddells, and Yorkes.”—pp. 298, *et seq.*

The division on the Coercion Bill

was the first opportunity on which the newly formed party acted on an independent question against the minister. From the time, however, of the debate on the second reading of the Corn Bill, it was plain that such a party was formed. If he did not fully comprehend his position until defeated, Sir Robert Peel, who had a sensitive estimate of the nature of the impression of a parliamentary debate, saw from that moment the peril in which he was placed. He felt that he had miscalculated the effect of his own change. He saw that the camp of the disaffected was the Mons Sacer and not the Quirinal Hill. The schism in his party was not a mutiny, but a secession. Thoughts like these must have disturbed him when he sank into the strange reverie the following passage describes:—

“It was about this time that a strange incident occurred at the adjournment of the house [at half-past one]. The minister, plunged in profound and perhaps painful reverie, was unconscious of the termination of the proceedings of the night, and remained in his seat unmoved. At that period, although with his accustomed and admirable self-control he rarely evinced any irritability in the conduct of parliamentary business, it is understood that, under less public circumstances, he was anxious and much disquieted. His colleagues, lingering for a while, followed the other members and left the house; and those on whom, from the intimacy of their official relations with Sir Robert, the office of rousing him would have devolved, hesitated, from some sympathy with his unusual susceptibility, to perform that duty, though they remained watching their chief behind the Speaker's chair. The benches had become empty, the lights were about to be extinguished; it is a duty of a clerk of the house to examine the chamber before the doors are closed, and to-night it was also the strange lot of this gentleman to disturb the reverie of a statesman.”—p. 201.

Still, however, every hour that the ministry remained in office weakened the chance of the new party continuing to act together. The eagle eye of Lord George Bentinck perceived the chance of displacing them which the extraordinary combination of circumstances in relation to the Irish Coercion Bill afforded him. Approved of by the Whig leaders on its first introduction into the Lords; supported by both

Lord John Russell and Lord George Bentinck when brought down to the Commons, no measure seemed less likely to offer the slightest opportunity of unseating the ministry. Unaccountable dilatoriness on the part of Government postponed the passing of this measure until the Corn Bill was safe. Free Traders could then vote against the minister without endangering the success of his free-trade measure. The minister was deprived of the excuse of appealing to the country to secure the triumph of the new commercial policy. Protectionists, who had originally supported the bill, were able to find, in the delay, an excuse for their change of conduct. The measure was one only to be justified by the plea of urgent necessity, and if it could be safely postponed for three months it might be dispensed with altogether. On the night of Thursday, the 25th of June, the Free Trade measures of the Government were brought down from the House of Lords. Before the House adjourned the fate of the Peel ministry was sealed. The Conservative ministry had done the work of the Whigs and Radicals, and the Whigs and Radicals were not slow in casting them off. Their crime against the Protectionists had been consummated, and the hour of Protectionist vengeance followed close upon its completion. At two in the morning the very same Coercion Bill, which, on its first reading, had been carried by a majority of 274 to 125, was rejected in a crowded house by a majority of seventy-three. Next day Sir Robert Peel tendered the resignation of himself and his colleagues to the Queen.

The Coercion Bill was delayed by a singular piece of ill-fortune. The bill, as at first introduced, was withdrawn, and a new one substituted. Lord Lyndhurst stated that this was in consequence of a mistake of those connected with the Irish Government in the preparation of the first. Had the necessity for re-introducing the measure not existed, it is more than probable that the Coercion Bill would have preceded the Corn Bill. Had it done so, upon that question, at least, the ministry would have been safe. Strange, indeed, if the accidental and immaterial error of the official to whom the preparation of the Irish Bills was then entrusted, should have precipitated the downfall of the ministry that confided to him so uninfluen-

tial a duty. Upon such trifles, after all, do the destinies of parties, and even of nations, depend.

Still, however, the party, although formed, was far from being organised. Of 241 members who opposed the Corn Bill, but 100 followed Lord George Bentinck in the vote that displaced the ministry. An equal number voted upon that occasion with Sir Robert Peel.

Nothing, in fact, but the energy and great personal influence of Bentinck could have carried to the ranks of the opponents of the Coercion Bill the number of Conservatives sufficient to render the defeat of the Minister an ignominious one. Had the opportunity been pretermitted it is not easy to say when a similar one might have occurred. Unquestionably, if a large party in Parliament are steadfast in their resolution of throwing their weight into the scale against the ministry, occasions must inevitably arise upon which that determination may be put in practice. But even the division that displaced the "renegade" ministry is sufficient to prove, that every day of the continuance of that ministry in power would have diminished the chances of the steadfastness of the resolve. The moral influence of a Government is in our parliamentary politics justly great. The influence to which we can hardly apply the name of "moral," produces results that are not to be estimated lightly, and between the returning power of old personal and party ties, the superstition of keeping out the Whigs, and the thousand acts by which a ministry can conciliate and recall the affections of its discontented followers, it is impossible to say what the effect of time might have been in healing the rent which even the great apostacy had made.

The blow, however, was struck while the iron was hot, and by the votes of the betrayed Protectionists the crisis created which made Lord John Russell First Minister of the Queen.

The new ministry existed, in one sense, upon sufferance. Their own proper adherents were a minority of the House. The Peelites, as the Free Trade section of the Conservatives were now called, supported them to spite the Protectionists; the Protectionists protected them to prevent the return of Sir Robert Peel. Their government was, during that parliament, a government of necessity, as it was the only

one which a majority that must be composed of discordant materials would agree to tolerate. The Whigs and Protectionists had already combined to defeat the Peelites. The Peelites and the Whigs would instantly have coalesced to drive a Protectionist ministry from office—indeed, a Protectionist ministry was scarcely then considered a possibility. The only Government that could exist was a Whig one, because the feud between the broken sections of the Conservative party was too deadly to admit of a coalition to displace them.

Mr. Disraeli does not mention that an attempt to bring about such a coalition was made and failed. The ex-Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, opened the negotiations. It ended only in bitter personalities, perhaps on both sides to be deplored.

It is necessary, perfectly to understand the position occupied by the Protectionist party from the accession of Lord John Russell to power, to estimate a passage of Mr. Disraeli's to which we cannot but take exception. It is that in which he describes the result of the General Election of 1847:—

“The general election of 1847 did not materially alter the position of parties in the House of Commons. The high prices of agricultural produce which then prevailed naturally rendered the agricultural interest apathetic, and although the rural constituencies, from a feeling of esteem, again returned those members who had been faithful to the protective principle, the farmers did not exert themselves to increase the number of their supporters. The necessity of doing so was earnestly impressed upon them by Lord George Bentinck, who warned them then that the pinching hour was inevitable, but the caution was disregarded, and many of those individuals, who are now the loudest in their imprecations on the memory of Sir Robert Peel, and who are the least content with the temperate course which is now recommended to them by those who have the extremely difficult office of upholding their interests in the House of Commons, entirely kept aloof, or would smile when they were asked for their support with sarcastic self-complacency, saying, ‘Well, Sir, do you think, after all, that Free Trade has done us so much harm?’ Perhaps they think now, that if they had taken the advice of Lord George Bentinck, and exerted themselves to return a majority to the House of Commons, it would have profited them more than useless execrations and barren dis-

content. But it is observable, that no individuals now grumble so much as the farmers who voted for Free Traders in 1847, unless, indeed, it be the ship-owners, every one of whom for years, both in and out of Parliament, supported the repeal of the Corn Laws.”—pp. 441-2.

We have already expressed ourselves as not indisposed to sympathise with the feeling that, perhaps, indignantly resents the distrust that forgets the services, which toiling in the very fire, laid the foundations of the Protectionist party in the trying period of 1846. We can more than forgive in one who bravely fought in that battle the little spice of bitterness that is thrown in against the now censorious farmers and shipowners who then stood aloof. But so far as this passage censures the great body of those among the people who hold the principle of protection to native industry for the result of the Election for 1847, we do not hesitate to say that it is unjust.

The result of that election very little, if at all, disturbing the proportions of Protectionist strength, appears, we confess to us, to have been the natural if not the inevitable result of the circumstances of the country; and, more than this, of the position which these circumstances force the Protectionist leaders to take. There had, indeed, existed during the two last sessions of the Parliament, a Protectionist party, that is, a number of gentlemen united by the common tie of attachment to the principle of protection to native industry; exhibiting, although after all imperfectly, the usual forms of party organisation; acting generally with some degree of concert on public matters, and pledged to uphold the principle which was their only bond of union, and the necessity of which to their very existence they most significantly acknowledged, in the party designation they assumed. This was a great achievement. We have readily acknowledged the obligations which the friends of British industry owe to the genius, the courage, and the fidelity which accomplished this result. But up to the time of the dissolution, that party had never placed themselves before the country as prepared at once to enforce their own principles in the government of the country. We admit that during that interval the principles of Protection were most ably and most honestly advocated in

debate ; but of necessity the position of those adhering to Protection was not that of men straining every nerve at once to reverse the new commercial policy. For some time the experiment must take its course. As a parliamentary party they were more than tolerating—they were in truth upholding a Free Trade ministry which they did not seem either willing or able to displace. The natural result of such a condition of things was the absence of all strong political excitement, a state of feeling in which the possession of power must give to any party immense odds. Men's energies were not roused. Protection was not and could not be the battle cry of that election, because no one called on the people, by their votes, to accomplish a return to Protection. From all this, we confess, it appears to us to be expected that, in most instances, the old state of parties should continue with just so much gain to the ministry as the possession of office, with the weight both of its patronage and authority, were almost sure to command.

To influence the elements of which the constituencies of the country are now composed, abstract opinions are not enough. Assurances of action alone can make opinions, even of the majority, available as the elements of political strength. Men must be made to feel that when they are giving their votes they are not merely recording their opinions, but are acting. A present sense of the practical, is the only thing that will command the energies of the masses who hold any political opinion. Who does not remember the censure so often passed upon Sir Robert Peel for asserting that the counties of England were indifferent to the question of Roman Catholic Emancipation, because their members were divided in their votes. The answer was justly given that the returns were not made with reference to these opinions, and that, were Parliament dissolved in such a way as to make the question a practical one for the decision of the constituencies, the result would soon show the fallaciousness of the test. We take the instance that is most familiar to ourselves. Mr. Grogan and Mr. Gregory were the representatives of Dublin in the expiring parliament. They were both candidates in 1847. Mr. Gregory was one of the 111 who changed their sentiments with Sir Robert Peel. Of the 3,400 electors who voted for him in

1847, we venture to say 3,000 were then staunch Protectionists, and would now make an agreement with them in this opinion an indispensable requisite in their representative. When they gave their votes to Mr. Gregory, they did not feel the reversal of the Free Trade to be, in the course of public events, the practical question of the day.

We will not be understood as casting any blame upon the line of conduct pursued by the Protectionist leaders in the interval to which we have referred. That conduct we believe to have been wise, disinterested, and marked by the highest ability. It was their misfortune and not their fault that the dissolution of Parliament came before either the circumstances of the country or the organisation of their party enabled them to appeal to the country from the vantage-ground that would have ensured their triumph.

May we venture to suggest that if we be right in this view, there is a lesson for the future in the experience of the past. We are told upon high authority that "we are on the eve of a general election." An almost universal opinion coincides with the information. We believe the feeling of the great majority of the electors of these realms to be in favour of a system of protection to our native industry ; but we also believe it possible, *nay, not improbable*, that this opinion may not be represented in the result, *unless the public mind be deeply and entirely impressed with the conviction that a reversal of the Free Trade policy, in some degree, is a practical question at the ensuing election.* Another dissolution in a state of political indifferentism may, we verily believe, be fatal to the Protectionist cause, supported even as that cause is by the true opinions and the genuine sympathies of the people. But those opinions and sympathies must be made realities by being called into action in a living and practical cause. Men must be made believe that when they give their votes they are really and in good earnest lending a hand to demolish that heartless system which is grinding down all our national interests to dust. The abstract advice to return men who will protect their interests will not accomplish this. This is advice that can only be conveyed by action. This truth was felt by Lord George Bentinck when he told the new-formed Protectionist party in 1846 that it was upon

their exertions in the House of Commons that their success at the pending elections must depend.

"The question was, whether a third political party could be created and sustained—a result at all times, and under any circumstances, difficult to achieve, and which had failed even under the auspices of accomplished and experienced statesmen. In the present emergency, was there that degree of outraged public feeling in the country which would overcome all obstacles, and submit to any inconveniences, in order to ensure its representation in the House of Commons?

With these views, it became of paramount importance that the discussion on the government measure should be sustained on the part of the Protectionists with their utmost powers. They must prove to the country that they could represent their cause in debate, and to this end all their energies must be directed. It would be fatal to them if the discussion were confined to one or two nights, and they overborne by the leading and habitual speakers. They must bring forward new men; they must encourage the efforts of those now unrecognised and comparatively unknown; they must overcome all reserve and false shame, and act as became men called upon to a critical and leading part, not by their arrogance or ambition, but by the desertion and treachery of those to whose abilities they had bowed without impatience and reluctance. There was a probability of several vacancies immediately taking place in counties where the seats were filled by converts, but men of too scrupulous an honour to retain the charge which they had sought and accepted as the professors of opinions contrary to those which now received their mournful adhesion. *The result of these elections would greatly depend upon the spirit and figure of the party in the House of Commons in their first encounter with the enemy.*"—pp. 78-80.

The advice is as applicable now as it was then:—"The result of the general election will greatly depend upon the spirit and figure of the party in the House of Commons in the encounters next session with the enemy"—upon the earnestness and power with which assaults are made in the next session upon the Free Trade system and the Free Trade Ministry.

Never, perhaps, was there a system or a ministry so open to vehement and overwhelming attack. The state of

unfortunate Ireland presents a subject which, if properly used, ought to shake both to their foundation. We know not, in truth, to what quarter of the empire, or the globe, the cabinet can turn for topics of congratulation. They will certainly not be found in our colonies—not even in the Cape, that can scarcely now be called that of Good Hope. They will scarcely redeem their discredit by their conduct of the national quarrel with the Pope. Deliberately framing the measure by which they professed to expiate what they denounced as a national insult, they have submitted to the inexpressible humiliation of letting that, their own favourite measure, be insultingly trampled in the dust. The Lord Chancellor, after dinner, threatened, amid the shouts of the guests, to trample on the Cardinal's hat. The Lord Cardinal has been too judicious to threaten, but he has actually trampled on the Lord Chancellor's act of parliament. They have blundered even in the vulgar operation of purchasing the services of a newspaper. Daintily as Lord Clarendon was let off by all parties at a recent trial—not asked even to give his evidence on his oath—enough has transpired upon that trial to excite against ministers a storm of public indignation that might drive them from their place.

The last session of the expiring parliament had, however, been signalled by an effort on the part of Lord George Bentinck which no Irishman ever should forget. Almost immediately on the meeting of parliament the noble lord brought in his bill "to stimulate the prompt and profitable employment of the people by the encouragement of railways in Ireland."

Those who may have the curiosity to turn back to the past volumes of this periodical, will find in the number for April, 1847, in an attempt generally to consider the question of Ireland suffering under the famine, an incidental, but still a tolerably full discussion of the provisions of this measure, and the debates to which its introduction gave rise. It was the only measure of modern times in which an English statesman proposed to legislate generously, unreservedly, and ungrudgingly, for the good of Ireland. We know of no other measure in which the advantage of this country was the single object present to the mind of its promoter. How it was defeated in great

part by the baseness of Irishmen themselves, is a melancholy and now an unprofitable tale to dwell upon.

We would, however, gladly follow Mr. Disraeli in those chapters in which he touches upon the dismal subject of Ireland's mis-government in the time of her utmost need. Dealing too leniently with the gigantic, and, to us, ruinous folly, of the Labour-rate Act, he yet pronounces its most bitter condemnation when he states—

“The number of persons employed under the labour rate act, principally in useless and entirely in unproductive works, which in the month of September had amounted to 30,000, reached, when parliament met, the awful sum of half a million, representing, it was said, as far as the means of subsistence were concerned, two millions and a-half of her Majesty's subjects. A nation breaking stones upon the road!—equal to the population of Holland, a community enjoying ancient renown and present respect and prosperity; all those sources of moral satisfaction and material comfort which render a people proud and content.”—pp. 354-5.

Whatever excuse might be found for such wild legislation in the terror suggested by the prospect of a starving people, it is impossible to suggest even a palliation for the course that has since been deliberately pursued. Mr. Disraeli saw, with Lord George Bentinck, when parliament met in 1847, that “such projects were the desperate efforts of an emergency, but that sufficient time had” even then “elapsed for the substitution of less reckless methods.” The less reckless methods have never since been adopted. The last, and, we may suppose, the now established policy of British statesmen to this country, is to let our misery eat itself away. Our gentry robbed by a sale of their properties at about a fourth of their value! our peasantry swept from the charnel-houses that they call poor-houses, to the grave! our farmers hunted like the wolves from their native land! This is the process of Ireland's regeneration to which some of the most facetious of our persecutors are pleased to give the name of the extirpation of the Celtic principle from our soil. No doubt it adds something to the zest with which these Christian and wise philosophers contemplate sport, to see that, even amid the of our country, we have not we from enlivening the horrors of

the scene by what, no doubt, is to them the merriment of our domestic strifes.

Enough, however, of this. In what a different position would this ill-fated country be now, had the counsels of those who thought, in 1847, with Lord George Bentinck prevailed! A threat of resignation by the minister induced Irish members to save the cabinet at the expense of their country. They lost the Railway Bill, and they have still Lord John Russell as Premier. Verily they have their reward!

Mr. Disraeli's observations on Ireland are marked by the same spirit of liberality and kindness that distinguished the views of his deceased friend. He does not condescend even to flatter a too prevalent English prejudice, by speaking otherwise than respectfully of one who, whatever may be his faults, meant well and honestly by his native land. Had the calamities of Ireland been met in a spirit like that which dictated Lord George Bentinck's Railway Bill, Smith O'Brien never would have been a rebel.

If we are thus compelled to hurry over the chapters relating to Lord George Bentinck's conduct upon Irish affairs, we shall, probably, be forgiven for dismissing still more briefly the important, although to Ireland less interesting question of the currency and the restrictions imposed by Sir Robert Peel's last act. Of these restrictions Lord George was a decided opponent. To these restrictions, abandoned in the autumn of 1847, by an order of council abrogating the law, there is now no difficulty in tracing the unparalleled commercial disasters of that year. The subject of currency is one too important and complicated to be incidentally discussed. At this moment the influx of newly-discovered gold is mitigating, to no inconsiderable degree, the evils of our metallic system of currency. Nevertheless, we believe the time is not far distant when the advocate of British industry will find it necessary to make war upon the system of a restricted currency even more earnestly than upon that of unrestricted importations.

Perhaps the most striking and interesting chapters in this memoir are those in which the writer justifies the support given by Lord George Bentinck to the admission of Jews, who do not believe in Christianity, into parliament. There is in the arguments

by which that support is defended, a high-toned earnestness, a deep sincerity of Christian conviction, and a lofty pride, which commands our admiration. Nevertheless, the arguments have failed to convince us that we ought to admit into the parliament of England the Jews who reject one-half of the revelation, which has been made, we admit, to their nation and their race. The race to which the Redeemer of mankind, in His human relation, belonged; the race that, for the very purpose of the birth of that Messiah, was marked out as a peculiar blood; the race through whom we have received every lesson of revelation from God, for it is an unquestionable but often forgotten truth, that "*no one has ever been permitted to write under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit except a Jew;*" that race ought to be the object of veneration and respect from every believer in the Bible they have given us. That very sacred book informs us that the God who has punished them by dispersion, yet watches over his people, and will yet "reward double" upon all those who hurt or wrong them in their exile from their land. Yet all this does not persuade us that we ought to confide the duties of our legislation to those who do not believe in that divine mission of Jesus, which, in the words of Mr. Disraeli, is "the most important part of the Jewish religion."

However men may differ in the abstract from the vote of Lord George Bentinck, it is impossible to refuse to that vote credit for the noblest adherence to the course of duty.

We must draw to a close our notice of this most interesting volume. We stated in the outset that we would deal with it not as the biography of an individual, but as the history of the origin of a party. Perhaps for this very reason we have failed to do justice, either to the work itself or to the statesman whose noble labours it records; labours, alas! prematurely closed in an early grave. No man ever, in three years of his life, built up so high or, we believe, so enduring a fame. We must, however, leave his portrait to the matchless pencil of his friend:—

"All his ideas were large, clear, and coherent. . . . No series of parliamentary labours had ever produced so much influence in the country in so short a time. Never was a reputation so substantial built up in so brief

a space. All the questions with which he had dealt were colossal questions—the laws that should regulate competition between native and foreign labour; the interference of the state in the development of the resources of Ireland; the social and commercial condition of our tropical colonies; the principles upon which our revenue should be raised; the laws that should regulate and protect our navigation. But it was not that he merely expressed opinions upon these subjects; he came forward with details in support of his principles and policy which it had been before believed none but a minister could command. Instead of experiencing the usual and almost inevitable doom of private members of parliament, and having his statements shattered by official information, Lord George Bentinck, on the contrary, was the assailant, and the successful assailant, of an administration on these very heads. He often did their work more effectually than all their artificial training enabled them to do it. His acute research and his peculiar sources of information roused the vigilance of all the public offices of the country. Since his time there has been more care in preparing official returns, and in arranging the public correspondence placed on the table of the House of Commons. . . . Though his manner, which was daily improving, was not felicitous in the house, the authority of his intellect, his knowledge, and his character, made him one of the great personages of debate; but with the country, who only read his speeches, he ranked high as an orator. It is only those who have had occasion critically to read and examine the long series of his speeches, who can be conscious of their considerable merits. The information is always full, and often fresh; the scope large; the argument close; and the style, though simple, never bald, but vigorous, idiomatic, and often picturesque. He had not credit for this in his day, but the passages which have been quoted in this volume will prove the justness of this criticism. As a speaker and writer his principal want was condensation. He could not bear that anything should remain untold. He was deficient in taste, but he had fervor of feeling, and was by no means void of imagination.

"The writer, in his frequent communications with him of faithful and unbounded confidence, was often reminded of the character by Mr. Burke of my Lord Keppell.

"The labours of Lord Geo. Bentinck had been supernatural, and one ought, perhaps, to have felt then that it was impossible they could be continued on such a scale of exhaustion; but no friend

could control his eager life in this respect; he obeyed the law of his vehement and fiery nature, being one of those men who in whatever they undertake know no medium, but will 'succeed or die.'

"He stood (writes Mr. Disraeli of his last interview) upon the *perron* of Harcourt House, the last of the great hotels of an age of stately manners, with its wings, and court-yard, and carriage portal, and huge outward walls. He put forth his hand to bid farewell, and his last words were characteristic of the man—of his warm feelings and of his ruling passion:—'God bless you: we must work, and the country will come round us.'

"They say that when great men arise they have a mission to accomplish, and do not disappear until it is fulfilled. Yet this is not always true. After all his deep study and his daring action, Mr. Hampden died on an obscure field, almost before the commencement of that mighty struggle which he seemed born to direct. In the great contention between the patriotic and the cosmopolitan principle, which has hardly begun, and on the issue of which the fate of this island as a powerful community depends, Lord George Bentinck appeared to be produced to represent the traditional influences of our country in their most captivating form. Born a natural leader of the people, he was equal to the post. Free from prejudices, his large mind sympathised with all classes of the realm. His courage and his constancy were never surpassed by man. He valued life only as a means of fulfilling duty; and truly it may be said of him, that he feared nothing but God."—pp. 579-84.

The political combination which he formed with so much difficulty and so many misgivings, is now a great and a powerful party in the state. Is the principle which they represent ever again to assert its ascendancy over the economic policy of this great empire? Are the men who have associated in defence of the deserted principles ever to fill the place of the advisers of the Sovereign? High authority* has recently assured us, that a Protectionist ministry is not improbable, a Protectionist policy impossible. We believe that, so far as the present is concerned, the probabilities of both depend upon the energies and the courage of those who represent the party and the principle in the House of Commons:—

"*Imperium facile iisdem artibus retinetur quibus initio paritur.*" The new political combination can be effectually sustained by the same exhibition of energy and courage by which it was originally formed. The moral of this great man's political life, for a great man he unquestionably was—the moral of his political life is expressed in the last words he spoke to his friend—"We must work, and the country will come round us." Upon the exertions of those to whom he has left the legacy of his example, we believe that their success as a party rests. The history of a party, and its principles, are, however, not always identical. Yet, "upon the issue of the struggle between the patriotic and the cosmopolitan principle," we do think, with Mr. Disraeli, "the fate of England, as a powerful community, depends." By the next session of Parliament the result of the next general election will very much be influenced; all that may be involved in the issue of that election to the institutions even of our ancient monarchy, it were too large a subject now to discuss.

It is true that the undertaking of this memoir was in many respects a perilous adventure. Mr. Disraeli has certainly no reason to regret the generous feelings that suggested the fulfilment of his labour of love. It is impossible to rise from the perusal of these pages without the warmest admiration of the writer's qualities, both of heart and head. We feel that they come from a spirit to whose generous emotions we can safely accord the tribute of our esteem and our trust. There is something better than the politician even in the mournful words with which he closes his tribute to the memory of his friend:—

"One who stood by his side in an arduous and unequal struggle; who often shared his councils, and sometimes, perhaps, soothed his cares; who knew well the greatness of his nature, and esteemed his friendship among the chief of worldly blessings, has stepped aside from the strife and passion of public life to draw up this record of his deeds and thoughts, that those who come after us may form some conception of his character and career, and trace in these faithful though imperfect pages the portraiture of an ENGLISH WORTHY."—pp. 587-8.

* The present Duke of Newcastle, "*Hec quantum mutatus ab illo.*"

The Year-King.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

It is the last of all the days,
The day on which the old year dies.
Ah! yes, the fated hour is near;
I see upon his snow-white bier
Outstretched the weary wanderer lies,
And mark his dying gaze.

A thousand visions, dark and fair,
Crowd on the old man's fading sight;
A thousand mingled memories throng
The old man's heart, still green and strong;
The heritage of wrong and right
He leaves unto his heir.

He thinks upon his budding hopes,
The day he stood the world's young king,
Upon his coronation morn,
When diamonds hung on every thorn,
And peeped the pearl flowers of the spring
Adown the emerald slopes.

He thinks upon his youthful pride,
When, in his ermined cloak of snow,
Upon his war-horse, stout and staunch,
The cataract-crested avalanche,
He thundered on the rocks below,
With his warriors at his side.

From rock to rock, through cloven scalp,
By rivers rushing to the sea,
With thunderous sound his army wound
The heaven-supporting hills around;
Like that the Man of Destiny
Led down the astonished Alp.

The bugles of the blast rang out,
The banners of the lightning swung,
The icy spear-points of the pine
Bristled along the advancing line,
And as the winds' reveillé rung,
Heavens! how the hills did shout.

Adown each slippery precipice
Rattled the loosen'd rocks, like balls
Shot from his booming thunder guns,
Whose smoke, effacing stars and suns,
Darkens the stifled heaven, and falls
Far off in arrowy showers of ice.

Ah! yes, he was a mighty king,
A mighty king, full flushed with youth;
He cared not then what ruin lay
Upon his desolating way;
Not his the cause of God or Truth,
But the brute lust of conquering.

Nought could resist his mighty will ;
The green grass withered where he stood ;
His ruthless hands were prompt to seize
Upon the tresses of the trees ;
Then shrieked the maidens of the wood,
And the saplings of the hill.

Nought could resist his mighty will,
For in his ranks rode spectral Death ;
The old expired through very fear,
And pined the young, when he came near ;
The faintest flutter of his breath
Was sharp enough to kill.

Nought could resist his mighty will ;
The flowers fell dead beneath his tread ;
The streams of life, that through the plains
Throb night and day through crystal veins,
With feverish pulses frighten'd fled,
Or curdled, and grew still.

Nought could resist his mighty will ;
On rafts of ice, blue-hued, like steel,
He crossed the broadest rivers o'er ;
Ah ! me, and then was heard no more
The murmur of the peaceful wheel
That turned the peasant's mill.

But why the evil that attends
On war recall to further view ?
Accursed war !—the world too well
Knows what thou art—thou fiend of hell !
The madness of a heartless few,
For their own selfish ends !

Soon, soon the youthful conqueror
Felt moved, and bade the horrors cease ;
Nature resumed its ancient sway,
Warm tears rolled down the cheeks of Day,
And Spring, the harbinger of peace,
Proclaimed the fight was o'er.

Oh ! what a change came o'er the world ;
The winds, that cut like naked swords,
Shed balm upon the wounds they made ;
And they who came the first to aid
The foray of grim winter's hordes,
The flag of truce unfurled.

Oh ! how the song of joy, the sound
Of rapture thrills the leaguer'd camps ;
The tinkling showers like cymbals clash
Upon the late leaves of the ash,
And blossoms hang like festal lamps
On all the trees around.

And there is sunshine, sent to strew
God's cloth of gold, whereon may dance
To music, that harmonious moves
The linked Graces and the Loves ;
Making reality romance,
And rare romance even more than true.

The fields laughed out in dimpling flowers,
The stream's blue eyes flash'd bright with smiles ;
The pale-faced clouds turned rosy-red,
As they looked down from over head ;
Then fled o'er continents and isles,
To shed their happy tears in showers.

The youthful monarch's heart grew light
To find what joy good deeds can shed ;
To nurse the orphan buds that bent
Over each turf-piled monument,
Wherein the parent flowers lay dead
Who perished in that fight.

And as he roamed from day to day,
Atoning thus to flower and tree,
Flinging his lavish gold around
In countless yellow flowers, he found,
By gladsome-weeping April's knee,
The modest maiden May.

Oh ! she was young as angels are,
Ere the eternal youth they lead
Gives any clue to tell the hours
They've spent in heaven's Elysian bowers ;
Ere God before their eyes decreed
The birth-day of some beauteous star.

Oh ! she was fair as are the leaves
Of pale white roses, when the light
Of sunset, through some trembling bough,
Kisses the queen-flower's blushing brow ;
Nor leaves it red nor marble white,
But rosy-pale, like April eves.

Her eyes were like forget-me-nots,
Dropped in the silvery snow-drop's cup,
Or on the folded myrtle buds,
The azure violet of the woods ;
Just as the thirsty sun drinks up
The dewy diamonds on the plots.

And her sweet breath was like the sighs
Breathed by a babe of Youth and Love ;
When all the fragrance of the South
From the cleft cherry of its mouth,
Meets the fond lips that from above
Stoop to caress its slumbering eyes.

He took the maiden by the hand,
And led her in her simple gown
Unto a hamlet's peaceful scene,
Upraised her standard on the green ;
And crowned her with a rosy crown,
The beauteous Queen of all the land.

And happy was the maiden's reign—
For peace, and mirth, and twin-born love
Came forth from out men's hearts that day,
Their gladsome fealty to pay ;
And there was music in the grove,
And dancing on the plain.

And Labour carolled at his task,
Like the blithe bird that sings and builds
His happy household 'mid the leaves;
And now the fibrous twig he weaves,
And now he sings to her who gilds—
The sole horizon he doth ask.

And sickness half forgot its pain,
And sorrow half forgot its grief;
And eld forgot that it was old,
As if to show the age of gold
Was not the poet's fond belief;
But every year comes back again.

The Year-King passed along his way,
Rejoiced, rewarded, and content;
He passed to distant lands and new,
For other tasks he had to do;
But wheresoe'er the wanderer went
He ne'er forgot his darling May.

He sent her stems of living gold
From the rich plains of western lands,
And purple-gushing grapes from vines
Born of the amorous sun that shines
Where Tagus rolls its golden sands,
Or Guadaleté old.

And citrons from Firenze's fields,
And golden apples from the isles
That gladden the bright southern seas,
True home of the Hesperides;
Which now no dragon guards, but smiles
The bounteous Mother as she yields.

And then the King grew old like Lear—
His blood waxed chill, his beard grew grey;
He changed his sceptre for a staff:
And as the thoughtless children laugh,
To see him totter on his way,
He knew his destined hour was near.

And soon it came; and here he strives,
Outstretched upon his snow-white bier,
To reconcile the dread account—
How stands the balance, what the amount;
As we shall do with trembling fear
When our last hour arrives.

Come, let us kneel around his bed,
And pray unto his God and ours,
For mercy on his servant here:
Oh! God be with the dying year!
And God be with the happy hours
That died before their sire lay dead.

And as the bells commingling ring
The New Year in, the Old Year out,
Muffled and sad, and now in peals,
With which the quivering belfry reels,
Grateful and hopeful be the shout,
The King is dead!—Long live the King!

IRISH LAND, LANDLORDS, AND TENANTS.

ALL wealth originally springs from land, labour, and capital; or rather from the application of labour, assisted by capital, to land; and to a combination of these three instruments of production all wealth may be traced. Land (used in a wide sense, as designating all "natural agents") is the universal parent of raw produce; and not only the food that supports the labourer or artisan, but the material upon which he exercises his skill, are its immediate gifts. If we resolve to its primary constituents any manufactured article, we shall find that it consists of the produce of the soil; which also forms the fund from which all the material rewards of the labourer are supplied, whether he toil

"In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
Nor the dawn of the glorious day"—

or whether, by the brilliancy of his genius or the depth of his understanding, he sway the councils and arbitrate the destinies of mankind. Land differs from the other elements of production, labour and capital, in not being susceptible of indefinite increase; and thus it is not only the source of a nation's wealth, but the final barrier also to its aggrandizement and prosperity. The limited quantity of land, and its limited fertility, are the real limits to production, as production is to population; and a contest between the slowly increasing produce of the soil, and the rapidly increasing wants of society, is felt in every country at an early stage. The obstacle opposed by this limitation to production (from the extent and properties of the soil) has been aptly compared, by a celebrated economist,* to a highly elastic and extensible band, which is hardly ever so violently stretched that it could not possibly be stretched any more, yet the pressure of which is felt long before the final limit is reached, and felt more severely the nearer that limit is approached. It is, therefore, evident that every country has a direct

interest in the increased extent and increased productiveness of the soil; and as, in this kingdom at least, all the land is appropriated, and not practically capable of extension, it follows that the welfare of the people is intimately connected with its increased productiveness.

Trade and commerce with foreign nations have somewhat modified this complete dependence of every country upon its own soil. It has enabled us to avail ourselves of the extent and fertility of the territories of our neighbours, and instead of expending our labour in the creation of the raw material, to purchase it abroad, and, altering its fashion and enhancing its value by the application of industry, to pay by its exportation for our imports. A country whose capital and labour are wholly, or almost wholly employed in developing its own resources, rests upon a foundation far more solid than one that is, in a great part, dependent upon the precarious interests of foreign commerce. A revolution abroad, an international war, and many other circumstances, may mar the *entente cordial* to which commercial reciprocity is subservient. But that country which depends upon itself alone, is placed beyond the reach of foreign influences; and stands undamaged and uninjured amid the convulsions abroad, by which liberty is swept away, time-hallowed institutions levelled, and thrones shaken, shattered, and destroyed.

It is so obvious that the interests of the community are deeply concerned in the increased abundance of the produce of the land, that it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the subject. It is of more importance to consider the means by which the productive powers of the soil are most fully employed, and agricultural industry best developed. Of these, some are within the control of the state, and others of individuals. Security from violence and fraud; good roads, and improved means of communication; the progress of agricultural skill, knowledge, and

* John Stuart Mill.

invention; the removal of fiscal burdens on agriculture; cheapness and facility in the transfer of land from the hands of those who can make little of it into the hands of those who can make more; and, above all, a feeling of permanence and security in the possession of land, and a conviction that no violent change in the laws will interfere with existing or future contracts, may be enumerated as a few of the principal circumstances that inspire the possessor of the soil with sufficient confidence to expend his labour and capital in developing its latent energies.

If the different laws by which the tenure, distribution, and transfer of land are governed, and by which its management, and even in many particulars its mode of cultivation, are designated and controlled, were regarded as a purely economic question, it is sufficiently evident that it would be one of the utmost moment; but when we know that the present unsatisfactory state of the law produces a deep feeling of discontent in the minds of the whole agricultural population, often manifesting its potent presence in agrarian outrages and fearful crimes, the necessity for a thorough investigation and final settlement becomes much more imperative.

It must not, however, be supposed that we attribute the present unsatisfactory state of the great "land question" to any want of legislation upon the subject; on the contrary, we believe that the evils are to a great extent, perhaps wholly, attributable to over-legislation; to a vain endeavour to bring about, through the agency of acts of Parliament, those arrangements between man and man which depend upon circumstances beyond the knowledge, as they are beyond the control of others, and which can only be concluded in a satisfactory manner by the great principles that rule all commercial dealings—a perfect freedom of contract.

In the early stages of society, before personal freedom can be said fairly to exist, and where self-reliance and enterprise are as rarely found as even a glimpse of the great principles that regulate trade and commerce, Government interference will be found to extend far beyond its legitimate province. Our statute books contain Acts of Parliament almost without number, professing to regulate, for the benefit of

the public, those petty transactions which are now safely left to individuals. Acts to regulate the prices of food and the wages of labour abound; and land, too, has come in for its full share of legislation; and in this particular Ireland appears to have been especially favoured. In the reign of George III. there were about sixty statutes passed on this subject for Ireland, and only five or six for England; and as a further example, as well of Government interference as of the overloaded state of our statute books, we may mention that there are thirty-four Irish statutes relating to the leasing powers of ecclesiastical corporations, six relating to infants, lunatics, and married women, and twelve giving powers to tenants for life and in tail, in relation to land, to say nothing of a multitude of other acts upon almost every branch of the subject. In commercial transactions it was felt that legal restrictions pressed so prejudicially upon individuals, that nearly all such acts have been repealed. But, unfortunately for the landowner, whilst compelled to submit, for the sake of "free trade," to measures that have seriously depreciated the value of his property, the real principles of free trade have never been extended to him. In regard to land, the same ignorance that dictated the absurd Acts of Parliament to which we have alluded still exist; and an expectation that Government is to do, as between landlord and tenant, what no Government ever did or could do, appears to be the principal obstacle to final legislation upon the subject. It is, however, gratifying to find that the present Premier is convinced of this, and we fully agree with the opinions he expressed in a late debate upon Tenant-right (12th July last), when he declared "that whatever might be said with regard to Irish landlords, he did not think that any general observations against them were just. There were severe expressions applied to certain landlords which were not more than adequate, but to apply those expressions to other landlords would be doing them a great injustice. He was convinced that instead of benefiting the landlord and tenant, by introducing a law which would lead them to insist upon certain rights, the landlord having certain property which no parliament could take away, such a law, instead of improving the present

state of things, would make it worse. He was induced to say thus much, because, after all that had passed, he thought it would be doing wrong to hold out the expectation that Government was going to bring in a bill which would entirely settle this question, with regard to a settlement of which they must, after all, look to an improvement in the state of society in Ireland rather than to any legislation."

Under the feudal law the tenant was little better than a vassal, who stood in a state of complete dependency to his superior, and received, in exchange for his services, support and protection. Commerce in those days was almost wholly unknown, and the rent of his land, paid in kind, was expended by the lord in an indiscriminate and profuse hospitality. In process of time the bonds by which this military tenure was supported, gradually loosened. The life and liberty of the vassal was no longer placed in jeopardy at the caprice of the powerful baron; and a desire to possess the luxuries and comforts of civilized life began to give an exchangeable value to the produce of the soil, as well as to the manual labour of the vassal, which neither had before possessed. Thus a change was slowly effected, and a new conventional contract between two independent parties, founded upon considerations of mutual convenience and self-interest, engrafted upon the former relation of lord and vassal. These changes were gradually introduced; and by these means two separate relationships, one belonging to a barbarous age, and the other to modern and enlightened times, became blended together. This forms the existing law of landlord and tenant, in which the duties and responsibilities of the owners of land are intermixed with their rights and privileges; and the state of dependence of the vassal with the equities and obligations of the tenant.

It is to the union of these two characters, almost diametrically opposed, in the same individuals, that much of the confusion with which this subject is enveloped is attributable. Habit and ancient predilections have made us familiar and perhaps partial to many things in our statute books to which, were they now brought before our notice for the first time as measures adapted to the present requirements of society, we would never for a moment

dream of giving our assent. A review of the Acts of Parliament upon this subject will show that the privileges intended to have been provided for the tenant are to a great extent practically useless, and act often as a direct incentive to fraud; and that notwithstanding all the intricate legislation upon the subject the rights of the landlord exist only in name, without any *effectual* legal remedy to enforce them.

Experience, as well as economic science, teaches us that, as the community consists of a congregation of individuals, so the prosperity of the commonwealth depends upon the prosperity of those of whom it is composed; and it also leads us to the conclusion that the overwhelming majority of mankind are the best judges of their own interests. Legal interference is only necessary for enforcing agreements, provided they be not prejudicial to the rest of the community, or made *contra bonos mores*. This is now universally acknowledged, and forms the foundation of all legislative enactments relating to commercial dealings, save and except where land is concerned. This arises from the old feudal feelings already alluded to, which induce us to look to land as the source of honour and not of profit; and to the possession of land as a privilege and not as a trade. Whereas agriculture is in all respects a manufacture, in which the raw materials of seed and manure are worked up by the agency of the soil, assisted by the secret powers of nature.

In proportion as the value of land to the community, and the great part it fills in the history of a nation's prosperity is acknowledged, it becomes more important to investigate the position in which it is placed by what we may be permitted to term *disabling* statutes: enactments by which the free and useful employment of this great natural agent in the production of wealth is unprofitably hampered and controlled. If we examine the causes of the backward state of agriculture in this country, and the poverty and misery of the people (which appear always to follow as a natural sequence), we shall almost invariably find that they result from legal restrictions on a landlord's power of making commercial contracts with his tenants. This has also been attributed, doubtless with a great deal of justice, to the embarrassed con-

dition of the proprietors, and to the injurious effects resulting from the appointment of receivers of the Court of Chancery. That estates so circumstanced rapidly deteriorate is certainly true, but is still referrible, in a great extent at least, to the same cause; for the greatest evil that springs from the embarrassed condition of the landlord, is the total incapacity under which his difficulties place him, of entering into valid and binding commercial contracts with his tenants. Regard to the common weal would require that the chief contracting party, the landlord, should possess perfect freedom, and the other party perfect security; but as the laws at present exist, restrictions, unnecessary and injurious, are imposed upon the one, and insecurity only guaranteed to the other.

It is a maxim of the ancient common law "that he that ploughs should plough in hope;" and this saying was not only founded upon natural equity and justice, but also upon the strictest rules of economic science. Capital and labour will only be expended by those who have a certainty of reaping the fruit of their industry; and without such assurance the land, the great parent of wealth, will remain waste, or, what amounts to nearly the same thing, imperfectly cultivated; which is always a public loss to the community; for that which might have been created and added to the general food fund of the country, by the expenditure of little else than labour upon it, is not brought into existence; the land remaining dormant and idle, like some great steam-engine, or other instrument of production, that only requires to be set in motion to stimulate industry, and add its quota to the stock of national wealth.

The mere secure possession of land is seldom sufficient to make the idle industrious, or the spendthrift provident; and it would not be difficult to collect in the voluminous pages of the Land Commissioners' Report the evidence of many experienced men, animated by the most praiseworthy anxiety to benefit the condition of the tenant-farmer classes, and yet of opinion that until the smaller farmers shall have acquired a greater degree of intelligence and industry, no practical good would result from the granting of leases. Of this we have a strong example in the leases for lives renewable for ever, under which more than

a seventh of the entire soil of Ireland was until lately held. Many of these leases were made for agricultural purposes, some of them by no means of ancient date, and yet it is notorious that their only effect was to turn the yeoman into a "squireen," and to inflict upon Ireland all the curses of the middleman system.

If the soil were incapable of improvement or deterioration, the principles by which the letting and hiring of land should be governed would be sufficiently plain. Contracts relating to it should be placed upon the same footing as contracts relating to any other raw material used in the creation or production of wealth. The two contracting parties should be placed upon a footing of perfect freedom and equality; they should be at liberty to enter into any compact prompted by their mutual interests; and the law should only be used to give efficacy and enforcement to such dealings. The only evil that could result to the community, in an economic sense, would arise from the land being left in an unproductive state; but against this the landlord would be impelled by the strongest motives of self-interest to guard; as in that case it would also cease to produce rent. The question, however, becomes more complicated when we import into the proposition the new elements—that the landlord and tenant are not, as it is maintained, upon a footing of perfect equality; that land is susceptible, in almost infinite gradations, of having its productive powers enhanced or impaired; and that remainder-men and reversioners have often rights which it is necessary to protect.

The landlord and the tenant, it has been frequently said, are not upon equal terms. Education, and that foresight and intelligence that spring from education, certainly give the landlord a great advantage over the illiterate peasant; for knowledge is power. But the same may be said of every transaction in which the educated have to deal with the uneducated classes. The spread of useful knowledge is the only remedy, and withal, a great national benefit; for the same mental superiority that gives, in a contract, to one man an advantage over another, will also enable him to pursue the trade of a mechanic or a farmer with more ability and success. Fraud

and violence are legitimate objects for legal interference; but none but a French socialist writer would maintain that the laws should relieve against every accidental difference in bodily organisation or mental vigour, whether natural or acquired. It is, however, maintained by others, that they do not meet upon equal terms, because the tenant is acting under the compulsion of imminent starvation. The landlords are represented as having the monopoly of land, and as exacting from the starving tenant a far more than legitimate agricultural rent. The fact is indisputable, and forms the key to Ireland's anomalous condition, that a great portion of the soil of the country has become centered in the hands of a class uniting with the characteristics of the tenant those of the pauper. The political causes to which this is partly due have been frequently discussed, and we shall have occasion in the course of this paper to point out some of the legal provisions at present existing by which the same system is to a great extent perpetuated. This was the principal cause of the famine with which this country was lately desolated, and has always formed the greatest obstacle to the improvement of the people, and the progress of agricultural skill, wealth, and happiness. It may be very true that in some cases, owing to his poverty, or under the constraint of famine, the tenant is not possessed of sufficient independence to meet the landlord upon equal terms; but the answer is obvious that this is no hardship; for a man without adequate capital has no right to enter into the trade of a farmer. It would be as reasonable for a pauper who had become the possessor of a bale of cotton wool, under the promise of paying an exorbitant sum, to cling to it with a desperate tenacity, and to complain that the laws pressed upon him with undue severity, inasmuch as they failed to supply him with capital and machinery for its manufacture. As long

as he continued to hold the wool, the seller would be deprived of its price, and the country of its produce; just as, in the case of a pauper tenant, the inheritor loses the rent, and the country the fruit of the land. An insolvent proprietary was found to press so severely against the best interests of the country, as to call for an act almost unexampled in its sweeping severity, and in the hardships it inflicted upon the upper classes; and the same evils, only greater in extent, flow from a pauper occupancy.

It would then appear that the great obstacles to free contracts, relating to land, spring from the present state of the laws. These disabilities it will be necessary to consider, in as popular a manner as the subject admits of. The investigation will be greatly facilitated by the inquiries of several gentlemen fully competent for the undertaking. The results of their labours have been lately published, and we shall have occasion to refer to them frequently in the course of this paper.*

And, here we may as well dispose of a little book, or rather pamphlet, from which we had anticipated much information; but which we have been obliged to put aside with not a little disappointment.† It purports to solve the perplexing land question, and to give practical plans for the improvement of the land-tenure in Ireland. But, we regret to say, the suggestions in this work are wholly impracticable, not to say ridiculous; and savour more of the exuberance of an Irishman's fancy, when his genius has got the better of him, than of the practical reality, and stern severity of truth, we would have a right to expect from one of her Majesty's Counsel. His scheme is so visionary, and so incapable of being applied to any purpose of practical utility, that it is not likely to attract the attention even of Tenant-leaguers. Any detailed outline of such a plan, or serious endeavour to expose its numerous fallacies, would consequently an-

* "On the Legislative Measures requisite to facilitate the Adoption of Commercial Contracts respecting the Occupation of Land in Ireland. By Robert Longfield, Esq., Barrister-at-Law; Author of 'A Treatise on the Law of Ejectment;' and 'A Treatise on the Law of Distress.'" Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1851.

"The Tenure and Improvement of Land in Ireland, considered with Reference to the Relation of Landlord and Tenant, and Tenant-right. By Wm. Dwyer Fergusson, and Andrew Vance, Barristers-at-Law." Dublin: E. J. Milliken. 1851.

† "The Irish Land Question, with Practical Plans for an Improved Land Tenure, and a New Land System. By Vincent Scully, Esq., Q.C." Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1851.

swer no useful purpose. *Requiescat in pace!*

The only persons in Ireland at present capable of granting arbitrary leases of their estates for such rents, and generally subject to such contracts as they may deem beneficial, are persons wholly free from judgment and mortgage debts, and other incumbrances, and in whom the absolute possession of the land is vested; or, in law-parlance, fee-simple proprietors. All other classes of land-owners are placed under restrictions more or less severe. Municipal Corporations are prohibited from making leases for more than thirty-one years, unless for building purposes; spiritual Corporations, such as bishops, deans, and chapters, are restricted to twenty-one years; tenants for life and others, such as lessees, having only a limited interest, are disabled from granting a lease to endure beyond their own estate in the land, however limited or uncertain. The concurrence of the Court of Chancery is necessary to give validity to leases made by the committees of lunatics or idiots. Infants cannot make leases so as to bind themselves when they attain their majorities; and no tenant can obtain a lease of land, over which a receiver of the Court of Chancery has been appointed, certain in its duration and validity, all such leases being made "for seven years" or some other term "pending the litigation," and terminating with it. Some of these disabilities may be got over by procuring consents from parties interested; but the difficulties and expenses are so great as practically to exclude the mere agricultural tenant from their benefits. The greatest injustice, however, that results to the tenant, and that which above all others makes his tenure precarious, is the power not only the mortgagee, but every person who has obtained a judgment against the inheritor, possesses, of evicting all subsequent leases, frequently without even a demand of the possession. Thus, it may happen upon an estate, undoubtedly held in fee-simple, and in the undisturbed, exclusive, and unquestioned possession of the owner, that every lease may be called in question at some future period, and evicted by any *one* of numerous judgment creditors, of whom the tenant never heard.

Referring to the economic principles upon which the granting of leases proves

favourable to the prosperity of the community, it will follow that nothing can be more absurd than the most unnecessary "pains and penalties" above alluded to. The only advantage the tenant derives from a lease is security. Under the protection of this lease he lays out at a long venture, or, as the phrase is, he "sinks" his capital in the land, postponing present enjoyment to advantages that are greater and more remote; and an immediate consumption and destruction of his property, to its preservation in a permanent form. Upon English estates a large portion of the necessary capital is advanced by the landlord; and the same is the case in a greater or lesser degree upon all well-circumstanced estates in this country. In proportion as the amount of capital advanced by the landlord is greater, the necessity for security upon the tenant's part becomes less imperative, for he advances less capital and incurs less risk. Now this is the case invariably upon the estates of the most wealthy and unembarrassed proprietors. As a great portion of the capital for permanent improvements is advanced by them, a secure lease to the tenant becomes of less moment. But upon an embarrassed estate, one of two things happens, either where the landlord cannot advance the necessary capital, the tenant will not risk his, and therefore the land is under-productive; or the tenant does make the necessary advances, requiring for that purpose some guarantee that he that sows should also reap the fruits thereof. On an unincumbered estate, where this guarantee is scarcely required, the landlord finds it easy to give it; but on an embarrassed estate, where the tenant has to struggle against the inability of the landlord to assist him, and to guard also against the dangers that may arise from promises and principles that reigned in happier hours being postponed or forgotten amidst the temptations and trials of adversity, the landlord possesses no power of giving security to the tenant. It sometimes happens—such was the case upon the Audley estate, one of the most insolvent in Ireland—that there are eighty incumbrancers, without the unanimous consent of whom no valid contract could be entered into with a tenant, however *bona fide*, and however advantageous to all.

It may, indeed, be said, that if a

person please, by embarrassing his estate, to disqualify himself from granting leases, he has none but himself to blame. The fallacy of this argument is too plain to require refutation. The whole community is interested in the produce of the soil, and the possessor holds it only *quam diu se bene gesserit*, as a trustee for the community, so long as he uses it in a manner consistent with the public welfare. If all the proprietors of the coal fields of England, animated by some extraordinary hallucination, were suddenly to suspend their works, no one can doubt but that it would be a legitimate matter for legal interposition. For the same reason the settlements of former days should not be permitted to interfere injuriously with the present generation; nor the dead be permitted to make laws prejudicial to the interests of the living.

If again it should be urged, on behalf of the creditor, that it would be an injustice to him to deprive him of such a power, it might be answered that individual must yield to public interests. And moreover, it is the duty of the legislature, because it is for the benefit of all, that prodigality, extravagance, and indebtedness should be discouraged, and that promptitude in all dealings should, as far as possible, be fostered. If it become necessary at any time to raise money upon an estate for any temporary purpose, a mortgage is the proper method of doing so; but a judgment, which is, as its name imports, a sum of money recovered in an action at law, was never intended formerly to do more than serve a temporary purpose in enabling the creditor to raise the amount of his debt immediately. A man should not be permitted by mortgage, settlement, or otherwise, so to bind himself or others, or rather so to shackle his land as to prevent fair leases, at a rack-rent, without fine, *in præsentia*, and for *bona fide* agricultural purposes, from being granted by the person in the actual possession of the lands. Nor would this be a real injustice to the mortgagee or judgment creditor.

We have hitherto confined ourselves principally to the advantages the community derives from secure leases granted to the tenant; but how much greater are the benefits conferred upon the latter? He now feels an interest in the soil, and also in his country, to which he had been hitherto, perchance,

a stranger; he works with the renovated vigour of one whom new hope and energy have visited; he accumulates capital by industry and sinks its fruit into the soil, and thus gives a security, as it were, to society for his future good conduct. Should some temporary calamity come upon him he is in a position to borrow, on the credit of his real interest, at a moderate rate, instead of borrowing small sums at necessarily ruinous usury upon his precarious tenure. Thus he gets rid of a slavish fear, and imbibes those principles of manly independence from which spring so many elevated qualities and social virtues. Independently of the economic disadvantages that result from a questionable tenure, the cruelty—for no other word would adequately express the feeling—to the tenant should not pass unnoticed. Put into possession, with all legal forms, by the person permitted by the laws to continue as the ostensible owner of the soil, the tenant is liable, notwithstanding a lease, with heavy stamp duty and lawyers' fees, and with all due formalities literally observed, to be evicted without regard to the time during which he shall have continued in possession, or the amount of money expended in permanent improvement. Nor is it alone in reference to the lease that this want of confidence in the laws is censurable; for the people, having experienced its insecurity in matters in which they are most interested and competent to judge, will naturally view all other legal provisions with unmitigated distrust.

In pointing out some of the great advantages that flow from leases judiciously granted, it must not be imagined that anything so absurd is advocated as a compulsory rule imposing upon all the obligation of letting their lands according to some uniform system. In leasing a farm to a tenant, a kind and liberal landlord will be governed by a variety of circumstances, which must, of course, vary in every case. He will take into account not less the circumstances of the soil than the vast inequalities of skill, capital, education, and, above all, character, upon the part of those applying for his farm; and the covenants which he will dispense with in the case of some he will enforce most stringently against others. The uniformity of the leases

granted of estates, "under the courts," is one of the principal causes of their wretched condition; and such must always be the case as long as human beings are animated by a diversity of feelings, and impelled by different motives.

In order to facilitate the granting of leases, it would be very advisable to sweep away all the distinctions that at present exist in leasing powers, adopting simplicity and uniformity, and giving to all the parties, for the time being, in the *de facto* possession of the land,—whether owner, mortgagee in possession, guardian of a minor, committee of a lunatic, receiver of the court, &c.—a uniform power of leasing, subject, however, to such proper restrictions as might be deemed necessary. If existing distinctions were perpetuated, and a leasing power for different terms conferred upon different individuals, depending not upon their being in possession of the land, but upon the exact species of title with which they were clothed, much doubt would still envelope the matter; and it would become a question of difficulty and importance—affecting the validity of the lease—to determine to what particular class the lessor belonged. With a view to meet these objections it has been proposed that all leasing powers should be threefold: for thirty-one years for agricultural and farming purposes; sixty years for the reclamation of waste lands and the working of mines; and ninety years for building purposes in towns and villages, and these terms appear, perhaps, the fairest that could be fixed upon. A recent Act of Parliament has already made provisions calculated to remove some of the obstacles to the granting of leases, by a reduction of the high stamp duty, which often made the tenant unwilling to incur so heavy and unnecessary a charge. The stamp duty upon leases and agreements for leases, has also proved a fertile source of fraud, quibbles, and litigation; and its effect has been to prevent agreements, fairly entered into, from being reduced in writing to a binding and conclusive form. The repeal of stamp duty upon all leases relating to small farms, would be a great boon to the agricultural classes; and the loss of revenue would be but trifling compared to the benefits conferred.

The question of what is a fair com-

pensating term in a lease upon which a tenant might be expected to expend his money, has given rise to much discussion. In conferring upon all *de facto* possessors of land a uniform leasing power, it would be advisable to give them a certain discretionary latitude, permitting them to lease for any term not exceeding say thirty-one years. It would scarcely be possible to fix upon any one invariable cycle of duration, the inviolable adherence to which would not prove, in many cases, most prejudicial; for such matters depend almost exclusively upon the particular state of the land, its climate and situation, not less than the skill and capital, and even the age and energy of the tenant. They are also governed by the amount of money advanced or allowance made by the landlord, and upon the nature of the improvements required, upon which men of experience and intelligence differ so widely that a certain discretion upon the subject should be vested in the parties.

A long term has been much insisted upon on behalf of the tenant. It has been maintained that he could not afford to lay out the large sums required in drainage, &c., without having a certain interest for sixty years, and some have even maintained without a perpetual interest. It is difficult, however, to imagine how it would prove generally beneficial to have sunk in the improvement of the soil capital which it would take more than thirty-one years to repay with all interest and risk. In a country like this where there is such a constant complaint of the want of capital, and so much land upon which money judiciously expended would be repaid in ten or fifteen years, and even in five, or seven years, it would be most injudicious to encourage such a comparative loss; for capital would then be invested in works that would fail to reproduce it with ordinary profit for perhaps fifty or sixty years, instead of being expended upon improvements that would *turn it over* from five to ten times in the same period; and the wealth of a community depends not less upon the actual amount of capital it possesses than upon the rapidity and number of times that capital is turned.

Another objection has often been urged to long leases. They place the tenant so completely out of control that they enable him to follow his own course,

be it for better or worse, free from supervision or restraint. In a very high state of civilization, where the middle classes possess an amount of education, skill, and foresight, unfortunately of rare existence in Ireland, the people require but little guidance. Here the tenant classes are often perfectly ignorant of even the commonest rudiments of village instruction. Under these circumstances leases of such long duration only tend to perpetuate an unimproving system of agriculture, and a class wedded, with the blind prejudice of ignorance, to obsolete and injurious customs. In these opinions Messrs. Fergusson and Vance appear fully to concur:—

“It is a matter of experience that a lengthened lease (except for building purposes) not merely withdraws the tenant from the beneficial influence and controul of his landlord, but creates an apathy and indolence under which the best land deteriorates, subdivision takes place, and pauperism spreads, until the lease expires, and the land is given up exhausted, and incumbered with a wretched population. Such has been too frequently the experience in Ireland in respect of the old long leases at low rents of the last century, exhibiting the most subdivision, and the least improvement; and if anything were necessary to demonstrate that length of tenure alone, or what is called fixity of tenure, will not do everything, authenticated instances may be brought forward of farms let for ever, or for ninety-one years, at low or merely nominal rents (such as three pence per acre), presenting a painful contrast, in respect of the improvement of the land and the comforts of the occupying tenants, with others immediately adjoining, which had been let for terms of twenty-one years, and at fair and reasonable rents. We therefore think that we are justified in propounding as the result of experience, that lengthened terms in leases are apt to prove injurious to the landlord and tenant, and to the community, so far as the improvement of the land is concerned.”*

Some writers have advocated the

granting of leases for terms of years certain, as being most beneficial both for landlord and tenant, and others have declared themselves in favour of leases for lives. A lease for a certain term of years gives notice of its approaching determination, and enables the tenant to enter into timely negotiations with his landlord for a renewal. Should the landlord refuse to hearken to reason, and endeavour to take advantage of money expended in putting the land into “good heart,” &c., it gives the tenant the opportunity of recovering the whole, or the greater portion of his capital, by adopting a less liberal system of husbandry for the residue of the term. Thus both landlord and tenant possess a reciprocal power of conferring a benefit or causing a loss to the other; and it is scarcely necessary to draw the conclusion that in the vast majority of cases the course suggested by their mutual advantage, not less than by the interest of the community, will be adopted. The most serious objection to a lease for a term of years is that the farm is apt to be divided into parcels under the statute of distributions, if the tenant should die intestate. This could be easily remedied, if it became at any time a serious evil; but it is apprehended that much inconvenience could not arise on that score, as intestacy invariably results from the conduct of the principal party. A lease for the life of the tenant possesses still more certainty, as far as the individual is concerned, than a short term of years, and perhaps the most advantageous term would be for the life of *the tenant* and thirty-one years, concurrent.

Assuming a landlord to be in the actual possession of his land, and ready and willing to enter into a contract with a tenant, we have considered some of the legal obstacles that impede him, and some of the economic evils that result not less to the contracting parties, than to the community, from unnecessary impediments to an arrangement prompted by a voluntary determination on each side. As a remedy we have proposed that all persons, *de facto* owners of land,

* Much additional information upon this subject will be found in the evidence taken before the Land Commission in 1845. See M. Staunton (274), Q. 44; Lieut.-Col. Blacker (88), Q. 45; J. Hancock (92), Q. 37; C. K. O'Hara (336), Q. 8; F. Barber (360), Q. 53; M. Collis (39), Q. 59; J. Wiggins (293), Q. 85, &c.

should have the power conferred upon them of granting leases not exceeding a stated period. Under the supposition of such a power, the important question would arise as to what particular obligations should flow by presumption of law from the relationship of landlord and tenant.

It would be difficult to discover a single covenant that could be generally inserted in a lease, so as to benefit either party at the expense of the other. The narrow-minded or the ignorant speak as if the proprietors and occupiers were placed in antagonism; but observation and experience prove that oppressive feudal rights lead to the degradation and the pauperism of the tenant, and indirectly of the landlord; and that the most grievous tyranny seldom proves so inimical to the real interests of the farmer as the opportunity and encouragement, too often held out by legal technicalities, to dishonesty or fraud. A protection from the penalties of neglected engagements will naturally lead to distrust. A difficulty in enforcing the payment of rents or the recovery of possession will call for higher rents, as an insurance to cover the additional risks. It is to the great uncertainty and expenses to which the landlord is put in ejectments against overholding or defaulting tenants that Mr. Longfield attributes, in a great measure, the present anxiety to consolidate farms, and to take the estate from the possession of the holder into the hands of the proprietor. "Every tenant adds to the chance of expensive litigation and consequent loss; and men can scarcely avoid being 'exterminators' when they are merely desirous of getting freed from persons too highly favoured by law in evading their engagements and promoting unjust litigation."

As the leasing power at present given to persons with limited estates would be greatly extended under the plan we have proposed, it would be necessary to guard, by suitable statutory provisions, the rights of those in remainder and reversion. We would propose that the following conditions should be strictly observed in order to ensure the validity of a parliamentary lease:*

1. The transfer of possession should be immediate. The leasing power, be-

ing given for the encouragement of agriculture and good farming, would require this. A lease is often made *in futuro* as a speculation or investment for money; but every *bonâ fide* agricultural lease is necessarily made *in presenti*.

2. The term should not exceed, say, thirty-one years, except in the case of building leases, waste lands, and mines, as already mentioned.

3. The lease should be at the fair letting value of the farm at the time, due regard being had to the provisions contained in the lease, as to the allowances for permanent improvements, &c. This value is always well known in the neighbourhood, and as it would ever receive a very liberal construction from a country jury, would not require a landlord to let his lands at a "rack-rent" properly so called.

4. No fine should be taken, either directly, or indirectly, in the shape of benefits to the lessor.

5. A money rent, or a corn rent (a rent varying with the average price of corn), should alone be reserved, excluding all servile reservations, such as labour, &c., so common in old Irish leases.

6. The lease should be registered, and its execution proved before the clerk of the peace, and a proper memorial of its contents lodged with him *within three months* of its execution. An endorsement upon the back of the memorial should testify, like the "livery of seisin" formerly in England, the actual transfer of possession to the tenant. The assignment, where such were permitted by the lease, might also from time to time be endorsed upon the memorial, the assignee proving at the same time the execution of an assignment to him; and the endorsement upon the original lease or counterpart, to the effect that A. had assigned his interest to B., should in all cases be a legal transfer of the possession, and all interest under the lease, subject to all the stipulations and covenants it contained. So likewise a lease to A. for thirty-one years should enure to the benefit of his executors, devisees, assignees, &c., as though expressly named.

In addition to the conditions and covenants contained in the lease, it

* Most of these conditions are considered at length by Mr. Longfield.

would be very advisable that such as should be deemed for the advantage of both parties should spring by implication of law from the relation of landlord and tenant, in the event of no stipulation to the contrary being entered into. Such is the case in an intestacy where the law takes upon itself to distribute the property of the intestate in a particular manner; and as individuals always possess the power of nullifying the operations of such Statutes, no injustice can arise. Perhaps it would be advisable, in the absence of provisions upon the subject, to presume that the parties had agreed—

1st. That the tenant should pay rent regularly, &c., according to the usual covenant; extending to his heirs or executors, according to the nature of the tenure.

2ndly. That the tenant should keep the buildings, fences, &c., in repair.

3rdly. That he should cultivate the farm in a husbandlike manner.

4thly. That he should not underlet.

5thly. That he should not assign; and that the farm should not vest at his bankruptcy in his assignee, &c.

6thly. That the farm should go as an entirety to his devisee.

7thly. That royalties, mines, &c., should be reserved to the landlord.

The serious evils that spring from the unrestricted assignability of leases are a constant source of complaint. As the rent by the common law is not due till the last moment of the gale day, and as the assignee of a lease is held to be liable to the payment of rent only so long as he continues in possession, it frequently happens that the assignee, who has continued in the enjoyment of the fruits of the soil during the preceding six months, assigns over his interest upon the 28th of September, and thereby evades the payment of the gale of rent due upon the 29th. If the agreement were not under seal, as it is well remarked by Messrs. Fergusson and Vance, the landlord would have the power to recover a proportionate part of the rent from the assignee; but where the lease is under seal, the strange anomaly arises, that the landlord is placed in a worse position than if the letting were by parol. The laws thus give a direct discouragement to leases, at the same time that they give an opportunity for the commission of fraud. "This state of the law is not only open

to abuse, but is, in point of fact, constantly resorted to as a means of effecting gross extortion and injustice; and an assignee having it in his power, on the last day of the half-year, to shift his responsibility upon a pauper, is oftentimes enabled to reduce his landlord to the necessity of submitting to the most unreasonable terms." If the method of registering the lease, and lodging a memorial of its contents with the Clerk of the Peace for the county, as suggested, should be adopted, it would be very easy and perhaps beneficial that every assignment or accepted bequest of the lease should be endorsed (where such assignment were permitted by the original lease) upon the back of the memorial, just as a promissory note or bill of exchange is endorsed over to a third party; and it would be advisable to give the landlord the power (unless waived by his counter-signature) of suing *all or any one* of the names endorsed upon the back of the memorial for arrears of rent or breach of covenant, as the holder of a bill of exchange may sue any party whose name appears upon the back of the bill. The principal duty and most responsible obligation upon the landlord is to select an honest man, solvent, and cunning in all the appliances of tenantry. It is on the faith of such recommendation that he grants him a long lease, and nothing tends more to discourage them, than the strong probability that such interest may become vested in parties not bound by the original covenants and agreements.

"A proprietor deals with a tenant of probity and solvency, on the faith of which he grants a long lease, and so long as the tenant or his estate is forthcoming and tangible, the rent may be secure and the covenants observed; but when in process of time the tenant dies, and his property becomes scattered among his descendants, or is made the subject of settlement, and can no longer be followed, the landlord or his representative has to deal with a succession of transitory assignees, who come and go as they please, are strangers to the proprietor, and so far from being restrained by any legal responsibilities from consigning his property to the tender mercies of a pauper, are induced, by the present state of the law, to avail themselves of this oppressive power, in order to extort unjust advantages, and to relieve themselves of engagements they have deliberately incurred."*

* Fergusson and Vance.

A good landlord will often make great sacrifices in order to obtain the advantage of a skilful and industrious tenant, as an example to others upon his estate; and it is impossible to overestimate the inconvenience of having an undesirable tenant, often his opposite in every respect, substituted in his stead. A thorough review of the law relating to the assignment of leases, and the duties and liabilities of the assignee, is urgently demanded by the exigencies of the case.

This naturally leads us to the consideration of a malady peculiarly Irish—underletting. It is to this that most of the anomalous phases in Irish social life are attributable. Its immediate effect has been to crowd the land with a helpless population; to induce the people to cling to the soil as their only hope; to breed agrarian outrages; and, in short, to lead to the degradation, ignorance, and misery of their native land. Few things would give a greater encouragement to long demises, than a confidence that the tenant, emancipated from all arbitrary or capricious interference, was still restrained, by salutary provisions, from crowding his farm with ignorant idleness. It would be difficult for any one to throw even a superficial glance over our downfallen country, without confessing that subletting is a national calamity, and that the measures at present in force for its discountenance are wholly inadequate and abortive. All the objections already made to the assignment, without the landlord's consent, press with still greater force against underletting. A landlord, anxious to foster a respectable yeomanry upon his estate, lets, say one hundred acres to a solvent person, at a rent of £1 an acre. Would it not be a manifest breach of contract for the tenant, who had obtained possession of this agricultural lease, in order to enable him to exercise the craft of a farmer, to apply it to any other purposes whatsoever. Yet instances are by no means rare, of such a tenant immediately underletting his farm to, perhaps, a hundred pauper families, at a rent of thirty shillings, or even £2 an acre. Perhaps, when we consider the serious injustice that results not less to the landlord and the neighbourhood than to the subtenant, it would not be unreasonable to expect that every violation of the very foundation of the

contract of landlord and tenant—that the latter should have and hold the farm for the purpose of its cultivation—should be deemed and taken as a voluntary termination of the contract, if done without leave in writing from the landlord. Upon this subject much information will be found in Messrs. Fergusson and Vance's work. We regret we have not space for an extract; but we fully agree with them, that the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory evidence of the act of subletting (which can only be known to the actual parties), so as to satisfy legal technicalities, has been productive of much mischief: for it has had the effect of rendering covenants against subletting of little avail. It should be sufficient, in order to raise a *prima facie* case, to prove that strangers had been introduced as residents upon the farm, until the tenant showed in what capacity they were employed or engaged.

Next in importance may be enumerated the various covenants against waste, so frequently inserted in leases. Waste most commonly consists either in the felling of timber, pulling down of houses, opening coal mines, quarries, or sandpits, ploughing up ancient meadows or pasture for tillage, or burning land. It is important to consider how far, in the absence of agreement, waste should be restricted and punished. It is evident that all actual destruction of property, and permanent deterioration of the soil, inflict an injury upon the community, no less than upon the landlord, and that it could never have been the intention of the parties that the land should have been subjected to such treatment. The habit of burning land, which may be instanced as an example, has been seriously injurious to this country. It has fostered and sustained a wretched system of husbandry, at the same time that it was permanently reducing some of the most fertile fields in the island to an utterly exhausted and impoverished state. Such, as well as malicious waste, would be a fair object of legislative control. All other species of waste might be left to the care of the contracting parties. The doctrines of our law on this subject are both mischievous and absurd; one of the principles is, that the tenant cannot change the nature of the thing demised, although such change may enure to the benefit of the lessor, and it contains

many other maxims just as ridiculous; but little injury has been done by such rules, however opposed to the spirit of our times, in consequence of the serious difficulties in the way of enforcing any covenants at all, whether for public weal or woe, or founded in policy or not!

The law relating to agricultural fixtures formerly gave rise to much injustice and well-founded complaint. It was a maxim that whatever was once attached to the soil was incapable of being again severed from it by the tenant, but became the property of the person entitled to the land, upon the principle that "*Quidquid plantatur solo, solo cedit.*" This rule was found so inconvenient to the purposes of trade and manufacture, that it was soon relaxed as far as they were concerned. The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, presided over by Mr. Pusey, having recommended that the tenant's privilege of removal of trade fixtures should be extended to those for agricultural purposes, the suggestion was adopted in the 14th and 15th Vict. cap. 25, sec. 53; and this source of complaint exists, therefore, no longer.*

County cess, though very trifling in amount, is a tax much complained of by the tenantry. It is paid exclusively by the occupier, even though he have a notice to quit in his pocket. He has no sufficient control in its expenditure; he is almost unrepresented in its assessment. It fluctuates as the Grand Jury by whom it is chiefly imposed. It is principally expended for roads, bridges, and other permanent improvements, though paid by the tenant, who has only a temporary interest. It is levied at the most inconvenient time to the occupier, and, though small in amount, is harassing and oppressive to the poorer classes. Considering these hardships and the small amount of the tax, it is certain that many advantages would result from imposing the payment in the first instance upon the

landlord. It is he who selects the occupier, and if he select one possessed of neither honesty nor solvency, it is just that he should pay the penalty of his misconduct or folly.

The greatest impediments to leases founded upon reciprocal advantages, arise from the difficulties in enforcing mutual obligations and duties. As long as the tenant possesses the power of disregarding the observance of the most solemn covenants contained in his lease, the most formidable obstacles will exist to their being granted. A lease should be a mutual obligation equally binding upon both parties; but an instrument containing stipulations and engagements that only bind one side in reality, and are incapable of being enforced against the other, will naturally be avoided by the party it controls without benefiting. Until the laws afford a means, at once summary and effectual, for compelling the specific performance of solemn covenants, it can scarcely be expected that landlords will place themselves under obligations to their tenants, or surrender the enjoyment they possess in consideration of rights they have no power to enforce.

The fundamental condition in all farming contracts is the obligation to pay rent at stated intervals in consideration of the grant of the lands for a certain term; and in the event of the tenant refusing or neglecting to pay this hire, a right of recovering possession is reserved to the landlord. This right of re-entry for non-payment of rent is enforced by a process entitled an ejectment. The landlord has also the power of bringing his personal action against the tenant for the arrears of rent, or of resorting to a distress. It will be necessary to examine these several remedies as briefly as possible.

Distress is a remain of the old feudal law, and belongs to the days when "might was right," and when the baron of old, too proud or powerful to wait for a legal acknowledgment of his

* The third section of this Act enacts, that if a tenant shall hereafter, with the consent of his landlord, in writing, erect at his own cost, any building for the purposes of trade or agriculture (except in pursuance of some obligation contained in his lease), all such buildings, engines, and machinery, shall be the property of the tenant, and removable by him, provided he put the land again into the same plight and condition as before. It, however, provides that the tenant shall give a month's notice to the landlord of such intended removal, and that the latter shall, if he choose, elect to take the same at valuation, to be determined by mutual referees.

real or fancied claims, asserted with a high hand his feudal privileges, without the tedious formality of legal adjudication. As civilisation advanced, it became necessary to guard, by numerous enactments, against the tyranny that so often sprung from this extra-judicial power. The result of these well-intentioned but ill-considered acts is, that, in Mr. Longfield's words, "there are now very few instances, indeed, of a distress being made which is not liable to some fatality, either on the form of the distress warrant or particular, and which has not rendered the landlord, instead of a summary redresser of his wrongs, a trespasser, and liable to damages at the suit of his tenant." The effect of such laws, so injurious to the landlord, are doubly injurious to the tenant, for they teach him, instead of relying upon honest industry alone for prosperity and success, to rely also upon chicanery and litigation. It is seldom that all these preliminary difficulties are conquered; but, suppose the distress properly effected, and all the powers regulated, defined, modified, altered, and enforced by some thirty statutes, extending from the reign of Edward I. to the present time, well and truly observed, the distress may be sold at the end of fourteen days, and after payment of the expenses out of the proceeds, the residue (if any, which is not often the case) goes to the payment of the rent.

But this, as Mr. Longfield observes, rarely happens. If the distress be not, as is frequently the case, rescued, the tenant sues out his writ of summons and replevin. The replevin directs the sheriff of the county to cause the goods which the landlord has seized to be re-delivered to the owner, on securities being given by the tenant that he will prosecute his suit, and return the goods if he prove unsuccessful in the action. The long delays of this suit, tardily prosecuted by the tenant, who has gained all he wants in getting back the goods, and the nice points and verbal defects upon which the tenant relies, are graphically detailed by the writer just mentioned:—

"Suppose, however, the landlord to be successful in getting judgment in the replevin, his success has been rather dearly earned, and £40 or £50 may be ordinarily calculated as the amount of costs which he first

has to pay, but which he is entitled to levy from the tenant, in addition to the rent, and for which he is empowered to get back the distress; but it is almost needless to say that the distress is very seldom to be found, and that the attempt to levy the rent and costs would always ruin the tenant, who has already been himself profusely mulcted by his own attorney in the progress of the litigation. The landlord, with some hope, thinks of the replevin bond, with 'two responsible sureties,' to an assignment of which he is entitled, and he inquires for the names of the sureties, and most commonly finds them hopelessly insolvent. He goes to the sheriff, and remonstrates with him of his accepting such persons as sureties, and, in the first promptings of anger, resolves on an action against the sheriff; but he finds that this experienced officer has made precisely such inquiries as to the solvency of the sureties, as, with a jury of persons all known to the sheriff and under some obligations to him, will completely exonerate this official from all responsibility for alleged carelessness. Litigation has only commenced, instead of terminating, by a seizure of the tenant's goods and chattels, and the history of the distress closes, at the end of some months, with the landlord having to pay his attorney a considerable bill of costs for his successful action, the tenant being ruined, and the rent, of course, lost."

Such are the practical effects of the law of distress, so fondly clung to as the landlord's principal security. But, so far as the tenant is concerned, to how many disastrous results does it lead? It gives frequent occasion to almost unheard of oppression. It places the occupying tenant (whether he have paid his rent or not) in a position worse than slavery, and at the mercy of every landlord over him. It produces frequent breaches of the peace, too often accompanied by bloodshed. And, above all, it perpetuates, amidst the high-toned feeling and elevated sentiments of these days, the worst and most degrading feature of vassalage. We must, therefore, admit serious doubts, whether the most extensive modifications will ever suffice to make this a remedy, such as ought to be substituted for the ordinary process of the laws; and whether its total abolition would not be preferable to its continued existence, under any condition whatsoever. A tyrannical power possessed by a landlord over his tenantry will make him less scrupulous as to their personal character; for he will depend more on his legal remedies, and less upon their solvency and ho-

nessy. It will require but a small acquaintance with the social state of Ireland to enable any one to trace down the pauperised state of the occupier, and consequently the insolvent condition of the landed proprietors, to the undue power they possessed over their tenantry, irrespective of personal attachment and personal worth. And this fully bears out what has been already said—that it is impossible to introduce any general covenant into leases, which will prove detrimental to one party, without being calamitous to the other.

A late Act of Parliament (9 and 10 Victoria, c. 111, s. 13), whilst relieving the tenant from great injustice by abolishing the distress of growing crops, has unintentionally caused serious waste to the gross national revenue. In order to avoid a distress, the corn is often left standing, uncut, until the whole, or the greater portion of it, is lost. It has also indirectly encouraged the growth of the potato; as that root can be left in the ground without serious injury for the whole winter (exempt from distress) and may be dug from time to time as required. But, the most serious evil that has arisen from this Act, is the direct encouragement it has afforded to the wide-spread system of fraudulent removal of crops, reaped and carried away upon Sundays and at midnight, when the power of distress is suspended. It is, therefore, at present of little use against the fraudulent tenant, of no use against the pauper, and only available against the solvent landholder, who could be made at any time amenable to the ordinary legal tribunals. No branch of our laws stands on a more unsatisfactory basis than the law of distress and replevin in Ireland; and it will be essential, should the right be permitted to remain, to define and alter the law upon the subject, so as to make the proceedings certain, speedy, inexpensive, free from technicalities, and such as to enjoy the confidence of both classes.

The next remedy possessed by the landlord for enforcing the payment of his rent is by action at law. There are a variety of actions, such as for use and occupation, in debt, upon the covenant for the payment of rent, &c.,

and the court (superior or inferior) in which the action may be brought varies according to its amount. The tenant having been served with a writ, and entered an appearance (supposing every formality to have been observed,) the landlord files his declaration, which ought to be a short statement of the cause of action—the landlord's claim for rent. But it is, generally, a prolix document, prepared at great length by the ingenuity of counsel, and concealing to the uninitiated the real cause of action in a cloud of profuse verbiage, and law jargon:—

“It commences by stating in legal phrase what estate the landlord had in the lands at the time when the lease was made; whether seized in fee, or in tail, for lives, &c.; then shortly states the lease, the parties to it, term, rent, covenants for payment, and then, in language of the strictest technicality, deduces the title of the present claimant from the original lessor, through every will, settlement, or other deed on which his title depends; it avers concisely enough that the defendant is assignee of the tenant's interest, and then sets out the amount of rent in arrear, and the time when it accrued due.*

“As the action of covenant for non-payment of rent must be brought in the name of the party ‘entitled to the legal estate in the reversion,’† it is often necessary for the person beneficially entitled to the rent, to sue in the name of some forgotten trustee of an old term to raise family charges, some mortgagee (better remembered) or personal representative, in whom it appears, after an expensive and troublesome investigation, that the legal estate in the reversion is vested; and this, although the nominal plaintiff has never interfered with the estate, and may not be conusant of the pending action. To this verbose demand the tenant is permitted to make every kind of reply or plea. He may plead to the same action, that the lease was never made, that the alleged lessor had not the particular title stated, that the defendant is not assignee, and that he paid his rent, and besides, deny every step of the present claimant's title, and he has nearly the same facility of embarrassing the plaintiff by wanton litigation, as in a replevin suit, and with, not unfrequently, the same result; a nominal triumph to the landlord is attended with great loss to both him and the tenant. Indeed, every one practising at the bar frequently finds that there is as much difficulty and expense in deducing the title necessary to be set out in a ‘declaration’ in covenant by the assignee of the original

* Vide “declaration” in *Hozier v. Powell*, 3 Ir. L. R. 395, which is not an unusual example of length in such pleadings.

† So of other covenants.

lessor against the lessee, or his assignee, as would be incurred in making out a title to a purchaser; and this where there is no doubt at all as to the party beneficially entitled to the rent, and whose receipt would be a good discharge to the tenant, but for which the party beneficially interested must sue in the name of some one in whom the law has technically vested the right of action as 'assignee of the reversion.'*

The last means by which the tenant may (if he can) recover the amount of gales due is by an ejectment for non-payment of rent. And this leads us to consider as briefly as possible the present state of the law relating to the recovery of the possession of the land. The civil bill ejectment was intended to afford a cheap and easy method of trying the respective rights of the parties. But the several statutes, amounting to at least six in number, present so many difficulties, and so many technicalities, that landlords almost always prefer, where they expect opposition, to appeal to the higher, and more costly, tribunal of the Queen's Bench, where the results are more likely to be guided by a reference to the only substantial question, whether the tenancy has terminated or not. The writer last mentioned details at length, and with much ability, the tedious and expensive processes by which the suit slowly drags its weight along, until, at last, having escaped harmless from fifty trifling points, any one of them sufficient, if decided against the plaintiff, to annihilate the whole process *ab initio*, the case at last comes to trial. The luckless landlord must now be ready with a bar of gentlemen learned in the law to meet every possible trick and chicanery at the other side; but all the expense having been forced upon the landlord, and the tenant having held intermediate possession rent free, which was the only object he had in view, the landlord finds the case undefended, and may well say, "one more such victory would undo me!"

"It may happen, however, that the defendant appears at the trial, but it is always to contest the technical regularity of the details of the action *but not the merits*; to insist that a lodger merely was served with the ejectment, and not the occupier himself, or his wife, child, or servant; that the lessor

had brought his ejectment in the Queen's Bench within twenty-one days after the gale day, usually called 'days of grace;' or in the Exchequer, that he has omitted to serve some assignee or mortgagee; or that 'the reversion was severed,' or the 'conditions suspended;' applying the technical rules, derived from feudal times, to the present relation of landlord and tenant. In only two cases within my legal experience has a tenant proved that he has paid his rent; and one ejectment I knew to be unsuccessful because the tenant had unasked paid the quit rent, always paid by his landlord, and kept the receipt until produced at the trial to show he was entitled to a credit of some £8 out of £200."

But this judgment merely gives a landlord possession of the land; and nearly the same process must be again gone through in a new action before the landlord can recover the rent in arrear!

Similar difficulties exist where the landlord or tenant seeks the enforcement of any covenant or incidental duty. An action must be commenced, slow in its progress, expensive in its duration, and uncertain in its results. In such a suit every foreign ingredient is carefully weighed and considered, save the merits of the case, and the real question at issue; and it resembles one of the "Justice Beds," under the *Ancien Regime* of France from which both beds and justice were carefully excluded! In actions for not keeping in repair, or for using bad husbandry, the damages must be computed upon the basis of "injury done to the reversion," or how much the land shall have fallen in value at the end of the subsisting term. This question, sufficiently difficult to decide without the intervention of lawyers, becomes, with their valuable assistance, circumvented in a maze of unentangleable unintelligibility.

It must be remembered that the injurious consequences of the defective state of the law, as regards covenants, do not fall exclusively upon the landlord. They entail upon the country the same evils in a pecuniary point of view that would result if a certain portion of the soil were annihilated, and ceased to be comprised within the compass of the four seas. Viewed in another light, they degrade the standard of public morality, destroy self-reliance, give scope to deceit and

* Longfield.

falsehood ; they paralyse the exertions of the landlord, impede the improvement of the district, act as bad examples to the neighbouring occupiers, and lead ultimately to the insolvency and ruin of the tenant. The landlord, at present, has more rights and fewer remedies than any other member of the community.

The delay of redress in almost all cases between landlord and tenant totally neutralises its value. The causes of this delay, and expense which ever follows delay, are ^{any} pointed out in the works before us. Their unmeaningness is sufficiently evident from the fact that an action on the covenant for non-payment of rent may be brought at any time in Dublin, but an action of ejectment, for the non-payment of the same rent, must be brought in the county where the lands are situated. It would be important to consider whether it would not be advisable to extend greatly summary relief to the numerous cases between landlord and tenant, where the tenancy is of small value. The action might in many cases be brought in Dublin with a great saving of time and expense. It might answer every end of justice if the ejectment were brought merely in the name of the *de facto* landlord—the party entitled to grant parliamentary leases as already mentioned. The declaration might be a short statement *on oath*, like the present cause-petitions in Chancery, and the defence, also on oath, should be confined to the merits. Where it appeared the tenant had no substantial defence, or where it appeared that any rent was due by him, the landlord might, with advantage, be entitled to call upon him to give security for rent and costs. The same might be done in cases of dilapidation, burning ground, or flagrant breach of covenant, and where the land was proved *prima facie* to be uncultivated and waste. The tenant, of course, would be entitled to deduct his costs, where successful, from the accruing rent. A violation of the very foundation of the contract should perhaps be deemed sufficient to invalidate the lease. If A. hired land for the *purposes of farming* it, and applied it to a different purpose, such as selling his interest to others, assigning, or subletting, it might fairly be deemed a violation of the fundamental agreement. So also a grass farm, let as a *grazing* farm, and

ploughed up for other purposes, burned, &c., would be an application of the land to a different purpose from that contemplated in the lease, and consequently a direct fraud and forfeiture. It would be advisable to make great alterations in the number of parties to be served with the summons in ejectment; and, in fact, to narrow the ~~question as nearly as possible to this—~~ whether the tenant were ~~overmotating~~ possession or not; and in an action for non-payment of rent—whether £50 for rent were really due or not. In any case the judgment in ejectment should declare that the landlord was entitled, as well to possession, as to rent and costs, and enable him to levy both without further litigation. It would also require to be considered whether the landlord should be given any remedy in the recovery of rent beyond his civil action; or his ejectment, where one year's rent was due. He would then be more careful in the solvency and character of the tenants he selected. And perhaps he might be advantageously restricted from ever recovering more than a year's rent in arrear. If the tenant were unable to pay rent for more than a year, it would be better for both parties that they should enter into a compromise, and that the landlord should take such sum as the tenant could afford to pay, instead of paralysing his energies by keeping the arrears of successive years hanging as a dead weight over him, damping his efforts and enfeebling his exertions. But if the tenant were unable to pay any rent, he surely would be unable also to cultivate the ground profitably. The hanging gales, or arrears of rent, which some landlords love to suffer to accumulate *in terrorem* over the heads of the tenants, is a serious evil, and should be discountenanced by the laws; and the power the proprietor at present possesses of recovering six years' arrear, is a serious inconvenience. In proposing that distress should be abolished, and that the landlord's right should be limited to a single year's rent, it may be objected that we are anxious to make the landlord too much dependent upon the sturdy honesty and integrity of the tenant; and upon the tenant's part it may be urged, that in advocating more effectual and summary remedies for the recovery of possession, or for breach of covenant, and in proposing that vexatious litigation

... we
... landlord
... their
... We plead guilty
... desire to make
... parties, as it is
... in the calling
... called, and to fulfil,
... of heart, and perfect
... their several duties and obli-

A full consideration of a few of the most important questions, to which we have only made cursory allusion, would far exceed the narrow limits of an article in this magazine. A great philosopher has observed that the end of all writing should be to make men think; and if, in considering some of these questions, we have directed public attention to even a few of the topics that require amendment, our task will not have been without some advantage. In this all practical men are agreed, that any legislation upon the subject should be dispassionate and carefully poised, and free, as the question itself is, of all the narrow prejudices and trammels of party.

The two works to which we have already frequently made allusion reflect much credit upon the authors. It would be invidious, perhaps, to draw a comparison between them. Mr. Longfield's *brochure* is a modest pamphlet of moderate size, but contains, nevertheless, a succinct statement of the present law, and will be more likely to engage the attention of the legal profession. Messrs. Fergusson and Vance's work is one of much larger pretensions, and exhibits a great practical acquaintance with the working of the present laws. These gentlemen had the advantage of the previous publication of Mr. Longfield's pamphlet, as well as of some able articles in *THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE*, to which they very fairly acknowledge themselves much indebted. Many of the topics we have been considering are fully discussed in the works before us, and the faults in the existing laws, as well as suggestions for their improvement, pointed out. A perusal of both essays will amply repay the labour; and is almost indispensable to any one really anxious to form clear opinions upon the manifold inconsistencies and injurious effects of the laws now in force.

It is impossible to close the consi-

deration of this subject without being obliged to confess, that, even though no material changes in the law were at present necessary, a new classification and consolidation of all the multifarious and conflicting statutes relating to landlord and tenant can no longer be deferred. We are satisfied that if the disabilities were removed, and if landlords and tenants were permitted to enter into ~~contracts~~ ^{contracts} relating to land as free agents, the laws only interfering to give efficacy to the intention of the parties, that long leases would become all but universal, and the refusal to grant them the exception. It must be borne in mind that the peasantry are now accustomed to look to America as a refuge from real or imaginary hardships at home, that they no longer cling to their birth-place as they formerly did, and that the Irish *exodus* continues in a constant stream. The tenant is, therefore, no longer subservient to a landlord's harsh subjection; but possesses the power to embark, as thousands of them unfortunately are doing, with his capital to seek his fortune in other lands. A few years since the landlords had a monopoly, and the tenants entered into eager emulation to secure the much-prized farm. Now things are altering, and the competition is between the proprietors to secure the solvent tenant. To facilitate such commercial contracts between landlord and tenant, and to give them stability, we have proposed that the various inconveniences we have enumerated should receive early attention, first from the thinking men in Ireland, and afterwards from the legislature. Various suggestions upon these points will be found in the works we have alluded to, where the objections that might be urged against many of the proposed alterations are carefully considered. The present is the favourable time for dealing with these matters, whilst Ireland is in a state of transition, but, should the opportunity be omitted, we shall find future efforts to legislate upon the subject—

"Bound in shallows and in miseries;"

and above all, we should enter upon these considerations with dispassionate understandings, purified of all bias and extrinsic influence; permitting neither the independence of the landlord to prejudice his rights, nor the position of the humblest tenant to place him beyond the visitation of our cares.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
MIRABEAU'S RELATIONS WITH THE COURT OF LOUIS XVI.	151
THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY. CHAPTER IV.—THE MIDNIGHT VOICE AND ITS ANSWERED CALL. CHAPTER V.—A MEETING FOR THE DISSECTION OF SOULS. CHAPTER VI.—THE DEAD FATHER IS MADE THE PERSECUTOR OF THE LIVING SON	167
JOHN STERLING AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS	185
SONG.—ANACREON TO ILIA. BY SYDNEY WHITING	199
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—No. LXVIL HENRY BROOKE. <i>With an Etching</i> . .	200
A BUDGET OF NOVELS. RAVENSCLIFFE — FLORENCE SACKVILLE; OR, SELF- DEPENDENCE — MRS. MATHEWS; OR, FAMILY MYSTERIES — THE WHALE — CECILE; OR, THE PERVERT — JOHN DRAYTON	215
THE ONE PRIMEVAL LANGUAGE	226
THE LATE ELIOT WARBURTON	235
IRELAND UNDER LORD CLARENDON	237

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MIRABEAU'S RELATIONS WITH THE COURT OF LOUIS XVI.*

On the 4th of May, 1789, the royal city of Versailles was witness to a grand and memorable ceremonial. On the following day the States General of France were to commence their patriotic labours, and, in accordance with ancient usage, their assembling was ushered in by the solemnities of religion. "The King, his family, his ministers, and the deputies of the three orders, walked in procession from the Church of Nôtre Dame, to that of St. Louis, to hear Mass. . . . First marched the clergy in grand costume, with violet robes; next, the noblesse, in black dresses, with gold vests, lace cravats, and hats adorned with white plumes; last, the *Tiers Etat*, dressed in black, with short cloaks, muslin cravats, and hats without feathers. Hardly any of the deputies had hitherto acquired great popular reputation. One alone attracted general attention. Born of noble parents, he had warmly espoused the popular side, without losing the pride of aristocratic connexion. His talents universally known, his licentiousness too notorious, his integrity generally suspected, rendered him the object of painful anxiety. Harsh and disagreeable features, a profusion of black hair, an expressive and daring countenance, a commanding air, attracted the curiosity even of those who were unacquainted with his reputation. Many admired, some feared, none despised him. His name was Mirabeau."†

On the 2nd of April, 1791, a man still in the prime of life, but shattered in constitution and agonised with pain, lay stretched upon his death-bed. A few hours before his dissolution, he obtained a temporary cessation of his sufferings. With kindling eye and burning eloquence of tongue, he addressed himself to those around him. "When I am no more," said he, "my worth will become known. The misfortunes which I have held back will then pour on all sides upon France; the criminal faction which now trembles before me will be unbridled. I have before my eyes unbounded presentiments of disaster. We now see how much we erred in not preventing the Commons from assuming the name of the National Assembly. Since they gained that victory they have never ceased to show themselves unworthy of it. They have chosen to govern the King, instead of governing by him; but soon neither he nor they will rule the country, but a vile faction, which will overspread it with horrors."‡—This was that same Mirabeau to whose career men looked forward, but two brief years before, with such strange and nervous interest.

And well did that career justify the interest which it anticipatively excited. The figure of Mirabeau it was that filled the eye, the voice of Mirabeau that filled the ear, of France, throughout those three-and-twenty stormy months. He alone seemed capable of

* "Correspondance entre le Comte de Mirabeau et le Comte de la Marck, pendant les années 1789, '90, et '91." Recueillié, mise en ordre, et publiée par M. de BACOURT, Ancien Ambassadeur de France, &c. &c. Lenormand, Paris.

† Alison's Hist. of Europe, vol. ii. p. 3.

‡ Alison, vol. ii. p. 232.

guiding that revolutionary spirit before which all other influences quailed. Boldest in his denunciations of tyranny, he dared to defend the constitutional principle against democratic intrusions. When it was proposed to vest the right of making war and peace in the Assembly (20th May, 1790), he opposed himself resolutely to the popular will, though he saw the necessity of yielding to it so far as only to demand that the right should belong to the King and the Assembly jointly. The populace at once abandoned their idol. The "*Grand trahison du Comte de Mirabeau*," was sold in the streets of Paris. His speech on this occasion is a specimen at once of his judgment and his courage. "If," said he, "we had much to fear from the ambition of kings and the corruption of their ministers, have we nothing to apprehend from the enthusiasm of a large Assembly, which may mistake a false resentment for the dictates of wisdom or the counsels of experience? . . . Is it not under the empire of the passions that political assemblies have ever resolved on war? . . . Can we hope to maintain our constitution, if forms essentially at variance with a monarchy are introduced into it? Rome was destroyed by the strife of monarchical, aristocratic, and democratic forms. A powerful citizen is more dangerous than a victorious king, in such a republic. What were Hannibal and Cæsar to Rome and Carthage?" Here he was interrupted by loud clamours, but he proceeded. "Do not suppose I am to be intimidated by your threats. A few days ago the people wanted to carry me in triumph; and now they cry in the streets, 'Grand treason of the Count de Mirabeau.' I had no need of that lesson, to learn that there is little distance between the Capitol and the Tarpeian Rock; but the man who combats for truth and for his country is not so easily put down."

From the time when he delivered this memorable speech to the period of his death, all the efforts of Mirabeau were directed to the preservation of the monarchy, and, with one or two seeming exceptions, the attempt to curb the violence of the extreme party in the Assembly. Previously to this, he had almost invariably taken the lead in the attacks made on the royal authority, and, not content with so doing, had, on some occasions, com-

pletely identified himself with the dastardly personal charges against the Queen. From these circumstances, and the lavish increase in his expenditure about this time, it was natural enough to conclude that his advocacy had been purchased by the Court; and the belief that his altered tone was the result of pecuniary corruption was by no means confined to the Paris mob. The volumes now before us have been published with the intent of relieving Mirabeau's character from this generally-credited imputation. They contain his correspondence with the Count de la Marck, during the years 1789, 1790, and 1791, and explain the nature of the arrangement entered into between him and the Court. The latter was certainly, in itself, such as rather to confirm than to weaken the impression, that the great tribune acted, during the latter part of his life, from dishonest motives; and one is astonished to think that M. de la Marck passes so lightly over the disreputable character of the compact, in a work undertaken with the earnest desire of redeeming the fame of Mirabeau with posterity. As a whole, however, the correspondence and the statements of the Count thoroughly impress us with the conviction, that, however discreditable to Mirabeau may have been the nature of his negotiations with Louis XVI., his speeches in the Assembly, at this period, were the expression of his real sentiments, and that he felt the strong necessity of arresting the progress of that revolution which he had been amongst the most active in urging on its headlong course.

It is a matter of no ordinary interest to ascertain whether or not this was the case. Not, indeed, because of Mirabeau's personal reputation—though the world always must be concerned about the real character of such men—but because the genuine opinions of one in his position, and possessed of his vast abilities, on the occurrences of the revolution, are all-important to the political thinker. It is of the last consequence, in studying the history of so memorable an epoch, to know who amongst the actors in it were honest, and who were merely influenced by their personal interests; to learn what was done from a belief that it would be of public service, and what had its origin in private motives. M. de Bacourt's volumes, therefore, are a

valuable addition to our stock of information regarding this great historic event. If they clear Mirabeau from the imputation of having bartered his services—in that sense which would have rendered him the mere hireling of the Court—they throw over it the light of his vigorous intellect, and enable us thereby to read the record with tenfold benefit. Nor is the time in which they appear one in which the study is unnecessary. Speculative and fanciful theories of government were never more rife. France herself, at this moment, exhibits a melancholy instance of the practical misrule to which all this theorising tends. But even those on whom its present condition may produce no effect, the sentiments of a man of Mirabeau's ability, if calmly pondered on, may influence.

Before entering on the details of the correspondence, we think it necessary to remind the reader who Mirabeau's correspondent was, and of the relation in which he stood to the French Court, and also to describe the circumstances in which he became the ally and friend of the great revolutionary leader.

Prince Auguste-Marie-Raymond d'Arenberg was born in Brussels on the 30th of August, 1753, being the second son and fourth child of the then head of the sovereign house of Arenberg. His father had been a field-marshal in the Austrian service, brave in the field, and noticed for his valour, particularly, in the battle of Hochkirchen; and by his mother he was descended from the distinguished house of La Marck. When a very young man, he obtained the command of a regiment of German infantry, which his maternal ancestors had raised for the service of France in the reign of Louis XIV., and with it the title of the Count de la Marck; and, thus connected and circumstanced, he became a soldier of the French monarchy, almost at the same moment when the ill-fated Marie Antoinette was married to the Dauphin, and but a little before she ascended the throne from which, ere long, she was to step to the scaffold. He immediately entered into the highest ranks of Parisian society; won admission into that select and favoured circle which the young and fascinating Queen drew around her at Versailles; and having, by his marriage with Mademoiselle de Cernay, acquired a great accession of fortune,

and distinguished himself as a military man in India, he occupied a very high position in France at the period when the Revolution began to agitate its ill-constituted social system.

The following passage, from the narrative which he has prefixed to the Correspondence, shows the relations in which he was placed towards the royal personages, and exhibits, at the same time, in a melancholy way, that fatal error in their conduct at the period—excusable though it appeared to M. de la Marck—which made it impossible for their most devoted adherents to rescue them from the perils by which they were beset:—

“I have reason to believe that the King and the Queen had *as much confidence in me as it was possible for them to have in any one at the time*; and I use this form of expression, because it is well known that *they never gave their unreserved confidence to any one*. They had each, right and left, their private counsellors. Advice accepted on one side was combated and often rejected on the other; energetic measures were weakened in the execution, by changes made in contradiction to the spirit that had dictated them; and there resulted from all this an indecision and a dilatoriness truly discouraging. I have said, and I will again repeat it, that this fluctuating, uncertain confidence, however damaging it may have been to the royal cause, had nothing unnatural about it, on the part of persons situated as the King and Queen then were, surrounded with stratagems of all kinds, and continually victims of betrayals the most unexpected.”—*Cor.*, vol. i. pp. 191–2.

If the distrust and suspicion of the unhappy pair were thus justifiable to the extent contended for, well, indeed, may we compassionate them, for they were foredoomed.

Thus circumstanced as regards the Court, it seems truly singular that the Count de la Marck should have been, throughout the whole period, from the convocation of the States-General to the death of Mirabeau, on intimate and confidential terms with the latter. During a considerable part of the intervening time, Mirabeau's conduct was unquestionably fraught with injury to the royal cause, and his hostility to the Court at times exhibited in the most inexcusable manner. The Count, on the other hand, was, throughout, devoted to the Monarch, and to the Queen, who won from him that enthusiastic homage that her character

and her misfortunes could not fail to command from a man of chivalrous sentiment, brought so completely within the sphere of her personal influence. To some extent, we must conclude that M. de la Marck was the dupe of Mirabeau, in order satisfactorily to account for the relations existing between them. But, on the other hand, we are bound to inquire whether some of the gravest charges against the latter are not weakened by the fact of those relations having been thus maintained. M. de la Marck certainly disbelieved them, and his narration of facts creates a strong doubt as to their probability. Let us, however, revert to the time and circumstances of his becoming acquainted with Mirabeau, as the most direct way of arriving at the refutation which he offers of these charges.

Their first interview was in the year 1788. It took place at the house of the Prince de Poix, the eldest son of the Duc de Noailles, Mirabeau having been brought there by M. de Meilhan, Intendant of the province of Hainault. Though of aristocratic family, the gifted son of the author of "*L'Ami des Hommes*" had been excluded, by his notorious profligacy, and his defiance of all social usages, from the society of his equals in rank; and the small and select party assembled to meet him were full of curiosity to see the outlawed genius of their order. His personal appearance has been already described, and, indeed, the portrait is familiar. When he entered the drawing-room of the Prince de Noailles, his disagreeable aspect, we may suppose, created a less unfavourable impression than his dress, which was vulgarly ornate, and his manners, which were wholly deficient in ease and refinement. He wore great coloured stone buttons in his coat, and was lavish of bows and complimentary expressions. As the evening waned, however, and politics became the theme of conversation, his powerful ability became apparent. M. de la Marck was peculiarly attracted by it, and from that time their intimacy may be said to date. It ripened speedily into an ardent friendship, on the side of the Count de la Marck at least, who had no interested motive for an alliance with the patrician outcast.*

Shortly after the junction of the three orders in the National Assembly, M. de la Marck, who had been elected to the States General for Quesney, asked Mirabeau to dine with him *tête-à-tête*, and what passed on this occasion is important, as giving an insight into the subsequent conduct of the latter. When he entered the room, he said, addressing La Marck—

"You are much displeased with me, are you not?"

"With you and with many others," was the reply.

"Then," said Mirabeau, "you should begin with those who live in the palace. The vessel of the State is struck by the most violent tempest, and *there is no one at the helm.*"

After railing for some time at Necker, and scoffing at the absurdity of regarding the deficit of 140 millions as a financial difficulty, he said that a bolder minister was demanded by the emergency. La Marck interrupted him by asking what he himself meant by the violent conduct which he pursued in the Assembly and elsewhere.

"The fate of France," replied Mirabeau, "is decided. The words 'Liberty,' and 'Taxes voted by the people,' have rung through the kingdom. *We shall not get out of the business without a government more or less resembling that of England.*"

He then proceeded to justify indirectly his own conduct, by intimating that, disregarded and disliked by the Court, he was driven to fall back on the support of the popular party; and La Marck still contending that his reasoning was no adequate justification of his acts, he replied—

"The day that the King's ministers consent to reason with me, they will find me devoted to the royal cause, and the safety of the monarchy."†

At the very time when Mirabeau used this language to the Count de la Marck, he was believed to be in a deep and infamous league with the Duke of Orleans (*Egalité*), for the dethroning of Louis XVI., with a view to the usurpation by the Duke of the royal authority. In reference to this blackest charge against him, Mr. Alison quotes Mounier and other authorities, to the effect that, just at this period (June,

* Cor., vol. i. 85-88.

† Cor., vol. i. p. 93.

1789), advances were made by Mirabeau to Necker, which, however, failed in their object. "Immediately," proceeds the historian, "he threw himself into the arms of the Orleans faction, and became one of the most ardent and dangerous supporters of the Revolution."* A little further on, he adds—"Mirabeau's establishment underwent a total change; he took a handsome hotel, lived sumptuously, and his brilliant equipages, which drove through the streets, sufficiently proved that, with the direction of the intrigues, he had received the wages of the Orleans family."† Again, speaking of the attack on the Bastille, on the 14th of the following month, he charges it on the "Orleans conspirators," saying that Mirabeau, Laclos, and Latouche were the chiefs of the conspiracy, and from their dark councils had issued the decrees, as from the coffers of the Duke the treasures which had originally put the revolt in motion."‡ The Count de la Marck, we have already said, wholly discredited these charges, as indeed his conduct towards Mirabeau sufficiently proves; and in this place we naturally stop to consider the reasons for disbelieving them, which the former assigns. We must say that several of these reasons, to which La Marck seems to have attached importance, appear very weak to us.

The facts that Mirabeau and the Duke had never met until the summer of 1788, when, at the request of the latter, La Marck asked them to dine, for the purpose of introducing them; that their meeting seemed unsatisfactory to both, Mirabeau having afterwards expressed his aversion to Orleans; and that when the former was supposed to be revelling in the funds supplied by the latter, he was actually borrowing money of La Marck;—all urged in favour of Mirabeau's innocence of the conspiracy, prove, in our opinion, very little. There was ample time, during the twelve months that had elapsed, to cement an alliance between the Prince and the Tribune, and there was good reason for deceiving La Marck, with a view to which the rest may have been done. Moreover, we apprehend that the task was not one of extreme difficulty, when we find that

the good-natured nobleman failed to discover in Egalité himself any heinous characteristics, and rather regarded him as a weak than a wicked personage. That he was the former is true enough; but it needed no great penetration to discover that his weakness had a deep substratum of evil. We dismiss, then, as of little value, this part of Mirabeau's vindication.

But what follows is of a more redeeming character. The entire of this passage from M. de la Marck deserves attention:—

"Towards the end of September, 1789, Mirabeau was always repeating to me, speaking of the Court—'Of what are these people thinking? Do they not perceive the abyss opening under their feet?' On one occasion, indeed, excited to more than usual anger, he exclaimed—'All is lost. The King and Queen will perish; you will behold it. *The mob will cudgel their dead bodies*' ('*battront leurs cadavres*'); and observing the horror which this expression occasioned me, he repeated—'Yes, yes; will cudgel their dead bodies! You do not sufficiently understand the dangers of their position; but they ought to be made acquainted with them.'

"Did his sagacity already foresee the fearful events of the 5th and 6th of October? One would suppose so. But it was not to me only that he thus expressed himself; he concealed from no one his opinions and apprehensions. Hence his enemies, and perhaps many who were not such, were led to say that he had prepared the movement of the 5th of October, and had played the leading part in it. The subsequent impeachment of the Châtelet against Mirabeau was founded in a great degree on conversations which he had carried on before that event. For the rest, the most profound obscurity still exists as to the true promoters of that transaction. On the 4th of October Paris was in the greatest fermentation. A report was circulated that the banquet of the Gardes du Corps was the beginning of a plot for the destruction of the Assembly. The morning of the 5th of October was, however, quiet at the Château of Versailles; and the King went out hunting, without troubling himself much about the intelligence from the capital; and he returned in the evening amidst the shots which the Paris mob was firing on the guards in the great avenue of Versailles."—*Cor.*, pp. 112, 113.

The continuation of the passage deserves special notice:—

* Alison, vol. ii. p. 64.

† *Id. ibid.*

‡ Alison, vol. ii. p. 109.

"Beyond doubt, if Mirabeau had been guilty of the crime of which he was accused, it was in the morning of that day that he must have consulted with his alleged accomplices, to direct the movement, and to avail himself of it. Well! instead of assisting at those councils which took place to prepare the attack and defence, *Mirabeau passed with me the day of the 5th of October, till six o'clock in the evening.* We dined together at my house, *tête-à-tête*, as he said at the tribune in his defence against the procedure of the Châtelet; discussed the affairs of Brabant, as he stated, having before us a map to study the march of the troops. But in truth we occupied little more than an hour on this subject, and the rest of our time was employed in speaking of the changes of the Court and the agitation then reigning at Paris. *We were, however, still ignorant of what was in preparation for that day.* All that Count Mirabeau said bore the impress of that skill and energy which the circumstances demanded; and it would have been well if the subject had been treated in the Royal Cabinet as it was by the Count Mirabeau at my house. In all his observations and their developments, he spoke, not the language of a factionist, but of a great citizen; and I protest from the depths of my conscience, that this man was utterly a stranger, in his intentions as well as in his actions, to the intrigues which excited so violent an effervescence in the city of Paris." —*Cor.* vol. i. 113, 114.

The statement of M. de la Marck in this latter passage, that Mirabeau and he remained together till six o'clock of the evening of the 5th of October, in ignorance of the proceedings of the mob, is wholly at variance with all other accounts, and not reconcilable with probability. M. Thiers, writing the history of the event says:—"It was eleven in the forenoon: the movements in Paris were announced. Mirabeau, coming up to the President Mounier says to him—'Paris marches on us. Affect illness, go to the Chateau, and tell the King to accept unconditionally.'"^{*} This narrative rests on the contemporary evidence. Moreover it is sustained by probability. The outbreak in Paris began early in the morning, and the mob, in spite of all Lafayette's exertions to restrain it, was on the march long before noon. Its formidable character could have been doubted by none. Surely, then, it is difficult to suppose—indeed altogether impossible, that intelligence of

its advance should not have reached Versailles, through some channel, long previous to its arrival. The distance between the latter place and the capital was only twelve miles; and a messenger despatched at mid-day from Paris would have reached Versailles easily several hours before the time when La Marck and Mirabeau are represented by the former to have first heard anything about the movement of the people. In addition to this, the time of the actual arrival of the mob at Versailles is generally stated to have been between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. That some singular error has been made in this part of the narrative seems, therefore, beyond a doubt, though the account is minutely circumstantial.

But though the *alibi*, as a lawyer would say, most certainly fails, we cannot avoid saying that the circumstantial evidence goes very near proving that Mirabeau, however great may have been his duplicity, was not a party to the outrages of the 5th and 6th of October. That he foresaw some great act of revolutionary violence is, indeed, evident. And had he confined his hints on the probability of its occurrence to private friends, such as Blai-zot, the Court Librarian, to whom he is said to have given such an intimation in September,[†] we could understand his complicity in the plot. But why should he have put La Marck upon his guard? Why should he have, at that same period, given him the solemn warning he did, as to the fate that awaited the King and Queen, if some effort were not made to save them? This we cannot reconcile with the supposition that he was an actual accomplice in the conspiracy which brought about the catastrophe of the 5th and 6th of October.

But, whatever may be thought on this point, certain it is that in the debate in the Assembly, on the very evening of which M. de la Marck writes, the conduct of Mirabeau was in direct contradiction to his professed anxiety to save the royal family. At least we can view in no other light his fierce avowal that he was ready to prepare a denunciation of the then recent banquet given by the *Gardes du Corps*, the proceedings at which had excited

^{*} *Hist. de la Rev.* vol. v. 188, 4th ed.

[†] Prudhomme, *Crimes de la Rev.*, ii. 162.

the greatest frenzy amongst the people, "provided the Assembly would declare that the person of the *King alone* was sacred"—words which, in universal acceptance, marked the unhappy Queen for vengeance. We can only say that, while on this, as on many other occasions, a deep and impenetrable mystery envelopes his character, yet any glimpses which we obtain at moments, when it seems to emerge from its obscurity, lead us to believe that his real feelings and his better judgment were hostile to the revolution in its extreme development, and that his desire was to preserve the monarchy, if he could do so without peril to his own interests. More it is hardly possible to say in his behalf.

On the 6th of October the King and the royal family were dragged in triumph to Paris by the mob, in a journey, whose brutality and humiliation lasted for seven hours. The Assembly, declaring itself inseparable from the person of the Sovereign, accompanied them. On the 14th, the Duc d'Orleans took his departure from France, the King, as Alison says, having, "with the entire concurrence of the National Assembly, sent him into honorable exile, on a mission to the Court of London."* Some of the best men in the Assembly seceded about the same time, and amongst them Mounier and Lally Tolendal retired to the provinces. At this date it was that negotiations were attempted between Mirabeau and the Court. They failed, however, and no actual understanding took place until the spring of the following year. La Marck's account of the transaction is this:—

"The day after that on which the King was led, or rather dragged, to the Tuilleries, Mirabeau came to my house at a very early hour of the morning. 'If you have any way,' said he, on entering, 'of making yourself listened to by the King and Queen, persuade them that France and they are lost, if the royal family does not leave Paris. I am engaged upon a plan to enable them to quit it; are you in a position to go and assure them that they may rely on me?'

" 'Proceed with your plan,' said I to him; 'when it shall be finished, I will find the means of making it reach them.'

"Some days after, he sent me the writing, which bears date the 15th of October, 1789.†

"As will be seen, this 'memorandum' is an eloquent fragment, admirable for the clearness, the reason, the force with which Mirabeau paints, in lines of fire, the perils of the throne; the necessity of taking energetic measures, for withdrawing the King from the real servitude in which he is at Paris, from the imminent personal danger to which he is exposed; servitude and dangers which are turned to mischievous account, even by those of his followers, who refuse to obey him under the pretence that he is not free; the irreparable imprudence that it would be for him to quit France, to separate himself from the Revolution, to divorce himself from his people, to have recourse to arms. With whose aid? a nobility, that, isolated, is nothing. Strangers? a powerless and hateful resource, which would take away all faith in his generous and paternal intentions. Mirabeau's counsel is, that he should retire into Normandy, a faithful and affectionate province, adjoining Brittany and Anjou, on which reliance can be placed, while, at the same time, both are distant from the frontiers. There to summon to his aid the whole nation, by reassuring proclamations; to remind them, that he, their Monarch, has ever shown himself, spontaneously, and from the first moment of his reign, the enemy of despotism, of abuse, of extortion; that he has endeavoured, by all possible means, to improve the condition of his people; that, first amongst the kings of his dynasty, he has gone beyond the nation in promising, and trying to obtain for it, the restitution, the increase, and the organisation of its political rights. To proclaim respect for the public debt; to renew the basis of the constitution, and the sanction of a large number of decrees; to explain why the sanction of others is adjourned; to maintain the abolition of the Parliaments; to summon to him the National Assembly, or to convoke another legislature in case the Assembly shall be prevented from coming (for a voluntary refusal is not to be apprehended); or in case kept away from him, and without his sanction, it should deliberate, which could only be under restraint, and consequently without legal effect or validity, to protest, at the same time, that the King did not desire royal pomp, but that he would rest content with an income of a million, as King and father of a family; that the state revenues should be converted to public improvement, but that pensions, which had become vested rights, must remain. Mirabeau, finally, and above all, recommends acting with caution and prudence, as events may determine, but *to hasten, for the danger is imminent.*"—*Cot.*, vol. i. pp. 119–121.

We have given this rather long extract, in the words of M. de la Marck,

* Vol. ii. p. 178.

† This he gives in full, vol. i. p. 364.

for it is an admirable summary of the *Memoire* (extending itself to eighteen pages of the volume), prepared for the Court by Mirabeau, and contains the substance of the advice at all times tendered by him. Unhappily it all reached the royal ears too late, if it would have been availed of at any time; a more than doubtful matter.

La Marck, naturally enough, hesitated to convey this document to the Queen, at the moment justly indignant with Mirabeau, after his base attack on her, in the recent debate, which, when called to account for it by La Marck, he owned to have been inexcusable. The course he adopted, therefore, was, to address himself to *Monsieur* (the Count de Provence), but the Prince declared it utterly useless to speak on the subject to the King. Speaking of his royal brother, he said, "The weakness and indecision of the King are beyond anything one can tell. To have an idea of his character, imagine balls of oiled ivory that you strive to keep together." La Marck then suggested an appeal to the Queen, to use her influence over him, but *Monsieur's* reply was, "You deceive yourself, if you think it is in the power of the Queen to guide him in an affair of this consequence;"—narrating an anecdote, in itself trivial, to confirm his opinion, namely, that when the King, after much entreaty from M. de Brienne, consented to dismiss M. de Breteuil from the ministry, he added musingly, "'Tis just as well; he is a man quite in the Queen's interest." "After two hours' conversation," proceeds La Marck, "I left with sadness in my soul; I arrived at the certainty, that it was impossible to make the King adopt the energetic measures, which alone could save him, and that resolution and firmness were most wanted where it was so necessary to find them."*

The Count de la Marck quitted Paris in despair, and proceeded to Brussels, and we must hurry over the interval which elapsed from the time of this interview till the month of March following, a period so important for action and so wholly lost by the ill-starred Monarch. About the middle of this month the Count received at Brussels, from his friend M. de Mercy, the Austrian ambassador at

Paris, a pressing request to return to that city, which he replied to by arriving there on the 16th of the month. On the day following he saw Mirabeau, more discontented and more discouraged than ever. On the next he proceeded to the residence of the Ambassador.

The Court had, at length, become alive to the necessity of seeking counsel. We cannot give the account of the interview at length. M. de Mercy came directly to the subject of it, the desire, on the part of the royal personages, to secure Mirabeau's services, if possible. La Marck intimated that five months before they had been tendered to *Monsieur*, and that his own reason for leaving Paris was his despair of their being unavailed of.

"Well," said M. de Mercy, "it is this same business that I come to renew. The King and Queen have decided to seek the services of the Count de Mirabeau, if he is disposed to be of use to them. They trust to you to do whatever is necessary; their confidence in this regard is unreserved; they leave you master of the conditions, and wish to enter into relations with the Count solely through your interposition. They expect from you the strictest secrecy, and you will see the necessity for it. It is essential that M. Necker, with whom they are greatly discontented, shall know nothing of the negotiation. The Queen, particularly, relies on you. We have been a month in expectation of your arrival, and it is because of your not coming that I resolved to write."—*Cor.*, vol. i. p. 140.

La Marck replied, that "the injury done already was very serious," and that he feared even Mirabeau could not remedy it. He declined also to do anything till M. de Mercy himself first had a conversation with Mirabeau. The ambassador said he would seek his Majesty's commands. And here we have an instance of the hesitating, dilatory conduct of the Court, at a time when minutes were of precious value. More than fifteen days elapsed before La Marck heard anything further on the subject. At length a communication was received, and a meeting between M. de Mercy and Mirabeau was fixed at the house of M. de la Marck. It took place, and at the close, the latter was informed by the

* *Cor.*, vol. i. pp. 124, 125.

ambassador, that the Queen desired to have an interview with him as soon as possible, and would see him the next day but one, at one o'clock, in the apartments of her first waiting-woman. Thither he repaired at the appointed time, and after some delay he was ushered into the presence of her Majesty.

The Queen, after some preliminary remarks, asked Le Marck whether he really acquitted Mirabeau of all connexion with the events of the 5th and 6th of October, stating that, for two months, the King and she had been thinking of employing him. Assured by the Count that he did, she expressed her gratification, saying, "After all the reports circulated, I have entertained towards the Count de Mirabeau, I confess, a sentiment of horror, which has not a little contributed to retard our resolution of addressing ourselves to him to stay, if it be possible, the fatal consequences of the revolution."

"At this moment," says La Marck, "the King entered. Without any preamble, and with his habitual *brusquerie*, he said to me, 'The Queen has already told you that I wish to employ the Count de Mirabeau, if you think that he has the will and the power to be useful to me. What is your opinion on the subject?'"

La Marck frankly gave his opinion, stating his fears as to the damage irretrievably done, and his conviction of the ministerial folly in haughtily repelling all Mirabeau's previous advances. He thus describes the rest of the interview:—

"Ah!" cried the King, "there is nothing to hope for on this point from M. Necker. It will be necessary that all that is done by M. Mirabeau shall be kept a profound secret from my ministers, and in this I calculate on you."

"I was astounded at this reply. I had not, for a moment, conceived that the King could dream of employing, unknown to his ministers, a man like Mirabeau. In point of fact, his counsels and acts could not fail to come in direct collision with those of the ministers; and what good could be expected from such a contradiction?"

"At present," continued the King, "how do you think that Mirabeau can be of use to me?"

"I told the King that I could not answer this question without having first consulted Mirabeau."

"See him, then, and bring word to me and the Queen what shall be resolved upon."

"Sire, would you not prefer that I should direct the Count de Mirabeau, on the part of your Majesty, to put his ideas on the subject in writing?"

"Yes, still better. You can send me by the Queen what he shall have written. 'Tis agreed."

"After these words the King retired. The Queen told me I was at liberty to come to her whenever I thought it necessary, nevertheless choosing the days when Madame Thibaut should be in attendance. She had not exactly reason to complain of Madame Campan, her second waiting-woman, but the latter being more a woman of the world than the other, had connexions which were not agreeable to the Queen."—Vol. i. pp. 146, 147.

La Marck proceeded on what he too justly regarded, at this late period, as his hopeless mission to Mirabeau. He informed the latter of all that had passed; amongst the rest, of the Queen's belief that he had participated in the conspiracy of the 5th and 6th of October. "At the instant his countenance changed; he became yellow, green, hideous."* Let us trust that it was with shame at such a suspicion, not with conscious guilt. La Marck, at all events, calmed him by the assurance that he had quite satisfied the Queen. He then explained the views of the King. The great tribune's vanity was plainly flattered. Mighty as was his power, he was "subdued, nevertheless, by that sort of magic which royal personages can exercise when they know how to show themselves condescending." La Marck justly observes, that they are to blame for not oftener availing themselves of such an influence; and, while expressing his belief that it has much declined since the French Revolution, he says that, in the Assembly, "the most audacious haranguers would have become ardent royalists, if the King and his ministers had had the ability to draw them towards the throne." We have little doubt of it; and if we differ at all from M. de la Marck, it is in believing that the charm has not lost its power.

Mirabeau despatched his letter to the King. It was considered quite satisfactory, and La Marck had another interview with the Queen in Madame Thibaut's apartments, in order to arrange what was to be done. To place

Mirabeau in a position of pecuniary ease was his first suggestion ; this done, he would be able to give his uninterrupted services to the Crown. He undertook the necessary arrangements. We must not proceed without pausing a moment on the little episode which M. de la Marck here introduces. There is a touching sadness in it, when one thinks what the real position of Marie Antoinette was at the time ; and it shows what a true woman's heart was hers, who, when a sterner hour demanded it, could so nobly enact the heroine !

" This part of our conversation ended, the Queen spoke to me of by-gone days. The hopes of the services that Mirabeau could render seemed to have withdrawn from her sight the dangers that surrounded her on all sides. In her trustful *abandon* she gave me new proofs of that kindness to which she had ever accustomed me in the happy time that, alas ! had departed for ever. She even allowed herself to be drawn away by the recollections of the past, to speak of those indifferent affairs which feed the habitual converse of society.

" The dialogue lasted more than two hours, in a tone of gaiety which was natural to the Queen, and which had its source as much in the goodness of her heart as in the gentle satire of her spirit. The object of my audience had been nearly lost sight of ; she strove to get rid of it. Once that I spoke to her of the Revolution, she became serious and sad ; but immediately the conversation took another turn, I saw her amiable and gracious mood restored. And this trait paints her character better than all that I could say of it. In truth, Marie Antoinette, whom they have accused of delighting to meddle in public affairs, had no taste whatever for them. To a noble and elevated soul she united a promptitude of decision and an energy of will ; of which she has given proof in more than one circumstance. This strength of resolution it was precisely that Louis XVI. wanted : the enemies of royalty foresaw it early, and directed all their attacks against her whose influence they feared."—Vol. i. pp. 156–7.

That this representation is the correct one is most likely, and we cannot but sympathise the more deeply with the martyred princess, when we think she was sacrificed for no other reason than that she was believed to possess qualities that could save her husband and his throne.

To pursue the course of the narra-

tive. La Marck saw Mirabeau, asked the extent of his debts, and the income that he would require to maintain him. The former he stated to be large, but could not tell the precise sum ; as to the latter, he said 100 louis a month would quite satisfy him.

At La Marck's desire, however, he made out a complete list of his debts ; and brought it to the former a few days after. The total amount was 208,000 francs—as La Marck observes, easily capable of being settled by a man whose landed property was worth 50,000 francs a year, if he had any management. The items were curious, and showed strange vicissitudes in his career. Amongst other things, his wedding-clothes were still unpaid for. Mirabeau himself said he could not hope to have the debts settled for him, but again intimated that all he would require was the monthly sum of 100 louis.

We now come to the actual arrangement. It was the King's own proposal. His debts, to the amount above mentioned, were to be paid ; 6,000 francs a month supplied to him ; and 1,000,000 francs bestowed on him at the close of the Assembly's sittings, in case he succeeded in the fulfilment of his promises. For this last-named sum the King placed four notes of hand, of 250,000 francs each, in M. de la Marck's hands. These the latter returned to him on the death of Mirabeau.*

This, it must be owned, was not a very creditable affair for Mirabeau. Yet, let us not judge him too severely. His exigencies were great. Office could not be conferred on him, and, were it otherwise, perhaps, not without destroying his power to be useful. Pecuniary relief and aid, in some way, were absolutely necessary to him ; would they have lost their character of a bribe if given in a more delicate fashion, and under the guise of a court employment ? Moreover, are we to judge of the transaction by ordinary rules ? On one side was impending destruction, on the other, urgent necessity. We must not moralize too nicely on the business. The payment of his debts and the monthly allowance Mirabeau certainly had strong temptation to accept of, and he did not ask for so much. The mil-

lion reward, in prospect, he *should* have regarded as a positive bribe, and rejected. But it was too glittering a bait for one so "*profusus sui*."

The Count de la Marck appears not to have seen anything disreputable in the transaction; but Mirabeau's conduct on the occasion amazed him. When the million was mentioned, "Mirabeau," he says, "broke into an intoxication of joy that, I confess, astonished me a little." He discerned all kinds of high qualities in the King, and attributed to his blockhead ministers the circumstance of their having remained so hidden. His delight knew no bounds. And, in his rapture, everything seemed to him capable of accomplishment.

Immediately after this arrangement was effected, Mirabeau commenced to live most extravagantly, "took an entire house to himself, instead of a respectable apartment such as he had before occupied; instead of the single servant that he used to keep, hired a *valet-de-chambre*, cook, coachman, &c.,"* despite of all remonstrance. From this passage we must infer that his increased expenditure about the period of the attack on the Bastille, already alluded to, could only have been temporary; a fact that, coupled with his large debts, would certainly render more doubtful the receipt by him of money from the Duc d'Orleans. However this may have been, now that funds were at his command, he could not control his expensive habits. He rushed into pleasures recklessly, too, but not at the sacrifice of his occupations. His life at the moment is thus sketched by his biographer:—

"At this period he did not allow himself an instant's repose. One moment at the tribune, the next in his cabinet; knowing thoroughly all that was done and said; dictating to his secretary, writing himself, revising the writings which he had dictated; provoking discussions to call out new ideas; availing of these ideas in his writings, or charging others to make them the basis of their labours; and, with all this, never forgetful of his enjoyments. Such is the notion one must have of this extraordinary man, whom nature seemed to have created to astound his contemporaries by the combination of so many striking qualities, and of faculties apparently incompatible."—Vol. i. p. 173.

On closing his compact with the

Court, Mirabeau began almost daily to submit to it notes on the progress of events, the first of importance bearing date the 21st of June, and denouncing the decree of the Assembly on the previous evening (passed in his absence), abolishing the titles of honour. The "political crisis," he says, "is at its height, and begins to become complicated fearfully." "The army supplies the instrument of brigandage to all who choose to play the part of robbers on a large scale;" and, in fine, that "there must soon be either a decline in the malady, or an increase in it, which will result in cure or in death."†

While thus speaking of the crisis, he was busy in the preparation of a plan of escape for the King and Royal Family. It is doubtful whether, in the state of France at the period, his suggestions were such as could possibly have been carried into effect; but with such a King, such a ministry, and such a court as Mirabeau had to deal with, the task was certainly hopeless. "The King," said he, in a note of the 15th of September, "has but one man, his wife." Strange and prophetic were the words that followed:—"I like to believe that she will not wish for life without her crown. *What I am very sure of is, that she will not preserve her life if she does not preserve her crown.*"

Lafayette he continually assailed, as one whose position was fraught with danger to the monarchy. This might be thought to have resulted from jealousy, but we believe that it had no such origin, and that Mirabeau judged most correctly. The General-in-Chief of the National Guards was cold, vain, weak, and arrogant, and contributed, we do think, as much as any one in France, to hasten the march of anarchy. Mirabeau strove, with all his eloquence and flattery, to court his alliance, but the repulsion between their characters was too great to make the connexion possible. That the correspondence shows Mirabeau's conduct towards the Marquis to have been full of profound duplicity is beyond any doubt, but it was duplicity having for its object, at once, the protection of the Royal Family and the salvation of France.

With a view, amongst other objects, to weaken Lafayette's position, Mira-

* Vol. i. p. 171.

† Vol. i. p. 175.

beau urged the King not to oppose the return from England of the Duc d'Orleans. All the grounds assigned by him for this advice are excellent, and show the comprehensive manner in which he viewed the events of the day. His reasons, in this instance, were fully coincided in at Court, and acted on. Unluckily, however, an insult was offered to the Prince on his first visit at court, by a steadfast adherent of the Royal cause, in ignorance of the policy agreed on, and Orleans became, from that moment, the bitter enemy of the King and Queen.

Removal of the Royal Family from Paris; organisation in the provinces of the nuclei of an armed force; but, first, and most urgently, a change of ministers,—these were the constant persuasion of Mirabeau. But he was unable to effect anything. Every day he grew more urgent, and more indignant at the apathy of the King:—

“On the 13th of August 1790 (says La Marck), the Court received from him a note, sufficient to freeze it with terror. ‘Four enemies,’ he says in it, ‘approach with accelerated pace—taxation, bankruptcy, the army, the winter. Some step must be taken. I mean to say that either events must be prepared for, and awaited; or provoked and directed. In two words, *civil war is certain, and perhaps necessary*. Which is it preferable to accept it, or to make it?—or, can it, and ought it be prevented? Questions of the last importance, and which it is, in fine, necessary to decide, and which can only be dealt with in a conference as long and as free, as it is necessary that they should be considered and resolved. I demand this conference, however difficult and dangerous for me it be. As I must give and receive pledges, as I must use words, as to the end and the means to be employed, which cannot be entrusted to paper, this conference is indispensable.’”—Vol. i. p. 199; vol. ii. p. 126.

In this letter he again urges that the nucleus of an army should be formed, pointing, with what profound sagacity after-days demonstrated, to the Swiss Guards, as the corps for that purpose, and recommending an “Inspector-General of the Swiss” to be at once appointed, an office which had formerly existed.

Previous to this, on the 3rd of July, 1790, Mirabeau had the interview with Marie Antoinette, at the Château of

St. Cloud, the rumour of which so damaged his popularity as to have caused the “Great treason of Count Mirabeau” to be cried through Paris, his own allusion to which, in his speech in the debate respecting the power of making war and peace, we have given in a former page. He quite convinced the ill-fated Queen both of his sincerity and his power to save her and the monarchy; and appears himself to have left her charmed into devotion to her cause. A member of the Ministry, honest and loyal, but weak in character, M. de Montmorin, had likewise, before this period, been admitted to the knowledge of his relations with the Court, and brought into communication with him. All this, however, was to no purpose. His recommendations went for nothing—were thwarted by counsels, which the King sought on all sides. Well might he demand of La Marck—“Shall I continue to send notes to the Court? Of what possible use is it, when they take no heed of what I write?” Once, on the 18th of October, he writes to the Count, having heard that Bergasse had been consulted on an important point—“Good God! what heads, who could not reflect:—‘The assistance of these people, seconded by all our power, was not able to balance the combat for a moment, and can it restore it when utterly lost; against the same generals and the same troops, when we have neither troops nor generals to oppose to them.’ Oh, madness.”* The day after this, he proposed in the Assembly, that the navy as well as the army should, in future, display the tricolour, and not the white flag. It was in his speech on this occasion that he used the memorable sentence—“The tricolour flag will make the circuit of Europe.” The whole address was most revolutionary, and can only be accounted for as a sudden outbreak of his impulsive nature, stung by the conduct of the unfortunate King.

This, indeed, is not the sole instance recorded of such inconsistent acts. On the whole, however, he tried to stem the fierce and destructive current of democracy, that every day grew stronger, more violent, and more detestable. When he, at times, turned with the ensanguined tide, it may have

* Vol. ii. p. 237.

been only in the hope of gaining some accession of strength for renewed efforts. His position was critical in the last degree, and he had no support whatever. No one man could bear the constitution in safety on his unaided shoulders, through that deluge of anarchy. Mirabeau assuredly made many a gallant struggle against the atrocious faction that already began to prepare for the "reign of terror." Nearly the last and boldest was in the debate on the Emigration Law, on the 28th of February, 1791, which proposed to authorise a committee of three persons to pronounce upon refractory emigrants the sentence of outlawry. In opposing the measure, Mirabeau exclaimed—"It has been demonstrated, by the experience of all time, that with the most despotic, the most centralized executive, in the hands of Busiris, similar laws have never been put in force, because they are incapable of execution. If you pass such a law against emigrants, I swear that I will not obey it."* The conclusion of his speech causing violent murmurs amongst the Jacobin party in the Assembly, Mirabeau turned round, and looking menacingly towards them, cried, in a voice of thunder—"Silence, those thirty voices." The cabal was hushed, and the measure rejected.

Three days before this, on the 25th of February, the orator made his declaration of allegiance to the monarchy, cited by M. de Bacourt, in a note, and appropriately placed in juxtaposition with the language held by him on this occasion. Having given it we shall again recur to his private relations with the Court:—

"Our oath of fidelity to a constitutional king," said he, "is in the constitution. I say that it is deeply injurious to allow our respect for that oath to be placed in doubt. Such is my unequivocal declaration, and in defence of it I combat boldly with the world ;

thoroughly convinced that my duty is to fight against all factions whatsoever that would call in question the principle of monarchy, through means of whatsoever system, in whatsoever part of the kingdom they may show themselves. . . . Such is my declaration, which extends to all places, all times, all systems, all persons, and all sects." *Note*, vol. i. p. 234.

On the very day when Mirabeau made the speech above quoted on the emigration laws, the Marquis of La Fayette gave proof of his dangerous character, in a transaction here detailed by M. de la Marck. An insurrectionary disturbance took place in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and some gentlemen of the Court, fearing another 6th of October, hastened to the defence of the King. He prohibited them from fighting, and made them even deposit their arms in the closets at the palace. La Fayette caused these to be opened, and the arms distributed amongst the National Guards; "seeking," as La Marck truly says, "to dishonour, and to expose to the derision and persecution of the populace, men who had come to defend the life of their King from assassins." The incident clearly shows how just was Mirabeau's estimate of the vain-glorious republican. M. de Bouillé, who made the last vain effort to save the Royal Family on the occasion of their flight to Varennes, entertained a like opinion of the general, and intimated as much in a letter addressd to him, of which he spoke to La Marck at Metz. "I told him," said Bouillé, "that at one time it rested entirely with him to re-establish order; that he had not done so then, and that now it was no longer possible."† This seems to have been a strictly correct judgment.

The interview of the Count de la Marck with M. de Bouillé, in which this statement was made by the latter, took place in the beginning of Febru-

* Cor. vol. i. p. 233. This speech of Mirabeau's contains some fine and prophetic passages, not referred to in M. de la Marck's volume. One or two are worth quoting here—"If you or your successors," said he, "should ever give way to the violent counsels, by which you are now beset, this law will be regarded as an act of clemency. In the bloody pages of your statute-book the word death will everywhere be found. Your mouths will never cease to pronounce that terrible word. Your laws, while they spread dismay within the kingdom, will chase to foreign shores all who give lustre to the name of France; and your execrable enactments will find subjects for execution only in the poor, the aged, and the unfortunate."—*Vid. Mignet*, vol. i. p. 125.

† Vol. i. p. 243.

ary, and resulted from the determination, at length arrived at by the King, to adopt the plan of Mirabeau, and, quitting Paris, throw himself on the support of the provinces. The aspect of affairs had become so much sterner, that a fortified town was then considered to be essential as the royal asylum; and Metz was fixed on, both from its position and the confidence justly reposed in M. de Bouillé, the commander of the eastern frontier, by the Monarch. La Marck, accordingly, proceeded thither to consult the general on the subject, but delays of various kinds interfered with the attempted escape until after the death of Mirabeau. Every day during the interval both the people and the army had grown more and more republican, and, when the step was actually taken, it is hardly probable that, had Metz been reached in safety, the monarchy could have been preserved. When the project was first devised circumstances were indeed widely different.

Mirabeau's last service to the Royal cause was in the debate on the Regency, which occupied the Assembly on the 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th of March. The decision arrived at was that for which he combated, namely, that "of right and of fact, it vested in the nearest relative of the King during his minority.* On the 27th of March he attended to give his services in a law regarding mines, in which his friend La Marck had a deep personal interest. That same day he fell ill, owing in part to his exertions in this business, and, as we have already stated, on the 2nd of April his great spirit passed away.

"Three days before his death," says La Marck, "in a moment when he appeared to me calmer than usual, though aware that there was then little hope for him, I went to him, on the subject of his papers, when, of his own accord, he anticipated my intentions. 'My friend,' said he, 'I have in my house a quantity of papers, which are of a nature to compromise many persons, yourself and others, and especially those whom I would have so much desired to snatch from the dangers that menace them. It, perhaps, would be more prudent to destroy all these papers, but I confess that I cannot bring myself to do so. It is in them that posterity will, I hope, find the best justification of my conduct in these latter days. In them rests the honour of my memory. Could you not re-

move them safely, and place them beyond the reach of our enemies, who, at the present moment, could turn them to such dangerous account in misleading public opinion? Promise me that one day these papers shall be known, and that your friendship will avenge my memory in giving them publicity.'"—Vol. i. pp. 256, 257.

La Marck undertook the duty, faithfully performed, indeed, in the volumes under our review, and obtained the papers, which, with the assistance of Pellenc, Mirabeau's secretary, he collated and arranged. He judged it better not to publish them during his own lifetime, in consequence of the allusions they contain to many of his contemporaries, believing, as he says in his prefatory remarks, that "truth never comes too late for history;" and he left the task of publication, as well as the final arrangement both of the original documents and his own explanatory and illustrative remarks, to M. de Bacourt, to whom the world stands indebted for the very careful manner in which the present work is edited. The duty of vindicating his memory could, indeed, have been better performed for Mirabeau by none than it has been by both, so far as the materials of a vindication have reached them. Before making a few final remarks on the extent to which his character has been rescued by them from disgrace, let us say a word or two on the subject of the closing scene of his extraordinary career. His memorable death-bed prophecy of the terrors and calamities in store for France we have already recorded.

More than a year before his death he had a conversation with La Marck on the subject of "fine deaths." Mirabeau referred with enthusiasm to some of the most dramatic in ancient and modern history; but La Marck, more through a spirit of discussion than anything else, spoke of them as, in most cases, the result of a kind of arrogant affectation, adding, that he thought some of the noblest deaths he had known were those of soldiers in hospitals, dying obscurely, and expressing no regret at leaving the world, and only asking to be placed in an easy position in which to die. "There is much truth," said Mirabeau, "in your remarks," and they passed to other topics.

* Vol. i. p. 248; vol. iii. p. 106.

La Marck had forgotten all this, when the day on which he carried off Mirabeau's papers he was sitting by the fireside of the latter, on returning to his chamber. Suddenly, Mirabeau called him, he approached the bed, and the dying tribune, grasping him by the hand, exclaimed, "Well, my dear connoisseur in fine deaths, are you satisfied?" "Though naturally cold in character," says La Marck, "I could not help bursting into tears."

Mirabeau expired in the arms of his friend, and the Count discredits a commonly circulated story about the orator's last words, told on the authority of his physician, Cabanis, namely, that he asked to be crowned with flowers, and to die to the sounds of music. He says—

"If Mirabeau did not speak thus in a moment of delirium, I am greatly inclined to think that this idea of crowning with flowers and listening to a concert at the moment of his death is a fine philosophic dream of his physician, and perfectly unnecessary to the fame of Mirabeau. For my part, I can only say, that he never said so in my hearing."—
Vol. i. p. 253.

It is rather consolatory to have discredit attached to this silly story, which throws an air of wretched affectation over the last moments of Mirabeau, and we cannot but believe that La Marck is right in regarding it as a "fine philosophic dream" of the physician. Of his death, his friendly biographer only says, that it took place at half-past eight in the morning, amid the most cruel sufferings.

We have now traced, with perfect impartiality, the career of Mirabeau, from the assembling of the States General to his death. We have placed in juxtaposition his public addresses to the nation and his private counsels to the Court. We have contrasted the most remarkable and inconsistent proceedings of his earlier and later political life. What judgment are we to pass upon the man, what sentiments are we to believe he sincerely entertained? Was he, at heart, anxious to precipitate the revolution, or did he honestly desire to preserve the monarchy? Conflicting as the details of evidence may sometimes seem, we find no difficulty in coming to a decision.

We are thoroughly convinced that his wish to save the throne was genuine; that he dreaded the progress of republican opinion, as fraught with disastrous consequences to France; and that, throughout, his aspiration was for a constitution, in the main resembling that of Great Britain.

Such a constitution he always spoke of as the object of his political exertions. "We shall not get out of the business without a government more or less resembling that of England," was his language to the Count de la Marck, at their first meeting after the junction of the three Orders. Nowhere do we find him to have expressed an opinion inconsistent with the spirit of this observation. Admitting even that he was in league with the Duc D'Orleans, previously to the attack on the Château at Versailles, it would not cast any doubt on his sincerity in this respect. The utmost it would prove would be the absence of loyalty to the person of Louis XVI., in itself quite compatible with the wish to found a constitutional monarchy, which he might at the time have considered impossible with a sovereign educated in such despotic principles as Louis. Once satisfied that the latter was prepared to concede to his subjects all those privileges that rational liberty demands, he might have felt that the safety of France no longer required a change of dynasty, and that he was therefore bound by every sense of duty to sustain the Royal cause. That, in point of fact, he did all in his power to prevent its ruin, we think amply demonstrated in these volumes.

In examining his conduct with a view to form a judgment on its tendency, we must bear in mind his own caution, in his first letter to the King: "My conduct must not be judged of partially, nor by a single act or discourse. Not that I will object to explain anything; but one can only form a decision on the entire, and influence by the entire. It is impossible to save the state from day to day."* Mirabeau was not perfect, either in temper or in judgment. Who is? All his acts, therefore, will necessarily not bear criticism; but the singularly able adaptation of his general policy to its avowed end—the salvation of the monarchy—cannot be denied. Let us not be told

* Vol. ii. p. 13.

that it failed. It never obtained a trial. And it is truly melancholy to read through the mass of profound and statesmanlike advice tendered by him to the King and Queen, which is contained in the second volume of M. de Bacourt's work, and to think that it was hardly in a single instance made use of by those whom it might have saved from ruin. It is impossible to read his forty-seventh note for the Court, the concluding part of his "View of the situation of France, and of the means of reconciling public liberty with the royal authority,"*—without being convinced that the man who prepared it, if seconded by ordinary energy and ordinary firmness on the part of the King, would have succeeded in arresting the revolution, and securing a monarchy based on popular institutions. We cannot, in the limits to which we are confined, enter into any detailed investigation of this document, which extends to ninety pages in length, ably reviewing the whole range of public affairs in France, and proposing a complete system of policy for the curbing of anarchy and the restoration of order. But there is a passage in it which we cannot refrain from quoting, as it conveys this great statesman's opinion on the danger resulting from bringing the influence of the masses to bear directly on the legislature of a country. It is this:—

"People always forget, when speaking of the effects of the Revolution, and of the evils of the Constitution, that the most formidable result is this *immediate action of the people*, and, if I may so express myself, this sort of *exercise of the sovereignty by the nation at large (en corps de nation)*, of which the most perceptible effect is, that the legislator himself is no longer anything but a slave, that he is only obeyed so long as he gives satisfaction, and that he will be deposed so soon as he tries to check the impulse he has given. *With such a public spirit, it matters little whether the theory of government be monarchical or democratic; the mass of the people is everything; its impetuous movements are the sole laws. To caress the populace, to flatter them, to corrupt them, is the sole art of the legislator, as it is the sole resource of the executive.*"—Vol. ii. p. 444.

How terribly was the truth of these maxims demonstrated in the "reign of terror!" How fearful a picture was

then given to the world of a legislative assembly and an executive under mob control!—the one existing only to sanction rapine, the other to perpetrate carnage. And this awful crisis was but the gradual development of the democratic element, suffered to proceed unchecked during four short years, in a state in which the mass of the people were probably not more prone to crime than in other European nations. Of the crowds that howled in fiendish exultation round the guillotine, while all that was best and noblest in France was slaughtered by its reeking blade; of the myriads who outraged everything human, and blasphemed everything divine, in those fatal days which Mirabeau foreboded, the greater number, perhaps, but a short time before they enacted these atrocities, were chargeable with no darker vice than ignorance. But the ignorant are always at once suspicious and trustful; and crowds have neither pity nor remorse. They seem to be influenced by every bad passion of the individuals who compose them, but to be insensible to the better emotions, that, to a greater or a lesser extent, lurk in the breasts of each. In this way the suspicion or revenge of one man becomes the "wild justice" of a number, the worst of whom might hesitate to commit the outrage, which they remorselessly perpetrate in the mass. To this characteristic of popular assemblages all men should attend, who dream of controlling the conduct of deliberative bodies, by appeals to the populace. Once the latter perceive that their power is recognised and obeyed by the educated and thinking classes, there ceases to be any safeguard for liberty, property, or life. In this respect, as in most others, what we learn from the events of the French Revolution may be relied on as applicable to all other states. Let us trust that after sixty years' experience of the disasters which it has brought on France—disasters which it is to be feared are far from being at an end—all those who constitute the moral strength of these kingdoms will see the imperative necessity of protecting the constitution which has preserved us from like miseries, against the encroachments of that unreasoning force that swept before it first the throne and altar, and

* Vol. ii. p. 414.

after them every fragment of public liberty and social order. To the union of the three Estates in one Assembly—that equalizing of ranks, for political purposes, of which he was at the time the great promoter, and from which he hoped such great results—Mirabeau, in his dying hour, attributed all the evils which his prophetic vision saw impending over his country. We have plenty of reformers who would rejoice at such a stroke of policy at home—men, too, who would grow pale at the prospect of such excesses as Paris witnessed in 1793. The influence of such men cannot be too carefully guarded against, nor can the warning be too often given to those in power, that, though changes may be safely made in its superstructure, ruin must inevitably follow from any tampering with the foundations of our political system.

With these remarks we must close our notice of M. de Bacourt's volumes, which we regard as a valuable accession to our political literature at this

moment. In such a light we have exclusively dealt with them in the present article. But they are full of interest of a more personal character. The introductory portion contains extremely attractive notices of Marie Antoinette, the King and his brothers, and several of the leading personages about the Court, exhibiting in a forcible manner the characteristics of that vicious but brilliant circle, and throwing an additional charm over the portrait of the hapless Queen, who, in her own person, seems to have concentrated all its fascination, alloyed by none, at least, of its more serious vices, and who, after lavishing favours on its members with generous prodigality, was destined so soon after to write the melancholy words—"We have not a single friend, and are betrayed by all the world." Alas! the axe of the guillotine was less keen than the ingratitude that had lacerated her right royal heart, long before her crownless head received a martyr's diadem on the scaffold!

THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MIDNIGHT VOICE AND ITS ANSWERED CALL.

LADY RANDOLPH took leave of Lilius at the door of her room, and she having, with infinite trepidation, declined the services of the lady's maid, who seemed to her rather more awful and stately than the lady herself, soon remained alone in the magnificent apartment which had been assigned to her. She looked all round it with a glance of some disquietude, for the vastness of the room, and the dark oak furniture, made it look very gloomy. She contemplated the huge bed, which bore an unpleasant resemblance to a hearse, with the utmost awe; it seemed to her that there was room for a dozen concealed robbers within the massive folds of the sombre curtains, and the reflection of her own figure in the tall mirrors, looked strangely like a white ghost wandering stealthily to and fro; the only gleam of comfort that shone in upon her, was from the glimpse of the midnight sky that could be seen through

the chinks of the window-shutters. As the night was not cold she went and threw the window open, feeling that the companionship of the stars would destroy all these fantastic fancies; and very soon her sense of loneliness and oppression passed away, for there came a soft wind that lifted the curls of her long fair hair, and kissed her cheek caressingly, and she could not help believing it was a breeze from the Irish hills that bore to her the blessing of her kind old grandfather; gaily as ever she closed the window and went to sit down, wondering if ever she should feel inclined to sleep again after the excitement of the last two days. She had unbound her hair and let it fall around her like a golden veil, when, suddenly, a sound came floating towards her, on the still night air, which irresistibly attracted her attention.

It was a sound of music, deep solemn music, rising with a power and richness

of melody she never had heard before ; whence it came, or how it was produced, she could not conceive, for it seemed to her unpractised ear not to proceed from one instrument, but from many, and yet there was through it all a unity of harmony which could result from the influence of a single mind alone : now, it swelled out into soft thunders that vibrated through the long passages up to the very roof of her vaulted room, and deep into her beating heart, then it died away to a whisper faint as the sigh of a child, only to rise again more glorious than before ; and, over all, heard distinct as the lark in heaven at morning's dawn, there thrilled a voice of such unearthly sweetness that she did not, could not believe it belonged to an inhabitant of this world.

Lilias had one of these sensitive passionate souls over whom music has an uncontrollable power ; but as yet she had heard no other instrument than an antique harpsichord of her grandmother's, and such singing as the village girls regaled her with when they stood at work in the fields. No wonder, then, that this wonderful strain had an effect upon her like that of enchantment ; it seemed to take possession of her whole soul, and absorb every faculty. She became, as she listened, utterly unconscious of all things, save that this entrancing melody drew her towards it with an irresistible attraction ; the sound was so distant, yet so clear, she could not tell if even it were within the house at all ; but she did not ponder on its position, or on the nature of it ; only, like one who walks in sleep, she rose mechanically on her feet to go to it. If her mind, steeped in that marvellous melody, could reflect at all, it was to conclude that she had fallen asleep and was dreaming, so that she had no thought but the longing not to awake from a dream so beautiful. Slowly drawn by the sweet sounds, as by invisible chains, she moved towards the door and opened it ; then sweeter, louder than before, floating into her very soul, came that angel voice, with the full swelling chords that seemed, as it were, to clothe it, filling her with a sense of enjoyment so intense, that she would have felt constrained to follow after it, even had she known it would lure her to some murderous precipice, like the dangerous syrens in the haunted woods of Germany.

Truly there was a strange fascination

in this soft and sublime music, filling the quiet night as with a soul, whose breathing was melody. And Lilias yielded without a thought, or effort, to the entrancing power, which, like a mesmeric influence, drew her imperiously towards it, panting and breathless, as though she feared the sounds would die before she reached them—every faculty concentrated in the sense of hearing. She hastened rapidly along the passages down the wide staircase, and, guided by the deepening volume of the strain, reached the door of the great hall, which stood open. She passed within it, and at once discerned, that from this room proceeded the wonderful harmony which had so allured her, the instrument whose solemn tones formed the accompaniment was evidently the magnificent organ which stood at the further end of the hall ; and, as she had never heard one before, it is not to be wondered at that now, when a hand endowed with extraordinary skill drew forth its full power, she should have been enraptured ; but it was not so much the majesty of sound, swelling from the noblest instrument in the world that had so won the very soul within her as the voice sounding almost celestial to her ears, which still was thrilling with unutterable sweetness through the echoing hall. However glorious those deep low chords, it was yet only the metal which gave them forth ; but there was a spirit in that voice which touched her own spirit, and never again could her young soul be free and independent as it had been before that mysterious contact.

A little while only does the new-created child of dust stand lonely upon earth, as Adam stood in Eden before he woke from his deep sleep to meet the living glance of Eve—a little while in the passionless ignorance of youth, and then is the mortal being free—free from thought, from affection, from desire ; but soon, through all the wild tumult and turmoil of the world, he hears the voice calling to him, which demands the surrender of his whole being in one deep human love, and no sooner is that whisper heard echoing in the depths of his heart than, straightway, he yields up the sweet empire of his life's affections ; and henceforward, whether he is blest in close companionship, or divided by some gulf impassable, over which most vain and mournfully, he stretches out the longing arms that only grasp the vacant

air, still never more is he alone, or free, for he must live in another's life, and, even in death, desire another's grave.

And was it to be thus with Liliás! the gentle, single-hearted child?

As she stood at the door of the hall the words which that angel voice was breathing into music came with a strange, deep meaning on her ears. There was no light save that of the moon, which streamed in long, soft rays from the one large window, and reached even the gilded fluting of the organ, yet, through the dim shadows, she could perceive that a musician sat before it. The face only was visible to her in that half light; the upturned face, with the dark hair falling round it, and the deep grey eyes made luminous by the living soul that was shining through them. Never had she looked on him who sat there before, nor could she tell if in truth that countenance had any beauty; only there was upon it now a spiritual loveliness emanating from the solemn thoughts that moved him, which entered into her heart and there abode, to fade only when itself should moulder beneath the coffin lid.

And now, still drawn onwards by the voice, her noiseless feet went down the hall, till, by the side of the unconscious musician, she knelt down meekly, for it seemed to her as though adoring reverence were the needful homage of one who could create such harmony; and there, in breathless rapture, with parted lips, and folded hands, she remained all motionless, till the soft music died away, as if those sounds had been withdrawn again into the heaven to which they belonged.

Then he turned, and his eyes fell upon the kneeling figure by his side; he started violently, and remained mute with surprise, his heart well nigh stopping in its beating with astonishment; almost it seemed to him as if his music had drawn down an angel from the regions of perpetual melody; so fair and spotless did she seem, the moonlight falling on her soft white robes, and weaving her floating hair into a golden tissue with the mingling of its own bright rays. Speechless he remained gazing with the earnest wish that this pure vision might not pass away into a dream. But meantime the cessation of the music had unbound the chains that held her young soul captive, and when the sweet face turned towards him the childlike features, solemn with

intensity of feeling, he saw that they were human eyes which met his own, eyes that could weep for sorrow, and grow beautiful with tenderness, for now a timid glance stole into them, and a faint smile to the parted lips. Unconsciously, he let his hands fall softly on her head and said—

“Where have you come from? who are you?”

“Liliás,” she answered, simply, as a child that tells its name when asked.

“Lily indeed,” he said, “most fair and lovely as the snow white lilies are; but no such gentle vision ever came to me before in these dark hours, though I have been here lonely, night by night. I thought at first it was a spirit kneeling there; and it is scarce less marvellous to me that a human being should visit me in my solitude, than that some merciful angel should come to cheer me. How is it, then, that you are here?”

“The music seemed to call me and I came,” she said; “it was so very beautiful it drew my whole soul after it; but I know I should not have ventured here at such an hour, and now I will go back, only——”

She hesitated, and looked up pleadingly into the eyes that were turned with such admiring wonder on her—

“You live in this house?” she asked.

“I do,” he replied, and then bowed his head as though the answer were one of shame.

“Then will you promise me,” she said, “that I shall hear these glorious sounds once more. I feel as though I could have no rest till I may listen to them yet again, and to the voice that was as a soul within them. May I come here to-morrow, and will you bestow on me the greatest pleasure I have ever known, for, indeed, I never felt such deep enjoyment as in hearing that solemn strain?”

“Most gladly would I—most gladly see you again, sweet Lily; since that is your sweet name; but do you know who I am?”

“No, excepting that I think you will be my friend,—at least I shall hope it,—for the soul that could utter that divine song must be so worthy of all friendship.”

These gentle words seemed literally to make him tremble, as another might to hear the ravings of passion.

“Oh do not speak so softly to me,” he said, “I am unused to kindness,

and it unmans me ; besides, soon you will know all, and then you will neither have the will nor power to befriend me, and it were better for me not to have the hope of your future sympathy, thus given for a moment and then withdrawn."

"But why withdrawn?" she said, with her gaze of innocent surprise.

"You are Sir Michael's niece, are you not, the child of his favourite brother,—his heiress probably?"

"I am his niece, but not his heiress surely; there are so many worthier heirs, are you not one of them?"

"I! I am Hubert Lyle." He seemed to expect that at the sound of that name she would recoil in fear or indignation, but she only repeated the words "Hubert Lyle," and then shook her head gently to intimate that it was an unknown sound to her; he smiled with pleasure to hear his name so softly spoken by the lips of one who seemed to him the purest, sweetest vision that ever had blest his eyes on earth. "I see you have not yet learned all the secrets of this house," he said, "but it will not be long before Sir Michael's niece shall have been taught that there is one beneath this roof whom she must hate, hate even with a deadly animosity. I think it will be a hard lesson for such a gentle nature;" he added almost pityingly. A new light seemed to break in upon her.

"Oh, is it possible?" she exclaimed; "was it then of you that my uncle spoke with such a bitter animosity, as it makes me shiver to think one human being should ever have the power to feel towards another?"

"I am, indeed, the object of his abhorrence."

"But unjustly," she exclaimed, fixing her candid eyes steadily on his face. "I know, I feel, you have not deserved this cruel hatred."

"Not at your uncle's hands, indeed, not, I think, at those of any human being, for I know that wilfully I have injured none; but, doubtless, this discipline is all too little for my deserts, as I must seem unto no mortal sight, and so it must be borne patiently." This humility touched Lillas to the very heart, her voice trembled with eagerness as she said—

"But do not speak as though I or any other could ever share in the wrong he does you; rather is it our part to make you forget it, as you have forgiven

it, by our friendship justly and gladly granted to you."

"Most innocent child," he said, "it is plain you never yet have listened to the voice of your worldly interest; but when that world shall have taught you the value of Sir Michael's favour, then will even this guileless heart be moved to feel or simulate a due abhorrence for his enemy."

"Never!" she exclaimed, lifting up her childlike head with a noble dignity, and throwing back the long hair that she might stand face to face with him to whom she spoke. "Listen, I do not know you; as yet I cannot tell if in very deed you are worthy of the loyal true-hearted friendship, which it is a blessing to give and to receive from our fellow-creatures; but my heart tells me you are so, even to the very uttermost, for I think that none could be otherwise, and dare to sing such solemn strains before high heaven at dead of night; and if it be so—if indeed you are worthy of the esteem and sympathy of all who can distinguish between right and wrong—then is it your lawful due, of which I would not dare defraud you, for it were high treason against the truth and majesty of goodness. If we are bound to adore perfection in its eternal Source and Essence, so is it our very duty and service to pay tribute to the faint reflection of that spirit in the frail human creature; and neither my uncle, nor any other on this earth, has a right to ask of me, or shall compel me, to act a lie against the sovereign virtue I am sworn to worship loyally, by withholding the homage of my friendship to all that are good and true of heart."

"Pray heaven no taint from this bad world may ever reach your soul," were the words that burst from the lips of Hubert Lyle. "Yes, keep—keep your pure wisdom and your noble principle; blessed is he who taught them to you; but, alas! if ever I were worthy of the gift of your esteem on the basis of that rectitude of which you speak, could even your beautiful philosophy stand the test, to which it would be put before you could give to me the name of friend. The darkness covers me and you do not yet know what I am—how smitten of heaven as well as hunted down of men; how, by the very decree of nature, repugnant in their sight, not less than hated for another's sake. But I will not deceive you; none could look

upon your face and hide one shadow of the bitterest truth: come, and let me show you what I am, and do not fear to shrink away from me when you have seen that sight. I hope for nothing else from any on this earth, for the gentlest look that human eyes have ever had for me, has been one of sorrowing pity."

He took her by the hand, and led her slowly down the hall towards the window, where the moonlight was streaming with a full clear radiance. Through the shadows they went solemnly hand in hand, and a sensation of awe took possession of her; she felt as if he were leading her to the threshold of a new life; strange and unknown feelings were stirring at her heart, and a deep instinct whispering there, seemed to tell her that what he was about to reveal would have an influence on her whole future existence. He dropped her hand when they passed within the circle of light, and, placing himself where the beams fell brightest, he turned and looked upon her. Then she saw that he was smitten indeed, and that heaven had laid a load upon his mortal frame, heavy, as that which man had built upon his shrinking soul. Hubert Lyle was hopelessly and fearfully deformed. It would seem as though it were designed for him that he should be crushed both in body and in spirit, for his neck was bowed as by an iron power, and the sadness of a life's long humiliation was stamped on that upturned face; unlike the countenance of many who are deformed in body, there was no beauty on it save in the deep, thoughtful eyes, and the pale forehead, whence dark masses of hair were swept aside.

Oh, how the heart of Lilius trembled as she looked upon him and read the measure of his two-fold suffering. An outcast, by deformity, from the common race of man, and trodden down in soul by unmerited contumely or hate. How to the very depths was stirred within her that well of tenderness and pity for the oppressed which gushes in every woman's heart, as she saw in his whole aspect the evidence of a resolute and noble endurance, a patient meekness, untinged by a trace of bitterness! She could have wept over him, for she was one of those unhappily gifted whose soul is like a sensitive plant, and shrinks from the touch of sufferings in others with an exquisite susceptibility. Her natural de-

licacy, however, taught her that she must hide from him how deeply his infirmity had moved her; he must see in her no evidence of the insulting pity to which alone he seemed accustomed. He had spoken of her shrinking away from him; she drew nearer, and lifting up her eyes, smiled one quiet, gentle smile, as though in token that she had seen nought to surprise or grieve her: that look was balm to him, used only to the half-averted glance of sad repugnance which we are wont to cast on an unsightly object. His voice shook with mingled eagerness and delight as he said—

"Could you indeed take such a deformed wretch as I am by the hand, and stand forth before all the world to acknowledge him your friend?"

"Is it, then, the perishable, mortal body that we love and hold communion with, in those who are mercifully given to be our friends?" she answered; "the frame that shall be a thing of dust and worms so soon? Is it not the indestructible soul to which we give our sympathy, and is not that sympathy immortal as itself? for nothing good and pure that ever was created can have power to perish, though it be only the subtle feeling of a human heart; and so the friendship which is given by one deathless spirit to another is a link between them for their eternity of life, and what has it to do with the outward circumstances of our brief sojourn here? She paused, and then, anxious to dispel the sort of solemnity which had gained on both of them, she said, playfully—

"You have not yet found a good reason why I should not some day be your friend; but I think I shall soon give you little cause to wish for my acquaintance, if I keep you any longer in conversation at this strange hour of the night. I must go; for, indeed, I have lingered too long; but, no doubt, we shall meet again." He did not seek to detain her; he felt that he ought not; but he knew that the smile so sweet and kindly with which she had looked on his unsightly frame would linger like a sunbeam in his memory; and that, yet more, the words of pure, calm wisdom she had uttered would never depart from his sad heart; for the faith she had shown in that one deep truth, that all things good, and beautiful, and worth the having, are created for eternity, and in no sense to be influenced by the accidents (so to speak) of this mere outward life, had suddenly

lightened the load of his deformity, which so long had crushed down his entire being, and made him feel that it was his undying soul which stood face to face with her's—no less immortal—and that he, the actual *ego*, the very self, had nought to do with this poor frame, the magnet, as he long had deemed it, of the world's hate and scorn, but, in truth, only the temporary clothing, soon to be put off, and now unworthy of a thought: he had felt this, as regards the life which was to come, when he should be disembarrassed of his mortal body; but he had not understood what a deep joy the truth of this principle could cast even into this present existence. None had taught him, by the sweet teaching of entire sympathy, that all true affection is but planted in the germ here, and has its full fruition only in eternity.

These thoughts rose like morning light on his soul, as he stood gazing, thoughtfully, upon her; whilst she, now that the enthusiasm, which had been called forth by the expression of her own bright faith had died away, had yielded to her womanly timidity, and stood half shy, half embarrassed, not knowing how to take leave of the companion she had so strangely encountered. He saw this, and, with a ready courtesy, opened the door for her, and bade her good night, thanking her gently for the sweet words of comfort she had spoken. She expressed a hope once more that they should meet again, and so vanished from his sight. The white figure passing away into the shadows, like some fair dream into the darkness of a deeper sleep. He remained standing on the spot where she left him, clasping his hands tightly on his breast. "Meet again!" he repeated thoughtfully, echoing the words she had ut-

tered. "I will not desire it; I will not seek it: surely it were the greatest peril that ever has crossed my path. How have I laboured for peace these many years, and have attained it only by stripping my life of every hope and wish connected with this world. I have so veiled my eyes to its allurements, from which I am for ever exiled, that all the living things within it have become to me as moving shadows in the twilight; whilst my own soul has been bathed in the sunlight of an eternal hope; but if the smile of these sweet eyes came falling on my heart again—if the spirit that looked through them be, indeed, as beautiful as I believe it—if, day by day, I saw the outward loveliness, and felt the inward beauty, infinitely fairer, it could not fail, but I should grow to love her. I—I—the deformed outcast! Oh! could my worst enemy—could even he who hates the very ground on which I walk desire for me a deeper curse than that I should bring upon myself, if ever I made room in this my soul for human love. It must not be; I can and will avoid her. I will believe that I have slept and woke again; and this night shall be to me but as one in which I have dreamt a brighter dream than usual." He resumed his habitual composure as these thoughts passed through his mind; the resolute calm, which was the habitual expression of his face, returned to it, and quietly he left that old hall where the first scene in the drama of Lilius Randolph's life had been enacted.

She soon was lying in a tranquil slumber—the deep sleep of an innocent heart that is altogether at rest; but through all her dreams that night, there went a voice whose echo was to haunt her soul for evermore.

CHAP. V.

A MEETING FOR THE DISSECTION OF SOULS.

LILIUS, like most blythe young spirits, never could sleep after the morning beams came to visit her eyelids; and, despite the unusual excitement of the preceding night, she was roaming through the house at a very early hour, looking bright and fresh as the day-dawn itself. She passed through the old hall with timid steps, though it was now deserted by the musician, with whom her thoughts had been busy ever since she awoke. Deep was the

pity that had sprung to life, never more to die in her young heart for him: not a barren pity, but active, tender, *womanlike*, that would take no rest till it had found some means of ministering to his happiness. For the present it expended itself in an earnest desire to discover all concerning him, and most especially whether, amongst all the inhabitants of Randolph Abbey, he had no friend to counterbalance the animosity of his one known enemy. To

see him again likewise, not once but often, was a determination which she could not fail to form after the conversation she had held with him; her generous spirit was in some sense bound to this, and it did but deepen her longing to draw near to one so doubly stricken. Occupied with these thoughts, Liliás passed through the drawing-room to a verandah which opened from it, and where she could enjoy the fresh air whilst sheltered from the sun. There were couches placed there, and as Liliás moved towards one of them, she was startled by perceiving a motionless figure extended upon it.

It was Aletheia, apparently in a profound slumber; but to Liliás she seemed like a corpse laid out for burial, so pale, so rigid was her face. The cold, white hands were folded on her breast as in dumb supplication, and they were scarce stirred by her slow breathing, or the dull, heavy beating of her heart. Her countenance bore an expression of extreme fatigue, and it seemed plain to Liliás that she had been walking to a great distance. Her hair, matted with dew, was clinging wet to her temples, and her bonnet lay on the ground beside her. Liliás gazed at her with a feeling almost of awe, wondering what was the secret of this strange cousin's life, and a slight movement which she made awoke Aletheia. Slowly the eyelids rose over those sad eyes, and revealed, as the power of thought stole into them, a depth of pain, of mute entreaty, which seemed to indicate an imploring desire that she might not be commanded to take up the burden of returning life. She tried to close them again, but in vain; the light sleep was altogether broken, and, raising herself up, with a heavy sigh she turned a look of involuntary reproach on Liliás.

"I am so sorry I awoke you," said the latter, breathlessly. "I did not mean it, indeed; you were not resting well; but I am afraid you did not wish to be awakened."

"No," said the low voice of Aletheia, which seemed ever to come from her lips without stirring them, "for it is the only injury any one can do to me."

"An injury!" said Liliás, in her innocent surprise, "to wake on this bright morning and beautiful world."

"Bright and beautiful," said Aletheia, musingly, "how these words are like dreams of long, long ago. My days have no part in them now; but

think no more of having awakened me, it matters nothing, and it would have been strange, indeed, if such as you had known how many are roused to the morning light with the one cry in their heart—'must I, must I, live again?'"

"I cannot conceive it," said Liliás; "I always wish there were no night, it seems so sad to go away and shut one's eyes on all one loves and admires."

"Yet, believe me, to some sleep is precious—more precious even than death, for all it seems so like an angel of rest and mercy; the brief forgetfulness of sleep is certain, whilst in death the soul feels there is no oblivion."

It was to the gay, young Liliás, as though Aletheia were speaking in an unknown tongue; her unclouded spirit understood none of these things; but in spite of her prejudice against this strange person, she felt struck with pity as she saw her sitting there with the wet hair clinging to her cold, white cheek."

"You are very tired; I am afraid," she said; "you have walked a long distance."

Aletheia started, and the pale lips grew paler, as she exclaimed, almost passionately—

"You have been watching me!"

"No, indeed," said Liliás, distressed at the idea, "how could you think me capable of it? I did not see you until I came into the verandah; but I guessed you had gone out early, because your clothes are all wet with dew."

Aletheia rose up.

"Liliás, you are come to live in the same house with me, and therefore is it necessary I should make to you one prayer. I do beseech you, as you hope that men will deal mercifully with your life, grant me the only mercy they can give to mine—leave me alone; forget that I exist; live as if I did not, or were dead. I ask nothing but this, to be unmolested and forgotten."

She turned to go into the room as she spoke, but she was stopped by the appearance of Gabriel, who was creeping, with his quiet, stealthy step, towards her; his blue eyes, usually so soft, glowing with the intensity of his ardent gaze. She paused and looked at him sadly.

"Gabriel, you heard what I said to Liliás just now; it is nothing new to you; you know well and deeply what is my one desire—the petition I make to all. Why, then, will you live, as it

were, in my shadow—why will you persecute me?" He made no answer, but by folding his hands in mute appeal and bowing his head humbly over them. She passed him in silence, and went into the house. He followed softly after her, and Liliás was left alone.

The poor child drew a long breath, and felt at the moment an intense desire to be at liberty amongst the Connaught hills again, where the thoughts and words of the rough country people seemed free and fresh as the winds that blew there; all seemed so strange and mysterious in this house; she had been brought suddenly into contact with that deep human passion of which she knew nothing, and felt as if she were in the midst of some entangled web, where nothing plain or regular was to be seen. Her momentary wish to escape, however, died away, as the recollection came upon her, borne as it were, by the wings of memory, of the one sweet haunting voice, and solemn strain. Nor was she long left to her own reflections; Sir Michael, who so rarely left his own rooms, came in search of her, and fairly monopolised her during the whole of the day. He persuaded her to stay with him in his laboratory, and seemed to take infinite pleasure in hearing her talk of all that had been joy to her in her past life.

And truly it was a strange sight to see her in that dark little den, with her innocent face and her fair white robes, sitting so fearlessly at the feet of the old man, telling him stories of Irish banshees, and sunny nooks in her native valley, where her nurse said the fairies danced all night long. To hear her talk, and to have her sweet presence, was to Sir Michael as though some fresh breeze were passing over his withered soul; and the tones of her voice were so like those of his long-lost brother, that at times he could dream they were side by side again, both young, full of hope that was to bear fruit, for him at least, in bitterest despair, and with passions yet unchained from the depth of his heart. The first pleasure he had tasted for years was in Liliás's society, and he inwardly determined to enjoy as much of it henceforward as was possible—a resolution which we may so far anticipate as to mention he rigidly kept, to the sore discomfiture of poor little Liliás.

He had a deeper motive for it in the movement of jealousy he had

witnessed in his beautiful wife, when he took his niece in his arms the day before. Indifferent as she was to him, she was too thorough a woman to relish the idea, that the sole and undivided dominion she had maintained over his heart was to be diminished by the entrance even of the most natural affection. She need have had no fears; the passion of a life was not now to be tempered by any such influence. Liliás was to him simply an occupation for his restless mind; she preserved him from thinking, better than his chemical experiments, and, above all, she gave him the exquisite delight of feeling that he had power to move his scornful wife even yet; so Liliás was doomed from that day to be his constant companion.

He did not suppose she would like it, though he did not guess, as she sat by his side, how restlessly her poor little feet were longing to be away bounding on the soft, green grass; but he resolved to compensate her for her daily imprisonment by making her his heiress: a determination subject to any change of circumstances that might cause him to alter it, which he did not conceal either from her or the rest of the family.

We are anticipating, however; the first day of Liliás's probation is not yet over. Very wearily it passed, because her eager mind was bent on seeing Hubert Lyle; and not only did her uncle never mention his name, but she found no opportunity of asking any one who and what he was, and where she could meet with him again. It was not till the evening that she found the family once more assembled, and as she gazed round amongst them all with this object in her thoughts, she felt there was but one who inspired her with any confidence, or to whom she could speak freely. This was Walter, with his fine frank countenance and winning smile; and she was very glad when they found themselves accidentally alone in the music-room, where Sir Michael left them, after listening, with evident pleasure, to her sweet voice singing like a bird in the sky.

Liliás turned round hastily to Walter, with such a pair of speaking eyes, that he laughed gaily, and answered them at once—

"How can I help you? I see you have a great deal to say."

"Oh, yes, cousin Walter; I have been longing to speak to you; you are

the only one in all this house I am not afraid of. I want you to tell me so many things!"

"And what things, dear Liliass? This is rather vague."

"Oh, everything about every body, they are all so mysterious."

"Well, so they are," he said laughing; "I find them so myself. I can quite fancy how you feel, like a poor little fly, caught in some great web, and surrounded by spiders of all kinds and dimensions, each weaving their separate snares."

"Precisely; and now I want you to explain all the spiders to me; you must classify them, and tell me which are venomous, and which are not," she said, laughing along with him.

"I wish I could," answered Walter, "but they are quite beyond me—they are not in my line at all, I assure you. I never could keep a secret in my life; but I will do my best to enlighten you. I can tell you certain peculiarities at all events. Suppose we make a sort of catechism of it; you shall question and I shall answer."

"Very well," said Liliass, entering into the spirit of his gaiety, "and so to begin—Why does Lady Randolph look so strangely at Sir Michael, and always seem anxious to go out of the room whenever he comes in?"

"Because she hates him," replied Walter.

"How very strange; people seem to hate a good deal at Randolph Abbey; but is it always their nearest relations, as in this case?"

"Why no; as you proceed in your catechism I doubt not we shall have occasion to mention certain hatreds in this household, which are in no sense affected by natural ties."

"Well, to proceed," said Liliass, "why does Gabriel hour after hour keep his eyes fixed on Aletheia, with a strange look which makes me fancy he thinks she would die if he were to cease gazing on her?"

"Because he loves her," answered Walter.

"But she does not love him," exclaimed Liliass, with a true woman's instinct.

"Most certainly not."

"There is so much I have to ask about her. Tell me why it is that she has such imploring eyes. I never, on a human face, saw an expression of such mute entreaty; I saw it once in

the wistful look of a poor deer which they killed on our Irish hills. I remember so well when it lay wounded, and the game-keeper came near with the knife, it lifted up its great brown eyes with just such a dumb beseeching gaze, but that was only for a moment. It soon died, poor thing; and with Aletheia, that mournful supplication seems stamped on her countenance, as though her very life were to be spent in it."

"Ah! if you ask me about Aletheia," said Walter, "I am powerless at once. I can tell you nothing of her; she is a greater mystery in herself than all the rest put together; this only seems plain to me, that her existence is, for some unexplicable reason, one living agony."

"If I thought so I should be so angry with myself for having felt prejudiced against her, which, I confess, I have done, for a reason I could not name to you. She is so cold and statue-like, I thought she seemed lost to all human feeling; but if it be suffering, and not insensibility, which makes her move about amongst us as if she had been dead, and forced unwillingly to live again, I should try to overcome the sort of awe with which she has inspired me."

"I believe it matters little how you feel respecting her, for you will never conquer her impenetrable reserve; even poor Gabriel, who seems fascinated by her to a marvellous extent, has ever struggled vainly against her implacable calm. It is seldom, I think, that one human being can so lavish all his sympathies upon another, as he has done on her, without gaining some sign of life at least; but he tells me it is as though the living soul within her were cased in iron; he cannot draw it out of the dungeon where she seems to have buried it, to meet even for a moment his own ardent spirit."

"But I hardly wonder at this, if she does not love him," said Liliass.

"You mistake me," replied Walter; "I do not expect that she should return his affection; but she seems utterly unaware of its existence; she appears ever to be so intent in listening to some voice we cannot hear, that all human words are unheeded by her; those deep, beseeching eyes of hers are ever gazing out, as though the world and all the things of it, were but moving shadows for her, because of the greatness of some

one thought which is alone reality to her ; yet that there lives a most burning soul within that statue of ice, I can no more doubt than that the snows of Etna hide, but do not quench its fiery heart.

"And does no one know the secret of her life ?" asked Liliás.

"No one, that I am aware of—none, at least, now living ; that her father did, whose idol she was, I have reason to think from some remarks of Sir Michael's ; he himself knows possibly somewhat more than we do, though assuredly not the real truth, nor more than some external peculiarities of her position. I have heard, however, that before she would consent to come here, even for six months, and that with the chance of being chosen as the heiress, she made certain conditions with her uncle respecting the liberty she was to be allowed. I presume this to refer chiefly to a strange visit which she receives one day in every month, on which day alone I believe has any human being seen her moved."

"And who is this visiter ?" exclaimed Liliás.

"That is more than I can tell you ; all I know of him is that I have heard his sharp quick step, which certainly is the step of a man, going across the hall to the library, where Aletheia receives him ; and an hour or so later I have heard the same tread as he leaves the house ; then the galloping of his horse sounds for a moment on the gravel, and that is all that any one at Randolph Abbey hears of the only friend she seems to possess."

"Does even Gabriel not know him ?"

"He may have seen him ; but he does not know him, I am sure ; it is quite wonderful how little knowledge he has acquired concerning Aletheia, considering the means he has taken to penetrate her secret, means which, I confess to you, I should have scorned to employ, even though, like him, my dearest interests were at stake ; for instance, he has actually more than once tracked her in her mysterious morning walks."

"What ! does she walk every day," said Liliás, in astonishment ; "I found her this morning lying quite exhausted in the verandah. She must have been to a great distance ; surely she does not do the same every day ?"

"Every day, so far as I know, she walk to precisely the same spot,

and that several miles distant ; it is certainly beyond her strength, for she is often in a state of frightful exhaustion when she returns ; but even in the coldest spring mornings she used to leave the house, long before it was light, to make this pilgrimage ; it seems she wishes to avoid the observation she would incur later in the day."

"Then it was cruel of Gabriel to follow her."

"It was ; but I think he is often maddened to find how his great love comes beating up against the rock of her impenetrable calm, like waves upon the shore, leaving no trace behind."

"Do you know," said Liliás, with a wondering look in her cloudless eyes, "I think Gabriel has his mysteries too, like every one else in this strange house. I can understand his watching Aletheia, if his whole heart is for ever turning to her, as you describe ; but it is not her alone, for in the short time I have known him, I am sure he has managed to find out more about me than ever I knew myself ; those soft blue eyes of his seem to look so stealthily into one's soul. I am convinced he could tell you everything I have done and said the whole of this day. You know Sir Michael made me stay with him ever since morning, but I never passed out of his room without meeting Gabriel in the passage."

"That I can easily believe. I always feel as if Gabriel acted in this delectable abode the part of a cat watching innumerable mice ; he has an anomalous sort of character ; but one of his qualities is sufficiently distinct, which is a very acute penetration ; he can divine the most intricate affairs from the smallest possible indications. For my own part, I make not the slightest attempt to conceal my innermost thoughts from him ; happily I have nothing to hide, but if I had, I should let him know it at once ; it would save all trouble, as he would infallibly find it out."

"But what do you mean by an anomalous character ?" asked Liliás.

"A sort of double nature ; he seems to me to have naturally good impulses on which some guiding hand has engrafted a calculating disposition that sorely warps them ; he has no controul whatever over his passions, yet the most perfect over his outward words and actions, whereby he effectually conceals them when he so pleases. Certain it is, that he has an indomitable will to which everything else is subservient ; but

much of this inconsistency of his character may be attributed to his position; here he is the nephew of Sir Michael Randolph—the possible heir of Randolph Abbey; but he was educated by a person whom we know to be of low station, and I believe must be equally so in mind.”

“His mother?” asked Liliass.

“Yes; I know nothing of her, nor does he ever allude to his past life. I do not even know where she lives; he is simply ashamed of her, I presume, and I sometimes think we should have the key-stone to Gabriel’s character in a violent ambition, were it not so neutralized by his not less violent love for Aletheia. Dear Liliass, why do you start so, what do you see?”

“He is there,” she said, half-frightened, and glancing to the open door through which, with his soft steps, Gabriel was gliding.

“Of course, considering whom we were speaking of,” said Walter, laughingly, “it is an invariable rule, you know. Come along, Gabriel,” he added, turning to his cousin, “I need not mention that we were discussing you, as by the simple rule of cause and effect, it was that circumstance which produced your appearance.”

“Not by my overhearing you,” said Gabriel, quickly.

“My dear fellow, there was not the least occasion for that; you were obeying a mysterious law, which is summarily stated in a proverb quite unfit for ears polite; but your arrival is most opportune; your services will be very available to Liliass and myself; allow me to offer you a chair, and invest you at once with your office.”

“And how am I to be made useful?” said Gabriel, attempting, by a forced smile, to sympathise in Walter’s playful manner of viewing the subject.

“Why you must know,” and he laid an emphasis on the word *must*, for Liliass’ behoof, “that Miss Liliass Randolph and I have begun a course of moral dissection of the inhabitants of this house, in which she acts the part of a young and very inexperienced surgeon, and I that of a most grave and potent doctor. We had just finished you off, and were proceeding to the dismemberment of the rest of the family; in this interesting study I think you can materially assist us, seeing you have some very sharp and subtle instrument for this species of anatomy.”

“I was not aware I possessed any such,” said Gabriel; “it would ill befit me in my position to make myself a judge of any here.”

“Now don’t begin to be humble and make us ashamed of ourselves. I consider it quite an important matter to Liliass that she should know her ground here so far as possible; so let us parade the remainder of our dear relations before her as fast as we can.”

A strange smile passed over Gabriel’s face, as if he doubted that the gentle Liliass, and the frank-hearted Walter, would discover much concerning that intricate ground on which they stood; but he made no remark, and simply said—

“And who stands next on the list after my unworthy self?”

“That is for Liliass to determine; we wait your orders, lady dear.”

“You are learning to speak Irish,” she said, smiling.

“A most likely consummation,” murmured Gabriel.

“Oh! I could say better things than that in Irish,” said Walter, coughing off the slight confusion his cousin’s remark had produced; “but you must really tell us whom you mean to propose for our inspection, or this council of war will last till midnight.”

“This council for the preliminaries of war,” said the low voice of Gabriel, giving an unpleasant aspect of truth to an expression which Walter had carelessly used with no special meaning.

For a moment Liliass made no answer; the thought which had been present with her throughout the whole of this conversation, and that which had alone, indeed, given it any interest for her, was, that she might obtain some information respecting Hubert Lyle; yet now that the time was come when she must name him or lose her opportunity, she felt, in a lower degree, something of that unwillingness to broach the subject, which we have to mention any secret act of self-devotion. The solemn music which had been the means of leading her into his presence; the unearthly serenity with which his soul had looked at her through those eyes that reminded her of the still waters of some unruffled lake, where only the glory of heaven is reflected; and above all, his infirmity, so meekly borne, had invested him with a sacredness in her mind which made her feel as if it was almost a profanation to speak of him

to indifferent ears. With a slight trembling in the voice, which did not escape the quick perception of Gabriel, she said, "There is yet one of whom I would inquire—Hubert Lyle." Both her cousins started at the name, but Gabriel instantly repressed his astonishment, while Walter as freely gave vent to his.

"Is it possible you have heard of him already? who can have been bold enough to mention him?" he said.

"Why I have not only heard of him, I have seen him."

"Seen him!" even Gabriel exclaimed at this; Lilius looked up with a smile.

"I think he must be the most mysterious of all," she said, "you seem so surprised."

"You would not wonder at that if you knew more of the 'secrets of this prison-house,'" said Walter, "which you must know is no inapt quotation as regards Hubert Lyle, for he certainly acts, in some sense, the part of Hamlet."

"Without Hamlet's soul," said Gabriel, softly.

"Without Hamlet's madness rather, I should say; for I cannot doubt, from all I have heard, that Hubert has a noble soul, though not one which would lead him, like the Prince of Denmark, to make to himself an idol of the principle of vengeance."

"And Lilius is waiting meanwhile to tell us where she saw him," said Gabriel.

"Is it Lilius or you who are waiting?" said Walter, laughing; "for my part, I frankly confess that my curiosity is greatly excited, so pray tell us."

And she did so at once, for there was not a thought of guile in this young girl's heart. She told how, in the quiet night, she had heard a solemn voice of music that had called her spirit with an irresistible allurements; and how she had risen up and followed where it led, till it brought her into the presence of him of whom they spoke; but she went no further; she said nothing of the conversation which had drawn those stranger souls more closely together than weeks of ordinary intercourse could have done; for she felt that Lyle had been surprised into speaking of his private feelings; and the subject of his infirmity was one she could not have brought herself to mention; the sympathy with which he had

inspired her was of that nature which made her feel as sensitive as she would have done had the affliction been her own. Yet, though she did not enter into details, the deep interest she felt for him gave a soft tremulousness to her voice, which was duly noticed by Gabriel as he sat looking intently at her with the keen gaze which his meek eyes knew so well how to give from under their long lashes.

"And now," said she, "tell me who and what he is, he seems to occupy so strange a position in this house?"

"Not more strange than cruel," said Walter; "he is the son of Lady Randolph, by her first husband; she had been engaged to Sir Michael before she met Mr. Lyle, who was his first cousin, but she had never cared for him, and yielded at once to the intense passion which sprung up between Mr. Lyle and herself; she married him, and from that hour Sir Michael hated him with such a hate, I believe, as this world has rarely seen. When his rival died he transferred this miserable, bitter feeling to the son, Hubert, simply because the widow had, in like manner, turned all the deep love she had felt for the dead husband on the living son—not for his own merits, for poor Hubert has few attractions, but solely because he bears his father's name, and looks at her with his father's eyes. I believe she has even the cruelty to tell him so. She worships so the memory of her early love, that she will not have it thought her heart could spare any affection, even to her child, were he not his son also. It has always seemed to me the saddest fate for her unhappy son, to be thus the object of such vehement hate, and no less powerful love, and yet to feel that he has neither deserved the one, nor gained the other, in his own person, but solely as the representative of a dead man who can feel no more."

"Miserable, indeed," said Lilius, folding her hands as though she would have asked mercy for him; "how cruel, how cruel! but his mother, how could she marry Sir Michael when she so loved, and still loves, another? this seems to me a fearful thing."

"Starvation is more so," muttered Gabriel.

"Starvation!" exclaimed Lilius.

"Yes," said Walter; "Mrs. Lyle and her son were actually left in such destitution at her husband's death that

she certainly married Sir Michael for no other purpose but to procure a home for herself and her child. How it came to pass that she was in this extreme poverty I know not; report says that it was the result of Sir Michael's persecution of Mr. Lyle in his lifetime; but I can hardly believe this of our uncle."

"No, indeed," said Lillas.

"One thing is certain, that it sorely diminished Sir Michael's delight in marrying the woman he had loved so long, to find that he must submit to the continual presence of her son in the house; but she forced him to enter into a solemn agreement that Hubert was always to reside with them, and he agreed, on condition that he crossed his path as seldom as possible. This part of the arrangement is almost overdone by poor Lyle, who is, I believe, like most persons afflicted with personal infirmity, singularly sensitive and full of delicate feeling. He never leaves his own rooms except to go to his mother's apartments, unless Sir Michael happens to be absent, when Lady Randolph generally forces him to make his appearance among us. I believe his only amusement is playing on the organ half the night, as you found him."

"And do none of you ever go to see him, and try to comfort him," exclaimed Lillas; "do none befriend him in all this house?"

"You forget," said Gabriel hastily, evidently desirous to prevent Walter from answering till he had spoken himself, "that any one who sought out Hubert Lyle, and made a friend of him, would incur Sir Michael's displeasure to such a degree that he would strike him at once off the list of his heirs, and the penalty of his philanthropy would be nothing less than the loss of Randolph Abbey." As he said this he bent his eyes with the most ardent gaze on Lillas, that he might read to her inmost soul the effect of his speech; but it needed not so keen a scrutiny; the indignation with which it had filled her sent the colour flying to her cheek, and kindled a fire in her clear eyes seldom seen within them.

"And who," she exclaimed, "could dare withhold their due tribute of charity and sympathy to a suffering fellow-creature for the sake of the fairest lands that ever the world saw! who could be so base, for the love of his own interest, as to pander to an unjust hatred, the evil passion of another, and join with

the oppressor in persecuting one who is guiltless of all save deep misfortune! Can there be any such?" she added in her turn, fixing her gaze on Gabriel. A triumphant smile passed over his lips; her answer seemed precisely what he had hoped it would be; but Walter anxiously exclaimed:—

"Pray do me the justice to believe that I would not act so, Lillas; I never should have thought of the motive Gabriel assigned as a reason for not visiting Hubert; but, to tell the truth, I have no desire to do so, because I believe him, from all I have heard, to be a poor morbid visionary, who desires nothing so much as solitude, and with whom I should not have an idea in common."

"Nor should I be deterred from showing him any kindness for this reason, I trust," said Gabriel, with his meekest voice; "I merely wished to place you in possession of facts with which I thought it right you should be acquainted in case Hubert should afford you the opportunity of intercourse which he has not granted to us; for it is one of the noble traits of his fine character that he will not risk our incurring Sir Michael's displeasure for his sake. He is the more generous in this, that from his relationship to our uncle, he would be heir-at-law after us four. But in fact I believe there exists not a more high-minded and amiable man than he is, in no sense meriting the misfortunes that have fallen upon him; and his dignified, unmurmuring endurance of them could never be attributed to insensibility, for he is singularly gifted; his wonderful musical talent is the least of his powers."

"Why, Gabriel," said Walter, looking round in great surprise, "I never heard you say so much in praise of Hubert before;—or, indeed, of any one," he added, *sotto voce*.

"I know him, perhaps, better than you do," said Gabriel, watching with delight the softened expression of Lillas's face, which proved to him how artfully his words had been calculated to produce the effect he desired. He read in her thoughtful eyes, as easily as he would have done in a page of fair writing, how she was quietly determining in that hour that she would seek by every means in her power to become the friend of this unfortunate man, and teach him how sweet a solace there may be even in human sympathy,

and that, all the more, because her worldly prospects would be endangered thereby. It would prove to Hubert that her friendship had at least the merit of sincerity, since, in her humility, she imagined it could possess no other;—but Gabriel had no time to say more, for Sir Michael at this moment joined them, and Lilius, rising up, said she believed it was late, and turned to go into the other drawing-room. Sir Michael looked sharply at the trio, and, as Walter followed his cousin, he turned to Gabriel with considerable irritation—

“How came you here, Sir, I left those two together?”

“They invited me to join them or I should not have intruded,” said Gabriel, with his customary meekness, but a smile curved his lips, which he could not repress. Sir Michael saw and understood it at once; he paused for a moment in thought, and then deciding, apparently like Walter, that it was no use to conceal anything from Gabriel, and more advantageous to be open with him at once, he said—

“Gabriel, understand me, if your quick eyes have divined any of my

plans, it will work you no good to thwart them.”

“But, possibly, it might avail me were I to further them,” said the nephew very softly.

“It might,” said Sir Michael; “the broad lands of Randolph Abbey could, with little loss, furnish a handsome compensation to the person who should assist me in placing therein, the heirs I desire to choose.”

Gabriel's reply was merely a significant look of acquiescence, and the old man, bestowing on him a smile of approbation such as he had never before vouchsafed him, went away well pleased. He was firmly convinced that he had enlisted in support of the plan that was already a favourite one with him, the individual amongst all his heirs who he was the most positively resolved should never inherit the abbey, both because he rather disliked him personally, and because he could not forgive him his mother's low birth. Could he have seen the sneer with which Gabriel looked after him, he would have been somewhat unpleasantly enlightened as to the real value of the ally he had obtained.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEAD FATHER IS MADE THE PERSECUTOR OF THE LIVING SON.

VERY strange was the contrast between the splendid drawing-room, blazing with light and heat, where the Randolph family were assembled, and the small room in the other wing of the house which was occupied by Hubert Lyle. It contained barely the furniture necessary for his use, and this was by his own desire, for it was already sufficiently bitter to him to eat the bread dealt out so grudgingly, and at least he would not be beholden to his step-father for more than the actual necessities of existence.

Sorely against his proud mother's wish, he had chosen for his sitting-room one of the very meanest and poorest in the house, with a single window, low and narrow, which looked out on a deserted part of the grounds. Hubert liked it all the better for this, as there was no flower-garden or greenhouse near to bring the head-gardener, with his trim, mathematical mind, amongst the wild beauties of nature. The grass was left in this part to come up against the very wall of the house, and

the ivy and honeysuckle which grew round the window were allowed to penetrate almost into the room. Fortunately, the noble trees which filled the park stood somewhat apart in this place, and their arching branches formed at this moment a sort of framework to the most glorious picture that ever is given to mortal eyes to look upon—the lucid sky of night, filled as it were to overflowing with radiant worlds, each hanging in its own atmosphere of glory.

It was no wonder that Hubert turned from the low, dark room, so dimly lit with its single candle, to look upon this the bright landscape of the skies. Within, the scene was certainly uninviting. The heavy deal table, the scanty supply of chairs, the plain writing-desk, evidently many years in use, were the only objects on which the eye could rest, excepting a few books and a small piano, the gift of Aletheia, with which, greatly to his astonishment, she had presented him one day—for she was as completely a stranger to him as she was to all the

rest of the family, and had always avoided intercourse with him as much as she did with every one else. This thoughtful act of kindness on her part, however, produced no increased acquaintance between them, as she shrank from hearing his expressions of gratitude on that occasion, and, indeed, they seldom met. Aletheia was never in Lady Randolph's rooms, where alone Hubert was to be met, excepting at rare intervals, when Sir Michael was absent.

Hubert sat now at the window; he had laid down his heavy head upon the wooden ledge, and his hands fell listlessly on his knee. He seemed full of anxious thoughts, and sighed very deeply more than once. From time to time, apparently with a violent effort, he looked up and gazed fixedly on the tranquil stars, seeming to drink in their pure glory, as though he sought to steep his soul in this light of higher spheres; but ever a sort of trembling passed over his frame, and he would sink down again oppressed and weary. This was most unlike Hubert Lyle's usual condition. He was a man of the most ardent and sensitive feelings; but, at the same, possessed of that moral strength and *truthfulness of soul* which can only belong to a great character—by this last expression we mean that he was what few are in this world, neither a deceiver nor deceived. He did not deceive himself in any case, nor would he allow life to deceive him; he saw things as they really were, and he permitted not the bright colouring of hope or imagination to deck them with false apparel; he did not live as most men do, figuring to himself that he was as it were the centre of the universe, and that all around him thought of him and felt for him as he did for himself. He weighed himself in the balance not of his own self-love, but of other men's judgment, and rated himself accordingly. Thus, in the earlier days of his maturity, he constrained his spirit to rise up and look his position in the face. And truly it was one which might have appalled a less feeling heart than his.

His outward circumstances were as bitter as could well be to a high-minded man. He was a dependant on the grudging charity of one who abhorred him; and though he would right thankfully have gone out from these inhospitable doors, even to starve, in preference, yet was he bound to endure existence within them, by a promise which his mother

had extorted from him as a condition of their marriage, that he never would leave Randolph Abbey without her consent. This marriage he knew was to save her from a blighting penury which was killing her; and, moreover, she concealed from him that cruel hatred of Sir Michael, which was the only heritage his dead father left him, and, thinking no evil, he had given them the promise which bound him as with an iron chain to abide under the roof of his unprovoked enemy. But heavier even than unjust hatred was the weight upon soul and body of his own deformity; for if the first shut up one human heart from him, and turned its power of affection to gall for his sake, the other cast him out for ever from the love of all human kind. He knew that his unsightly frame could call forth no other feeling from them but a cold, most often a contemptuous pity.

And yet, when he looked out into the world—the dark, tumultuous, agonizing world—that very sea of human hearts, all beating up upon the stony shores of a life, against which they are for ever broken and shattered, he saw passing through the midst of it all a soft, pure light, shedding warmth and brightness even on the dreariest scenes, and causing men to forget all pain, and privation, and misery—a light to which the saddest eyes turned with a joyous greeting, and on which the gaze of the dying lingered mournfully, till the coffin-lid for ever shut it out from their fond longing. And he knew that this one blessed thing, which could overcome the strong, fierce evils of life, like the maid in the pride of her purity, before whom the lion would turn and flee, was called Human Love in the dotting hearts of men—Human Love—the one sole, unfailing joy of our merely mortal existence. And was it for him? Should he ever have any share in it? Was its sweetness ever to be for his hungry and thirsty heart? Never! The seal was set upon him in his repulsive appearance, that he was to be an outcast from his fellow-men; his deformity was as a burden bound upon his back, with which he was driven out into the wilderness, there to abide in utter solitude of soul. The promise of life was abortive for him ere yet he had begun it.

Hubert Lyle understood all this at once; he saw how it stood with him,

and how it was to be, on to the very door of the grave; so he folded his hands upon his breast and bowed down his head; he accepted his destiny, for he felt that this was not the all of existence. He knew how strangely sweet beyond the tomb shall seem all the bitterness of this life; he saw that the earth was to be to his soul what it is to the outward eyes on a starry winter's night. We know what a contrast there is in that hour between the world above and the world below: the one lies so dark and cold, full only of black shadows and the howling of mournful winds, while the lucid sky that overhangs it, replete with brightness and glory, teems with radiant stars, which are the type of those eternal and glorious hopes that cluster for us on the outskirts of the heaven of revelation. And so it was to be for him: his spirit was to walk in this world as in a bleak and sunless desert; but it was to be for ever canopied over with one bright and boundless thought, wherein were set immutable and numberless, the starlike hopes of one eternity.

Thus was he to live, wholly independent of earth, and indifferent to it. But no man can walk free while there are chains upon his hands and feet, and he felt that he was bound to his fellow-creatures by two ropes, as it were, of iron: the longing to love, and to be beloved. Of these he must free himself, tearing them off his shrinking flesh as a prisoner would his manacles. And he did so. He taught himself to look upon all human beings as not of his kind. Even when every nerve and fibre in his frame cried out that they were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, he learned to consider them inaccessible for him as the angels in heaven. Yes, even far more; for he trusted that yet a little while, and these holy ones should be his dear companions; and so he held communion with them now. But with men he dared not hazard so much as to give them a place in his thoughts, for he knew that the dream of their friendship would become the longing for it, and the longing in his case must turn to agony; so it came to pass that his strong will, his stern resignation, compassed that which one might have believed well nigh unattainable to flesh and blood. He divested himself of all earthly inclinations and desires, all natural wishes and sympathies, and lived in this world as

though he were utterly alone in it, and sole representative of a race, differing from those angelic friends whom only he consented to know as the living population of the universe—a solitary being placed on this earth as in a desert place, where he was commanded, for his own needful discipline, to abide, till the world of spirits should be revealed to him, and he entering there should find a home and loving friends.

It was for this cause that Hubert shunned all intercourse with the Randolph family, as he did with all others—a resolution strengthened in their case by the generous motives Gabriel had assigned to him; for whatever might have been the reasons of this latter for pronouncing his eulogium, he had said no more than the truth in his account of his character.

When Hubert Lyle had gone through the mental process we have detailed, very deep was the calm that entered into his soul. It became like the pure waters of a deep still well, walled in and protected from all sights and sounds of the world without, and with the light and the glory of heaven alone mirrored within it.

And why, then, was the quiet now gone from his heart, and the repose from his eyes? Why did he look up with that earnest gaze to the evening sky, as though some shadow had come over its brightness? It was because the terror had come upon him, that the greatest enemy he ever could know in this life was about to rise up from its deathlike torpor and assail him—even his own human nature; he felt that all those natural feelings and passions which he had crushed down deep into his heart as unto a grave, were now stirring themselves like men that had been buried alive, and were waking in torture; they *would* live, they were bursting the cerements of that strong heart. How were they to be beaten to death again? There—rampant and fierce was the craving for sympathy, for love. There, sickening in its intensity, was the yearning to give and to receive that greatest of earthly gifts, the blessing of a mutual pure affection; the heart moulded from dust reasserted its birth-right, and cried out for its kindred dust. It was not that these feelings were as yet at work with any definite object within Hubert Lyle, it was but the shadow and the prophecy of them that

lay upon him, like a thick cloud charged with lightning.

And all this had been done by the murmur of one voice, one sweet voice, speaking in the accents of that tender sympathy which never before had sounded in the cold, joyless region of his life, whispering hope to him. He was not so mad as to love Lilius Randolph, whom he had seen but for one half-hour, but her tenderness, her generous, loving kindness, had aroused the slumbering nature within him, and he felt that were he much in contact with one so pure, so gentle, so noble, as she seemed to him, he might come to love. Oh! how madly, how miserably to love! he, the deformed cripple! Was not this a frenzy against which he had armed all the powers of his being? what tyrant, what enemy could be more fearful to him than an earthly love? what would it do for him but crush and torture him, and hold up far off the cup of this world's joy, where his parched lips could not reach, and he dying of thirst? Was it a presentiment that made him feel as if the spirit he had so chained down were rebelling against him, and required but the master touch of some kindly and winning child of earth to abandon itself to unutterable madness? But, at all events, whatever were the source of this terror which had come upon him, whether it were a foreshadowing of future evil, or the warning of his good angel, it cannot pass unheeded. He must, with a strong will, compel his spirit to realise in all the bitterness of detail the truth of his exile from mankind, his needful isolation, as decreed by the seal of that deformity which made him an unsightly object in their eyes.

He would force himself to remember that the music of human voices, however softly they might greet him, must be for him like those melodies of nature when wind and stream make the air musical, to which we listen with pleasure, but in which we have no part; and the aspect of goodness and gentleness, so lovely in the fallen child of Adam, must be to him like the light of a star shining far off in regions unattainable. Yet, while he felt within himself the courage thus to act, were he brought in contact again with her, whose sweet face had come beaming in so strangely on the darkness of his perpetual solitude, his very soul shrank from the struggle, and the longing so often be-

fore experienced to quit this house, where he was so unwelcome, returned upon him with redoubled force.

Whilst he was still sitting thinking on these things, his head resting on his clasped hands, there was a sound of rustling silks in the passage—the door opened, a measured, stately step went through the room, and Lady Randolph stood by the side of her deformed son. He looked up.

“Dear mother, I am so glad you have come, I was wishing at this very moment to speak to you.”

There was an expression of displeasure and annoyance on her beautiful face as she looked at him.

“It cost me no small effort to come, I can tell you, Hubert; it is so wretched to find you here in this miserable room, with everything so mean and neglected round you. You seem ever to do what you can to render your own appearance uninviting, crouching down there with your matted hair and melancholy face.”

There was little of the accents of love in these words, and a slight shiver seemed to agitate the frame of Hubert as he felt at that moment that he was repulsive even to the mother who bore him; but he lifted his dark grey eyes to her face with the sweet, patient smile which filled his countenance at times with a spiritual beauty, and said gently:—

“I did not expect you at this hour, or I should have tried to make both my little den and myself look more cheerful in your honour.”

There was something in his expression which touched with an intense power a never-slumbering memory. She flung her arms round his neck and bent over him.

“Oh, my Henry—my Henry—it was his eyes that looked at me just now, as they have often looked in their tenderness, for ever perished—his eyes that I kissed in death with my poor heart broken—broken—as it is to this day—his eyes sealed up now with the horrible clog of his deep grave—oh, my Henry—my Henry—come back to me!”

She pressed the head of her son close to her beating heart and wept. He waited till she was more composed; then, gently disengaging himself, he made her sit down beside him, and held her hand in both his own.

“Dear mother,” he said very gently, “it is my father whom you love in me

and not myself; when I do not wear this passing likeness of him, which at times only draws your heart to me, there remains nothing in myself to win your affection, and you do not love me."

"It is true," she answered calmly; "living I loved him only—dead, it is his memory alone which I adore."

"Then I think you cannot refuse the prayer I have to make to you this day," said Hubert, not the least flush of indignation tinging his pale cheek at this unfeeling announcement; "I think it cannot in truth be any pleasure to you to see in me the marred and hateful resemblance of that which was so beautiful, and so dear; better surely to feed on his image pure and unchanged in the depths of your heart, and never have it brought so painfully before you in my miserable person." He paused a moment whilst she looked wondering at him, and then, suddenly, he exclaimed, with a passionate burst of feeling, "Mother, let me go—let me go—from this house, where my presence is abhorred by some and sought by none; nothing has kept me here but my fatal promise to you: I would I had died ere I made it; but it will cost you nothing to part from me, and you know not what it may cost me to stay here; it is cruel to keep me—let me go."

"Let you go! Hubert think what you are saying, you would go to starve!"

"It matters not! better so than to live on here. Mother, you would have had no power to detain me in this place but for that rash promise; not even your wishes should have kept me. I beseech you release me from it."

"Never!"

He almost writhed as she spoke, yet he went on—

"Do not keep me because you fancy I should starve; no man does who has energy and perseverance. I have a head and hands to labour with, and how far sweeter were the worst of toil than the bitter bread of charity."

"But do you know," said Lady Randolph almost fiercely, "that I could not give you the means of buying that bread one day, I am so utterly in Sir Michael's power. He succeeded in laying hold of me because I was poverty-stricken beyond what flesh and blood could bear, and now by the same means he binds me down; he never has relaxed his hold; everything is his; I

could not command a shilling. These very baubles with which he loads me are not my own." And she tore the bracelets from her arms and flung them down. "He calls them family jewels on purpose to keep me to the veriest trifle in his power."

"Mother, mother," exclaimed Hubert, "do you think, though he placed the wealth of millions in your hands, that I would not rather perish than touch it; it is too much already that I have been so long indebted to him for the roof that shelters me; but I do not fear that I could gain enough for my own living, if only you will let me go from this Egyptian bondage."

"Hubert what is it that has excited you in this manner? I never saw you so unlike yourself; you are usually so calm and so enduring. Was it your unfortunate meeting with Sir Michael last night? Was he more than usually insulting?"

"No, it was not that," said Hubert gently. "I am so used to his bitter words that I could not feel more pained than I have ever been; but it matters not that you should be wearied with the detail of all the thoughts that have made me at this time so desirous to leave Randolph Abbey; dear mother, let it suffice you that I do implore you to release me from my promise."

"Hubert, I tell you no a thousand times. I will not see you starved to death for any Quixotic fancy; and, besides, do you think any power on this earth would induce me to gratify my worst enemy, my life-long enemy, whom chiefly I hate because he has the power to call me *wife*—that dear name I so loved to hear from the beloved lips that are choked up with dust? Do you think I would gratify him by giving him that which he has laboured for, by the persecution of my own dearest husband, even to the death, and of myself to worse than death, a life with him? Do you know that the one thing he has always desired has been to obtain possession of me without having you for ever before his eyes as the living monument of that buried love which was his torturer, and to which I am faithful still? And do you think that to brighten even your life, much less to peril it, I would grant him this his heart's desire, and put it out of my power to show him, in every caress I lavish upon you, my poor deformed son, how I adored your father?"

Hubert let her hand fall, and his features assumed an expression of severity.

"Mother, forgive me that as your son I venture to judge you; but this is unworthy, most unworthy."

She seemed almost awed by his rebuke, but hastily throwing her arms round him, she said more gently:—

"Hubert, forgive me; but I cannot—cannot part with you, the last shattered fragment of my ruined happiness. You do not know what it is to me to see you; to hear your voice coming to me like an echo from the grave, telling of departed love; to find in your eyes at times a glance as from the light of the past. It was such joy, such deep, deep joy when he lived, and my happiness was hid in his true heart, that often I think I never, never could have been so blest: and in truth that it is all a dream, too unutterably sweet to have been true; life seems to faint

within me at that thought, for it is something to feel, barren and desolate as my existence is now, that I *have* loved and been beloved as once I was; and, Hubert, it is your presence alone that makes all this reality to me. His kiss has been upon your lips—his voice has called you his dear son. Ah! take not from me those last relics of him."

She laid her head upon his breast in a passion of weeping. He raised her tenderly, and said with a calm voice:—

"Mother, it is not my vocation in this world to give pain to others for the sake of my own will or pleasure: take comfort, I will never more trouble you concerning this matter; I will not ask again to leave you."

Silently she pressed her lips to his forehead, and then, as if ashamed that even her own son should have seen her so moved, she rose up without speaking and left the room.

JOHN STERLING AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

THERE are writers, of whose works our readers will expect some account, which to give must always occasion no little trouble to a reviewer. Through every newspaper, advertisements will have reached our readers of the existence of some work of a writer, whose name is known to the public, long before we even see the book; each brilliant passage will have already been consigned to publicity and to oblivion; whatever was sparkling will have already gone out, whatever was new will have been old; and the book, often a very good one, will, before we can communicate with our readers about it, have been gathered to its repose—lost among the good works of great men of old time—high up with old worthies, whose dust is disturbed, and whose slumbers are disquieted, once and for ever to make room for it; or (if it be a princely tome of imperial dimensions), somewhat lower down, in an obscure circle, where Dante and Virgil have been time out of mind with Godwin's Chaucer, and Southey's Madoc, and Sotheby's Saul; ay, and some later revolutionary epics, whose revolutions have

ceased, or rather have not begun; for other revolutions than authors dream of are predicted for the poet. What has been shall be, what authors have witnessed the same shall they suffer:—

"And Southey's Madoc quit the groaning stall
To visit at the grocer's Sotheby's Saul."

Among the writers, whose works are pretty certain of reaching most readers before they can be the subject of notice in magazines or reviews, are those of Mr. Carlyle. They have a public of their own, which, if not one that fairly represents the body of educated public opinion, represents the opinion of a very active, intelligent, influential body of men. The style is a wild, semi-poetical strain, not so much the expression of actual, earnest thought, at the moment of its delivery, as of rapid recollections of former states of thought and of feeling, and likely to strike with surprise and admiration those to whom it is new. What the man with the gross of green spectacles was to Moses Primrose, what Jacob Boehmen was to Coleridge, what

Coleridge was to Sterling, such is Carlyle to young men fresh from the universities, speculating on society and its changes; afloat between theism and atheism; building up for themselves, with words, a philosophy and theology, and glad to find a master-mason ready and disposed to supply them with stones, hewn and unhewn, for their temple. A man of abundant talent is Carlyle; great energy, clear, good sense, uncommon shrewdness; not very original, but with something better than originality about him; for plain, good sense, in the unusual degree in which he possesses it, approaches originality, and is worth more. Would that he could write English, or, if he can, as we sometimes suspect, would that he would write it! The bird that can sing, and wont sing, ought to be made sing.

The life of Sterling had been before written, and to the mere man of the world there will seem no reason why it should have been written at all. Yet twice has it been written, and by men of no ordinary talent, by men intimately acquainted with the man, and loving him, as all who knew him seem to have done.* Both writers have dealt earnestly and truthfully with their subject. In Archdeacon Hare's book more of Sterling's mind is communicated than in Carlyle's, while there is also in it more of the appearance, and more of the reality, too, of something suppressed, or doubtfully intimated, than in the after-biography of Carlyle. Hare's is a funeral sermon, almost, on the dead; proprieties of time and place present themselves to his mind; he relates the outer life of his friend gracefully, nay, beautifully; he describes his inner life, too—its struggles, its triumphs, its manifestations in his influence on others. For the last four or five years of Sterling's life, distance of place separated the Archdeacon and Sterling. Sterling's mind was occupied with the German speculative writers, and he seems to have lost himself for a while among those whom he regarded as being pious infidels. His letters to Archdeacon Hare, from which very interesting passages occur in Hare's memoir of him, became fewer, and the correspondence, we believe, altogether

ceased. What Sterling's views of religion were, at the close of his life, do not very clearly appear from either account. He appointed Mr. Carlyle and Archdeacon Hare his executors, and he named Francis Newman as the guardian of one, at least, of his children.

We are glad that these lives of Sterling have been written; it is impossible to read them, or either of them, more especially Hare's, without feeling that never was there a more ardent, truthful, and affectionate man than Sterling. We do not know anywhere evidence stronger of a mind deliberately engaged in educating itself for the best of purposes than his letters, published by Hare, supply; his efforts, interrupted by continual ill health, rendered it impossible that any place could be long a home to him. They were interrupted, too, by a sense of duty which compelled him to embody in immediate expression of one kind or another; often in energetic act, often in eloquent words, always with the full powers of a rich, ardent mind, exerted to the utmost, and by the exertion he seemed actually to acquire increase of power beyond what would appear to have been within the compass of his original nature.

John Sterling was born in the Isle of Bute, on the 20th of July, 1806. Both his parents were Irish by birth; both of Scottish descent; but both, Carlyle tells us, became essentially English in feeling, as John Sterling eminently was:—

“The climate of Bute is rainy, soft of temperature; with skies of unusual depth and brilliancy, while the weather is fair. In that soft rainy climate, on that wild-wooded rocky coast, with its gnarled mountains and green silent valleys, with its seething rain-storms and many-sounding seas, was young Sterling ushered into his first schooling in this world. I remember one little anecdote his Father told me of those first years: One of the cows had calved; young John, still in long-clothes, was permitted to go, holding by his father's hand, and look at the newly-arrived calf; a mystery which he surveyed with open intent eyes, and the silent exercise of all the scientific faculties he had;—very strange mystery indeed, this new arrival, and fresh denizen of our Uni-

* “The Life of John Sterling.” By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman and Hall. 1861.
 “Remains of John Sterling.” By Archdeacon Hare. London: 1848.

verse: 'Wull't eat a-body?' said John in his first practical Scotch, inquiring into the tendencies this mystery might have to fall upon a little fellow and consume him as provision: 'Will it eat one, Father?'—Poor little open-eyed John: the family long bantered him with this anecdote; and we, in far other years, laughed heartily on hearing it.—Simple peasant labourers, ploughers, house-servants, occasional fisher-people, too; and the sight of ships, and crops, and Nature's doings where Art has little meddled with her: this was the kind of schooling our young friend had, first of all; on this bench of the grand world-school did he sit, for the first four years of his life."—pp. 12, 13.

Of Edward Sterling, the father of John, Carlyle gives us some account. The family had been settled in Ireland since before the Cromwell times. In the year of Cromwell's invasion the representative of the family was knighted. The immediate successes of Cromwell removed the opportunity of any distinction being obtained in this struggle, and Colonel Robert Sterling followed the Duke of Ormond to the Continent. After the Restoration we find him flourishing near Waterford, on lands acquired, in one way or another, during the troubles.

Edward Sterling, the father of our John, was descended from William, a brother of this Robert. How many generations separated them we are not told, but Edward's father was a clergyman, who resided in the Deanery House at Waterford. He was not dean, but curate of the Cathedral, and he held two other livings. He had a government pension, too, as his father had been clerk of the Irish House of Commons, and when the Union took place, the holder of that office was compensated by pensions for himself and his children.

Edward Sterling's was an active, fussy life. "Captain Whirlwind" Carlyle called and calls him. He had been in Dublin College, like most Irish gentlemen of his day. Like most Irish gentlemen of his day, too, he had been called to the Irish bar. The Rebellion of 1798 broke out, and he was, of course, one of the Lawyers' Corps, and fought well, too, at Vinegar Hill and elsewhere. He formed a taste for soldier life; got into the Cheshire Militia; in 1803 he found himself quartered in Londonderry, and, while there, married.

"Mrs. Sterling, even in her later days, had still traces of the old beauty: then and always she was a woman of delicate, pious, affectionate character; exemplary as a wife, a mother and a friend. A refined female nature; something tremulous in it, timid, and with a certain rural freshness still unweakened by long converse with the world. The tall slim figure, always of a kind of quaker neatness; the innocent anxious face, anxious bright hazel eyes; the timid, yet gracefully cordial ways, the natural intelligence, instinctive sense and worth, were very characteristic. Her voice, too; with its something of soft querulousness, easily adapting itself to a light thin-flowing style of mirth on occasion, was characteristic: she had retained her Ulster intonations, and was withal somewhat copious in speech. A fine tremulously sensitive nature, strong chiefly on the side of the affections, and the graceful insights and activities that depend on these:—truly a beautiful, much-suffering, much-loving house-mother. From her chiefly, as one could discern, John Sterling had derived the delicate *aroma* of his nature, its piety, clearness, sincerity; as from his Father, the ready practical gifts, the impetuosities and the audacities, were also (though in strange new form) visibly inherited. A man was lucky to have such a Mother; to have such Parents as both his were."—pp. 17, 18.

In a few years after, the regiment in which Edward Sterling served was broken up. He had to seek another mode of life, and took a farm in Bute, with an old baronial residence, Kaimes Castle, attached to it, and here John, his second son, was born.

Sterling's farming was not very successful. His impatient nature was not one that could have been tamed down under any circumstances to awaiting the slow returns of a farm. Springtime and harvest should have come almost together to have satisfied him, and we suspect that had he to describe the farmer's toil, it would have been in the language of a man giving an emphatic meaning to the epithet *improbis*, which Virgil has connected with *labor*, when he is describing the conditions imposed by the gods on miserable mortals. His farming was something like the sort of occupation which an ambitious person is sometimes seen to give himself in the management of a school, from which he is contemplating an escape into some more genial mode of living. Kaimes Castle was a sort of

eyrie, where Sterling had his nest and his eaglets, but from which he escaped as often as he could. He would pass a few weeks directing the operations of his labourers, then fly off to Dublin or London, as prospects of employment or of patronage appeared to him likely to arise in either place. Farming was not his proper vocation, nor the Island of Bute his proper place. He was impatient of his imprisonment there; and when the lease of his farm expired—it was fortunately but for three years and a half—he quitted Bute. He then took up his residence in Glamorganshire, at the village of Llanblethian, where he resided in a cottage without land. Llanblethian was more convenient for his London and Dublin excursions than Kaines Castle—probably his chief reason for preferring it.

Carlyle gives us a picture of Welch scenery and Welch manners, from which we have only room for the following extract:

“The peasantry seem indolent and stagnant, but peaceable and well-provided; much given to Methodism when they have any character:—for the rest, an innocent, good-humoured people, who all drink home-brewed beer, and have brown loaves of the most excellent home-baked bread. The native peasant village is not generally beautiful, though it might be, were it swept and trimmed; it gives one rather the idea of sluttish stagnancy,—an interesting peep into the Welsh Paradise of Sleepy Hollow. Stones, old kettles, naves of wheels, all kinds of broken litter, with live pigs and etceteras, lie about the street: for as a rule no rubbish is removed, but waits patiently the action of mere natural chemistry and accident; if even a house is burnt or falls, you will find it there after half a century, only cloaked by the ever-ready ivy. Sluggish man seems never to have struck a pick into it; his new hut is built close by on ground not encumbered, and the old stones are still left lying.

“This is the ordinary Welsh village; but there are exceptions, where people of more cultivated tastes have been led to settle; and Llanblethian is one of the more signal of these. A decidedly cheerful group of human homes, the greater part of them, indeed, belonging to persons of refined habits; trimness, shady shelter, white-wash, neither convenience nor decoration has been neglected here. Its effect from the distance on the eastward is very pretty: you see it like a little sleeping cataract

of white houses, with trees overshadowing and fringing it; and there the cataract hangs, and does not rush away from you.”—pp. 23, 24.

Here John Sterling spent the next five years of his life. Of Bute and Kaines Castle he retained in after-life no recollection whatever. Of Llanblethian his recollection was distinct, and is recorded with minute detail in a passage which Mr. Carlyle reprints from the *Literary Chronicle* of June, 1828. While at Llanblethian, his father wrote some letters on military affairs in the *Times*, which were afterwards collected into a volume, and passed to, at least, a second edition. This led to his becoming a regular contributor to the *Times*, and, finally, to some share in the proprietorship and the direction of that journal. In 1814, when the continent became open, the Sterlings removed there, and settled for a while at Passy. Edward Sterling either was or wished to be the foreign correspondent of the *Times*, and this seems to have led to the removal of the family to Paris and the neighbourhood. Napoleon's return put an end to the speculation, and London became the final residence of Captain Sterling. For some three or four years, however, the family moved from one position to another before Sterling finally settled in harbour, obtained regular employment from the *Times* newspaper, which gave him support, and the sort of importance which a person believed, but not known, to influence political relations, has with the circles in which he moves—a sort of importance not likely to be disregarded by the elder Sterling, “the thunderer of the *Times*.”

These changes of place in the household of the Sterlings necessarily brought with them changes of schoolmasters for the children. There was some delicacy of constitution in the family, and of several children there is now but one survivor. From his recollections Carlyle tells us, that John's progress in school learning was rapid; that “he did their themes for the other boys when aground;” that he was an “affectionate and gallant kind of boy, adventurous and generous, daring to a singular degree.” We have a letter of Sterling's, written to his mother, when, provoked by some indignity or other, he had run away from home. At Blackheath he was for a while at school, and afterwards, the

family being now in Seymour-street and in a fashionable region, "he read for a while with Dr. Trollope of Christ's Hospital."

In his nomadic course he made plunder of some Latin and Greek, and acquired the habit of English prose composition—sometimes ascended to verse. He read the *Edinburgh Review*, already extending to more volumes than could have been good food for a schoolboy between hours. He devoured all that a circulating library could provide of novels. We have known great lawyers whose clients said they never read a brief, and newspaper editors have been heard say they never read a newspaper. Whether this was the case with the son of the "thunderer" we are not told, but, in some way or other, this very intelligent boy seems to have learned a good deal of everything—not very regularly, not very accurately, but in such a way as to answer admirably all the practical purposes of life. Eloquent, wonderfully eloquent he was from the first, if it be eloquence to express without hesitation, and without difficulty of any kind, the full thought that he wishes to communicate. As far as we have the means of judging, there was not in him at any time the power of commanding full sympathy. His own thoughts were often too subtle to be easily appreciated, and he was best when replying to others; but here a vein of satire broke in, and while the effect which he sought to produce of completely demolishing an adversary's argument was produced, it was by means that rather impressed on you the difficulty of coping with Sterling, than entire agreement with him. A great debater he promised to be, supposing his lot cast in the arena of politics; but not a man of what would be acknowledged as of the highest order of eloquence.

In such description, however, we are anticipating. Our hero is as yet but sixteen. He is sent to Glasgow, where his mother has some connexions; remains but a year there; he returns, and after some further preparatory education, goes to Trinity College, Cambridge:—

"Sterling's Tutor at Trinity College was Julius Hare, now the distinguished Archdeacon of Lewes;—who soon conceived a great esteem for him, and continued ever afterwards, in looser or closer connexion, his loved and loving

friend. As the Biographical and Editorial work above alluded to abundantly evinces, Mr. Hare celebrates the wonderful and beautiful gifts, the sparkling ingenuity, ready logic, eloquent utterance, and noble generousities and pieties of his pupil; records in particular how once, on a sudden alarm of fire in some neighbouring College edifice while his lecture was proceeding, all hands rushed out to help; how the undergraduates instantly formed themselves in lines from the fire to the river, and in swift continuance kept passing buckets as was needful, till the enemy was visibly fast yielding,—when Mr. Hare, going along the line, was astonished to find Sterling at the river end of it, standing up to his waist in water, deftly dealing with the buckets as they came and went. 'You in the river, Sterling; you with your coughs, and dangerous tendencies of health!' 'Somebody must be in it,' answered Sterling: 'why not I, as well as another?' Sterling's friends may remember many traits of that kind. The swiftest in all things, he was apt to be found at the head of the column, whithersoever the march might be: if towards any brunt of danger, there was he surest to be at the head; and of himself and his peculiar risks or impediments he was negligent at all times, even to an excessive and plainly unreasonable degree.

"Mr. Hare justly refuses him the character of an exact scholar, or technical proficient at any time in either of the ancient literatures. But he freely read in Greek and Latin, as in various modern languages; and in all fields, in the classical as well, his lively faculty of recognition and assimilation had given him large booty in proportion to his labour. One cannot under any circumstances conceive of Sterling as a steady dictionary philologue, historian, or archæologist; nor did he here, nor could he well, attempt that course. At the same time, Greek and the Greeks being here before him, he could not fail to gather somewhat from it, to take some hue and shape from it. Accordingly there is, to a singular extent, especially in his early writings, a certain tinge of Grecism and Heathen Classicality traceable in him;—Classicality, indeed, which does not satisfy one's sense as real or truly living, but which glitters with a certain genial, if perhaps almost metreticious half-japannish splendour,—greatly distinguishable from mere gerund-grinding, and death in longs and shorts. If Classicality mean the practical conception, or attempt to conceive, what human life was in the epoch called classical,—perhaps few or none of Sterling's contemporaries in that Cambridge

establishment carried away more of available Classicality than even he.

"But here, as in his former schools, his studies and inquiries, diligently prosecuted I believe, were of the most discursive, wide-flowing character; not steadily advancing along beaten roads towards College honours, but pulsing out with impetuous irregularity now on this tract, now on that, towards whatever spiritual Delphi might promise to unfold the mystery of this world, and announce to him what was, in our new day, the authentic message of the gods. His speculations, readings, inferences, glances, and conclusions were doubtless sufficiently encyclopedic; his grand tutors the multifarious set of Books he devoured. And perhaps,—as is the singular case in most schools and educational establishments of this unexampled epoch,—it was not the express set of arrangements in this or any extant University that could essentially forward him, but only the implied and silent ones; less in the prescribed 'course of study,' which seems to tend nowhither, than,—if you will consider it—in the generous (not ungenerous) rebellion against said prescribed course, and the voluntary spirit of endeavour and adventure excited thereby, does help lie for a brave youth in such places. Curious to consider. The fagging, the illicit boating, and the things *forbidden* by the schoolmaster,—these, I often notice in my Eton acquaintances, are the things that have done them good; these, and not their inconsiderable or considerable knowledge of the Greek accident almost at all! What is Greek accident, compared to Spartan discipline, if it can be had? That latter is a real and grand attainment. Certainly, if rebellion is unfortunately needful, and you can rebel in a generous manner, several things may be acquired in that operation,—rigorous mutual fidelity, reticence, steadfastness, mild stoicism, and other virtues for transcending your Greek accident. Nor can the unwisest 'prescribed course of study' be considered quite useless, if it have incited you to try nobly on all sides for a course of your own. A singular condition of Schools and High-schools, which have come down, in their strange old clothes and 'courses of study,' from the monkish ages into this highly unmonkish one;—tragical condition, at which the intelligent observer makes deep pause!" —pp. 42-45.

The education formerly given at the Universities, whether good or bad, can never at any time, or under any circumstances, be as important as "the

rules of human behaviour, which, from old, have tacitly established themselves there; so manful, with all its bad drawbacks, is the style of English character, 'frank, simple, rugged, and yet courteous,' which has imperatively got itself sanctioned and prescribed there." At Cambridge Sterling was fortunate in his friends and associates:—

"Sterling at Cambridge had undoubtedly a wide and rather genial circle of comrades; and could not fail to be regarded and beloved by many of them. Their life seems to have been an ardently speculating and talking one; by no means excessively restrained within limits; and, in the more adventurous heads like Sterling's, decidedly tending towards the latitudinarian in most things. They had among them a Debating Society called The Union; where on stated evenings was much logic, and other spiritual fencing and ingenuous collision,—probably of a really superior quality in that kind; for not a few of the then disputants have since proved themselves men of parts, and attained distinction in the intellectual walks of life. Frederic Maurice, Richard Trench, John Kemble, Spedding, Venables, Charles Buller, Richard Milnes and others: I have heard that in speaking and arguing, Sterling was the acknowledged chief in this Union Club; and that 'none even came near him, except the late Charles Buller,' whose distinction in this and higher respects were also already notable.

"The questions agitated seem occasionally to have touched on the political department, and even on the ecclesiastical. I have heard one trait of Sterling's eloquence, which survived on the wings of grinning rumour, and had evidently borne upon Church Conservatism in some form: 'Have they not,'—or perhaps it was, Has she (the Church) not,—'a black dragoon in every parish, on good pay and rations, horse-meat and man's-meat, to patrol and battle for these things?' The 'black dragoon,' which naturally at the moment ruffled the general young imagination into stormy laughter, points towards important conclusions in respect to Sterling at this time. I conclude he had, with his usual alacrity and impetuous daring, frankly adopted the anti-superstitious side of things; and stood scornfully prepared to repel all aggressions or pretensions from the opposite quarter. In short, that he was already, what afterwards there is no doubt about his being, at all points, a Radical, as the name or nickname then went. In other

words, a young ardent soul looking with hope and joy into a world which was infinitely beautiful to him, though overhung with falsities and foul cobwebs as world never was before; overloaded, overclouded, to the zenith and the nadir of it, by incredible uncredited traditions, solemnly sordid hypocrisies, and beggarly deliriums old and new; which latter class of objects it was clearly the part of every noble heart to expend all its lightnings and energies in burning up without delay, and sweeping into their native Chaos out of such a Cosmos as this. Which process, it did not then seem to him could be very difficult; or attended with much other than heroic joy, and enthusiasm of victory or of battle, the gallant operator, in his part of it. This was, with modifications such as might be, the humour and creed of College Radicalism five-and-twenty years ago. Rather horrible at that time; seen to be not so horrible now, at least to have grown very universal, and to need no concealment now. The natural humour and attitude, we may well regret to say,—and honourable not dishonoured, for a brave young soul such as Sterling's, in those years in those localities!"—pp. 46-48.

We think that Sterling's displays at the Debating Society were injurious to him. Anything that makes a man other than a learner at the period when a man should learn, and at the place where opportunities are or ought to be provided for the acquirement of information, is mischievous. Sterling did little at his College, and left in about a year. He spoke of law as his intended profession, but does not appear even to have commenced the study.

The next year, when he should have still been at his College, finds him in London. We do not know whether he meditated much or long on the object of a profession, but his biographer has a discussion on his unfitness for any of the so called professions. Sterling was a reformer—a radical reformer—and the forest of abuses is at all times too thick and too tangled for such a man to deliberately take the axe and clear them away; wiser man, no doubt, would he be did he deliberately occupy himself, as his last biographer would say, in chopping such of the dry wood as was thrown within his reach into fire-bote and house-bote. Of Law he knew no more than Carlyle himself, and still less of Divinity. Physic, poor fellow, he disliked extremely, and so it did not answer to think of wedding him

to any one of the Three Black Graces. What was he to do? write politics, like his father, cloud-compelling and thundering, breathing smoke and fire-vapour, and whirlwind. This would not do. His father did not puff and blow, and crackle, and thunder, without having something within him. Sterling knew nothing in the world, and had he any one friend at the hour he would have told him to discipline himself rather for future effort than at the moment rush into practical life. Carlyle thinks that some "secretarial, diplomatic, or other official training," was what would be most desirable, a something providing for the wants of the present hour, and likely to end by placing him in Parliament, where his eloquence would find its proper field and province.

The man who has no profession is likely to fall upon literature. It is, as Carlyle well says, "anarchic, nomadic, entirely aerial and unconditional;" nothing can better describe the fact, and nothing can better suggest the way in which it is, and cannot but be attractive to one who has his occupation in life yet to seek. The *Athenæum* had been conducted for some time by Mr. Buckingham. It was dead or dying, but the copyright was supposed to be worth something, and Sterling and a friend of his bought it. Sterling was now twenty-two. He wrote with earnestness, and it was felt that a life had got into the paper; that it was not mere ink and words. Carlyle tells us that these old *Athenæums* are good reading still: may be so; we wish he had printed some of them:—

"Good reading still, those Papers, for the less furnished mind,—thrice-excellent reading compared with what is usually going. For the rest, a grand melancholy is the prevailing impression they leave;—partly as if, while the surface was so blooming and opulent, the heart of them was still vacant, sad, and cold. Here is a beautiful mirage, in the dry wilderness; but you cannot quench your thirst there! The writer's heart is indeed still too vacant, except of beautiful shadows and reflexes and resonances; and is far from joyful, though it wears commonly a smile.

"In some of the Greek delineations (*The Lycian Painter*, for example), we have already noticed a strange opulence of splendour, characterisable as half-legitimate, half-meretricious,—a splendour hovering between the raffaellesque

and the japannish. What other things Sterling wrote there, I never knew; nor would he in any mood, in those latter days, have told you, had you asked. This period of his life he always rather accounted, as the Arabs do the idolatrous times before Mahomet's advent, the 'period of darkness.'—*Carlyle's Life of Sterling*, p. 59.

Sterling's was a strange progress—a life of probation, indeed; for the most part external circumstances seem to have thrown him from bad to worse. From the *Times* office to Cambridge; from Cambridge to the *Athenæum*; from the *Athenæum* to Coleridge; from Coleridge to Strauss; from Strauss further than we are quite able to follow his movements; yet pure, good, earnest, active; even in his last companionship with Strauss and his unclean crew, pure and unsoiled by the contagion. To have become himself a writer of all manner of work for a weekly newspaper would have frittered into dust an intellect of far higher power than his; and we scarcely imagine anything more injurious to a man of unfixed pursuits than subjecting himself to the fascinations of Coleridge, in describing whose conversation every person who has made the effort appears almost spell-bound. Of the various descriptions of Coleridge's conversation we must, however, say that Sterling's own, given us by Hare, is by far the best. The fragmentary snatches of expression and of argument given in the book, called "Coleridge's Table Talk," though, no doubt, often accurate transcripts of the sentences uttered by him, do not enable us to judge of the manner—nay, they suggest something altogether unlike. Next to Sterling's, Hazlitt's account, but this is of an earlier period of Coleridge's life, is that which seems to us to produce most of the effect of portrait: as you are often convinced by something in a picture of an unknown person, that it is indeed a likeness. Carlyle himself describes his own interviews with Coleridge; the passage is ambitious and not very effective. It however proves that with all his knowledge of every path of human life, with all his lectures on everything speculative, and everything practical, Coleridge was but a bad child's guide, and that it would be well for Sterling that he had shaped out a course for himself without consulting the voiceful magician. The present perplexity was

increased; the choice of a profession was little likely to be helped by Sterling's loiterings in the enchanted garden, in which it appears Coleridge met his disciples; but, in after years, much that Coleridge taught him recurred with force to the young aspirant's mind; and we think Carlyle does decided injustice to the philosophy of Coleridge. We, as little as Carlyle, admire the language which Coleridge borrowed from the Germans, and think it probable that the conceptions which he endeavoured to render intelligible by the use of that language might, perhaps, be more clearly expressed without it; and we think also that some violence has been done to our own earlier writers by Coleridge's seeking to represent them as using the distinction, which he sought to establish, between the reason and the understanding. But the question is of more than language, and that a real distinction, such as Coleridge contends for, exists between that part of our nature to which the highest truths are addressed, and that which we share with the scoffers who deride, and the beasts that perish, seems to us a fact that, of all men, Carlyle in his better hour would be the last to deny—nay, the first to affirm—and to affirm it with the feelings of a man who was stating what required but to be enunciated distinctly to command entire respect.

Carlyle represents Sterling as still Radical in all his bearings, though he finds some difficulty in reconciling this with what he calls the Coleridgean moonshine. He tells us of Sterling's meeting a good deal of society at his father's, and at the house of General Barton, the father of a young lady who, in the not far off future, was destined to become Mrs. John Sterling.

The earlier parts of Sterling's life do not appear to have been a favourite topic of conversation with him, and from some he altogether shrank; of these one was his connexion with a band of Spanish refugees, whose desolate condition is described by Mr. Carlyle in a passage little likely to be forgotten.

"In those years a visible section of the London population, and conspicuous out of all proportion to its size or value, was a small knot of Spaniards, who had sought shelter here as Political Refugees. 'Political Refugees:' a tragic succession of that class is one of the

possessions of England in our time. Six-and-twenty years ago, when I first saw London, I remember those unfortunate Spaniards among the new phenomena. Daily in the cold spring air, under skies so unlike their own, you could see a group of fifty or a hundred stately tragic figures, in proud threadbare cloaks; perambulating, mostly with closed lips, the broad pavements of Euston Square and the regions about St. Pancras' new Church. Their lodging was chiefly in Somers Town, as I understood; and those open pavements about St. Pancras' Church were the general place of rendezvous. They spoke little or no English; knew nobody, could employ themselves on nothing, in this new scene. Old steel-grey heads, many of them; the shaggy, thick, blue-black hair of others struck you; their brown complexion, dusky look of suppressed fire, in general their tragic condition as of caged Numidian lions.

"That particular Flight of Unfortunates has long since fled again, and vanished; and new have come and fled. In this convulsed revolutionary epoch, which already lasts above sixty years, what tragic flights of such have we not seen arrive on the one safe coast which is open to them, as they get successively vanquished, and chased into exile to avoid worse! Swarm after swarm, of ever new complexion, from Spain as from other countries, is thrown off, in those ever-recurring paroxysms; and will continue to be thrown off. As there could be (suggests Linnæus) a 'flower-clock,' measuring the hours of the day, and the months of the year, by the kinds of flowers that go to sleep and awaken, that blow into beauty and fade into dust: so in the great Revolutionary Horologe, one might mark the years and epochs by the successive kinds of exiles that walk London streets, and, in grim silent manner, demand pity from us and reflections from us. This then extant group of Spanish Exiles was the Trocadero swarm, thrown off in 1823, in the Riego and Quirogas quarrel. These were they whom Charles Tenth had, by sheer force, driven from their constitutionalisms and their Trocadero fortresses,—Charles Tenth, who himself was soon driven out, manifoldly by sheer force; and had to head his own swarm of fugitives; and has now himself quite vanished, and given place to others. For there is no end of them; propelling and propelled!

"Of these poor Spanish Exiles, now vegetating about Somers Town, and painfully beating the pavement in Euston Square, the acknowledged chief was General Torrijos, a man of high qualities and fortunes, still in the vigour of his

years, and in these desperate circumstances refusing to despair; with whom Sterling had, at this time, become intimate."—pp. 84, 85.

To a newspaper proprietor or writer, an acquaintanceship with Torrijos must have been, in the way of trade, a great God-send. He could tell more in an hour than years of study would otherwise enable the Thunderer to learn of Spain and Spaniards. The elder Sterling had Irish good nature too, and to be in distress was to have irresistible claims on him and his hospitality. We do not mean that Torrijos was cast on England without resources, but he had to find food and raiment for the hundred miserable countrymen of his who crowded round him; he had to look out among his fashionable acquaintance for the humblest means of support for men; many of them the proudest of their proud nation, now glad to earn a crust as language masters, and in such occupation as the lower walks of literature supplied.

For many a long year, seven years, Carlyle says, had this gone on. At last, in 1829, Torrijos got wearied, and determined rather on the desperate adventure of invading Spain with his few followers, than continuing any longer in this miserable condition. Success, he persuaded himself, was not impossible.

"Hoping against hope, he persuaded himself that if he could but land in the South of Spain with a small patriot band well armed and well resolved, a band carrying fire in its heart,—then Spain, all inflammable as touchwood, and groaning indignantly under its brutal tyrant, might blaze wholly into flame round him, and incalculable victory be won. Such was his conclusion; not sudden, yet surely not deliberate either,—desperate rather, and forced on by circumstances. He thought with himself that, considering Somers Town and considering Spain, the terrible chance was worth trying; that this big game of Fate, go how it might, was one which the omens credibly declared he and these poor Spaniards ought to play."—p. 88.

Money was wanting; Boyd, an Irish friend of Sterling's, had £5000, and gave it. Wherever Sterling had any interest subscriptions were raised. A vessel was purchased; arms were bought; "Torrijos with his fifty picked Spa-

niards were getting ready ;” Sterling’s friends not only gave their money, but spoke of joining the expedition ; Sterling himself was to go ; but there were drawbacks ; and excuses, like those which Hume imagines in the manner of Lucian as not very likely to prevail with Charon, were run over in his mind, and found not such as to hold water. He had begun a novel. If he went it might, nay certainly would never be finished : “ if you act your romance how can you write it ? ” Sterling had a romance of his own, too, of a different kind, and when he went to take leave of Miss Barton she went into tears, and the interview ended in an offer of his hand and the acceptance of it. The Spaniards luckily thought that the fewer Englishmen went the better. They only wanted their money. Sterling pleaded ill health, and insuperable obstacles and engagements.

“ The English connexions and subscriptions are a given fact, to be presided over by what English volunteers there are : and as for Englishmen, the fewer Englishmen that go, the larger will be the share of influence for each. The other adventurers, Torrijos among them in due readiness, moved silently one by one down to Deal ; Sterling, superintending the naval hands, on board their ship in the Thames, was to see the last finish given to everything in that department ; then, on the set evening, to drop down quietly to Deal, and there say *Adiute con Dios*, and return.

“ Behold ! Just before the set evening came, the Spanish Envoy at this Court has got notice of what is going on : the Spanish Envoy, and of course the British Foreign Secretary, and of course also the Thames Police. Armed men spring suddenly on board, one day, while Sterling is there ; declare the ship seized and embargoed in the King’s name ; nobody on board to stir, till he has given some account of himself in due time and place ! Huge consternation, naturally, from stem to stern. Sterling, whose presence of mind seldom forsook him, casts his eye over the river and its craft ; sees a wherry, privately signals it, drops rapidly on board of it : ‘ Stop ! ’ fiercely interjects the marine policeman from the ship’s deck. ‘ Why stop ? What use have you for me, or I for you ? ’ and the oars begin playing. ‘ Stop, or I’ll shoot you ! ’ cries the marine policeman, drawing a pistol. ‘ No you won’t. ’ ‘ I will ! ’ ‘ If you do, you’ll be hanged at the next Maidstone assizes, then ; that’s all. ’ and Sterling’s wherry shot rapidly ashore ; and out of this perilous adventure.

“ The same night he posted down to Deal ; disclosed to the Torrijos party what catastrophe had come. No passage Spain-ward from the Thames ; well if arrestment do not suddenly come from the Thames ! It was on this occasion, I suppose, that the passage in the open boat to St. Valery occurred ; speedy flight in what boat or boats, open or shut, could be got at Deal on the sudden. Sterling himself, according to Hare’s authority, actually went with them so far. Enough, they got shipping, as private passengers in one craft or the other : and, by degrees or at once, arrived all at Gibraltar,—Boyd, one or two young democrats of Regent Street, the fifty picked Spaniards, and Torrijos, safe, though without arms ; still in the early part of the year.”—pp. 94, 95.

Sterling marries. He had at all times shown symptoms of pulmonary disease, and now his health became worse than ever. After a period in which his friends despaired of his life, he recovered. The family had a valuable property in the West Indies, and thither Sterling and his young wife went, and there his first child, Edward, a son, now grown to manhood, was born, at Brighton, in the Island of St. Vincent’s.

While at St. Vincent’s he heard the termination of Torrijos’s adventure. It had ended in the party landing at Malaga ; their occupying a farmhouse near the place of their landing ; being overpowered by numbers ; surrendering at discretion ; being tried by court martial ; and executed, Boyd, as well as the Spaniards. Carlyle tells us of Sterling’s mind being greatly affected by this catastrophe, as it well might. “ I hear that musquetry still tearing my brain,” is the language of one of his letters at the period. It was a subject on which Sterling never spoke, nor did his friends venture ever to refer to it.

While he was at St. Vincent’s the island was visited by a terrific hurricane. His house was blown down and almost everything in it destroyed. He and his wife, who was near her confinement, had to take refuge in a cellar, and remain there for some days till the violence of the hurricane was spent. The beauty of the island is dwelt on in his letters. “ The landscapes here are noble and lovely as any that can be conceived on earth. How indeed could it be otherwise in a small island of volcanic mountains, far within the tropics, and perpetually covered with the richest

vegetation? The moral aspect of things is bad enough, but, if we had time, would be far from irremediable." The slaves had the vices of slaves, and some of the virtues too. They were good-humoured rascals, but they were cunning and deceitful. They had no great love of work, and in this they are little to be blamed; labour for its own sake being one of the things which no man loves except a political economist while lecturing. Ferocious crimes the people of St. Vincent's did not commit, and Sterling thought they had no aptitude for such; but they had little scruple at committing others. What are called ferocious crimes, such murders as those of Rush and the Mannings, add to them Webster's scientific despatch and disposal of his dead man, are accompanied with as much meanness as those which make less impression on the observer's mind; and we believe a slave population, released from the habitual fear which saves their masters, are more likely than others to commit those fierce crimes which Sterling's classification distinguishes as peculiar to a better class of men. Sterling saw slaves on the estate of a humane family, and, therefore, saw them under circumstances more favourable than would have been suggested had he seen those of an estate under ordinary management. His own efforts for their instruction and improvement seriously affected his health, and when he returned to Europe, in 1832, one of his objects in returning was, Hare tells us, "that he might find out a good school-master for the negroes, and send him over to St. Vincent."

In 1833 he published the novel of "Arthur Coningsby." It was for the most part written some years before.

While in the West Indies, Sterling thought more deeply of religion than he had done before. It is probable that the tragedy of Torrijos and Boyd was among the things which forced in upon him the feeling of the hollowness of everything on which we rest our hopes here; that a solution of the mystery of existence, which seems absolutely unmeaning, if we exclude the thought of man's immortality, and the fact that the thought of immortality derives its main support from revelation, as sought for by him earnestly. His letters from St. Vincent speak of obedience, patience, and prayer, and refer to much that can scarcely be the subject of communica-

tion even between the most intimate friends, so impossible is it to reveal the struggles of the mind, and so certain is it that there are agonies of spirit which each man must bear alone, and, if not unaided, yet unaided by communications with others. Sterling thought that he owed much to Coleridge, much to Irving, and the "Aids to Reflection" was the subject of his constant study. That book, above all others of Coleridge's, is the best. It is earnest; it is more free from the peculiar language of the German school than any other of his prose works; and we think it would be desirable that the book was now reprinted without the additions which have more than doubled its size: not that we think lowly of the additions, but the book, like most books, is better without note or comment. After Sterling's return to Europe, Mr. Hare met him in 1833 at Bonn: Hare was at the time just about to commence his residence at Hertsmonceux, as rector. In the course of conversation he learned that Sterling thought of taking Orders, but first wished to pass a year or two in Germany, to learn something of its theology and literature. Hare offered him his curacy if it should be vacant when he took Orders. This led to his being ordained deacon at Winchester, on Trinity Sunday, 1834. "To priest's orders he was never admitted, as the state of his health, ere many months were gone by, put a compulsory close to his ministerial life."

The account of this brief period of Sterling's life ought to be read in Archdeacon Hare's book: nothing can be more beautiful than the picture which it gives, and one part of the charm is, that while that period of peace, and activity, and happiness exists in what seems contrast with the fitful and troubled Past of Sterling's life, and with the dreamy and unsatisfying Future that was before him; while Hare lingers over the period with a pleasure not alone on account of his wish to preserve every recollection that he could recall of this happy time, but because in dwelling on it he, for the moment, escapes the sequel of the story, which cannot be thought of without pain,—yet this and every part of Sterling's life, in this felicitous sketch, seems naturally to grow out of what has preceded: "one day telleth to another," and they are bound "each to each by

natural piety." There is, in our own literature,—if that of Ireland is to be distinguished from the general literature of England,—there is in our own Church,—if the Church of Ireland is to be thought of separately from the Church of England, a mistake which we are not likely to make,—one picture, equal in beauty to that which we have described. We think of Archdeacon Russell's narrative of Charles Wolfe's exertions as a curate in a wild district, struggling, like Sterling, with pulmonary disease, and, like Sterling, removed from the scene of his pastoral labours by the certainty of death had they been continued longer. The life of Wolfe is a less clouded one; there is less to disturb us in the contemplation; but the men were in many respects remarkably like. The same power of winning the affections of every one with whom they came into even momentary connexion; the same ready eloquence; the same fervid temperament; the same entire truthfulness, and ardent, generous self-forgetfulness. Wolfe was the better-educated man: we do not mean that his information was greater; but, whether greater or less, it was more regularly acquired. His was the training for many a long year of the University of Dublin, where it is our belief that the prescribed courses of study are the best for disciplining and invigorating the mind which can be anywhere found, and where, to whatever cause it is to be ascribed, there has been at any time but little of speculative infidelity; and which, in our days, when the Church is disturbed by Papal chimeras and one absurdity or another, has witnessed but little of these fearful follies. Sterling's year or two years at Cambridge, where his time was passed in a debating society, followed by the era of his *Athenæum* writings, could have done little to keep the mind sober or steady. Still, while Wolfe's outward circumstances—even his very small pecuniary means—were favourable to a more regulated course than Sterling's, there was in both the same fitful enthusiasm. Whatever Wolfe did best—nay, whatever he did well was done, or would seem to have been done, as the work of the moment. In this, in many things, he and Sterling remind us of each other;—but we must not deviate from our proper purpose into comparisons perhaps fanciful. Archdeacon Hare's account of Sterling thus opens:—

"He came to me at a time of heavy affliction, just after I had heard that the brother, who had been the sharer of all my thoughts and feelings from my childhood, had bid farewell to his earthly life at Rome; and thus he seemed given to me to make up in some sort for him whom I had lost. Almost daily did I look out at his usual hour for coming to me, and watch his tall slender form walking rapidly across the hill in front of my window, with the assurance that he was coming to cheer and brighten, to rouse and stir me, to call me up to some height of feeling, or down into some depth of thought. His lively spirit responding instantaneously to every impulse of nature or of art, his generous ardour in behalf of whatever is noble and true, his scorn of all meanness, of all false pretences and conventional beliefs, softened as it was by compassion for the victims of those besetting sins of a cultivated age, his never-flagging impetuosity in pushing onward to some unattained point of duty or of knowledge, along with his gentle, almost reverential, affectionateness towards his former tutor, rendered my intercourse with him an unspeakable blessing; and time after time has it seemed to me that his visit had been like a shower of rain, bringing down freshness and brightness on a dusty roadside hedge. By him, too, the recollection of these our daily meetings was cherished till the last. In a letter to his eldest boy, who was at school, and to whom he used to write daily, about two months before his death, after speaking of various flowers in his garden, especially of some gum cistuses, he says, 'I think I like them chiefly because I remember a large bush of the kind, close to the greenhouse through which one passed into Mr. Hare's library. The ground used to be all white with the fallen flowers. I have so often stood near it, talking to him, and looking away over the Penvensey Level to the huge old Roman Castle, and the sea, and Beachy Head beyond. The thought of the happy hours I have so spent in talking with him is and always will be very pleasant.'"

There was no period of Sterling's life so happy as the short time which he passed as curate of Herstmonceux. The duties gave him definiteness of object, and relieved him from a life of speculation, which, separated from act, is about the worst and most dangerous manner of life that a man can adopt. We do not see how it can end otherwise than in error. The very truths seen, and not acted on, which the sup-

position assumes, leave the man in a worse state of moral being than if the neglected or disobeyed truths had never been presented to his mind. Within two years of his death, Sterling himself, writing of the period of life passed in active duty at Herstmonceux, said that "his inmost nature, suppressed and perverted for years by ignorance, by serious errors, and by heavy sorrows, was set right at last, and made healthy, by the moral effort and self-sacrifice of taking Orders."

His health, unfortunately, rendered it impossible that he should remain in this happy occupation; pulmonary disease existed, and his physician insisted on perfect quiet as giving the only chance for life. He writes to Hare to communicate this "sentence." He says:—

"However my present state of health may end, living or dying, I shall always look to the months of my ministry at Herstmonceux, and of my closer connexion with you, as a most bright and healthy contrast to my previous life. When I think of leaving you, I feel as if the one sabbath of my life were at an end. I may fix in London or elsewhere, and may spend more or fewer hours and words in the service of the Church; but I shall be in the midst of excitement and intentions of which I have long since swallowed many a drenching dose, and which I look forward to for the future with horror."

When we think of what Sterling's future life was, we cannot imagine that he gained much on the score of health by giving up the duties of a parish curate. He continued to reside for some months, at least, at Herstmonceux after his official connexion with the parish ceased; but London was the goal to which his thoughts verged, and literature was his object—the business to which he proposed devoting himself—and to London he soon went. He had already formed an acquaintance with Carlyle, which soon ripened into intimacy and cordial affection. Sterling was busy with theological learning: the Tholucks, Schleiermachers, and Neanders, were his daily study: parts of Tholuck he translated. "He looked disappointed, though full of good nature," says Carlyle, "at my obstinate indifference to them and their affairs."

For some two or three years Sterling lived in London, or the neighbourhood. He had always been fond

of writing verse, and occasionally exhibited powers of a kind that makes us think that the direction of his talents to poetry would, probably, have secured more continued attention to his works than can now be hoped for. This does not appear to have been the feeling of either Hare or Carlyle, and we should think that Sterling heard little of the kind of praise which most animates a poet. His poems were, from time to time, printed in *Blackwood*; but we find Sterling complaining that the Editor used to ask him for prose: and so he prosed to please the magazines, giving up his chances of a permanent name.

Ill-health drove him from London to Bordeaux. He had scarcely re-appeared in England when he was ordered to Madeira. This continued shifting of residence was unfavourable to any fixed exertion in literature, though Sterling bore the removal of his household gods better than most men. While at Madeira, he continued to write papers for *Blackwood*. "The Onyx-Ring," the best of them, was praised by Wilson, and his praise acted like inspiration. Again we find him in London, and again driven abroad. Italy is now, for a while, his home. Wherever he went he found friends—intellectual friends—and to the last his mind was active. At Madeira, Calvert, of the family of that Calvert whom Wordsworth commemorates as, by a large pecuniary legacy, freeing his early years from want, and the fear of want. At Italy, Carlyle, the brother of his biographer, and one who is or ought to be known to English scholars, as the person whose admirable edition and translation of Dante's "Inferno" has done more for the great poet than all else that has been of late years. In May, 1839, we find him at Clifton, still the victim of ill-health. For four or five years more, life was continued; but "disaster on disaster" came—his wife's and his mother's death within an hour of each other, and the first wholly unexpected. His mental activity continued to the last; nothing can be more beautiful than the fragments of letters to his son preserved by Carlyle and by Hare. As far as we can learn, great changes had been undergone in his religious feelings and views since he had been with Hare as his curate in Sussex. What the extent of those changes was, we do not know,—neither

book distinctly informs us ; but, whatever they were, it is to be remembered that, ardent as was Sterling's nature, never was there a man whose opinions on every subject were so shifting and unstable—this not alone in religious speculation, but on all subjects whatever. We have far exceeded the limits we had proposed to ourselves, led on by the interest of the subject. We must come to an end.

On the 16th of September, 1844, Sterling felt that death was near. The language of his first biographer must here assist us :—

“ In this conviction he said : ‘ I thank the All-wise One.’ His sister remarked the next day that he was unusually cheerful. He lay on the sofa quietly, telling her of little things that he wished her to do for him, and choosing out books to be sent to his friends. On the 18th he was again comforted by letters from Mr. Trench and Mr. Mill, to whom he took pleasure in scribbling some little verses of thanks. Then, writing a few lines in pencil, he gave them to his sister, saying, ‘ This is for you ; you will care more for this ! ’ The lines were—

“ Could we but hear all Nature's voice,
From Glowworm up to Sun,
‘ Twould speak with one concordant sound,
‘ Thy will, O God, be done ! ’

“ But hark ! a sadder, mightier prayer
From all men's hearts that live,
‘ Thy will be done in earth and Heaven,
And thou my sins forgive ! ’ ”

“ These were the last words he wrote. He murmured over the last two lines to himself. He had been very quiet all that day, little inclined to read or speak, until the evening, when he talked a little to his sister. As it grew dusk, he appeared to be seeking for something, and, on her asking what he wanted, said, ‘ Only the old Bible, which I used so often at Herstmonceux in the cottages ; ’ and which generally lay near him. A little later his brother arrived from London, with whom he conversed cheerfully for a few minutes. He was then left to settle for the night. But soon he grew worse ; and the servant summoned the family to his room. He was no longer able to recognise them. The last struggle was short : and before eleven o'clock his spirit had departed. He was buried in the beautiful little church-yard of Bonchurch.”

Of the two biographies of Sterling, Hare's gives us the best account of his early life—Carlyle's of his latter years. Carlyle describes himself as led to write because Hare has not dwelt on the

changes of opinion which Sterling's mind, during his latter years, underwent. The fact of such changes Hare has distinctly stated ; and more than such fact is not learned from Carlyle. That Sterling's life should have been written, and written by two such men, is proof of the power which this high-minded, energetic, affectionate man exercised over all among whom he conversed ; but never was there a man whose fluctuations of opinion ought to have less effect, of any kind whatever, on the minds of others, in the way either of influence or of authority. Never was there a man whose powers of mind seem to have been less under his own command. His opinions were not formed in any serious or thoughtful habits of study ; but he was fond of argument, and his power of readily clothing any proposition with impressive words, and dressing it out in lively imagery, gave it some seeming truth to himself and others. But such opinions, light as air, were blown about, or away, by trifling accidents of conversation with every one whom he met. His ready talent of disputation made him often, if not always, the victor of the moment ; and hence, his love for this kind of intellectual gambling, in which, by losing his time, he lost everything except his temper, which seemed to have been improved by trials, that would have outworn the patience of most men. In literature his efforts were crude and unripe : his biographers tell of works which they had not curiosity or industry enough to read, but tell enough to inform their readers that opinions were strongly expressed in each, which the next succeeding volume or essay was intended to efface. Thus, Goethe was in one book a mere mask, in the next something more than man. We pronounce for neither opinion, nor against the mind which held each in succession ; but we caution our readers against attaching any kind of authority to such things, and the habit of obtruding them, as if they were of the slightest consequence, or of more value than the accidental advocacy of this view or the other, by a man whose opinion on either side was probably the dictate of mere momentary caprice and imperfect information. With Sterling we have no quarrel ; we even think that his best powers, exhibited in the calm exercise of the poetical faculty, have not

been sufficiently appreciated by either of his biographers, and nothing but the length to which this paper has already extended prevents us from giving proofs of this by extracts from his poems. In judging of Sterling, it must be remembered that he himself attached but little value to anything he had written. Though he had written a great deal—in fact, was at all times engaged with one literary task or another—he destroyed all his manuscripts

except some few poems which may yet be printed. The publication of his works by Archdeacon Manning consists only of a selection of such essays as had already, by having been printed in the *Athenæum* or *Blackwood*, passed from his control; of these essays the *Onyx Ring* is the best. But we shall feel disappointed if the poems which he has left do not give evidence of higher power than any of his works hitherto published.

SONG.

ANACREON TO ILIA.

BY SYDNEY WHITING.

PLACE the cup of crystal wine
Near that taper, burning bright:
See a ruddy glow doth shine,
A ruby with a heart of light.

Every time the golden flame
Wavers to the evening air;
The crimson shadow does the same,
Dancing here, and dancing there.

Haste, my love, with Chian wine—
The taper is the beaming soul;
The glow it casts are thoughts divine—
Darling ILIA fill the bowl.

When thy sighs of soft desire
Stir the roses round my brow;
My senses quiver, and a fire
Dances through my veins, as now.

Grapes shall weep with luscious tear—
The soul of Love shall ravished be;
Ravished by that Teian air,
In Lydian accents sung by thee.

To-night I drain the chalice deep,
In Scythian* measure quaffing free:
To-night the Byblian vine shall weep
To Lydian accents sung by thee.

ILIA! press the purple juice;
Press my lips with thine apart:†
In wine there is this double use—
It strengthens love, and fires the heart.

* The Scythians were celebrated for their deep potations.

† "Kissing with the inner lip."—*Winter's Tale*, I., 2.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LXVII.

HENRY BROOKE.

HENRY BROOKE, author of *Gustavus Vasa*, *The Fool of Quality*, and *The Farmer's Letters*, an Irishman of great eminence and deserved repute in his day, was born, in 1706, in "The House of Rantavan," which stood on his paternal property, not very far from the picturesque village of Virginia, in the county of Cavan.

His father was the Rev. Wm. Brooke, Rector of the union of Killinkere, &c., in the Diocese of Kilmore. He was a man of worth and talent, and selected to be a member of the Convocation proposed to be held in 1704. He and his brother Henry were Scholars of Trinity College in 1687 and 1701. He married Lettice Digby, daughter of Dr. Simon Digby, Bishop of Elphin, and Elizabeth Westenra, his wife, and grand-daughter to the heroic Lady Digby, Baroness Offaly, a noble Irishwoman of the Geraldine blood, who defended her Castle of Geashill against a swarm of rebels in 1641 successfully. Mrs. Brooke appears to have inherited much of her sense, spirit, and dignity. It is said that Dean Swift liked her society, and was often entertained at Rantavan, on his way to visit Sheridan at Quilca. These were the days of long equestrian journeys, of saddle-bags and stirrup-cups, horse-blocks and boot-hose. Locomotion was tardy, but social, and hospitality had time to open her door, and welcome her travel-stained guests, in place of seeing them fly over her chimney-tops on the steam wings of an express train. At Rantavan House the Dean was ever an honoured guest, and it is said "he stood in more awe of Madam Brooke than of most country ladies."

Brooke's family appear to have migrated from Cheshire about the year 1610, and the first of them on traditionary record is the Rev. Henry Brooke, who is called in some old papers now before us "a royal chaplain;" but it is more likely that he held some Government living in Ireland, from which he was obliged to fly in the year of the Rebellion, 1641, and seek refuge in London, where his adventure with Bishop Juxon, in a bookseller's shop, as well as his young and handsome wife's rencontre and miraculous escape from a rebel chief, in a wood near Naas, have bequeathed a name, a legend, and a manuscript to the family. His son William purchased lands in the county of Cavan, in 1670, which are at present in possession of his lineal descendant and namesake, Master Brooke, of the Chancery Bar; and the son of this penultimate William was the old clergyman, our poet's father, whom we left above, entertaining Swift in his house of Rantavan.

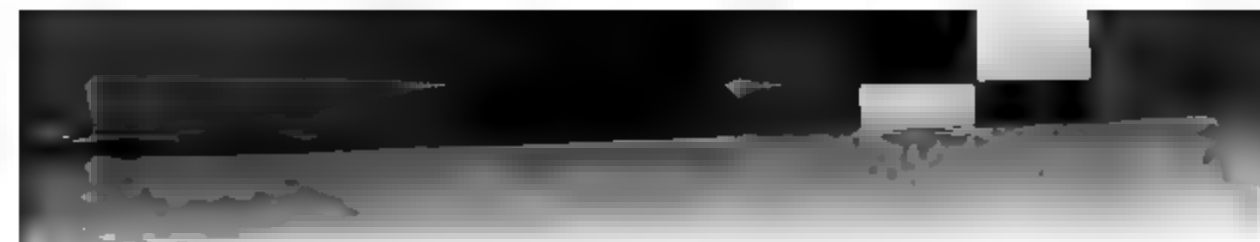
He had two sons, Henry, the subject of this memoir, and Robert, who loved the easel, and was an artist of some little repute. From his earliest youth Henry gave evidence of no common intellect. His mother had the training of his mind. She was literary, courageous, and persevering, and well calculated to impart to her children much of the impress of her own character. Inspired by her, Brooke, before he was seven years old, could repeat some of the finest passages of the old poets and dramatists. From her he inherited that religious fervour which seems to have swayed him all his life, amidst many inconsistencies, and which sparkles and burns along so many noble and eloquent passages in his prose writings. From her, too, he drank in that love of civil and religious liberty which in after life was alternately the cause of his misfortunes and his fame, his poverty and his success.

As an instance of his precocity, it is said that a neighbouring youth, who had a "fatal facility" in rhyming, brought, for his correction and approval, an absurd Ode which he had composed "to Phoebe or the Moon." The lines broke off abruptly with—

"Ah! why doth Phoebe love to shine by night?"

Under which young Brooke, who was then but eight years of age, wrote at once with his pencil—

"Because the sex looks best by candlelight!"



F. Brooke

He was now sent to old Dr. Sheridan's School, kept then, I believe, in Capel-street, Dublin. Between the Brookes and Sheridans there was a relationship of very old standing. We find this stated in page 108 of the "Life of Mrs. Frances Sheridan," by Miss Le Fanu. The late Maria Edgeworth (with whom we had the pleasure of spending two bright and well-remembered days, at the Bishop of Meath's house, in the Autumn of 1848) also mentioned this fact. She was a great admirer of Henry Brooke, and of his daughter Charlotte's Irish Bardic Translations, and makes honourable mention of him, when speaking of Brooke's first cousin, the Rev. William Brooke,* Rector of Granard for fifty years. The "cousinhood" is also spoken of in old letters; and we found a traditionary recollection of this tie between the two families among the peasantry round about Quilca, which place we visited this Summer with deep interest.

Dr. Sheridan made Brooke an excellent classical scholar, yet we hear nothing of his success in College, save that he graduated in the year 1723, when he was sixteen years old. At this time he saw something of Dean Swift in Cavan, who, it is said, "prophesied wonders of him," and told a Mrs. Fleming, of Bellevue, "that Brooke was a youth of genius, but he was sorry to see his talent point to poetry, which, of all pursuits, was most unprofitable!" "The Dean was very kind to him when he saw how thoroughly modest and unpretending the young man was, and he never asked his opinion of any *matter which was beyond his power* to answer, or which might embarrass him." This indulgence was not lost upon Brooke, who, to his admiration of Swift's powers, added a deep veneration for his patriotism (as his abuse of Wood and his halfpence was called). Brooke wrote a refutation of some imputations on Swift's morality, and published it in a paper called *The Shepherd*—no doubt an ephemeral. He also translated into Italian verse, of which language he was an early master, the lines written by Barry, which Lord Boyle sent with a book to the Dean on his birth-day, and for which Swift thanked him in the kindest manner; our young poet's gentleness and humility no doubt disarming the critic who was so unsparing to others.

Having determined on the study of law as a profession, Brooke went over to London in the year 1724. Here, though so very young, and without any introduction that we can discover, he appears to have engaged the attention, as afterwards he retained the affection, of some of the leading men of the day. His genius, artless vivacity, and most amiable temper endeared him to all around him, and the notice and friendship of Pope, Swift, and Lyttleton threw a halo round his youth. His sojourn at the Temple was, however, brief. He was suddenly summoned to Ireland to receive the last farewell of a dying aunt, to whom he had been much attached. To Meares Court, then, Brooke hastened, just in time to receive from his relative her last blessing, and the charge of her only daughter, a lively and beautiful girl of twelve years of age. With her dying breath she constituted her nephew the legal guardian of her child. After the death of her mother, Catherine Meares was desirous of leaving Meares Court; her father had been a younger brother, and his child had no right to the residence. She was escorted by her cousin-guardian to Dublin, where, acting on his mother's advice, he put her to a boarding-school, where she rapidly improved in knowledge, and grew in loveliness. On our desk, at this moment, lie a number of her letters, after she had been the tender wife and the faithful mother for years; tarnished, and soiled, and torn, and all time-worn are they, yet they sparkle with the light of a happy mind, and are full of interest and playful life.

* "In our immediate neighbourhood we, at this time, commenced an acquaintance with a friendly and cultivated family of the name of Brooke. The father, an old, well-informed clergyman, was nearly related to the Mr. Brooke who wrote the celebrated novel of *The Fool of Quality*, and the tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa*. He possessed a considerable share of his relation's original genius, enthusiasm, and simplicity of character. With much classical learning he had an admiration for Homer, which he expressed often with a vehemence that appeared extravagant in the opinion of his common auditors, but in which my father most cordially sympathised. Mr. Brooke's daughter was married to Mr. Eyles Irwin, the well-known traveller, so that by another author this family were connected with the literary world."—*Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, by his daughter Maria Edgeworth*, vol. ii. p. 12.

Brooke's visits were frequent at the boarding-school, and the result may be guessed: the boy-guardian became the boy-lover, and Brooke was married to Miss Meares before she was fourteen, or her bridegroom twenty years of age! In candour it must be told that these nuptials were clandestine: it is the only apology for her family and his friends not interfering to stop a marriage so rash and so premature. Yet Brooke appears to have ever looked back upon it in after life, from the bright heights of his great domestic happiness, with undecaying interest, and there are frequent allusions to the charm of such juvenile hymeneals to be found in his books. On the wedlock being discovered by Brooke's parents, the knot was re-tied in a more regular and rubrical manner. Brooke now gave himself up to connubial happiness, and the Nine Muses were neglected while welcoming the arrival of three little Graces, which the "child-wife" had presented to her husband before eighteen summers had passed over her head.

But all this rightful happiness could not last; the income was small, the outgoings large: the children came like annuals, and the stirrings of the man and the father began to awake and to strengthen. He went a second time to London, but literature in England was to him the rock-ahead which love had been in Ireland. The study of law was like chewing sawdust. His imagination travelled more towards a niche in Westminster Abbey than a brief in Westminster Hall: and the Temple in which his mind desired to adore was not that on the banks of Thames, but of Helicon.

Here, under the eye and encouragement of his ever kind friend Pope, in 1728, he wrote his first and greatest poem, "Universal Beauty," in six books: a species of versified natural theology, or Bridgewater Treatise in rhyme, on a panoramic principle—happy in its combination of philosophy and piety, of things natural and things revealed. It was his own favourite production through all his life: and he was but twenty-two when he published it. For its motto he chose the opening verses of Saint John's Gospel, and in it he mingles the metaphysics of his own mind with the divinity of Scripture. From this poem Dr. Darwin is believed to have taken the hint of his Botanic Garden. Pope was said to have put in a line here and an idea there: for one so young and modest as Brooke, he *did*, perhaps, condescend to "revise and to retouch," which he refused to Dunciad bards: and no doubt the advice of this perfect though passionless poet assisted Brooke's mind as much as his notice and friendship cheered and gratified him. Yet we cannot discern any attempt on his part to reach at Pope's style, though Southey, in the first edition of his "Specimens of British Poets," when writing of the influence which Pope wielded over his "School," intimates that his friends often adopted his style, and "that even Henry Brooke, a man of undoubted genius," was caught in the imitation vortex, and manifested that he was so in his "Universal Beauty," from which Southey culls one line as a proof specimen, viz. :—

"And all the worm insinuates through the pore."

This is indubitably an awkward line, but surely no more like Pope than Hamlet to Hercules.

Shortly after this he was recalled to Ireland by the uneasy rumblings of the matrimonial chariot, not that "the wheels drave heavily," but that the vehicle was overladen, and probably the young passengers clamorous for refreshment.

For his children's sake he once more resumed his profession, and practised in Dublin as a chamber counsel with good success for seven or eight years. But it was not to his taste, for his heart was with literature. He had large views of jurisprudence and an intense admiration of the British constitution, yet he satirises with admirable wit the operations of the law courts, and the tardy administration of justice, in his *Fool of Quality*.

Brooke's strong desire for literary celebrity again brought him to London in the year 1736, and the reception he met with was of such a nature that he determined to remain. Pope and Lord Lyttleton welcomed him most warmly. Mr. Pitt, afterwards the great Lord Chatham, who was then Groom of the Chamber to Frederick Prince of Wales, treated him with peculiar kindness, and introduced him to the Prince, "who caressed him with great familiarity, and presented him with many elegant and valuable tokens of friendship, among which were china,

books, paintings, &c., &c." Thus, at the age of thirty, had Brooke in England attained to a social and literary position seldom reached by one so young, so comparatively obscure, *and an Irishman*. To account for this, for *he* has left us no detail of his life at this time, we must remember that Brooke had points of great attractiveness about him. He was "young, fresh-looking, slenderly formed, and exceedingly graceful; he had an oval face, ruddy complexion, and large, soft eyes, full of fire; he was of great personal courage, yet never known to offend any man; he was an excellent swordsman, and could dance with much grace." To these "ad captandum" qualities may be added his freshness of mind and artless vivacity, his wide acquaintance with books, and love of learning, and his unpretending modesty, dignified with considerable independence when any one attempted to patronise him, or lord it over his opinions or himself.

Brooke's maternal relations probably helped him onward in London society, for through his grand-uncle, Lord Digby, he was allied in blood to the noblest families in the kingdom. Of such help, however, Brooke makes no mention in any record or letter of his which we have ever seen, though possibly the circumstance *had* its influence, and acted unconsciously in his favour.

His first production now was a translation into verse of the three first books of Tasso's "*Jerusalem*," of which Mr. Hoole, who subsequently translated the whole poem, thus speaks:—

"Mr. Brooke's translation, in particular, is at once so harmonious and so spirited, that I think an entire translation of Tasso by him would not only have rendered my task unnecessary, but have discouraged those from the attempt whose poetical abilities are much superior to mine."

But Brooke had no time nor thought now for Italian, his political life was fast dawning; and, without discarding poetry, he found he could unite her in a sort of literary wedlock to politics, which at that time engrossed him. Two adverse and violent tides were then sweeping through the palace, the senate and the nation, and on one of these Brooke, who was ever ignorant of the Platonists' doctrine, *μὴδὲν ἄγαν*, launched his whole mind unreservedly in a spirit of sincere and strenuous partisanship.

It was the year 1739; and England was yet unblessed by the happy landscape of royal life, which, radiant in the hues of domestic purity and fidelity, now gladdens and teaches the hearts of the wives and mothers of these kingdoms; on the contrary, George the Second's court was unhappy and immoral, and the disclosures made by the Walpoles and the Herveys of "how mean and wicked kings and queens can be" are revolting and sickening. The Prince of Wales headed the opposition. The Minister was Sir Robert Walpole. And, of a truth, intense party feeling had so heated the political atmosphere, that men inhaled fever, and became wild about they knew not what. The Minister stood almost alone, supported by the Court, and feebly aided by the two Newcastles in Parliament; and against him was a band in the House and outside its walls, comprising some of the first orators, wits, and poets of the day. In the house, and arrayed against the Minister, was Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, with his dignity of form, his versatility, his eloquent argument, like logic set on fire, his melodious war-notes, and terrible invective, "the eagle eye of the great Condé, the fascination of look, the *ardentia verba* of the lips." There was Lord Chesterfield, who had married the King's half-sister, Lady Walsingham, with his keen knowledge of life, his high breeding, his elaborate oratory, and ready sarcasm. There was Lord Carteret, classical, steadfast, searching, full of political knowledge, and adorned with an elocution pure, graceful, and convincing; there was Wyndham, perspicuous, forcible, pathetic, of whom Pope said that he was

"The master of our passions and his own."

There was Pulteney, afterwards Lord Bath, and Walpole's successor, inflexibly severe, with "argument, wit, and tears at his command;" of whom the Minister often said, "that he dreaded his *tongue* more than another man's *sword*." There was Bathurst, sensible, upright, animated. There was Argyle, "the great Duke,"

whose character has been limned with such life and truth by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Heart of Mid Lothian;" there was Lord Scarborough, with his strong honesty; and Sandys, with his unhesitating personalities, who brought forward his motions of want of confidence in the Minister, to one of which, when Walpole replied, affirming his unconsciousness of the corruption he was accused of, he quoted from Horace incorrectly the line—

"Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpa."

This false syntax offending Pulteney's classic ear, he started up, and told the Minister his mistake, which amendment, however, Walpole, with characteristic dogmatism, would not admit, arguing stoutly that *his* version was the true one.

Such were some of the senatorial standard-bearers within the house, and outside was a host of writers; among whom were Pope; Fielding the novelist; Dr. Johnson, then an ardent politician; Glover, the author of "Leonidas;" Paul Whitehead, a Republican, yet a Tory; and Henry Brooke, who at that time produced his famous tragedy, *Gustavus Vasa, or the Deliverer of his Country*, in which Walpole is severely handled in the character of Trollio. And undoubtedly Brooke launched this drama on the public stream at a moment eminently propitious to his own fame and advancement in life.

The play was accepted at Drury Lane, but, when about to be acted, an order came down from the Lord Chamberlain, prohibiting its appearance on the stage. To this Smollett, in his "History of the Reign of George II.," alludes, when he says "A fatal stroke was given to the liberty of the press by the act subjecting all dramatic writings to the inspection of a licenser." The prohibition which hindered its performance could not be applied to its publication. The press produced it, preceded by a modest, elegant, and manly preface, by Brooke himself, in which he says—"Many are the difficulties a new author has to encounter, introducing his play on the stage. I had the good fortune to surmount them. This piece was five weeks in rehearsal. I disposed of many hundred tickets, and imagined I had nothing to fear but from the weakness of the performance. But then it was that where I looked for approbation I met with repulse. I was condemned and punished in my works without being accused of any crime, and made obnoxious to the Government under which I live, without having it in my power to alter my conduct, or know in what instance I had given offence."

On the publication of this tragedy its sale kept pace with its popularity; curiosity was awakened, the public ardour kindled; and, strange as it may appear, four thousand copies were sold, at five shillings each, in a very short time. The Prince of Wales sent Brooke a hundred guineas, which he could ill afford to do. Lord Chesterfield took forty copies; and Dr. Johnson, whose awful face was just emerging, like a giant sun, through the winter fog of obscurity, appeared on Brooke's side, and published his "Complete Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage, from the Malicious Aspersions of Mr. Brooke, Author of 'Gustavus Vasa,' 1739," in which, in a vein of caustic irony, he satirises the Government for their treatment of Brooke, and contrasts the freedom, nobility, and justness of the thoughts in his tragedy, with the mean and narrow-minded policy which suppressed its appearance on the stage. On the whole, his essay was a high compliment to Brooke as a man and a poet, from one of the greatest of English minds.

By this play Brooke acquired much fame, more notice, and a thousand guineas; in the tragedy there is great political bitterness, and much poetical beauty. When the *man* wrote, the tenderness and sweetness of his muse and his mind broke forth in passages of rare excellence; but when he laid down his soft swan quill, and seized his iron stylus, his invectives were those of a partisan, and like Draco, he dipped his pen in blood. In his tragedy there is a line which Lord Byron has transplanted in all but its integrity into his "Childe Harold," no doubt unconscious of the plagiarism, the memory of poets often mingling with the creations of their imagination. The line is in Act II. Scene 2:—

"Is not the camel mute beneath his burden?"

I need hardly remind the reader of the apposite line in "Childe Harold"—
"Mute the camel labours with the heaviest load."

The fame and notice Brooke acquired by this play seemed the earnest of a prosperous career, and this was heightened by the increased intimacy with which his royal patron, the Prince of Wales, favoured him. So pleased was he with Brooke's society, that he proposed that Mrs. Brooke should become the nurse of the infant, afterwards George III., of which the Princess was then pregnant.

Under such distinguished patronage Brooke's star seemed in the ascendant. He took a villa at Twickenham, near to that of his kind friend Pope, furnished it handsomely, and wrote to Ireland for his wife and family to come over and partake of his fame and his happiness. Here, on the banks of Thames, sitting under his natural and poetical laurels, in the morning of his life and the vigour of his intellect, with the sympathy of friends, the companionship of genius, and the smile of his Prince, to whom he was respectfully and gratefully attached, Brooke's happiness seems to have reached the point of its culmination.

It is a pity that no detail of his life at this time has reached us; one letter, which tells of a walk he had with Mr. Spence in Richmond Park, in which they discussed Pope's merits as a poet, remains. In this, Brooke's praise of the author of the "Dunciad" borders on the extravagant, and he speaks of his having "improved Homer." This was the criticism of the heart more than of the head, and if we remember how steady and disinterested Pope's friendship* had been for him, one cannot wonder at it.

In 1740 Brooke became alarmingly ill, and, as a last resource, the London physicians sent him to try his native air. To the "House of Rantavan" then was Brooke carefully removed, and his health was speedily restored. The place and air seem singularly suitable for an invalid. We visited it recently, in company with an agreeable friend, and saw with interest its ancient garden skirted by large trees—yews and elms; its avenue of limes; its bright lake with island and wood; and its thymy hills rising round about and full of breezy health.

With resuscitated strength came back to Brooke the strong desire for London life. But this was not to be, "and to the surprise of all who knew him, he now disposed of the house at Twickenham, sold his furniture, dismissed his servants," and decided on remaining in Ireland.

His biographers endeavour to account in various ways for conduct so inconsistent with his interest; but he himself has furnished no clue to the mystery; and the deduction generally arrived at is, that he yielded to his wife's anxieties lest his over-zeal in the Prince's cause might engender trouble. Brooke's gratitude to him knew no measure; it threw a false light around that royal person, through which his injuries were magnified, and his virtues, whatever they were, exaggerated; and, spurred on by the generous enthusiasm of his nature, Brooke only wanted an opportunity "*to openly espouse his patron's quarrel, and thunder forth his wrongs and his excellencies to the world.*" This would not have been wise for the man or the time—both overheated. The sense and sweetness of the wife prevailed, and Brooke, yielding to her better judgment, as he hoisted his homeward sail, earned to himself a bench in the same boat with the sage Ithacensian, of whom it was said—

"Vitulam suam prætulit immortalitati."

"Ireland," says Dr. Bissett, "is a good mother of men of genius, but a bad nurse." Brooke had now to test this by his dereliction of England. But though absent in person, he still kept up a lively correspondence with his literary friends. His Prince honoured him with more than one letter, but these have perished, with others from Lords Lyttleton and Chesterfield, and many papers of interest, through an accidental fire.

He himself wrote a beautiful letter. His wife once said, "there were *sentences* in his *words*." His style was graceful, flowing, dignified; his conclusion grave, courteous, and affectionate; his autograph manly, clear, perpendicular.

* In a letter from Brooke to Pope, he says, "It is not unknown to me, that I procured friends and reputation by your saying things of me which no one would have thought I merited, had not you said them."—*Brookeana*, vol. ii. p. 10.

Altogether the bold and decided manuscript of a man who entertained truth, felt it powerfully, and desired that his correspondents should feel it also. Two letters of his to Pope, with the poet's answer, are preserved and here given. They are interesting from containing Pope's confession of his faith, which Brooke demands with an honest earnestness which we may smile at for its simplicity, but must admire for its truth. The real fact is, that Pope was what he professes himself in his correspondence with Racine, "*Un bon Catholique*," and we have Johnson's testimony of his having died in communion with the Church of Rome. The confession itself the reader will find in his letter; it is cold and undefined, and seems to have been extracted from him like one of his teeth: something in the style of Gil Blas' Soldier-Beggar, Brooke's point-blank question acting the part of the "*Escopete*" on the occasion. Yet Pope's letter is kind and full of courteous praise of Brooke, which is the more to be reckoned on when we remember that Dr. Johnson, in his life of this poet, says, "Pope never flattered those he did not love, nor praised those he did not esteem."

TO ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,—I was much concerned that I had not an opportunity of taking leave of you when I came for Ireland. I earnestly wished to see you, because I feared it was for the last time, and I wanted to thank you once for all for much good you have done me, and more particularly for revising and passing your friendly judgment upon some lines of mine that indeed were scarcely worth your reading. Keep me from the vanity of thinking you have any cordial regard for me; I should then lose the pleasure of reflecting that I esteem and most heartily love you, without an expectation of any return of the like nature, as you have done me many kindnesses without the possibility of a recompense.

"I should not have presumed to express myself thus far, if it had not come in my way, as I was going to speak to you upon a matter that is much nearer and dearer to me than even your fame. I have often heard it insinuated that you had too much wit to be a man of religion, and too refined a taste to be that trifling thing called a Christian; those who spoke this, perhaps, intended it to your praise, *but to me it was a cloud that intercepted the brightness of your character*. I am amazed whence this could proceed, and I now feel that they little knew you. I had not read your Messiah, your ode of the 'Dying Christian to his Soul,' and your letters to that great and good man the Bishop of Rochester, till very lately, and that at a time when sickness, indisposing me for light thoughts, gave me a true and affecting relish for them; and I am sure it is as impossible for any other than a Christian to write them, as it is for the best Christian to read and not to be made better by them.

"I wish you had wrote more upon divine subjects, or *that you would go on to make your ethics perfect*, as I am confident you would rather improve a single man to his advantage than entertain thousands to your own fame. I have had a tedious illness since I saw you last, but I think I am growing stronger with change of air and exercise; I have now better health and much more leisure than usual, and it would be no compliment to tell you, in my present disposition, that I would rather enjoy your friendship than all that crowds or courts could give me, for barely to say that I care for neither is to speak as charitably as I can.

"May you live long, Sir, to give profit to the world, and pleasure to your friends, to be the shelter of such shrubs as I am, and to know that every sentiment I have is full of love and respect to you, and that I am, with all truth, your grateful and affectionate

"H. BROOKE."

FROM MR. POPE.

"Bath, December, 1740.

"DEAR SIR,—Yours came to me no more than two days since, having been in Bath for some time on account of ill health. It is impossible I should answer your letter any further than by a sincere avowal, that I do not deserve the tenth part of what you say of me as a writer; but as a man I will not, nay, I ought not in gratitude to Him to whom I owe whatever I am, and whatever I can confess to his glory; I will not say I deny that you think no better of me than I deserve. I sincerely worship God, believe in His revelations, resign to His dispensations, love all His creatures, am in charity with all denominations of Christians, however violently they treat each other, and detest none so much as that profligate race who would loosen the bands of morality, either under the pretence of religion or free-thinking. I hate no man as a man, but I hate vice in any man; I hate no sect, but I hate uncharitableness in any sect; this much I must say, merely in compliance with your desire, that I should say something of myself.

"I am truly glad of every opportunity to assist a man of your disposition, whose morals go hand in hand with his talents, and whose modesty is not spoiled by the applause that is justly given to his merit; esteem such men I must; it is no obligation on them, but on me when I

can serve them ; and let me add that the esteem I bear them is inseparable from so much affection as must make me a sincere friend to you in whom I discover as many good qualities of the heart as of the head ; and from my heart I wish you health and prosperity in every thing you undertake, as I am convinced your ends will always be honourable. I send you a book just published by a person utterly a stranger to me, though not to my meaning, in which he has perfectly explained me in a vindication of the 'Essay on Man,' from the aspersions and mistakes of Mr. Crousaz ; it shall come to you by post, franked, and I believe it will be some satisfaction to you. Your's, dear Sir, in truth and affection,

"ALEXANDER POPE."

This cold avowal of an undefined faith is scarce noticed in Brooke's answer to this letter, which we have not space to give.

In 1741, Brooke contributed to Ogle's version of Chaucer, "Constantia, or the Man of Law's Tale." In his additions to the original poem it is evident he had dipped his pen very frequently in the inkhorn of that delightful old chronicler and noble canon, Monsieur Froissart. In 1745 we find him sending forth from his solitude "The Earl of Westmorland," a tragedy in five acts, which was performed on the Dublin stage. In this and in all his tragedies Brooke, as Davis, the biographer of Garrick, tells us, "leant to the ancient dramatists," affecting their quaint and sententious fancy,—no bad graft on the branches of his own exuberant imagination. How a man of Brooke's unquestioned piety could continue during a long life to write for the stage is a mystery. This anomaly of character awakens the indignation of Richard Ryan, his biographer, who thus speaks of him:—"During the greater part of his life his religious opinions approached to what is called Methodistical, yet he uniformly supported the stage ; *nevertheless it is certain he lived more consistently than he wrote.* No day passed in which he did not collect his family to prayer, and read and expounded the Scripture to them with a clearness and fervency edifying and interesting."

The fact is, that the objection to the stage was supposed to have passed away with the Puritans, who were considered as a defunct body. The tone of the times was lax ; the court was thoroughly wicked ; the pulpit all but mute. The age saw the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Patrick's corresponding with the King's mistress, Lady Suffolk ; Richardson's novels were openly recommended from the pulpit as *vade mecums* of virtue, especially "Pamela" (a book full of the grossest scenes, though written with a good intent), which Dr. Slocock, of Christ's Church, Surrey, in a pulpit oration, and we dare say with all the sincerity of ignorance, advised his congregation to peruse as a manual of morality. In Ireland, also, the manner of preaching was very different from what it is now : the sermons were mere moral recitations, or something not half so good. In 1757 the Rev. Dr. Brett* preached his famous sermon in St. Anne's Church, Dublin, "On Conjugal Love and Duty," taking his text from Hebrews, xiii. 4 ; with a dedication "to the Lady Caroline Russell ; asserting the Prerogative of Beauty, and vindicating the Privileges of the Fair Sex" !

In the year 1745 old Mr. Brooke died. *He* appears to have been a truly pious minister. His epitaph was written in neat and appropriate lines by Lord Clare, whom Goldsmith has immortalised in his "Haunch of Venison." He was then Earl Nugent, and was a friend and admirer of Henry Brooke during his life. By his father's death Brooke became a small "laird," and proprietor of the "House of Rantavan," where he had been born, and about 500 acres ; truth to say, barren and bare enough. We find from old letters that "his pen still brought him in money," and poverty seems never to have alarmed his sanguine mind, or caused him to complain.

In the month of May, 1745, his old friend Lord Chesterfield came to Ireland as Viceroy. Without stopping to discuss this nobleman's claims to morality, which those who run may read in his "Letters to his Son," we will merely say, that he appears to have had a more clear-sighted view of the cause of Ireland's evils than any of his successors ; and for this we would refer the reader to his letters to Dr. Chevenix, Bishop of Waterford, published in 1755. He was most

* This man was chaplain to the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was not far from seventy years of age when he preached this sermon, from which circumstance we may charitably deduce that he was dotting.

popular : people said, “had he remained a little longer he would have put all the strings of the Irish harp in tune.” Brooke, though among the first to rejoice at his coming, yet, through shyness or pride, was the last to pay his personal respects to him. There had been some previous connexion between his Excellency and Brooke, inasmuch as one of Chesterfield’s most powerful speeches was delivered against the very “Play-licensing Bill,” under the operations of which Brooke’s tragedy suffered in 1739. On his first coming to court, the conversation turned on the following passage in “Pastor Fido :—

“Se ’l peccar’ è sì dolce,” &c.

Brooke translated it on the spot, with a delicacy which removed the objection that Cardinal Borromeo once made to the original verses, that they “connived at sinning.” He afterwards rendered them into elegant Latin.

Lord Chesterfield now appointed Brooke barrack-master of Mullingar, together with certain emolumentary addenda, which brought him a clear £400 a-year. It was further intimated to him that this was to be but a “step” to something more lucrative. On his appointment, he seemed to have thrown his whole soul into barracks; and in place of being content with riding over to Mullingar, doing his work, receiving his salary, and asking no questions, nothing would satisfy him without going back to investigate ancient abuses, and to explore all the rat-holes which the Government and the Barrack Board had made to deposit their own perquisites in, from the pockets of the nation. The result of all this was the publication of a satirical pamphlet, which ran to eighty pages, and through three editions, entitled “The Secret History and Memoirs of the Barracks of Ireland,” published by A. Moore, St. Paul’s Churchyard, London, full of most lively sarcasm, together with minute information on every part of the subject, from Parliament down to pipeclay. With a patient flail he threshed the whole matter, sheaf by sheaf, occasionally turning his weapon, and flourishing fierce blows against any little abuse or chicanery; on which occasions, no doubt, he dealt himself many a hearty knock on the head, which told fatally against his future interest, and killed downright any hope of preferment for him on the part of the Government.

In this year, being “the forty-five,” when so many standards were hung forth on Northern Hills for Charles Edward, and when the Protestant and Hanoverian party grew pale at “rebellion having had good luck” on the field of Prestonpans, Brooke published his “Farmer’s Letters,” which, to our poor mind, contain some of the most searching and comprehensive invectives against the Papacy ever put forth, occasionally clad in matchless eloquence of language. They were much read and admired in London, and produced the following well-known lines from Garrick’s pen :—

TO MR. BROOKE, ON HIS PUBLICATION OF THE FARMER’S LETTERS.

“O, thou, whose artless freeborn genius charms—
Whose rustic zeal each patriot bosom warms,
Pursue the glorious task—the pleasing toil;
Forsake the fields, and till a nobler soil:
Extend the Farmer’s care to Human kind,
Manure the heart, and cultivate the mind;
There plant religion, reason, freedom, truth;
And sow the seeds of virtue in our youth.
Let no rank weeds corrupt, or brambles choak,
And shake the vermin from the British oak.
From northern blasts protect the vernal bloom,
And guard our pastures from the wolves of Rome.
On Britain’s liberty engraft thy name,
And reap the harvest of immortal fame!”

These lines are well known, and have obtained enviable immortality, by having had a niche assigned them in the “Elegant Extracts,” which is a kind of Westminster Abbey for defunct literature. Yet the letters themselves are scarcely to be met in print, and we have been unable to procure a second copy, even in those catacombs of intellect, and mausoleums of dead men’s wits, the Anglesea-street

bookshops! In 1747 Brooke contributed to Moore's "Fables for the Female Sex," four* of great merit. His prose ever exceeded his poetry; indeed, in the present taste for spicy creations and impassioned lyrics, these would scarce be read, much less admired. Moore, who was the author of the famous tragedy of *The Gamester*, pays Brooke an elegant compliment in his preface, which, as it is short, we shall transcribe:—"To avoid the misfortune which may attend me from any accidental success, I think it necessary to say, that I have been assisted in the following poems by the author of *Gustavus Vasa*. Let the crime of pleasing be his, whose talents as a writer, and whose virtues as a man, have rendered him a living affront to the whole circle of his acquaintance." In this year also Brooke published a satirical opera, entitled *Jack the Giant-Queller*, reflecting on men, manners, morals, and Governments at large. It is the best of all his poetical effusions; full of wit, life, and knowledge of the world.

The sweet song of "Gracey Nugent" is to be found in this opera; for Brooke, like all men of enthusiastic temperament, loved music, and delighted in the wild and melancholy melodies of his own country. This play was acted only one night in Dublin; it had the fate of his *Gustavus*; and, being supposed to contain allusions to the Government, was suppressed under Walpole's Act.† This act of tyranny (for such it appeared to Brooke) thoroughly excited him; and as he always sailed best with the wind on his quarter, or rather, like the Flying Dutchman, with the breeze right a-head, he published at once "The Last Speech of John Good, who was condemned in April, and executed in May." This *brochure* is full of political sarcasm and bitterness against venality and corruption; yet so varied, so versatile, and, we may add, so anomalous, was the man's mind, that he sums up all with a peroration descriptive of the great story of Redemption, so eloquent and orthodox, that a Leighton might have read it with pleasure for its spiritual beauty; a Calvin endorsed it for the sternness of its truth; and an Edward Irving preached it for its gracefulness and originality.

In 1749, *The Earl of Essex* appeared from his pen, a rechauffé of an old play written by Banks, the man of whom it was said, "that his rhymes were not poetry, but prose gone mad."

In this year we find Brooke solicited by a large body of the independent electors of Dublin to declare himself a candidate for that city at the coming election; but this honour, with much humility and courtesousness, he declined, "because of some of the most eminent merchants having published a declaration in favour of another man," of whom Brooke modestly says, that "to the advantages of being a free citizen and excelling trader, he adds an acknowledged superiority in every other merit."

Whether he would have succeeded in parliamentary life it would be hard to say at this distance of time; doubtless he had more zeal than prudence, and more honesty than caution. He saw the peaks of virtue in enthusiastic lights, and if he conceived he was sailing on the current of truth, his course then became reckless, and he would scorn the rudder while he hoisted every sail to drive with the breeze or catch the blast. He had a thorough knowledge of the world in theory, and saw into character with a piercing eye; but he was simple and artless in his practical conduct, and too chivalrous for common life; and his mind was of that fine porcelain, that it would ill have borne the collision with rougher vessels when tossing together on the stormy billows of debate; doubtless he had wit and words at command; and, of his talent for extempore speaking, we have a well authenticated and convincing story which appears in every biography of him:—

"One Sunday, whilst the congregation were assembled in the rural church of the parish in which he lived, they waited a long time the arrival of their clergyman. At last, finding he was not likely to come that day, they judged that some accident had detained him, and being loth to depart entirely without their errand, they, with one accord, requested that Mr. Brooke would perform the service for them, and expound a part of the Scriptures. He consented, and the previous prayers being over, he opened the Bible, and preached extem-

* Namely—The Temple of Hymen, The Sparrow and the Dove, The Female Seducers, and Love and Vanity.

† This Act was passed in 1736. It was caused by two vile farces, of the most ribald description, having been written against the Ministry.

pore on the first text that struck his eye. In the middle of his discourse the clergyman* entered, and found the whole congregation dissolved in tears. He entreated Mr. Brooke to proceed, but this he modestly refused, and the other as modestly declared, that after the testimony of superior abilities, which he perceived in the moist eyes of all present, he would think it presumption and folly to hazard, at this particular time, anything of his own; accordingly, the concluding prayers alone were said, and the congregation dismissed for the day."

Garrick, who had professed great friendship for Brooke during his sojourn in Dublin, "pressed him earnestly to write for the stage, offering to enter into articles that he would give him a shilling a line for all he produced, provided he wrote for him alone;" but this arrangement did not suit the temper and, perhaps, the feeling of Brooke, and by his declining it he forfeited the favour of Garrick. He certainly had much quiet dignity, which might seem to an indiscriminating eye as pride. It was, however, never aggressive, but defensive; not loud, but lowly. *We have never met one boasting expression of his in all our records of his life and mind*, nor one angry or peevish word. A clever pamphlet was published against him, full of personalities, and just after he had finished its perusal a friend came in, and inquired how he had liked it. Brooke answered, "Why, Sir, I laughed at its wit, and smiled at its malice." His independence, though carried to an extreme, was always of a retiring nature, and never interfered with the outgoings of his social and domestic benevolence, which was exercised to a fault.

As a specimen of the fervor with which Brooke estimated his friends, we here subjoin the copy of an old letter now before us, written by Brooke to Mr. Gorges Howard, who is supposed to have been the "friend" so often introduced in the lively parenthetical dialogues of the *Fool of Quality*:—

[No date.]

"MY DEAR SIR,—I rejoice with a delighted heart at the advantage and agreeableness of your present situation. If anything will give me more pleasure than your prosperity, it will be the knowledge of your being equally pleased with adversity. Speak no more of gratitude, I beseech you; when people who confer favors begin to talk of obligations, it ought rather to be construed as a reproach than an acknowledgment. Oh! had I the ability to hold you to me during life, I should look upon it as a signal blessing from my God, and one of the best benefits that man could bestow. I concluded, without your telling me, that you and our Harry must be very low in purse, when you refused or declined the accommodation of your friend, but I am cheerful under the sense that all is as it should be, and therefore much better than my will would have had it. Be not, therefore, distressed for me, my brother. Inconveniences are habitual, and are at times even pleasing to me; they are nothing to the many difficulties and impending perditions through which my Master hath already brought me with a high hand. That the God of your bosom, who has given you so great faith in him, may also give you the fulness of the light and knowledge of his nature, is the prayer of, dear Sir, your most loving and most faithful,

"HENRY BROOKE."

He was the best and kindest of landlords, though we fear much imposed on—relieving the distressed, and entering into the sorrows of every cottier on his estate with a degree of sympathy almost morbid. His family had rapidly increased, and his domestic happiness knew no bounds.

During these years his only brother, Robert, lived with him at the poetical mansion, the "House of Rantavan." Robert was the second son, and the brothers were greatly attached. This gentleman married his cousin, Honor Brooke, daughter of the Rev. Henry Brooke, Rector of Kinawly, in Fermanagh. She had brought her husband a large fortune in marriage, and a large family after, and the two brothers, and their wives and children, consisting of at least twenty persons, lived together in the rarest and most continued harmony. Henry loved poetry, Robert† was an enthusiastic painter, and both

* Probably the Rev. Arnold Cosby, who succeeded Brooke's father in the parish of Killinkere.

† His eldest son, Henry, was an excellent artist and a still better man. He was the intimate friend and correspondent of John Wesley, and Mr. Fletcher of Madely. He was father to William Brooke, R.A., now of Hastings, a painter of much originality and talent; and his grand-daughter—our own townswoman, Mrs. C. Wolseley—is the well known authoress of "Villeroi," and "Paddy's Leisure Hours in the Poor-house."

were "*adscripti glebæ*," and delighted in agriculture. The sisters-in-law were warmly attached, the nephews and nieces the same. All the Brookes ran sweetly together; it was a "meeting of the waters"—a "*confluentia flumina*"—Coblentz transferred to Cavan. A friend who visited Rantavan at this time thus writes:—"Discord has never entered these doors; the house is a little paradise, the abode of peace and love."

The following letter from Henry Brooke to one of his nephews, on the occasion of the birth of a child, will shew what his mind was in regard of the connubial and filial ties. The sentiments in this extract are slightly tinged with the mysticism of Behmen, towards whose theosophy his mind had a leaning:—

"Yes, my —, the conjugal and parental feelings are assistant to grace, they co-operate with it, and are themselves the offsprings and emanations of the grace and love of Jesus. When man, by the twofold fall, became altogether a proud and sensual self, it was needful for the Redeemer to enter into his office; but here infinite art was also necessary to sever man from his dark and narrow circle of self, without violence to the principle of freedom within him. For this purpose God produced to him a fairer self beyond his circle, through whom a further succession of endearing selfs was to be multiplied, that he might be won and carried willingly forth, in the love of his God, as a circle flowing into circles, from the midst of a lake, till it undulates and expands to the furthest shores.

"May our — soon forget all travail and sorrow, for joy that a man-child is born into the world (amen prays Catherine Brooke).—I am, my dear —, your greatly obliged and most affectionate,

"HENRY BROOKE."

After this some dark clouds swept over Brooke's house. Many of his children died; his wife had borne him two-and-twenty sons and daughters, yet but two survived him—Arthur, a brave soldier, who served in the wars in Canada, and died a captain in India afterwards; and Charlotte, the Irish scholar, and translator of our country's bardic poetry. What must have been the anguish of such a mind as Brooke's at these repeated and multiplied sorrows none can tell. At this time another cloud arose which darkened Brooke's comfort, though it could not injure his peace, or disturb his equanimity. This was pecuniary embarrassment, producing debt, a thing so distressing to his high and honourable mind, that he at once determined on selling or mortgaging his property; and, having thereby answered his engagements, retiring into the county of Kildare, to a place called Daisy Park, near Sallins, which he rented from his cousin, Mr. Simon Digby, of Landenstown; thenceforth living on the produce of his pen, and his government place, which latter, we have said, was fully equal to four hundred a year. His brother and his family migrated at the same time, and took Osberstown, near to Daisy Park; and "the old House of Rantavan" (which was held by a bishop's lease) passed away from these kind and good Brookes, into the possession of the Wallers, of Allenstown, an ancient Meath family.

Brooke was now, in the language of Polonius, a "landless resolute;" his property was gone; but nothing could subdue the independent energy of his mind, or the elasticity of his happy temper. From the "sweet shades of Daisy Park" he sent forth political tracts, full of freshness and spirit. They had had a sale then which they would not have now, and his pen, like a Californian spade, brought him in gold. While Henry wrote, Robert painted, and sold his pictures, and thus these two loving and honest brothers, having lost their property, made a right and manful use of their intellectual gifts, and supported their large families by the sweat of their brain.

In his politics, Brooke was of the old whig school; and, had he lived in 1829, he would probably have been an emancipator. He was a right-minded, ardent Irishman in his love for fatherland; hated oppression; idolized liberty; wrote most keenly against Poyning's infamous laws; mourned over the misrule and misgovernment of his country, under the tyranny and rapacity of the Stuart dynasty; admired King William, and was an exulting Protestant; yet greatly loved his Roman Catholic neighbours, and would preserve to them their properties,*

* The penal laws were so heavily enforced about this time that the Government would not permit the Roman Catholics to drain or redeem their own bogs!

though he disliked their principles, and deprecated their ascendancy. These opinions were not then understood, and neither party were satisfied with the hue of Brooke's politics; especially when, in the year 1760, he published a Quixotic book, entitled "*The Trial of the Roman Catholics*," or an attempt to palliate the atrocities of 1641, which had the singular success of displeasing all parties, Brooke sparing neither side, and carrying out the "*Tros Tyriusve*," &c., maxim in all its integrity. The book is full of historical research, and documentary evidence; yet, sooth to say, equally abounding in perverted ingenuity, and misdirected argument. It had a rapid sale, and went through two editions in London; yet it satisfied nobody, and vexed every body, and brought no benefit to its author, making one of Brooke's most devoted friends, Mr. Gorges Howard, thus express himself, long afterwards, in writing to a friend:—"It is to be lamented that the ingenious Mr. Brooke ever wrote a line for, or against, the Roman Catholics of Ireland." A change came over Brooke's position of life at this time. His first cousin and namesake, Henry Brooke, was now a Governor* in India, and a man of immense wealth and influence. Two of our poet's nephews went out to the East under his patronage, and rapidly rose to name and fame by their industry and ability. Digby Brooke, a young officer of engineers, was killed while storming a fort in the Mysore territory; but Robert, his brother, attained to high military rank, and, from his talents and integrity, was much employed as an envoy among the native princes, by whom he was greatly beloved for his uprightness and honour. He was a man of great nobility of nature, and truest heart; and his Indian career is full of romantic incident; he was indeed an Irishman of whom our country may justly be proud. In 1773 he returned home; and, having amassed much wealth, his thoughts went out how he might benefit his country. He built a town in the county of Kildare, called it Prosperous; and essayed to introduce the cotton manufacture into Ireland, for which he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament in 1776, though his effort failed, and his money was lost, and Prosperous eventuated in a practical antiphrasis, by becoming unprosperous. Colonel Brooke was afterwards Governor of St. Helena, from 1788 to 1800, when he received the thanks of the King and Government, through Mr. Dundas, for his prompt relief of the Cape of Good Hope, by sending troops against the Dutch, in 1795; and in 1799 he was presented, in full assembly, by the Honourable Henry Wellesley, with a diamond hilted sword, accompanied by a letter from the Marquis of Wellesley, then Governor of India, as a mark of his esteem for his military services when in that country. He died in Bath, 1810.

Some years before his return from India, this generous son and nephew remitted £13,000 to his parents and uncle, to *enable the latter, especially, to redeem the mortgage on his Cavan property*, which he partly effected, and built a summer lodge thereon, calling it Longfield, or Corfodd, after the townland on which it stands. It was within half-a-mile of the old "*House of Rantavan*," and faced a lake which Brooke seems to have drained, and converted into an ugly surface of brown, wet bog. He settled here about the year 1764. Poetry and politics he seems to have left behind him in Kildare, and agriculture was now in the ascendant. Here he wrote various tracts, which the Dublin Society published, on bogs, drainage, and even on the Irish fisheries; and here, we fear, he spent much money in a short time, unprofitably, in experiments on water power and draining. On one occasion his hydrostatic operations were carried on so briskly as to alarm the millers on the Blackwater, who, repairing in a body to their landlord, old Lord Headfort, acquainted him with the danger likely to result to their millinary interests should the *river be turned from its channel*. His lordship heard them with interest and attention; but, on learning the name of the culprit, he dismissed them with a smile, saying, "You have nothing to fear from Mr. Brooke. I should be sorry to meddle with that gentleman."

We visited this townland last summer, and walked over it with great enthusiasm, having loved the man and his character from our very childhood. Here we saw the ruins of his house, his garden, and the Boreen—a stream which ran at the bottom of it, through the elms. On the left were the roofless

* Of Fort St. George, in Madras: he was father to General William Brooke, who died at Bath, 1846, Colonel of the Fifth Dragoon Guards; a gallant and popular officer.

walls of his labourers' cottages, and opposite, the long-field, or strip of table-land which he designated his farm, with its picturesque rath, and spectre-like thorn tree; Broose-hill and Clough Willie, and Slieve-na-Colleen swelling around, and the lake of Mullagh in the hollow, and Mr. Mortimer's Lodge, dark with trees, and the old hamlet, and O'Reilly's forge, where he and his were traditionally remembered and revered for their love and kindness; "for, if a poor man went to the door for a lock of wool, he would come away with the whole fleece"—and the enormous whinstone rock, called in ancient days, "The Gates of Mullagh," "nobody knows why," "by which Mr. Brooke ever went up the hill, with his cloak and his book, still reading; even when going to church, he would have the book, reading, reading still." "The memory of the just is blessed," and amidst these wild hills there is a soft light resting on that of Henry Brooke. A human creature he was, and girt with infirmities; but to the eye of man, his faults, in general, seemed to spring from the unregulated excess of his virtues: his generosity overflowed into indiscreet profusion; his benevolence diffused into the befriending the worthless; and his chivalry oftentimes passed through refinement, and lost itself in romance and extravagancy.

At this time he once more struck his harp, and published "*Redemption*," a poem full of enthusiastic yet orthodox divinity. This production has ever been the most popular among his religious friends.

In 1766 his "*Fool of Quality*" appeared. It is the most celebrated of his works; full of beauties and faults, weeds and flowers on the same page, and gems of rare lustre mixed with earth and stones. He was now sixty years of age; and this reminds us of a saying of Lord Bacon's, "that natures that have much heat in them are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years." This book is not a mere novel; a mind like Brooke's could hardly have planned such. The form of a story was selected as a popular conduit for the transmission through society of the system and principles which his benevolence and piety desired to irrigate the world with; for though there are "tall weeds" in this book, and something of the age's coarseness, yet the glory of the Creator, and the melioration of His creatures, is the end he desired, and endeavoured to keep in view. The work was most popular, and ran through many editions in the London press. It is full of sparkle; knowledge of every kind of life, from the court to the cot; melodramatic in its scene-shifting variety; pathetic in the highest degree; and in the many parts where he introduces divinity (which is not *always* orthodox, as Brooke leant towards the philosophy of mysticism, though, like the tower of Pisa, he never got off the "foundation") there are passages of surpassing eloquence. He understood and wielded the English language with purity and power; and surely these excellencies outweigh the over-wrought sentiment and occasional extravagance of the work. This book was one of the three which the late eminently gifted Michael Thomas Sadler said he would select as companions of his captivity, if he were to be confined in the Tower for life, and had but the option of this small number along with his Bible.* And John Wesley, who published an edition of it, we think in 1780, says, "It is one of the most beautiful pictures that ever was drawn in the world; the strokes are so delicately fine, the touches so natural, easy, and affecting, that I know not who can survey it with tearless eyes, unless he has a heart of stone."—*Wesley's Preface to his Edition of the "Fool of Quality."*

In the fifth volume of the last edition of this book, published by Brooke himself, as well as in his "*Juliet Grenville*," subsequently written, it became evident that the wheels of his mental chariot began to drive heavily; this was about the year 1775. His wife had died in 1772, and her loss was preceded by that of a daughter "inexpressibly dear to him." We think her name was Hannah. His only son, Arthur, was absent in Canada, a lieutenant in the army, and Charlotte, the poetess, alone, was left "to rock the cradle of declining age;" for he was now nearly seventy years of age, and he had begun to live too early, and through God's help he had lived long to live so well. His mind was evidently sinking at this period, and Miss Maria Edgeworth told us that when Charlotte Brooke, on

* The other books were "*The Pilgrim's Progress*" and "*Robinson Crusoe*." This anecdote was told us by a friend of Mr. Sadler's, the Rev. Dr. Drew, of Christ Church, Belfast.

one occasion, described to her her father's mode of composing, "it was when walking rapidly up and down his study, and as the thoughts were stirred and rose to the surface, he would sit to his desk and commit them to paper." But *now*," she said, "*he ceased his walk, and would sit gazing into vacancy.*"

His Bible was now his study, and eternity his thought. Gradually his mind ebbed out like a gentle sea; yet the sweetness and patience of the man remained to the last, and his death, like his life, was instruction. He breathed his last in Dublin, in the year 1783, aged seventy-seven years.

It may be asked why did Dr. Johnson exclude Brooke from his "Lives of the Poets," where so many names of little note are to be found? In 1739, Johnson had written in Brooke's praise in his "Complete Vindication," and twenty years afterwards, when the learned Dr. Campbell shewed a spirited "Prospectus of a History of Ireland" written by him, to the great moralist, he read it with much pleasure and praise, saying that "every line breathed the true fire of genius." It is recorded that, on this occasion, Johnson lamented that "the vanity of Irishmen, even if their patriotism were extinct, did not enable Brooke to carry his design into execution." In Johnson's letter to Charles O'Connor we have his mind on the subject. To Brooke he appears never to have written; there had been an ancient quarrel between them. They had argued and disagreed; and the traditionary story in Brooke's family bears so heavily on the manner of the philosopher, and is so flattering to the courtesy of the poet, that we should prefer not to write it down. Brooke was at all times strangely careless of fame; independent to a fault, and more proud than vain; and though much urged by his friends to humble himself, yet he could not be induced "to bow down" to the cap of this literary Gesler, much as he regarded his learning and noble intellect. This dislike of the Doctor continued during his life; and Boswell narrates that on the occasion of a play being read to him (it was Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa*) and a circle of friends, on coming to the line—

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free!"

the company applauded, but Johnson said, "it might as well be said—

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat!"—

a stupid and inapt verbal sophism, and unworthy of his great and good mind: but such was often his way. In this fashion one might string endless parodies on the line, and equally inapplicable; for example:—

"Who keeps a madhouse should himself be mad!"

Brooke's elegant and honest mind probably had in view that word of Scripture which saith, "he that ruleth his own spirit is better than he who taketh a city."—(Prov. xvi. 32.)

By this unhappy difference Brooke lost his Johnsonian niche in the temple of biographical fame. Yet we must remember that a better fate was his,—"*his record is on high*,"—and his spirit with that Saviour who loved him and made him what he was. Faults and inconsistency were in him, no doubt, but still we know not of any of whom it could be so well and suitably said—

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

* Boswell's "Life of Johnson," vol. iii. p. 578.

A BUDGET OF NOVELS.

DEAR MR. POPLAR,—In obedience to your august intimation, which is, as indeed it ought to be, in the nature of a command, I proceed to lay before you such critical observations as occur to me, upon these works of fiction, which have recently appeared. But before I do so, I wish, Mr. Poplar, to avail myself of this opportunity to express how sincerely gratified I was by the sight of your handwriting, once so familiar, now so rarely seen by me. It brought back so forcibly to my mind the memory of those times when a day seldom passed without communication between us of a more varied and intimate kind than it is permitted by fate we should enjoy at present. I remember so well, when the toils of the day were over, how pleasant it was to emerge from the grey cold twilight of those dull December evenings, into No. 21, D'Olier-street, which in those days would be all ablaze with light and alive with bustle; passing on through the attendant crowd which thronged the antechamber, clamorous for the new magazine, or eager for other intellectual food whereof you had the monopoly, to come upon you then, in that little quaint red snugger, wherein, seated at the editorial table, full of marvellous drawers, underneath which reposed the leviathan bulk of the "Balaam Box," you courteously received those privileged few who had the private *entré*. Ah, as I write this, what a number of pleasant, hearty, well-remembered scenes come back upon me.

I have you at this moment plainly before me, seated in your leathern arm chair; your keen eye, whose practised glance could penetrate the man as well as his manuscript with a sagacity that seldom erred, resting somewhat anxiously on the piles of papers which lie before you; but turning, too, with a welcome upon the intruder whom the scarlet door, swinging on its hinges, has admitted to your presence. How snug and comfortable the room looked, how cheerful the fire which went roaring up the chimney, illuminating with its flickering light all those familiar objects which used to surround you at that time. How plainly the whole scene rises

to my mind's eye; there is the "portrait gallery" hanging by the wall; there are the book shelves, and the portrait of poor Chief Justice Doherty, looking down with kindly smile, which, save from that canvas, shall never beam upon either you or me any more. I see it all; I see you too, Mr. Poplar, with the ivory paper-knife in your hand, wherewith so energetically demonstrative you were wont to point to those telling passages of the latest slashing article which had won your editorial approbation. Well, times have changed since those days; if they have peppered your head with a little silver, they have filled your pockets with a good deal of gold; you must be content, then, to set the gain against the loss; you have risen in the world since then, old Poplar, you sly rogue; the red parlour of former times has been transformed into a capacious and handsome drawing-room, furnished most beautifully with morocco-bottomed chairs, and other pieces of furniture of a corresponding elegance. You have a warehouse now as big as Murray's, Colburn's, or Bentley's. You reside in a mansion once tenanted by an Irish noble; you are an opulent citizen, good Master Antony, and for aught I can tell, you may be in a fair way to be Lord Mayor. You have thriven in the world, and you deserve it; around you is clustered whatever of genius, wit, and learning remain in the dear old country. You have extended a fostering and protecting hand; under your care the sapling has grown and flourished into a tall and goodly tree; its roots have struck down deep, and taken a firm hold of Irish earth; its trunk is lusty and wide in the circumference; its foliage, flowers, and fruit are umbrageous, pleasant, and wholesome. The birds come and warble their native woodnotes among the feathery boughs; and you, Mr. Poplar, reposing under the great shadow, look with pride upon your property—a just and honourable pride, for the tree has been made what it is by you. Some years have elapsed, not very many (to produce such rapid changes) since I occupied your

chair of criticism. Several of my old associates have passed away from the scene of their labours. The reading public is a creature of a growth so rapid, that it has changed also. I feel somehow, in approaching you, like a ghost re-visiting its former haunts; and if the spirit you have evoked be no longer the dainty Ariel of other times; if our right hand hath forgot its cunning; if we (you see how easily the robe and purple is assumed) can no longer do your spiriting gently,—you must only throw this paper into the great tin box, where so many good spicy articles, warranted not to keep, slumber peacefully in dust and cobwebs, and provide another and a younger spirit to perform your behests. You wish me to pronounce an opinion upon the novels of this season. *Allons*, then, there are plenty of fictions fresh from the mint, many of them bepuffed and bepraised at no small rate, in the columns of the London daily press, and some honoured with laudatory notices in the columns of the weekly literary journals. If we have anything, however, of our own, it is an opinion, which we care not to submit to the influence of such scribes; and that opinion, undismayed by fear, unswayed by favour, and undisturbed by affection, we boldly promulgate. Others are welcome, if it should so please them, to fashion their conclusions after us; but we think for ourselves, and as we think, so we write.

The first which comes to our hand is the production of a lady,* which would of itself entitle it to precedence, even if the claims of the author upon our consideration had been less defined than in this case they happen to be. But the reputation of Mrs. Marsh, we mean her literary reputation, must at all times command an audience, before the most exclusive of literary tribunals. This, the latest production of her pen, although marked by many indications of that great power displayed in some of her former works, is by no means equal to them, either in sustained energy, continuous interest, probability of incident, or accuracy of detail. The first portion of the story is as good, if not better, than anything this writer has ever accomplished; but towards the

middle of the second volume the interest begins to flag, and never afterwards recovers. The original purpose of the story seems to have been forgotten; a fresh set of characters, a new generation of actors is introduced upon the stage, and the author goes floundering on, amid a chaos of words, images, and incidents unconnected, disjointed, and heaped together with a lavish prodigality, which, however it may attest the exuberance of her fancy, displays a vast amount of carelessness or want of skill. We scarcely know what to make of the hero, Randal Langford. He is, at any rate, an original conception; he makes his appearance before the stage lights of fiction in an attitude as little calculated to win for him the sympathies, command for him the respect, or attract the admiration of the public, as any hero either before or since. In a word, he appears for the first time in the act of receiving a public horsewhipping at the hands of a brother collegian, to whom he had given offence by some savage and ill-natured sarcasms. Strong, active, and of athletic proportions, sufficient, we should imagine, to have qualified him to have shown some fight, he makes no kind of resistance whatever. He submits to be flogged to his heart's content by the fiery young Irish gentleman whom he had offended, without an act or a word of remonstrance; and then, when all is over, he puts himself on the top of the mail-coach and goes home, travelling night and day, to tell his father and mother of the misfortune which had befallen him. A commencement of life under circumstances so peculiarly inauspicious, does not tend to enhance the interest which should centre round a hero of romance; and we proceed, rather from the anxiety to know what the author will do with a personage so singular, and to see what will happen to him next, than from any great care or interest we feel for his future fortunes.

The next epoch in the life of Mr. Langford is the incident upon which the whole of the subsequent story hinges: he falls in love. Moody, morose, and saturnine by nature, in the retirement of his father's country mansion, the hero of the tale finds abundant leisure to brood over the memory of

* "*Ravenscliffe*." By the Author of "*Emilia Wyndham*." 3 vols. London: Colburn and Co., Great Marlborough-street.

his disgrace. His anxious parents, observing the depression of his spirits, arrive at the conclusion that the only mode in which a remedy can be applied is matrimony; and accordingly a young lady, a distant connexion of the family, gentle and tender, amiable and beautiful as man could desire, is invited, with her father and mother, who are shrewd worldly people, with a keen eye to the main chance, to spend some time at the country seat of the Langfords. At this point the real interest of the story commences, and passages as original and as replete with true pathos and power occur, as any to be met with in fiction. The heroine is a beautiful creation, fashioned, perhaps, a little too closely upon the model of Sir Walter Scott's Lucy Ashton; but attractive and beautiful, to a degree that fascinates all who approach her. Her heart has, however, been long ago disposed of, it is no longer in her own power, but in the keeping of that very fiery and hot-headed young gentleman, who turns out to be an Irish peer, who had inflicted the flagellation upon Randal Langford at Cambridge. Of the *dramatis personæ* who are assembled at Ravenscliffe, the young lady's mother is the only one who is aware of this unfortunate attachment. So eligible a *parti* is not easily to be met with, and this antecedent in the career of the heroine is kept a profound secret from all to whom its discovery would have been of the greatest interest. The poor girl likes the nasty, cross-grained brute, her cousin—not sufficiently well, indeed, to marry him; but the match has been decided upon by the high contracting parties; it is pushed on with all conceivable rapidity; and the passages in which are described the struggle in the poor girl's mind between her sense of duty and her own affections, are beyond all question the finest in the book.

The whole description of the wedding morning is fraught with the deepest interest, and wrought up into a picture of wonderful power. The tender and mournful pathos of the bridal of Lammermoor is familiar to all our readers. It has been reserved for an author of our own times to produce a picture which is scarcely, if at all, behind it. Should the reader doubt the justice of this encomium, or the soundness of our criticism, we need but refer him to the volumes for proof; a single extract is all that we can afford to give:—

“At nine o'clock Lady Wharncliffe entered her daughter's room. Whilst Randal, feeling every moment more distressed and irritable, vainly endeavoured to beguile his impatience by pacing up and down the hall, pausing from time to time to cast a look at the stairs, or at the door by which Lady Wharncliffe had vanished. Then he would place himself before the tall, narrow-arched windows of the hall, and watch the sleet and rain driving against the small panes; or listen to the howl of the winds, which at intervals shook the casements as if they would hurl them through, and groaned and whistled around the house or among the trees. The hall clock told the quarter past nine, and then Sir John Wharncliffe accompanied by the other young men, sallied forth from a small breakfast-room where they had been taking chocolate over a blazing fire, and began to look for their hats, great-coats, and gloves, for the carriages were by this time prepared to come round; there they found Randal.

“‘Heyday!’ cried Sir John, ‘you here, my good fellow. It is dreadfully cold; there is chocolate in the little breakfast room, and a roaring fire. Do come in and take something before starting; you have a good four miles to go, over a rough north country road?’

“‘No, thank you, Sir John, I am waiting to see Lady Wharncliffe. Everard,’ taking him aside, ‘listen to me, I must see your sister.’

“‘Well,’ answered Everard, affecting to laugh, and glancing at the clock, ‘then just have patience for fourteen minutes longer, and down the lovely bride will come.’

“‘But you do not or will not understand me. Everard, every one seems in a league, I think wilfully, to misunderstand me this morning. I want, I wish—I must and will speak for a few minutes to Eleanor alone before she comes down to enter your father's carriage.’

“He spoke earnestly, angrily, passionately. Everard cast a hasty, alarmed, scrutinizing glance at him. The glance did not escape Randal; but the other recollected himself, and with a laugh which he intended to sound careless, hurried away, saying, ‘You must be clever if you get it; women—the deuce take them—can think of nothing but their dress on a wedding morning. I'll be bound they are all too busy with her toilet to remember you;’ but, observing the increasing gloom of Randal's face, he added, ‘If you really do wish it, I'll run up stairs to my mother, and see what can be done;’ and lightly he ascended the stairs. The door closed after him. He did not return any more than his mother had done. Randal re-

mained standing at the foot of the stairs, his eyes fastened on the door; he could scarcely contain his rage and impatience. And now the carriages are heard coming round, whilst the sleet and rain beat pitilessly against the windows, and the wind roars and howls furiously. Mrs. Langford, who had been sitting over the fire quietly in her own dressing-room, now entered the hall, accompanied by two or three young ladies who were to officiate as bridesmaids; servants were seen hurrying up and down, preparing people for the departure, helping the gentlemen to their coats, and holding shawls and great-coats, while the young men attended upon the young ladies. There was much chattering, laughing, and bustle going on, whilst the wind without burst out at intervals into the most furious blasts, howling and shrieking, and the rain and sleet drove more violently than ever against the chattering windows. Surely such a day of tempest had scarcely ever been known in the country. What weather! we shall all be blown over! How horrid cold, &c., &c., and small feet kept stamping in pretty impatience upon the floor; and in the midst of this confusion of cheerful voices, and all the hurry incident to the occasion, there that tall, dark figure stood, his eyes riveted on the red door, and suffering from an agony of mingled vexation, anger, distrust, and impatience, impossible to describe. Feeling desperate, and resolved to force an explanation at any risk, Randal set his foot upon the stairs, and was beginning impetuously to ascend, when the hated obstacle was suddenly thrown aside, the door flew wide open, and at the head of the stairs, as about to descend, the bride at last appeared. She was leaning on her brother's arm, and supported, as it were, behind by her mother. Her white dress floated round her, the beautiful hair was half hidden, half displayed, by the light folds of the rich Brussels veil. Her fair forehead was surmounted by the pale greens and the white blossoms of her bridal coronet, and beneath them appeared a face paler than all these; the cheek was colourless, bloodless, ghastly; wan greenish shades were around her lips and beneath her eyes, which were wide open, and seemed to gaze into vacancy with a ghastly, unmeaning stare. She moved forward as if impelled by others only, and by no will of her own, in a strange, spectral, silent manner. He was inexpressibly shocked. It was with a feeling approaching almost to horror that he stood there for a moment gazing on the altered face of her whom he loved so passionately; then no longer master of himself, he was rushing forward to address her even now; but Everard

waved him imperiously back, saying in an angry tone—'Are you resolved to drive my father mad? For Heaven's sake get along, Eleanor; do you hear how it rains, you will be drowned before you get to your carriage;' and he passed with her hastily on. And even while he was speaking, the hall-door was opened, and such a whirlwind of rain and storm burst in, that everything was thrown into the most unutterable confusion. And in the midst of this, scarcely sensible of what was going on, he saw that pale spectre hurried forward, followed by Lady Wharncliffe, who saluted him with a nod and a smile as she passed. . . . What followed was all confusion; the wind roared through the door, and hissed against the casement; the rain poured down in torrents with deafening violence. People laughed and cried out, and the young ones enjoyed the hurry and disorder to the utmost; but he heard nothing, for the roar of many waters was in his ears, and he stood there like one bewildered. He started, and was awakened, for now his grave and formal mother came up to him in her coldest and most composed manner, and as if this morning were the most ordinary in his life, addressed him with, 'You go with me, Randal, and Miss Montague and Mr. Wharncliffe are of our party. Come, if you please, the carriage is at the door, I believe, and we must not keep any one waiting this horrid day,' &c. And his servant came up with his hat and gloves, which he took mechanically, and followed passively out to the carriage, whilst the winds lifted their loud voices, and whistled and roared as if in glaring mockery; the huge trees bent and bowed their huge branches to the earth, as if in a bitter irony of congratulation, and all nature seemed rushing together in wildest uproar, like that which was raging in his own breast."

This, it must be admitted, is a passage of remarkable power, calculated to stir to the uttermost depths the feelings of all who read it; and powerful as it is, we could point to many others which fully equal it. The scene in the village church, before the altar, where this miserable marriage is celebrated, is so highly wrought as to be almost painful. How the frail, weak nature, exposed to such heavy trials, racked and torn, as it were, by the whirlwinds of passion, could ever live through the ordeal, is surprising. But with these passionate and highly coloured scenes, which occupy almost the first half of the novel, the interest of the story ceases. It would seem as if the au-

thor's powers had been altogether spent and exhausted in the effort necessary to produce creations so sublime; for the subsequent portion of the story, contained in the latter half of the second, and the whole of the third volume, is entirely devoid of interest. It consists of a heap of words and images profusely thrown together, heaped one upon the other, without much appearance of effort certainly, but with just as little sign of constructive skill or coherence. The break-down is not partial, but total and complete, leading us to one of two conjectures—either that the author felt herself unable to work out to their natural issues her earlier conceptions, or that she had got wearied of the task, and thought anything written by her pen was good enough to be thrown before the public. Now, for a writer, whose works have professedly a high moral aim, who assumes the office of instructing the world, and deals out her commodities with an *ex cathedra* air of sententious wisdom, this is by no means satisfactory. We, therefore, take our leave of Mrs. Marsh, in the hope that, upon the next occasion of our meeting in public, she will avail herself of the hint which, with every good wish for her success and prosperity, our critical judgment has thought it expedient to offer.

The volumes next upon our list,* also by a female pen, the writer informs us, in the dedication to Mr. Rogers, have been composed during the intervals of a long and serious illness. Such a statement, from such a quarter, would be, of course, sufficient to blunt the edge of hostile criticism. Not exactly that either. We have, perhaps, over-stated the extent of our benevolence. We mean, that it would be a severe struggle between our politeness and our desire to mete out a full measure of impartial justice. In this case, however, there is fortunately no occasion for any such forbearance; for, if the authoress had not informed us of the fact we have just mentioned, all we can say is, that we should never have discovered it from her book. It bears no traces of lassitude, illness, or

sickly fancies. All is sound, healthy, and vigorous. There is no occasion for us to analyse the plot of the story. It is sufficiently explained by the title of the book, which is, as it ought to be, a key to the whole. The career of the heroine is a truly noble one—marked by self-control, self-sacrifice, deference to the feelings of others, and all those Christian graces, so eminently characteristic of feminine nature in its sweetest and most attractive aspect. How infinitely more agreeable, as well as more instructive, is the contemplation of such a character as this, than the study of the Becky Sharps, the Blanche Amorys, the Jane Eyres, *et hoc genus omne*, whose selfishness is redeemed by no one touch of kindly human feeling, whose angularity, hardness of disposition, or pride of intellect, knows nothing of the soft, the gentle, and the noble virtues which dignify and adorn the nature of a “true woman.” So much remains before us, that we have not time to linger over the various characters which are portrayed in these charming pages; nor can we afford space for extract;—perhaps, indeed, if such were at our command, from such a book as this, extracts had better not be given. It is an admirable piece of writing—skilful, collected, and so carefully put together, that detached pieces could scarcely be laid before our readers without spoiling their effect. If those for whom *we* write are satisfied with our authority, they will proceed straight to the fountain-head; they will read these volumes for themselves; and unless we are greatly mistaken, not with pleasure only, but with instruction and profit.

We defy any one possessed of the very slightest acquaintance with the current literature of the day to read a few pages of any of this writer's productions† without being, at all events, amused; and the family likeness is so strong and so decided, that the veriest tyro might swear to the—in this case we must say—“maternity” of the offspring before any magistrate in Christendom, and that, too, with an easy conscience. There is the clever, old, intriguing maid, with a comfortable in-

* “Florence Sackville; or, Self-Dependence.” An Autobiography. By Miss Burbury. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Corn-hill.

† “Mrs. Mathews; or, Family Mysteries.” A Novel. By the Author of “Father Eustace,” “The Barnabys,” &c. 3 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

dependence and an acquisitive turn of mind, walking deliberately, with her eyes open, into a matrimonial alliance with a respectable elderly gentleman, having taken care at the outset to show him how entirely she intends to have her own way, by conveying the pleasing intimation, on the first morning of their wedded existence, that she considers his company entirely "*de trop*"—she has been accustomed, forsooth, to have her mornings at her own disposal. There is the handsome adventurer too, with curly, chesnut hair, florid complexion, beautiful eyes, broad shoulders, exuberant health, and high animal spirits, seeking to establish his somewhat doubtful fortunes by a wealthy matrimonial alliance, and marring his prospects by indulging, "*pour passer les temps*," in low intrigues with chambermaids and persons of a like description. Some persons have, we are perfectly well aware, a taste for curious and not very delicate investigations. No scandal is too prurient for their itching ears; nor is any detail too gross or too vulgar not to afford them intense gratification. But we must confess we have yet to learn in what possible way a lady can make herself so completely up upon such subjects, or reconcile herself to the idea of the inference which may be drawn from such apparent familiarity. We do not wish to pursue this subject any farther. That such things happen—nay, are of very frequent occurrence—we do not attempt to deny. We are, however, of opinion, that it is better they should not be described in books; but if books *must* be written about them, let them not be written by ladies. What increases the mischief, too, is the abundant power and sprightliness which the author of "*Family Mysteries*" contrives to throw into her pages. That the hours spent over them are misused time, there can be no manner of doubt; but still, once we have begun, on we go to the end. We find, perhaps, in the *denouement*, that impartial distribution of poetic justice, by means of which such writers lay the flattering unction to their souls, that they have contrived to neutralise the effects of the previous poison; but the total discomfiture of the wicked, the gilt-coach happiness, bridal cake, and wedding favours of the good, are *not* sufficient. An uneasy impression remains upon our minds, that it is not worthwhile to linger over

the description of every possible variety of profligacy, vice, and absurdity, for the purpose of making virtue triumphant, and leaving the heartless adventurer to complain of the fickleness of that Fortune whose smiles he has never endeavoured to win by any manly or honest efforts of his own.

Of the plot which is unfolded in these pages we may dispose in a few words. It turns upon a marriage of the *a la mode* species between the old maid and the very worthy gentleman to whom we have before alluded. He adopts an illegitimate grandson, or, rather, the son of an illegitimate daughter; and his wife, by the way of a set-off, adopts the orphan daughter of her first and her only love. You see, dear readers, how dexterously, and with what provident foresight, the author has contrived to bring these events to pass. If Mr. and Mrs. Mathews had married at or about the period when people usually do marry, then there is no possible reason that we know of why they might not have had a numerous offspring of their own; but then, in that case, there would have been no opportunity for narrating such marvellous events as subsequently follow;—in a word, the story could never have been written. But to prevent such a possibility, see how cunningly the clever authoress picks out a shaky old gentleman, and marries him to an attenuated spinster, clad in "*black bombazeen*," and learned in the Grecian anthology. Ye gods! what chance of a progeny from such a pair? None in the world, as Mrs. Trollope very well knows; and so she makes the one introduce his illegitimate offspring, the other the offspring of her true love; and, lo! discord, intrigue within intrigue, selfishness and sentiment, profligacy and tenderness, assault and battery, robbery and nearly rape, madness in white satin and an elopement, suicide and bailiffs, then the happy marriage of a virtuous pair; and so, with a sudden clatter, the curtain falls, and, we must confess, we are glad of it.

From such scenes and such personages, the transition to the book we now proceed to notice is rather violent than otherwise; but we enter into a more healthy region, and we trust the reaction will not be too much for the nature of our readers; on the contrary, we hope and trust it may be of use to

them. We are now, it will be observed, upon the high seas in a whaling vessel, bound from Nantucket, whither we cannot even guess. In truth, it is many a long day since it has been our fate to peruse a more extraordinary book than Mr. Melville's. The title is a strange one,* but the work is as strange as the title. All the rules which have been hitherto understood to regulate the composition of works of fiction are despised and set at naught. Of narrative, properly so called, there is little or none; of love, or sentiment, or tenderness of any sort, there is not a particle whatever; and yet, with all these glaring defects, it would be in vain to deny that the work has interest. The opening is sufficiently surprising to startle the reader into going a little farther, if only for the purpose of seeing what can possibly come next. A man, who must be a gentleman and a person of education, or he never could have described the scenes as he does—for the book is in an autobiographical form—having a headache, and being otherwise “poorly” and indisposed in his general health, resolves, “ut mos est,” we mean as his habit was, whenever he felt himself out of order, to take a voyage in a whaling vessel, and, throwing physic to the dogs, trust to the bracing sea-air for the recovery of his health. Well, he arrives at some town the name of which we forget, but a place frequented by whalers, and where he is likely to hear of a vessel which will suit his purpose. He puts up at a little inn, is informed by the landlord that the house is so full he can only offer him half of a bed, the residue of which is in the occupation of a gentleman who is a “harpooner.” The guest, after a little demurring, accedes to the quaint proposition. He retires to his allotted chamber, tucks himself comfortably in among the blankets, falls asleep, is wakened shortly after midnight by an appalling noise, starts up, and finds himself in bed with—what, dear reader, do you think?—why, neither more nor less than a cannibal! This scene is so naïve, so extraordinary, and told withal in a style so graphic and full of humour, that we shall give it in Mr. Melville's own words:—

“I lay perfectly still, and resolved not to say a word until spoken to. Holding a light in one hand, and that identical New Zealand head in the other, the stranger entered the room, placed his candle a good way off from me on the floor, and then began working away at the knotted cords of the large bag I before spoke of as being in the room. I was all eagerness to see his face, but he kept it averted for some time, while employed in unloosing the bag's mouth. This accomplished, however, he turned round, when, good heavens! what a sight! such a face! It was of a dark, purplish, yellow colour, here and there stuck over with large blackish-looking squares. But at that moment he chanced to turn his face towards the light, that I plainly saw they could not be sticking-plasters at all, those black squares on his cheeks, they were stains of some sort or another. At first I knew not what to make of this; but soon an inkling of the truth occurred to me. I remembered a story of a white man, a whaler too, who, falling among the cannibals, had been tattooed by them. I concluded that this harpooner, in the course of his distant voyages, must have met with a similar adventure. And what is it, thought I, after all: it is only his outside. A man can be honest in any sort of skin. . . . Now, while all these ideas were passing through me, the harpooner never noticed me at all. He took up the New Zealand head (a human head!) and crammed it down into the bag. He now took off his hat, a new beaver hat, when I came nigh singing out with fresh surprise. There was no hair on his head, none to speak of, at least, nothing but a small scalp knot twisted up on his forehead. His bald, purplish head now looked for all the world like a mildewed skull. Had not the stranger stood between me and the door, I would have bolted out of it quicker than ever I bolted a dinner. Meanwhile he continued the business of undressing, and at last showed his chest and arms. As I live, these covered parts of him were chequered with the same squares as his face. His back, too, was all over the same dark squares; he seemed to have been in a thirty years' war, and just escaped from it with a sticking-plaster shirt. Still more, his very legs were marked as if a parcel of dark green frogs were running up the trunks of young palms. It was now quite plain that he must be some abominable savage or other shipped aboard of a whaler in the

* “The Whale.” By Herman Melville, Author of “Typee and Omoo,” &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley, New Burlington-street.

South Seas, and so landed in this Christian country. I quaked to think of it. A pedlar of heads, too—perhaps the heads of his brothers. He might take a fancy to mine—heavens! look at that tomahawk. . . . All these queer proceedings increased my discomfort, and seeing him now exhibiting strong symptoms of concluding his business operations and jumping into bed with me, I thought it was high time now or never to break the spell by which I had so long been bound. But the interval I spent in deliberating what to say was a fatal one; taking up his tomahawk from the table, he examined the head of it for an instant, and then holding it to the light with his mouth at the handle, he puffed out great clouds of tobacco smoke. The next moment the light was extinguished, and this wild cannibal, tomahawk between his teeth, sprung into bed with me. I sung out—I could not help it now; and giving a sudden grunt of astonishment, he began feeling me.”

The hero of the story, if we can call the author the hero, and this strange savage, become excellent friends, and having in due time embarked on board the *Pequod* of Nantucket, sail forth upon their eventful cruise, in search, as it would subsequently appear, of a tremendous white-sperm whale, the terror of the seas, whose name is *Moby Dick*. In a previous encounter with this awful monster of the great deep, the captain of the *Pequod* had lost his leg; he had had it replaced, not by a wooden one, as is usual in such cases, but by a limb of veritable ivory, made out of the jaw bone of an interesting member of the same cetaceous family whereof *Moby Dick* the indomitable appeared to be the head. This huge whale had been seen at various times in various seas, disporting himself after the fashion of his kind, but stuck all over with the harpoons of his varied assailants, as a pincushion might be full of pins. To the destruction of this leviathan the future life of the disabled captain of the *Pequod* is resolutely devoted. He pursues his enemy with a species of savage pertinacity which can scarcely be described. We will venture to assert that the immortal Nelson never hunted down a French frigate, in the heyday of his nautical reputation, with more determined energy than Ahab, commander of the *Pequod*, sailed after the white whale. He caught him at last, it is true, but if he did he caught a Tartar. There were, as well as we

recollect, three distinct fights, in each of which the whale routed his assailant, and in the last, after capsizing the boats despatched in pursuit of him, ran a muck, Tartar fashion, right at the persecuting whaler, and seizing the vessel in his mouth, as a schoolboy of tender years would a cherry, smashed her to pieces with a single bite, and so down went the *Pequod* with all hands on board, her flags flying to the last. In this way terminates a story, which, to say the least of it, is somewhat singular. There is one point we can scarcely fail to notice, which seems, somehow, to have escaped the notice of the author. It is simply this: he sailed, as we have already intimated, in the ill-fated *Pequod*; he was present at those scenes which he so vividly described, or else he could not have described them at all; he must also necessarily have been present, too, at the final catastrophe, or how could he have known anything about it?—and if he was present when the whale smashed the ship to pieces, capsized the boats, and drowned every mother's son among the crew, how does it happen that the author is alive to tell the story? Eh! Mr. Melville, answer that question, if you please, Sir. We believe you to be an American, we have always heard so at least; were it not so, we should certainly have taken you for a countryman of our own. But badi-nage apart, this book, strange as it is, contains some scenes of stirring interest; and scattered through its motley pages the reader will find more curious and varied information about the whale, its habits, manners, morals, oil, blubber, feeding, swimming, mode of chasing, and harpooning, and cutting up, than in any other treatise, probably, extant. One extract from a battle scene, before we pass on to “pastures new:”—

“Like noiseless nautilus shells their light prows sped through the sea; but only slowly they neared the foe. As they neared him, the ocean grew still more smooth; seemed drawing a carpet over its waves; seemed a mown meadow, so serenely it spread. At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unsuspecting prey, that his entire dazzling hump was distinctly visible, sliding along the sea, as if an isolated thing, and continually set in a revolving ring of finest fleecy, greenish foam. He saw the vast involved wrinkles of the slightly-projecting head beyond. Before it, far out on the soft waters, went the glisten-

ing white shadow; from his broad, milky forehead a musical rippling playfully accompanying the shoals, and behind, the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his steady wake; and, on either hand, bright bubbles arose and danced by his side. . . .

A gentle joyousness—a mighty mildness of repose in swiftness, invested the gliding whale, and thus through the serene tranquillities of the tropical sea Moby Dick moved on, still withholding from sight the full terrors of his submerged trunk, entirely hiding the wretched hideousness of his jaw. But soon the forepart of him slowly rose from the water, for an instant his whole marbleized body formed a high arch, and warningly waving his bannered flukes in the air, the grand god revealed himself, sounded, and went out of sight. . . .

Suddenly as Ahab peered down into the depths he saw a white living spot, no bigger than a weasel, with wonderful celerity uprising, and magnifying as it rose till it turned, and then there were plainly revealed two long crooked rows of white, glistening teeth floating up from the undiscovered bottom. It was Moby Dick's open mouth and scrolled jaw; his vast shadowed bulk still half blending with the blue of the sea, the glittering mouth yawned beneath the boat like an open-doored marble tomb; and giving one sidelong sweep with his steering-oar, Ahab whirled the craft aside from this tremendous apparition, and seizing Perth's harpoon, commanded his crew to grasp their oars and stand by to stern; now, by reason of this timely spinning round the boat upon its axis, its bow by anticipation was made to face the whale's head, while yet under water. But, as if perceiving this stratagem, Moby Dick, with that malicious intelligence ascribed to him, suddenly transplanted himself, as it were, in an instant shooting his plaited head lengthwise beneath the boat.

“Through and through; through every plank and each rib it thrilled for an instant, the whale obliquely lying on his back, in the manner of the biting shark, slowly and feelingly taking its bows full within his mouth, so that the long, narrow, scrolled lower jaw curled high up into the open air, and one of the teeth caught in a row-lock; the bluish, white pearl of the inside of the jaw was within six inches of Ahab's head, and reached higher than that. In this attitude the white whale now shook the white cedar as a mildly-cruel cat her mouse. With

unastonished eyes Fedallah gazed and crossed his arms; and, now, while both elastic gunwales were springing in and out, as the whale dallied with the doomed craft in this devilish way, and from his body being submerged beneath the boat he could not be darted at from the bows, for the bows were almost inside of him, as it were; and, while the other boats involuntarily paused, as before a quick crisis impossible to withstand, then it was that the monomaniac Ahab, furious with the tantalizing vicinity of his foe, which placed him all alive and helpless in the very jaws he hated—frenzied with all this, he seized the long bone with his naked hands and wildly strove to wrench it from his gripe. And as he thus vainly strove, the jaw slipped from him, the frail gunwale collapsed and snapped, as both jaws, like an enormous shears, sliding further aft, bit the craft completely in twain, and locked themselves fast again in the sea midway between the two floating wrecks, and there floated aside, the broken ends drooping, the crew at the stern-wreck clinging to the gunwale, and striving to hold fast by the oars to lash them across.”

When we had the honour of an introduction to *Cecile** we did not in the least anticipate that the fair pervert was at all the sort of person which, upon further examination, we found her out to be. We had no idea that this young lady, by whose first appearance and accoste we were so greatly taken, could turn out to be anything else than what a “gent” would denominate a very “nice young person,” indeed. But we had not talked with her more than a very few moments when we made the alarming discovery that this charming personage was—what shall we call it? not exactly a Jesuit in blue petticoats, or anything of that sort, but a very agreeable, beautiful, lively, and most attractive girl, who had a fancy for making those who bowed in adoration before her fair shrine, bow also before another shrine, whereat she herself was a worshipper; and, so squeezing our gibus hat as flat as a pancake, for like the Hon. Percy Popjoy, we cannot bow without our hat, we were preparing to take a hasty leave, when something in the young lady's face, a sort of genial, sunny ray, which shone out of her soft dark eyes

* “*Cecile ; or, the Pervert.*” By Sir Charles Rockingham, Author of “*Rockingham*,” “*Love and Ambition.*” London: Colburn and Co., Great Marlborough-st.

with a wistful, and at the same time a kindly sort of expression, arrested our flight, and sinking quietly down into an empty arm-chair by her side, assuming an air of profound deference, we prepared to listen to what the young lady had to say for herself. In short, we found her so uncommonly fascinating, that true-blue as we are—blue as the colour of the raiment in which the fair creature was clad—we were wicked enough to entertain the idea, that if to turn Turk would do her any good, or afford her the slightest gratification, we would do so with pleasure. Not, indeed, that her gentle and earnest arguments brought any conviction to our minds, but solely because her controversial eloquence made her so extremely bewitching, and sat so gracefully upon her, that it was manifestly impossible to refuse assent to any proposition, however startling, which came from lips so divinely fair. In a word, she was the most agreeable controversialist it has ever been our lot to encounter; earnest, eloquent, and occasionally acute; but never uncharitable or bitter. It is little wonder that she made such havoc, not only with the heart, but with the religious principles of St. Edmunds of the Guards. Poor St. Edmunds; he rode admirably, danced to perfection, and was one of the neatest cover-shots we were ever acquainted with. We never knew a fellow whose coats were better made, whose neckcloth was more deftly tied, or whose whiskers were more beautifully arranged than his. A brave, tall, fashionable, but a kindly-natured young fellow, it was little wonder that Cecile played the very deuce with him, as she did. When last we met St. Edmunds he was proceeding leisurely in the direction of St. —; no, we won't say where he was going, it would be scarcely fair—besides we do not know, we only conjecture; but we are sorry to say he was greatly altered, and for the worse; his own mother would scarcely have known her boy. His dress was a black coat, single-breasted, with a short waist, and long tails. He had great clumsy boots, no straps, and his appearance was altogether the most lugubrious it was possible to conceive. In short, to adopt a very vulgar but an expressive phrase, St. Edmunds had made a regular *Guy* of himself. Ah, Miss Cecile, you have a deal to answer for—you have—but *allons!*

We have thus endeavoured to let our readers into the secret contained in this volume, which we have read, as we hinted, with a very great deal of pleasure. To say it is equal to *Rockingham*, or that it comes at all near that work, of which we have, in a former number, recorded our opinion, would be saying too much; but it is clever, sprightly, and entertaining. In truth the author has a pen which could scarcely fail to invest the most dull, trite, and used-up subject with a certain charm. It would have been very difficult for him to have selected ground more dangerous than that over which he has travelled. But he flings down his glove like a gentleman, and comes out of the ordeal unscathed. If he gives wager of battle, he does his work like a knightly champion. If he wishes to support those opinions which he believes to be true, he does so fearlessly and honestly, but without giving any offence to those, like ourselves, who may happen to differ from him. That we do differ from him is no reason why we should be displeased at his book, or assault it in a savage style of tomahawk criticism. If it were a bad book, or a mischievous one, we would tell him so, and tell the public too, as is our bounden duty; but we do not consider it to be either one or the other. No moral can be drawn from it more mischievous, than that love may addle the brains even of a Guardsman; and the lesson that it inculcates is one, which all of us, in times like these, should lay to our hearts, and may study with advantage—that doctrinal differences, however great, or theological opinions, however sacred, may exist, without interrupting the harmony and kindly feeling which all members of the great human family, travelling, as we are, by different roads it may be to the same common goal, and bound together for the great undiscovered country, should entertain towards the other; not squabbling like children or fools about things of little moment, but bearing and forbearing, with love, kindness, and charity in our hearts, comfort, cheer, and assist one another on to the journey's end.

If we could arrive at the conclusion that this history of a Liverpool workman was the genuine production of one of that class, we should indeed be gratified. But although written in a

style so plain, so sensible, and at the same time so full of force, as to be intelligible to every capacity, this biographical sketch* contains touches of a finer feeling, a wider and a deeper range of thought, than can be expected to exist amongst the hard horny-handed mechanics, who earn their daily bread, and often, alas, with difficulty too, by the sweat of their brow. We shall therefore assume, as we consider ourselves justified in doing, that the book is by some gentleman of education, who, having deeply at heart the welfare and happiness of the poorer classes, has written, not, indeed, down to their level, but availing himself of a knowledge of their peculiar idiosyncracies and habits, has produced a work in which topics of the most frequent recurrence among them are forcibly and ably discussed; and sound moral lessons are inculcated and impressed under the attractive guise of fiction. A nobler or a more useful task could scarcely be performed. How well it has been executed, it requires a very casual inspection of the contents of these volumes to convince us.

The leading incidents of the tale are shortly these:—its hero is the son of respectable, thrifty, and industrious artisans; and when but a boy, has been apprenticed to a Liverpool engineer. His character, scarcely formed, is open to the insidious arguments and specious sophistry which are the weapons commonly used by Chartist orators anxious to make fresh converts. Without experience and without knowledge, John Drayton falls a ready victim into the snare; his nature, so simple and free from guile once, becomes sadly altered. Discontent against existing institutions, and impatience of social restrictions, glide imperceptibly into rationalism and scepticism. He becomes an unbeliever, and if it were possible, something worse. A kindly nature is not, however, readily turned to wormwood and gall; and the poison, so dexterously instilled, is gradually neutralised; first, by the treachery of a workman, his friend; by the disgrace of the Chartist tutor, from whom he had imbibed those pernicious doctrines; as well as by an influence more powerful,

perhaps, than either, a modest and religious girl of his own rank in life, who has taken a kindly interest in his welfare, and, by gentle persuasion, leads him back, before it is too late, to the paths of duty and of peace. At this period, one of those phases of depression, so common in every commercial community, takes place; all hands are dismissed from the factory in which our engineer has hitherto been employed; he is thrown out of work, and goes forth into the world with no other possession than an honest and stout heart, to seek his fortune. That Providence, which seldom fails those who resolutely help themselves, did not desert our hero. After a good deal of struggling and severe privation, he at length obtains a comfortable berth on board an American steamer, with sufficient wages to enable him not only to assist his starving parents at home, but to rescue from privations, quite as severe as those through which he had himself passed, the young girl to whom he was so fondly attached. Fortune now smiles upon him; he is appointed the foreman of a great Liverpool foundry; and the story closes, the curtain falling upon an humble home, crowded by happy and contented faces, with industry, peace, plenty, and prosperity showering in lavish profusion their choicest blessings.

We hope that this valuable work may be reprinted in some shape which will bring it within the means of those for whose benefit it has apparently been written, and who could scarcely fail to derive instruction, as well as profit, from the abundant lessons of truth and wisdom scattered through its pages. If this is not done, much of its value must necessarily be lost; for the shape in which the book exists at present is such as places it far above the range of the operative's means. We have never seen the temptations and weaknesses which beset the path of our humbler brethren more skilfully or efficiently pointed out, nor the only remedies of which the case admits more dexterously applied. The knowledge of the writer, whoever he may be, reaches over a wide extent, and his practical benevolence is as large as his wisdom. Those who, with the inclina-

* "John Drayton; being a History of the Early Life and Development of a Liverpool Engineer." In 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

tion, enjoy the power of ameliorating the social condition of the working classes, may learn from these volumes the safest mode in which their philanthropic designs can be efficaciously worked out. They will discover the true sources of that misery and discontent, which fly for refuge to the gin-palace, and have only too often their issue in tumult and crime. It is, there can be little doubt, one of the most grievous misfortunes which can happen among those vast accumulations of human beings, with which the manufacturing districts are crowded, and one for which legislation has as yet devised no remedy, that the period of inactivity must recur at certain intervals, and when it does come, brings starvation and direful misery in its train.

When the poor, humble house is cold and dark, and the pale, famine-stricken wife and mother crouches beside the chill hearth, and draws closer to her the children, for whom her hopes of sustenance are gone—for the hard hands of the stalwart workman are idle and unemployed—it is then that the thousand follies and vices, which

are known by the name of Chartism, enter into his heart; the bitter thoughts that spring from the desolation and misery of his condition are brooded over until they find vent in action; and then hundreds of lives are lost, which, by a little providential care and foresight, would never have been placed for a moment in peril.

We must now bring our observations to a conclusion. Holding, as we do, that at this season of the year, when rain, hail, and snow are without, and cheerful, warm fires within, our readers will be disposed to avoid the chances of taking cold from exposing themselves to the inclemency of the weather, and that they may occupy the long evenings profitably, as well as with pleasure, we have directed them to sources which cannot fail to supply them with instructive amusement. And now, having divested ourselves of the purple robe of criticism, *we* retire once more into private life, and throwing off the plural, beg to remain,

Dear Mr. Poplar, very sincerely and faithfully,

YOUR OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

THE ONE PRIMEVAL LANGUAGE.*

ONE of the most curiously constituted minds that has ever existed must be that of the Rev. Charles Forster. It seems to be absolutely proof against argument; as to everything, at least, which relates to ancient languages. When a philological crotchet has once taken possession of it, we question if there be any reasoning, however conclusive it may appear to others, sufficiently powerful to dislodge it.

It is now about seven years since this gentleman published a work on the Historical Geography of Arabia; in the appendix to which he gave what he imagined to be translations of certain inscriptions found in Hadramaut and at Aden. The key by which he professed to be able to read them was a

supposed identification of an inscription found at Hissan Ghorâb, with a poem published by Schultens. Never, we believe, was an identification assumed upon grounds so utterly untenable. The evidence adduced in support of it, if it had been trustworthy, would actually have disproved what it was brought forward to prove. But it was not trustworthy. It was part of a ridiculous legend about monkeys, and devils that had been bottled up by King Solomon, to which it is hard to conceive that any rational being should attach the slightest credit. Mr. Forster, however, is pleased to dignify it with the name of an "official report of the Caliph's lieutenant," and to claim for it implicit belief!

* "The One Primeval Language, traced experimentally through Ancient Inscriptions, in Alphabetic Characters of lost Powers, from the four Continents; including the Voice of Israel from the Rocks of Sinai." &c. &c. By the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D., &c. London: Bentley, 1851.

And what does this report say?—That an Arabic poem in ten lines, which it gives, was found by a party of horsemen, on their way to the sea-coast, and four parasangs (or about fifteen miles) before they reached it, on a white stone over the door of a castle. This is evidence, according to Mr. Forster, that an inscription in ancient characters, *of which the Arabic poem was a translation*, was found on a *white rock, by the side of the road leading up to a fort*, or rather fortified town, *on the sea-coast*. Mr. Forster thinks the whiteness of the ground of the inscription at Hissan Ghorâb to be conclusive evidence of its identity with that mentioned in the “official report.” He lays no stress on the difference between an Arabic poem and an inscription which required to be translated—between a castle in the interior and a fort on the sea-coast, and between a marble slab built into the wall of the castle, and a white rock in its natural position. On the last two matters, indeed, we are, perhaps, wrong in saying that he lays no stress. In a review of his work, which appeared soon after its publication in this *MAGAZINE*,* we pointed out the extraordinary means of producing an apparent resemblance between the statements of Lieutenant Wellsted and those of “the official report,” to which he had recourse. He took the liberty of altering the latter, whenever it conveyed a meaning inconsistent with what he was predetermined to find in it. His falsification of the text of Al Kazwini is, indeed, a literary curiosity; we believe that there is nothing to be compared to it in the records of misquotation; and his translation of the corrupted text involves further corruption.

In the review which we have referred to, we showed also that Mr. Forster’s pretended decipherment carried its refutation on the face of it; that “his alphabet was an impossible one; his glossary a tissue of absurdities.” When we wrote it, however, we were not aware of what we now know; and what has impressed us more than anything else with the conviction that Mr. Forster is altogether incapable of appreciating the force of an argument, on any question relating to the deciphering of an ancient language.

In the dedication of his former work to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Forster stated to his Grace, that the inscriptions found in Hadramaut had been “forwarded to Germany, there to be submitted to the inspection of its two most eminent Orientalists, Professors Gesenius and Rödiger. Both (he proceeds to say) have since written upon the subject—the latter elaborately, first in the ‘*Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*,’ Göttingen, 1837, and subsequently in his ‘*Versuch über die Himjaritischen Schriftmonumente*, Halle, 1841.’” This seems a plain statement; we can see no ambiguity in it; and we took it for granted that what it affirmed was true. We never doubted that Rödiger had set about the *decipherment* of these inscriptions; that he had constructed an alphabet, by which they were to be read, *by means of the inscriptions themselves*; in the same manner as Mr. Forster endeavoured to do, but with something better success. Mr. Forster always speaks of him as a rival decipherer; he crowns over him for his supposed failure; but we saw, and took occasion to observe, that in the main Rödiger was evidently right.

Subsequently to the publication of our review, we happened to look into the paper which Rödiger published in 1837, and to which Mr. Forster refers in the above extract; and seldom have we read anything with greater astonishment. It will scarcely be believed by those who may have read the above passage, that in this paper Rödiger makes no pretensions to be a decipherer of the inscriptions in question! Nay, that up to the time when the paper was written, he was never permitted to study them; he had merely seen them in the hands of Gesenius! What, then, it will be asked, was the subject of this “learned paper,” the title of which Mr. Forster forbears to quote? Two little documents, the existence of which Mr. Forster has been most careful that his readers should not learn from *him*—documents which, in the opinion of every one whose imagination is under the control of his judgment, furnish *conclusive evidence* as to the proper mode of reading these inscriptions; which would blow Mr. Forster’s alphabet and glossary to the

* Vol. XXIV. pp. 724–740, December, 1844.

winds, if they possessed ten times as much plausibility as they do.

The title of Rödiger's paper in the "Zeitschrift" for 1837, is, "Notice respecting the Himyaritic writing, together with two alphabets thereof, with a lithograph." This lithograph contains facsimiles of two Himyaritic alphabets extracted from oriental manuscripts; and the text of the paper contains particulars respecting these manuscripts, a translation of an Arabic note attached to one of them, and the author's reasons for reposing confidence in the alphabets. Firstly—They agreed with one another almost entirely, though the manuscripts in which they were found were written in different ages and countries; one of them in A.D. 1452, in Arabia: the other, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, in India. Secondly—The characters, many of them, closely resembled the well-known Ethiopic characters, which corresponded to them, in their *Geez*, or vowelless forms. Thirdly—As far as could be collected from a cursory glance at the inscriptions which were sent to Gesenius, the characters of those inscriptions were, for the most part, the same as those in the manuscripts.

We agree with Rödiger that these reasons for confiding in the alphabets are of very great weight. It would be many millions of millions to one, that two alphabets, not having a common antetype, would not present such an agreement as the alphabets published by Rödiger present. The only alternatives between which we have to choose are their being both derived from a false alphabet; in which case the diversity between them, slight as it is, would be hard to account for, and their being both derived from the actual writing of the Himyarites, before it fell into complete disuse. In this case the diversity between the two alphabets is just what we might expect; the alphabets having been constructed by different persons, one or both of whom might have been misinformed as to some particular points, though in the main they agreed with the actual alphabet, and consequently with each other.

According to both documents, there were twenty-nine characters; one of which corresponded to each of the twenty-eight Arabic letters, and a null, which was used to separate words, and which is said, in the note at the end of the alphabet, to be a vertical line like

the Arabic *Elif*. The same note states that *there were varieties of form, but the most correct was chosen*. This is a most important observation; and any one who compares the Himyaritic inscriptions which have been published will see its truth, and will consequently be the more inclined to give credit to the writer. The *Be* of the alphabet is formed of two vertical lines with a cross-bar at the top, like the Hebrew \aleph . So it is formed in some of the inscriptions; in others, however, the cross-bar is lower down, nearly as in our H, but obliquely drawn; and in others, again, there are two bars, one in each of these positions. Again, the *Vaw* of the alphabet is formed like a Greek ϕ . In some of the inscriptions it is a circle with a vertical diameter, as in Ethiopic; in others it is an oval, divided by the continuation of the curve which forms it; and in others it appears as two small circles. These are the two letters of which the forms are most varied; and they are easy to be recognised, the former occurring in the very common biliteral word בן *ben*, "son," and the latter commencing many words, as the conjunction "and," and terminating many others, as in the affixes הו *hu*, "his," המו *homu*, "their," &c. These varieties, and others that we meet with in the different manuscripts and inscriptions, though they puzzled Gesenius, and, for a time, even Rödiger, are not greater than what we meet with in English manuscripts of the last three centuries.

The publication of Rödiger's paper was wormwood to Gesenius. The latter was engaged in the decipherment of the inscriptions, and had made some progress in it, though it is not easy to say how much. He had, at any rate, read the words מלך חמירם *Melek Hhmyaram*, "King of the Himyarites," in the ninth line of the Hissan Ghorâb inscription, which implied the knowledge of the values of seven characters, including the null; and it is not to be doubted that he knew those of several others which agreed in form with the Ethiopic. He seems to have considered the Himyaritic inscriptions as a manor of his own, on which no one else had a right to enter; he thought he had sufficiently guarded against trespassing by keeping the inscriptions in his own hands; and we cannot wonder that he was annoyed by another person stepping in, and showing off-hand the mode of reading them, which he had only par-

tially effected by a laborious and tedious process. With more haste than good sense, he pronounced Rödiger's alphabets erroneous. He gave two reasons. Some of the characters in them did not occur in the inscriptions, which, on the other hand, contained characters that were not in the alphabets. The values of some characters were different from what he had assigned them by a deciphering which he considered sure. The former of these reasons was in great measure disposed of by the publication, in 1838, of some inscriptions found by Dr. Hulton and Lieut. Cruttenden at Ssan'aâ. The variety in form of a few of the characters which we have already mentioned, and which is alluded to in the Arabic note at the end of the first alphabet, is made manifest by these inscriptions; and, after comparing them together, there is scarcely a form in any of which we can hesitate to assign the corresponding form in the alphabets. The other reason was a miserably bad one. Gesenius published an alphabet in 1841, in which he assigned to nineteen characters the values given them in Rödiger's alphabets. For some of these, but not above three or four, he may have been indebted to those alphabets. In the paper which contains this alphabet, and which is published in Vol. XI. of the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," he says,—“Notwithstanding that the alphabet published by Rödiger, from an Arabic MS., is incorrect, yet many letters in the inscriptions agree with it even in meaning.” Nineteen characters out of twenty-nine are, he admits, properly valued: they are so in two MSS., which must, therefore, have had a common archetype. Is it more likely that this archetype was the actual alphabet of the Himyarites, or that it was one fabricated by some individual who had the good luck to make nineteen right guesses out of twenty-nine? Just think of a person shuffling up the red cards in a pack, and then, as he turned them down, calling nineteen of them correctly! Yet this is less improbable than the exploit of the supposed fabricator of the alphabet. The fact is, that, consistently with the known laws of probability, we cannot *rationally* question the authenticity of Rödiger's alphabets; we cannot *rationally* doubt that the compilers of them knew how to read the Himyaritic writing. If they differ in any respect from

Gesenius, it must be Gesenius, and not they, who are in error. And the fact that Gesenius, though to a great extent right in his deciphering, committed some grave errors, is very obvious. He considered varieties of the same letters to be different letters. Thus his *Ssad* is a variety of the *Be*, which we have already noticed; his *Tta* and his *Zza* are different forms of the *Tta*. A still greater error than this was his supposition that the small circle, and two small circles which occur so frequently in the Hissan Ghorâb inscriptions, were not letters, but a sort of stops. The two circles are the *Vaw* of that inscription; and the affixes, which we have given above, that terminate in this letter, appear complete without it; as, of course, the nouns and verbs to which it is prefixed as the conjunction “and” will do. These mistakes of Gesenius prevented him from reading correctly more than a very few words. The alphabet of Rödiger helps him out. Thus, in the last line of one of the Ssan'aâ inscriptions, Gesenius read *khems mâtam* “five hundred,” but he failed to complete the number; nor did he recognise a similar expression in the last line of the Hissan Ghorâb inscription. Rödiger's alphabet enables us to complete the former *thelethah usaba'i ukhams mâtam*, “three and seventy and five hundred,” and to read the latter *arba'i useth mâtam*, “forty and six hundred.” There can be no doubt that, as Rödiger pointed out, these are dates, referring to some unknown era; perhaps that of the Seleucidæ.

It is abundantly evident, from what we have said, that long before Mr. Forster published his pretended decipherment of the Himyaritic inscriptions, the true mode of reading them had been published in Germany. It was no longer a question what values the greater part of the characters had. They could be transcribed into the ordinary Arabic characters with perfect confidence. But the question that puzzled the learned there was how to interpret them when so transcribed. As to many common words, including the numerals, and as to the affixes, there could be no question. Their resemblance to the Arabic and other Semitic languages was evident, as the specimens that we have given render evident. But along with these easily understood words, there were others to which there appeared no clue.

Their meaning was not to be learned from Arabic lexicons; and from the small number of inscriptions which have been found, and the fragmentary state of many of these, there is little room for sound conjecture. Ewald, and, we believe, some others, have tried their hand at the interpretation of these inscriptions, as well as Rüdiger; but they do not appear to have thrown much light on those words, which do not, if we may so speak, explain themselves. The best prospect of explaining these words would seem to be, that some resident in Aden, whose time must hang heavy on his hands when there is no steamer in port, should make himself acquainted, as well as he can, with the dialects now spoken in Hadramaut and on the opposite coast of Abyssinia. It is probable that in some of these the unknown words may be preserved. Search should also be made for additional inscriptions, and all that are found should be accurately copied. To a person whose temporary residence on the spot gives him a special interest in them, their interpretation may seem worth the trouble that it would cost. In Europe, where there is metal so much more attractive, it is highly improbable that any one would devote the necessary attention to inscriptions, which, if they possess an historical character at all, relate exclusively to the affairs of a remote and almost barbarous country, and which are certainly posterior to the Christian era.

We have felt it necessary to say thus much on the subject of Mr. Forster's former volumes, because what he has now published is altogether grounded on the truth of his decipherment of the Himyaritic inscriptions. If, as we contend, he has not interpreted, nor read, nor even marked off for reading, one single word in those inscriptions correctly—if his attempt is, from beginning to end, a delusion, he can have no claim to have his new decipherment accepted. It must share the condemnation of that of which it is avowedly the sequel. We must, however, enter into some particulars respecting the very elegantly got up volumes which have come before us for review.

In the seven years that have elapsed since the publication of his former work, Mr. Forster has not been idle. He has been working out a magnificent project, with complete success, in his

own opinion, and, it would seem, in that of several of his friends. All that has been supposed to be discovered in recent times respecting the mode of reading, and the meaning of ancient inscriptions and papyri—hieroglyphic, hieratic, or demotic of Egypt, Assyrian, Median, Persian, Sassanian, Phœnician, Sinaitic, or Etruscan—ALL is, in Mr. Forster's opinion, **ALTOGETHER ERRONEOUS**. He has published a plate containing a harmony of ancient alphabets, in which new values, altogether different from those hitherto received, are assigned to the characters of these several modes of writing; the key to these new values being the resemblance, or supposed resemblance, of the characters to the Himyaritic characters, of which the values were fixed by the Hissan Ghorâb key! The evidence from bilingual inscriptions and other sources, which has been so satisfactory to others, has no weight with Mr. Forster. His head is full of the "huge block of lead-white stone or marble," on which the inscription "is executed with a depth and beauty, and in a style so peculiar, that it can be described appropriately only by the French term *unique*." Who, then, can question that it was the inscription mentioned in "the official report of the Caliph's Lieutenant," in connexion with King Solomon's message to the king of the monkeys, when he gave into their charge the devils in the brass pots? And who that believes this can question Mr. Forster's decipherment of it? or that this decipherment is the true and only key to the knowledge of all other ancient inscriptions?

Take the Etruscan alphabet. A series of twenty letters was found in an Etruscan tomb, which has been heretofore supposed to be an alphabet, properly so called—a list of all the letters in their proper order, that order being the same as the Hebrew, Phœnician, or old Greek. Sixteen of these letters have been supposed to correspond to sixteen out of the twenty-two Hebrew ones, and the four last to be new letters, intended to represent sounds peculiar to the Etruscans. There are family tombs containing proper names in Etruscan characters, and the same names in Roman characters: there are also mirrors, representing mythological scenes, with the names of the characters attached to them. The above-mentioned alphabet enables us to read

the names in the tombs and on the mirrors in strict conformity with what we should expect from what accompanies them. Thus, a figure with the known emblems of Apollo has the name A P V L V attached to it. Can any sane person doubt that this is the *real* alphabet of the Etruscans? Mr. Forster, however, denies it altogether. He gives a totally different alphabet as Etruscan, in which he has been pleased to incorporate with the Etruscan characters all those that are met with in *any* old Italian inscription—Pelasgian, Umbrian, or Oscan; and to these he has assigned *new values*, derived from his precious key—his *passe-par-tout*! According to him, the above name would be read R R N R N; three of the four letters having the same value! The first letter is the first in the old alphabet, which we have already mentioned, and it clearly resembles the primitive form of the Greek A. But what of all this? On comparing it with the Hissan Ghorâb alphabet, it most nearly resembles a letter which Mr. Forster imagines to be a *Re*, but which is, in reality, a *Dal*. The next letter resembles the Himyaritic *Lam*, which, according to Mr. Forster, is another *Re*. He seems to have no difficulty in giving the same values to a number of characters, and, as a necessary consequence, leaving several letters without any representative at all!

We must not, however, dwell on this “Harmony of Primeval Alphabets,” as Mr. Forster calls the plate which, enclosed in a neat case, has been issued as an appendix to his work. It may suffice to say of it, and we do no injustice when we say of it, that one-twentieth part of the falsehood and absurdity that it contains was never before comprehended within the same space.

In this plate the alphabets are given without any comment. The explanation of the several writings and inscriptions that exist in the different characters we have enumerated, is promised in the several parts which are, from time to time, to be issued of “The One Primeval Language.” All these writings are, it seems, in one language; the words of which, though they bear no resemblance to those of Arabic books, can be translated by the help of an Arabic dictionary. As a sample of what may be expected when this new method of interpretation is applied to

ancient inscriptions, Mr. Forster has now given us what he calls “The Voice of Israel from the Rocks of Sinai,” in which he gives us a pretended translation of the Sinaitic inscriptions, as “contemporary records of the miracles and wanderings of the Exode!”

It is generally known that a great number of inscriptions exist on the rocks which overhang the different roads leading from the Gulf of Suez to Mount Sinai. Cosmas Indicopleustes, who, in the sixth century, travelled from Tór, on the Gulf of Suez, to the Convent at Sinai, through the Wadi Hebrân, is the first writer who has mentioned them. He was told that they were the work of the Israelites under Moses, whom he supposed to have taken the same course that he did; and he believed the statement. He does not seem to have been aware that like inscriptions were found on the other lines of road from the coast to the mountain; and, accordingly, there is an excuse for his credulity, which cannot be offered for one who, at the present day, adopts his opinion. No one now believes that the Israelites travelled by the same route as Cosmas. There are two other routes, between which modern authorities are divided, and which are so distinct, that it is quite impossible for both of them to have been travelled by the Israelites; yet on both these routes, as well as on the far southern route of Cosmas, the inscriptions are found. With these facts before him, no intelligent person could believe in the Israelitish origin of these inscriptions.

But there was another fact equally decisive on the question. Among the inscriptions were several in the Greek character, which accompanied those in what was till lately called “the unknown character,” and which were to all appearance contemporary with them. The former were records of the names of travellers on the different routes; and while some of them were of western origin, as *Ιουλιος Αυρηλιος*, the greater part were evidently transcriptions of Arabian names, such as *Αλμοβακκισος*, *Αμμαιος*, *Χαλβος*. From this it was naturally and correctly inferred by Niebuhr, the traveller, father of the celebrated historian, that the unknown character was that in use among the people who bore these names, and that the inscriptions in it contained similar records of names. The correctness of

this opinion was demonstrated by Professor Edward F. F. Beer, of Leipsig, who published, in 1840, a correct alphabet of the inscriptions, together with a hundred inscriptions copied from different sources. The opinions which he advanced in this work have been controverted by different German writers, and corrections and additions have been made to his interpretations; but in the very able article on these inscriptions, in the third volume of the *Journal of the German Oriental Society*, by Dr. Friedrich Tuch, the *alphabet* of Beer is adopted without any change. The only difficulty in reading the inscriptions is such as might be felt in reading an English manuscript. It is in some cases hard to say which of two similar letters was designed by the writer; and several letters are differently shaped by different individuals.

Beer thought that the inscriptions were the work of Christians on pilgrimage to Mount Sinai, as the place where the law was given. His chief argument in favour of this theory was the supposed use of the cross. It is, however, very doubtful whether what he supposed to be a cross was really so; and on the other hand, Tuch has brought forward very decisive arguments in favour of the heathenism of the writers. They worshipped the stars, as appears from the interpretation of some of the inscriptions; and Tuch has shown from Arabian authorities, that Mount Sinai was a place of pilgrimage of the star-worshippers in the pre-Mohammedan period. He refers the inscriptions to the first two centuries of the Christian era, and supposes the writers to have lived in the western part of the Peninsula of Sinai. The inscriptions begin for the most part with the word שֶׁלֶם "Welcome," or with דְּכִיר "Be remembered," followed by the names of individuals, generally accompanied by those of their fathers, and sometimes by titles, after which is mostly added זֵיר or זֵירַי *Zair*, "on pilgrimage." This word is fully treated of by Tuch, and is shown to have, in Arabic writings, the sense of "journeying to a sacred place." The names are many of them the very names which occur in the Greek inscriptions that accompany the old Arabian ones. Thus we have Grey, 41; *Zeitschrift d. D.M.G.* III., p. 184:—
שֶׁלֶם אֶל-מִבְקָרוֹ בֵּר עַמּוֹ שְׁעִיר

זֵיר "Welcome Al Mobakker, the son of 'Omai the poet, on pilgrimage." The names of both father and son are very common in these inscriptions, and they occur also in the Greek ones; we have already given their forms. The addition of the servile to most proper names, and to the names in opposition to them, is agreeable to Semitic usage; and the decipherment is in every respect so satisfactory, that till Mr. Forster entered the field, it commanded the universal assent of the learned. Mr. Forster admits this, and here is his mode of dealing with the fact. Having in his text spoken of "the slightness of his premises, and the inconsequence of his conclusions," rendering it unnecessary for him to criticise the labours of Beer, he gives the following note—p. 169:—

"Those who adopt the Professor's theory, are of course of a very different opinion. I give a specimen, but spare the name of the author. 'The Wādī Mù-katteb, or Sinaitic character, Professor Beer has *proved*, belonged to the Nabathæans.' 'In a subjoined table of alphabets I give the Sinaitic or Nabathæan alphabet, as made out by Professor Beer. I add to it various alphabets of the cognate languages, from a comparison of which, as well as from the Professor's readings, one may satisfy himself that he has correctly represented the powers of the Sinaitic letters. *When I first saw the inscriptions in Wādī Mùkatteb, I was satisfied that they could thus be deciphered.*' By this school of philosophy we are in little danger of being troubled with the πολλῆς πίστεως τιλιευταίων ἐπιγίννημα."

Mr. Forster may sneer at the above passage, but we have no hesitation in adopting it, and so, we are sure, would philologists generally. Take a parallel case: a person finds an old manuscript, which he is unable to read correctly; but recognising some of the characters as English, and observing the general appearance of the writing to resemble other English writings, he is satisfied that it may be deciphered by comparing it with such. When an alphabet of the writing has been thus formed, a comparison of it with the alphabet of other old English writings makes it quite evident that it is a correct one; and if some very fanciful person affirms that this is all a delusion, and that the writing is really Russian or Arabic, he is not considered worthy of a serious reply. There are some persons who

are not to be reasoned with, owing to there being no principles which they hold in common with their neighbours. If a man had once persuaded himself that the moon is made of green cheese, it would be a difficult matter to convince him of the contrary. He would at once deny every proposition which he suspected would prove inconsistent with it.

Mr. Forster's own case we regard as perfectly hopeless. We have no expectation whatever of undeceiving him on the subject of these inscriptions. We trust, however, that we shall do that good turn to some of his readers, and as the best way of beginning, we shall give the translations of the same inscription put forward by Dr. Tuch and Mr. Forster. We take Gray, 154, which is repeated in Gray, 86, being the latter of the two inscriptions which are there in juxtaposition. According to Dr. Tuch, these inscriptions contain the single sentence—"May Al-Mobakker, the son of Beeshein, be welcome, or at peace!" The former of these names occurred in the inscription before quoted, and also in Greek; the latter is a common Arabic name. Out of this single sentence Mr. Forster has manufactured the following:—"The people essayeth the waters; Pharaoh retrograding reins back his war-horse." In one of the two copies of the inscription, some one has amused himself by adding a body and four legs to the koph, in the name of Al-Mobakker, so as to convert it into the figure of an animal, of which the original letter, as it appears in the other copy, constitutes the head and neck. Mr. Forster thinks that this was intended for the horse of Pharaoh. Dr. Tuch more rationally supposes it to have been done in jocose allusion to the name in which it occurs, which signifies in Arabic "the Neatherd." Surely, however, it is unnecessary to explain the tricks with which idle boys may amuse themselves.

We will not trouble our readers with any further specimens of Mr. Forster's pretended decipherments. They are just such as might be expected to proceed from a fertile imagination, uncontrolled by either judgment or learning. It will be proper, however, that we should say a few words as to certain alleged confirmations of his readings, which Mr. Forster puts prominently forward. One of these is his pretended

reading of the name of an animal represented by the side of one of the inscriptions. In Mr. Gray's copy, a remark occurs, "a quadruped opposite the last line but one." Mr. Forster reads the last line but two *Ramah*, which, he says, is the Arabic for "an ass;" and he says also, that the animal is found in copies of the inscription to be an ass. This would be curious if it were true; but it is a tissue of falsehoods. *Ramah*, Mr. Forster's reading of Wâlu, the name of the pilgrim's father, conveys no such meaning as "an ass." As a noun, it signifies "a spear;" as a verb, it signifies "to pierce with a spear," as distinguished from "striking with a javelin," corresponding exactly to *σπράω*, as distinguished from *βάλλω*; but the Arabic lexicographers remark that it signifies "to kick," when its subject is a horse, an ass, or a mule. Surely this is no authority for translating it "to kick as an ass," when its subject is, according to Mr. Forster, "the people." Again, not relying on our own judgment alone, we have shown Lord Prudhoe's and Mr. Brockman's sketches of "the quadruped" to several persons, and all agree that it is not an ass, but a horse! The copy taken by Mr. Montague might be either, but that is obviously incorrect as to the letters, and little reliance can therefore be placed in it as to the drawing. On the other hand, Mr. Forster himself claims for Mr. Brockman's copy the credit of minute accuracy.

Another pretended confirmation of Mr. Forster's decipherment is his alleged "identification of the Sinaitic alphabet with the Enchorial alphabet of the Rosetta stone, and with the characters also found in the quarries of Masera, of a date prior to the age of Moses. The case (he adds) is matter of fact; and the harmony of the two alphabets, executed, not by transcript, but (to secure perfect accuracy) by tracing, is placed before the reader in plate 1." What Mr. Forster here calls matter of fact, we must take leave to deny in the most positive manner. It is false in all its parts. First—it is not true that the Enchorial character of the Egyptians is the same as that of the Sinaitic inscriptions. Mr. Forster has given seventy-five characters (some of which, by the way, are only parts of characters, and others are composed of two characters run together by the sculptor), which, however, are not

above a quarter of those that are in use. Most of them, too, are of rare occurrence, while the most common characters in the Enchorial inscriptions are omitted by him, and have not the slightest resemblance to anything in the Sinaitic inscriptions. Mr. Forster gives great praise to Akerblad, who discovered the alphabetic values of several of the characters, and who rashly inferred that all were alphabetic. Curiously enough, however, he ignores all the alphabetic values discovered by Akerblad! Of the seven characters occurring in the name of Alexander, he only gives two, and those with totally different values from what they must bear in that name. It may gratify Mr. Forster to know that a French writer, a M. de Saulcy, has of late adopted Akerblad's notion of the characters being all alphabetic; thus, as Dr. Brugsch, of Berlin, most justly expresses it, "putting himself fifty years back." The use of ideographs in this mode of writing, not only to express words, but as determinatives after words phonetically expressed, is established on the surest grounds. No one can explain the Enchorial texts in detail who does not recognise it; and M. de Saulcy has accordingly not attempted to do this; he has contented himself with theorising on the subject.

But secondly—if it were true that the Sinaitic inscriptions were in the same character as the Enchorial of Egypt, it would be fatal to Mr. Forster's notion of the Israelitish origin of the former. Mr. Forster is, we believe, the first person who has assigned any great antiquity to the Enchorial character. Dr. Brugsch, who has paid more attention to it than any one else, and who has had most excellent means of forming a correct judgment, gives 500 B. C. and 300 A. D. as the limits of its use. Mr. Forster's statement, that the Enchorial inscriptions in the quarries of Masera are "of a date prior to the age of Moses," is an absurd fiction. He cites no authority for it, and for the best reason. Whatever difference

there may be as to the dates when the more ancient kings reigned, all Egyptian chronologists are agreed that the king whose name occurs in these inscriptions, Hakhori, belonged to the twenty-ninth dynasty, and did not begin to reign till about 390 B. C.

We have already exceeded our limits, and must hasten to a conclusion. The extract which Mr. Forster gives from an author whom he will not name, is from Dr. J. Wilson's "*Lands of the Bible*;" a work to which we would refer those of our readers who may be desirous of further information respecting either the Himyaritic or the Sinaitic inscriptions. Whatever faults the work may have, its author possesses real learning, and has applied it to those inscriptions in a way that is highly creditable to him. Dr. Wilson gives the *real* alphabets of the inscriptions and of those writings which resemble them; and a comparison of these with the *pretended* alphabets, published by Mr. Forster, ought to satisfy any one of the utter incompetency of the latter gentleman to deal with such a subject. He has not, as yet, made a single right step; his two attempts contain unmingled error. It is really discreditable to our universities, that persons educated in them could be the dupes of such absurd fictions as Mr. Forster has put forth; and when we see that they actually are so, we must not be too severe on the uneducated believers in Joe Smith, or in Thom of Canterbury. Gullibility, on certain subjects, seems to characterise the Anglo-Saxon race.

The notice we have taken of this work has been painful to us, but we have felt it to be a duty. At a time when the deciphering of ancient inscriptions is actually bringing to light cotemporary records of events mentioned in Scripture, there can be nothing more mischievous than to unsettle the public mind by such pretended decipherings as Mr. Forster deals in. He is confounding truth and falsehood in a case where it is of the highest importance to keep them separate.

THE LATE ELIOT WARBURTON.

WITH sorrow of heart we take up our pen to record the death of ELIOT WARBURTON. Every one who reads these pages is aware, we doubt not, of the disastrous circumstances under which this event occurred. We have no wish to open afresh wounds so recently closed, and inflict upon the public a recapitulation of the horrors connected with it. Indeed, we have nothing to tell. Affection, grief, and curiosity have alike failed to elicit a single particular bearing upon the fate of our unhappy countryman, beyond the simple fact of his having been seen on board the Amazon at the last moment. In all human probability, nothing further will ever be discovered. He is gone; but it is our consolation that we can turn our eyes from an unknown death to a conspicuous life. These few lines—all we have at our disposal—are devoted to his memory; for we owe it as well to our readers as to ourselves to offer a slight tribute to the worth of one who, as an Irishman, was a credit to the literature of his country, and, as a contributor to this Magazine, commenced that career of authorship which he so successfully prosecuted to the close of his life.

It was during an extended tour in the Mediterranean about ten years ago, that Mr. Warburton sent some sheets of manuscript notes to Mr. Lever, at that time Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. These at once caught that gentleman's attention, and he gladly gave them publicity, under the title of "Episodes of Eastern Travel," in successive numbers of the Magazine,* where they were universally admired for the grace and liveliness of their style. Mr. Lever, however, soon saw that though for the purposes of his periodical these papers were extremely valuable, the author was not consulting his own best interests by continuing to give his travels to the world in that form; and, with generous disinterestedness, advised him to collect what he had already published, add the remainder of his notes, and make a book of the whole. Mr. Warburton followed his advice, entered into terms with Mr. Colburn, and published his travels under the title of "The Crescent and the Cross."

Of this book it is needless for us to speak. In spite of the formidable rivalry of an *Eöthen*, which appeared about the same time, it sprung at once into public favour, and is one of the very few books of modern travels of which the sale has continued uninterrupted through successive editions to the present time. Were we to pronounce upon the secret of its success, we should lay it to its perfect *right-mindedness*. A changeful truth, a versatile propriety of feeling initiates the author, as it were, into the heart of each successive subject; and we find him as profoundly impressed with the genius of the Holy Land, as he is steeped, in the proper place, in the slumberous influences of the dreamy Nile, upon whose bosom he rocks his readers into a trance, to be awakened only by the gladsome originality of those melodies which come mirthfully on their ears from either bank. And, we may observe in passing, it is precisely the *want* of this, which prevents the indisputable power and grace of "*Eöthen*" from having their full effect with the public. Passages of beauty, almost of sublimity, stand isolated from our sympathies by the interposed cynicism of a few caustic remarks; and scenes of the world's most ancient reverence and worship become needlessly disenchanted under the spell of some sceptical sneer.

But we must not turn aside to criticise. Since the publication of the "*Crescent and the Cross*," Mr. Warburton has written, or edited, a number of works, some historical, others of fiction, of which his last romance, "*Darien*," only appeared as he was on the eve of departing on the fatal voyage. It has been remarked as a singular circumstance, that in this tale he has prefigured his own fate. A burning ship is described in terms which would have served as a picture of the frightful reality he was himself doomed to witness. The coincidence, casual as it is, has imparted a melancholy interest to that story, which will

* See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vols. XXII., XXIII.

long be wept over as the parting and presaging legacy of a gifted spirit, prematurely snatched away.

These lighter effusions most probably grew out of the craving of the publishers for the *prestige* of his name, already found to be valuable even on title-pages; and the ready market they commanded could not but prove an incitement to continue and multiply them. This might be considered in an ulterior sense unfortunate; for we are inclined to think that the true bent of Mr. Warburton's mind, if not of his talents, was towards graver and less imaginative studies; and we know that this propensity was growing upon him with maturer years and soberer reflection.

It is not exclusively from the bearing of his researches and the general drift of his correspondence that we infer this; though both set latterly in that direction. He had for some time been actually at work with definite objects in view. One subject which he took up warmly was a *British History of Ireland*. That is, a history intended to deal impartial justice between the Irish people on the one side, and the British empire on the other; reviewing the politics of successive periods, neither from the Irish nor the English side of the question, but with reference to the general interests of the whole. The task would have proved an arduous one, under any circumstances—perhaps an invidious one: but, what was worse, even when accomplished, the book might have turned out a dull affair. So, with a view to lightening the reading, he had proposed to embody with it memoirs of the Viceroy, thus keeping the British connexion prominent, while enlivening the pages with biographical touches.

Acting on these ideas, he had actually begun a "History of the Viceroy" in conjunction with a literary friend, and was only deterred from prosecuting it by the apathy, or rather discouragement, of the London publishers, who felt no inclination to venture upon an Irish historical speculation. Unfortunately, neither he nor his friend could afford to pursue the task gratuitously, and it was accordingly abandoned.

Still later, he employed himself in collecting materials for a History of the Poor—a vast theme; perhaps too vast for a single intellect to grasp. To him, however, it was a labour of love; and he had succeeded in getting together a considerable mass of curious and valuable material *pour servir*. His last visit to his native country had researches of this nature for one of its objects; and we are sure many persons connected with the charitable institutions of Dublin will recollect the persevering zeal with which he visited the haunts of poverty, as well as the asylums for its relief, noting down everything which might prove afterwards serviceable on that suggestive topic.

With an upwelling of philanthropy so pure and perennial as this, the preliminary investigations could have been only a delight to him. Other men might be forced to them as a revolting duty: he chose the inquiry, with very dubious hopes of bettering himself by prosecuting it, because his heart was full of compassion, and he thought he might do good. We repeat, what we can state from personal knowledge, that the bent of Mr. Warburton's mind was latterly towards works of general utility; and it is with satisfaction we learn, what we had not been aware of until the public papers announced it, that his projected visit to the New World was a mission, in which the interests of humanity were to have in him an advocate and champion.

Into his private life we feel that, under present circumstances, it would be indelicate, as well as out of place, to enter. Surrounded as he was with all the blessings which the domestic relations can bestow, beloved by his intimates, caressed by the gifted and the good, Eliot Warburton lived the centre of a radiating circle of happiness. His personal qualities were of no common order. His society was eagerly sought after. With a fastidious lassitude of air, and an apparent disinclination to exertion, he possessed remarkable force of thought and fluency of diction; and it was no uncommon thing to see him, when he had begun to relate passages from his experiences in foreign countries, or adventures in his own, the centre of a gradually increasing audience, amidst which he sat, improvising a sort of romantic recitation, until he was completely carried away on the current of his own eloquence, and lost every sense of where he was or what he was doing, in the enthusiasm he had fanned up and saw reflected around him. This power was a peculiar gift;

and he loved to exercise it. In this form many of his happiest effusions have been given utterance to; and everybody who has heard him at such inspired moments has felt regret that the brilliant bursts which so delighted him, should have been stamped upon no more retentive tablets than the ears of ordinary listeners.

Of this amiable, refined, and gifted individual, we are afraid to speak as warmly as our heart would dictate. Before us lie the few hasty lines—but not too hurried to be the channel of a parting kindness—scrawled to us on the first day of this year—the last day the writer was ever to pass in England. They are, perhaps, amongst the latest words he ever wrote. “I am off,” they run, “for the West Indies to-morrow. *But I have accomplished your affair.*” Oh, vanity of human purpose! Man proposes—God disposes. We were next to hear of him, standing on the deck of the burning vessel in the Atlantic, alone with the Captain, after every other soul had disappeared, surveying—we feel convinced, with the courage of a lion—the awful two-fold death close before him, and which he had in all probability deliberately preferred to an early relinquishment of his companions to their fate. It is a fine picture—one that shall ever hang framed with his image in our memory; helping us to believe that

“—— Lycidas our sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat’ry floor,”—

But that he hath mounted to a higher sphere,——

“Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves.”

IRELAND UNDER LORD CLARENDON.

A GLOOMY and a disheartening task he undertakes, who sets himself down to write the history of Ireland during the four years and seven months that have elapsed since our present Viceroy assumed the government of the country. Short as has been the period, it has effected fearful changes in Irish society. The successive incidents of national ruin have been crowded with terrible rapidity into these fifty-five months. The process of extermination of the Irish people has gone on—is still going on—with accelerating rapidity. Numbers of our gentry have been, within that interval, reduced from comparative opulence to beggary. Hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, of the cottier classes, have been driven from our shores. A wholesale emigration, with scarcely exaggerated phrase called “the Exodus” of our people, has begun to remove great masses of the population from our soil. The census of our numbers exhibits the appalling diminution of about two millions. Those who are left do not appear the better for the departure of the numbers who were said to have overcrowded the country.

On the contrary, the condition of all classes appears to be rapidly deteriorating. The only hope, indeed, that seems left to the majority of the inhabitants of the island, is that of joining the hosts of “the Exodus,” and quitting their native country as expeditiously as they can.

Melancholy as is the social picture of this period, the political aspect of the nation presents but little to relieve its gloom. The terrors of a silly insurrection disturbing the tranquillity that the insurrection itself hardly endangered for a week. A mock rebellion put down without bloodshed, but nevertheless, at an incalculable loss of national character, and with enormous injury to the spirit and freedom of the country. The spirit of the constitution violated, even where its forms were not set aside, to banish from their homes as traitors, men infinitely more honest, ay, and even more loyal, than many retained in the favour of the Government. Intrigue at the Castle keeping pace with discontent in the country. All parties, in turn, flattered and cajoled, and all parties, in turn, be-

trayed. And, now, at the close of this dismal period, the fires of religious animosity rekindled. If they are not burning fiercely, it is only because the misery of the country has taken even from agitation its sustenance. The flame that is lighted in the desert is expiring, because there is nothing upon which the devouring element can be fed.

Dishcartening, however, as is the task, the time is come when the history of Lord Clarendon's viceroyalty should be written. We cannot pretend, perhaps, to bring to its performance the perfect impartiality to which contemporary chronicles can rarely, if ever, attain. Yet we would not knowingly do his Excellency an injustice. It were, no doubt, unfair to visit upon his administration the responsibility of all the calamities that, under it, have befallen the ill-fated country over which he has ruled. It is, nevertheless, the condition of all government to be judged, in some degree, by its results. Future times will determine with a more unprejudiced judgment than can now be formed, how much of the miseries of Ireland have originated in causes over which her rulers had no control; how far they have been aggravated, or even produced, by the policy of which Lord Clarendon's government is the exponent. They will determine, where our rulers could not prevent, how much or how little they have done to mitigate or amend the disasters under which we suffer. Posterity, too, will judge how far Lord Clarendon personally deserves well of Ireland, when another generation will estimate his administration apart from the passions or the prejudices of the present. Unquestionably it has been his lot to govern Ireland in times of peculiar trial and difficulty; times in which every allowance must be made for the failure of the best intentions, and the breaking down of the best constructed plans. Few governors have experienced such vicissitudes in public opinion. At one time he was the object of extravagant adulation from the educated classes of Ireland. The transition to unqualified condemnation by the same classes was almost as rapid as had been the acquisition of their confidence. It were rash to assume that the loss of their favour was altogether Lord Clarendon's own fault. As we review the events of his administration

every reader must form his opinion on this point for himself.

On the 16th of May, 1847, the Earl of Besborough died in the viceroyalty. No long interval elapsed before the Earl of Clarendon was nominated as his successor; and on the 26th of the same month his Excellency arrived at the Castle, and assumed the government of Ireland.

Unquestionably, as we have said, great difficulties attended the task to which the new Viceroy was inaugurated. Two successive failures of the potato crop had entailed upon Ireland losses the extent of which it was impossible to estimate. The Free-trade measures of Sir Robert Peel, avowedly brought forward to mitigate the calamities of the Irish famine, had aggravated incalculably the evils which it was the object, or at least the pretext, of their introduction to avert. The reckless squandering of the public money upon what were called, in mockery, public works, had demoralised the labouring population, and imposed heavy and permanent burdens upon the land. The enactment which virtually gave the paupers a right to outdoor relief had made the poor law an impost of confiscation. All these elements of social ruin Lord Clarendon found at work in Ireland when he arrived here, though their full mischief has been developed during the period of his rule. As a member of the Cabinet that had brought forward some of these measures, he is bound, no doubt, to take a share of the responsibility that belonged to their enactment. Of the policy that gave these countries a free importation of foreign corn Lord Clarendon had been, as a Peer of Parliament, one of the most distinguished, and certainly one of the most able supporters. Indeed it might be said that he came to Ireland to carry out, in its government, the principles of that set of doctrines which have acquired, by a strange perversion, the name of "political economy." So far he could scarcely complain of difficulties which that very policy had previously prepared for him. Still, after every deduction of this nature, a very moderate degree of candour must admit, that in the physical circumstances of the country there was quite enough to tax the energies and perplex the counsels of any statesman who undertook to administer its affairs.

If, however, these circumstances presented difficulties to be surmounted, for that very reason they gave opportunities for the display of the higher qualities of statesmanship. It is the compensating principles of great national calamities, that they supply magnificent opportunities for national improvement. And even in the misery that had fallen upon the country there were a thousand facilities for the adoption of measures of permanent good, which more prosperous days would not have tolerated, or, perhaps, suggested. It is only in times of partial demolition that the ground is cleared for the statesman to reconstruct. To say that the circumstances of Ireland threw difficulties in the way of its government is but to say that the task demanded the energies of a great statesman. With the prestige of being such a statesman Lord Clarendon came here, and, as such, Ireland, earnestly looking for some one to show us any good, accepted him upon trust.

Whatever difficulties awaited him in the physical condition of the country, never did Viceroy enter upon arduous duties with more personal and political advantages. It is one of the political phenomena of the last few years, for which it is not easy altogether to account, that the passing of the Act which repealed the Corn Laws produced a lull in political contests. With the expulsion of the Peel Ministry, which followed upon that measure, the bitterness of political partisanship appeared to have died. The Whigs in 1846 might almost be said to have accepted office, if not with the assent, certainly with the acquiescence of all parties in the State. The displaced ministers saw clearly that they had, at least for the present, forfeited power, and gave to their Free-trade successors the support that would keep out their Protectionist rivals. The Protectionists, on the other hand, felt that it was their own votes that had produced the crisis which called Lord John Russell to the councils of their Sovereign. They knew, too, that his continuance in office was the barrier against the return of Sir Robert Peel. Both principle and passion combined to prevent their offering a violent opposition to the minister whom they had themselves put in the room of their discarded chief. Neither in Parliament nor in the country did there

exist an Opposition party, understanding by this a party anxious to displace the ministry. This state of things deprived every political contest of much of its excitement and its zeal. Under such influences it was that the Parliament of 1847 was elected, and for this very reason that election did not fairly test the opinions of the nation upon any political question. Such a state of feeling was eminently favourable to the men in power. In Ireland it was peculiarly so. Lord Besborough was the first Viceroy for years who took his place in the Castle the object of no hostility. Every Whig Lord Lieutenant before him had been, from his appointment, the object of dislike and distrust to the great mass of the Irish aristocracy and gentry. It was almost a matter of fidelity to their political principles to keep aloof from him. The representative of a ministry whom all parties tacitly agreed at least to tolerate, was, by his very position, exempted from this feeling. No party principle called on men to dislike Lord Besborough, because no party tactics aimed at his removal.

Lord Besborough himself was eminently calculated to improve the vantage-ground of such a position. Whatever might have been the faults of his political career, he possessed a manly and straightforward honesty that went far even in the eyes of his opponents to redeem them all. No duplicity, disgraced, no underhand influence warped his administration. A fitting representative in his own person of the frankness, the hospitality, and the honour of our ancient gentry, he was the Irish gentleman in the Castle. For the distresses of the country he felt as an Irishman. The difficulties of the landed gentry he endeavoured to assist with the sympathy and the knowledge of one who was an Irish proprietor himself. No man had been a stronger partisan—but no man ever more completely merged the partisan in the Viceroy. He had made even a Whig Viceroyalty popular with all classes, when his death, in his government, called forth the sincere regrets of the whole nation. He may be said, in a sense, to have transmitted his popularity to his successor. He had at least destroyed the prejudices which would have separated him from the Conservative gentry of the country.

The example and the memory of such

a man did much to smooth the path of the Viceroy who was to follow. Lord Clarendon, however, brought to his government personal qualifications that might have dispensed with the introduction. Never did a Viceroy enter on his office with higher encomiums from that portion of the press, both in England and Ireland, which represented Conservative opinions. It is not a little curious now to contrast some of these predictions with the comments which his actual policy has evoked from the same parties. The noble Earl had acquired, that which we hold the cheapest of all reputations, a character for diplomatic ability. It is, however, one of the most popular cheats upon public credulity to pass a diplomatist for a statesman; and Lord Clarendon had, moreover, the good fortune to sustain his Spanish reputation by one or two speeches of, at least, respectable ability in the House of Lords. Ancestral recollections did much to recommend him to a people easily imposed upon by historic names. His prepossessing appearance, his affable and winning manners, were well calculated to conciliate the regards of those with whom he was brought in contact. His talents, showy rather than solid, were after all the best adapted for the purpose of those small displays in which a Viceroy wins popularity or acquires reputation with the crowd. Without a particle of his blunt and sterling honesty, with not one-half of his sound judgment and steady good sense, Lord Clarendon was yet more calculated than his predecessor to shine in those performances which conven-

tional usage terms brilliant. All exterior advantages of family, of reputation, of person, of manner, and even of talents, qualified him to be eminently popular in the Castle of Dublin.

It was well, perhaps, for the enthusiasm of his reception, that the identity of Lord Clarendon with "Mr. Villiers" was forgotten, or rather that the part which Mr. Villiers bore in the politics of the country, as it has since been revealed in Lord Cloncurry's singular disclosures, was not known. As Mr. Villiers, Lord Clarendon, had lived many years, when holding an official appointment, in the city of Dublin. We cannot say, however, that he profited much in the way of knowledge by his residence in the country. Lord Cloncurry, in his "Personal Recollections" (a work which every one who wishes to understand "Ireland misgoverned" ought to read), informs us that, during the viceroyalty of Lord Anglesey, there existed a back-stairs camarilla, who were the secret advisers of that brave and well-meaning, but excessively weak-minded nobleman.* *Noscitur a sociis*. It is not, we confess, calculated to give us a very exalted idea of the wisdom or statesmanship of "Mr. George Villiers, now Earl of Clarendon," when we find that he was one of the "extra-official council" that advised the Marquess of Anglesey, the other members being the late Mr. Blake! Mr. William Henry Curran!! and Lord Cloncurry himself!!! The collective wisdom of this little cabinet being, we presume, occasionally aided by the knowledge and experience of

* "Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry." Second Edition, page 278. Dublin: 1851. See the review of the first edition of this singular publication in the number of this Magazine for November, 1849. Great as has been the attention attracted by the "Recollections of Lord Cloncurry," it has not been as great as we believe these remarkable revelations merit. We must refer the curious reader to the book itself for a fuller account of Lord Clarendon's apprenticeship to Castle intrigue, when he formed one of the "extra official council." It was impossible, we need hardly say, to conceive a worse school for the education of a Viceroy.

As we have adverted to Lord Cloncurry's "Recollections" let us say that there are disclosures made in this volume, relative to the Secretaryship of Mr. Stanley, now the Earl of Derby, which possess at this moment a peculiar interest and value. They certainly place his conduct upon two great questions, in a light different from that in which many were disposed to view it—we mean the questions of National Education and the Irish Church. But for Lord Cloncurry's "Recollections" we would never have known his struggles to meet the views of the friends of Scriptural Education in the construction of the new system. Nor would we ever have been informed that his influence prevented the adoption, by the Government of Lord Anglesey, of a plan of Church reform approved of by high auspices, which would have settled the Church question in a manner satisfactory to Lord Cloncurry, by "settling" the Irish Church itself! It is but justice to say, that Lord Cloncurry has at least partially revealed us the extent to which Irish Protestantism was indebted to the advocacy of the Chief Secretary in the private councils of the Irish Government in 1832.

Mr. Pierce Mahony, admittedly Mr. George Villiers's

"Gulde, philosopher and friend."

The noble Earl's early initiation into the mysteries of Castle statesmanship was, however, when he arrived here, unknown or forgotten. He was recognised not as the colleague of Lord Cloncurry and Mr. Mahony, but as the successful diplomatist, and the descendant of the Villiers' and the Hydes.

We cannot help observing, in passing, that if we wanted a justification of the contempt in which we hold what are called diplomatic reputations, we could not select a more striking instance than that of Lord Clarendon himself. Whatever of honest training men may fairly be supposed to receive in diplomatic employment, we might perhaps expect that it would be chiefly manifested in appreciation of character, and in caution and reserve, especially in the use of that dangerous instrument, epistolary correspondence. No man has ever shown such complete and childish folly in the selection of his associates or his confidants, as Lord Clarendon has since his arrival here. We do not mean merely that in no one instance has he attached to himself a single individual of real ability—the subject is perhaps an invidious one—but the observation ought not to be withheld; we refer to the palpable, and unhappily too notorious instances in which he has been brought into disgrace and annoyance, by committing himself to persons whom the commonest tact, the most ordinary discrimination, would have taught him to avoid. And as for his letters! History, we venture to say, supplies no instance of any man brought, within the same space of time, into so many scrapes by indiscreet letter-writing. We do not refer to those documents generally believed to exist, in which his Excellency is said unequivocally to have committed himself to the leaders of the Orangemen of Ulster, all connexion with whom he afterwards found it convenient rather ungraciously to disavow. It requires no allusion to those of problematical, or even disputed authorship, to establish that Lord Clarendon is not the model of "the discreet letter-writer." When we recount those strange productions, singular in the fatuity of their original conception, more singular still in the fatality that gave them to the public—when we re-

count those that are unquestionably established to have emanated from his prolific pen, and all of which have been, by some unfortunate accident, published, though intended only for confidential eyes—the never-to-be-forgotten letter to the Duke of Bedford, enclosing Mr. Fitzimon's hint as to Lady Jocelyn—the celebrated epistle to the Archbishop of the Ionian Islands, in which he laid the statutes of the Queen's Colleges at the feet of the Pope—and last, not least, the letter to Lord Shrewsbury, for which an action for libel is now pending against the Viceroy in our courts—when we recount those instances of his discreet correspondence, we think we suggest scrapes enough to supply the whole life of any ordinary man; scrapes which it required singular dexterity, even in a diplomatist, to manage to manufacture for himself within the short space of two years.

This is, however, anticipating remarks that properly belong to the history of his administration. Whatever might be the real value of Lord Clarendon's diplomatic reputation, his "antecedents" were such as, in the peculiar position of political parties, to obtain for him, when he entered on his viceroyalty, an almost unprecedented amount of confidence and trust.

The state of parties and of political feeling in the country, offered great facilities to a statesman really anxious for the good of Ireland. The bitterness of political animosity, we have said, from various causes, had subsided. Religious feuds were dying away. This was not all. The year 1847 was singularly marked by a spirit of nationality and union among Irishmen, which, wisely directed, might have been the means of effecting great good. It is melancholy to look back at lost opportunities, and recall perished hopes. The danger of the country had driven men of opposite politics to take counsel together for the common safety. The great meeting of the landed gentry of Ireland, which took place in January, at the Rotundo, presented an amalgamation of parties hitherto unknown in this distracted country. Other, although less influential efforts, struggled to maintain the feeling then created. We think we can appeal to the recollection of every observer of passing events, to confirm the statement, that just at the

time of Lord Clarendon's assuming the government, there was, among all classes of Irishmen, the strongest disposition to forget the differences that have torn our country, and to substitute for party cries and party watchwords, the spirit of a zealous and enlightened nationality.

But let it not be forgotten that this very spirit of united nationality was, least of all, disposed to tolerate that contemptuous disregard of Irish interests, which has pre-eminently distinguished the cabinet of Lord John Russell. It has so distinguished it, not so much from any anti-Irish tendencies on the part of the individual members of that cabinet, as because they have felt, or fancied it their interest to surrender the government of the British empire to the guidance, so far as its economic arrangements are concerned, of the maxims of that little knot of conspirators against all home interests who choose to call themselves "the Manchester school." These maxims, in every question of social economy, side with "capital" against poverty. Ireland is poor, and is destitute of what they term capital; and, therefore, their maxims are at enmity with Irish interests. Ireland needs the fostering hand of a paternal government: the Manchester school preaches that government interference must be mischievous. Ireland has a great, but an unemployed population: the Manchester school believe that human beings who do not produce wealth, are only fit to perish from the face of the earth. Ireland is an agricultural country: the Manchester school are the mortal enemies of all interests connected with the land. Above all, Ireland needs PROTECTION to her industry: the Manchester school demand universal and unrestricted competition. Every man of common sense must feel that nothing but the miserable and truly criminal dissensions of the country could prevent all Irishmen uniting, as one man, to demand a return to that system of Protection to her agriculturists and her artisans, on the faith of which she surrendered her separate national existence. We can name no one point upon which the interests of Irishmen are not at issue with the cold and heartless doctrines of the pretenders, who, with an audacity only equalled by their shallowness and ignorance, arrogate to themselves the name of

Liberals! and philosophers!!! Ireland, in a word, demands, for her regeneration, a generous and a Christian policy. These miserable quacks who have too long imposed on common sense, by reasonings believed to be science, only because they are so awkwardly worded as to ordinary readers to be unintelligible, propound, as infallible rules, maxims that run counter to the instincts of the heart and the teachings of our religion. The moment Irishmen become united, the policy that governs Ireland by the doctrines of the political economists must be abandoned. It needed no profound reflection to discern this truth. On every occasion the Free-traders in the House of Commons were foremost in the insult to this country, not because it was Ireland, but because it is poor. Every demand for aid from the Imperial treasury was met by insult on the part of the Liberals and philosophers! Their policy is a simple, but at the same time a compendious one. It is to sacrifice all classes and all interests to the advancement of that to which they have given the much misunderstood name of "capital."

With the rising spirit of a united and generous nationality in Ireland, the representative of such a policy could have no sympathy. Lord Clarendon was pre-eminently fitted to be the dupe of the "doctrinaires." He had quite cleverness enough to be led astray by the speciousness of their sophisms, without genius enough to perceive their fallacy. In their essential principles, the maxims of Free-trade philosophy, and the dictates of patriotism, are directly and irreconcilably opposed. Between the Free-trader and the patriot, a natural antipathy everywhere exists. Lord Clarendon could view with but little favour, a movement like that which, in 1847, attempted to unite all Irishmen in an effort to obtain for this country that justice which the "political economists," upon the most infallible demonstration of abstract "science," were prepared, in opposition to all experience, and all reasoning, sternly to deny.

Notwithstanding some desultory and ill-sustained efforts in Ireland to obtain a better policy from the Imperial Government towards this country, that year passed away without any attempt

to employ the powers of the empire to rescue Ireland from the ruin, which it required no very high degree of sagacity to foresee must be the result of the policy that left matters to mend themselves. The new Viceroy was thoroughly indoctrinated in the maxims of that feeble and conceited system, that is miscalled by its adherents, "political economy;" and regarded it as a maxim, that government interference, even to save the people from starving, must necessarily do harm. We can, however, in this paper, but glance at the questions involved in the economic policy pursued to Ireland since the commencement of the famine. In truth, that policy does not owe its origin to Lord Clarendon's government. Enough to say, that his administration of it was as stern, as unrelenting, and heartless, as the policy itself.

At the close of the session of 1847, the parliament, which had then existed for six years, was dissolved. Before, however, we pretend to notice the results of the General Election which followed that dissolution, we must break the continuity of our narrative to notice, a little out of place, perhaps, the strangest portion of the strange history with which we are endeavouring to deal.

We purpose in the pages which we design to devote to the subject of Lord Clarendon's government, formally and consecutively to review the proceedings of his administration. Our readers will, perhaps, excuse us if, before we enter on that review, we endeavour to dispose of a matter we cannot help thinking vitally affecting the character of that administration. Although among the last of the subjects to which we would be brought in point of date, we are anxious to get rid of this strange episode in the first instance. We allude to the disclosures elicited in a recent action brought against Sir Wm. Somerville, by the proprietor of a newspaper, published in this city, called the *World*. It is, we confess, a subject which we approach with hesitation and pain. It would be impossible, however, to do justice to Lord Clarendon's policy, without noticing this singular chapter in his history. Unparalleled as it is, in the history of British statesmen, we prefer to deal with it, as isolated, even in the history of Lord Clarendon.

We have before us, now, a pamphlet report of an action tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, in December last, in which James Birch, proprietor of the *World* newspaper, was plaintiff, and the Right Hon. Sir Wm. Somerville, Chief Secretary for Ireland, was defendant. It purports to be a report from the columns of a very respectable and accurate journal, the *Dublin Daily Express*, and except in what we cannot but regard as the unmeaning affectation of substituting asterisks for some passages of the speech of the defendant's counsel, and the correspondent omissions equally unmeaning, in the cross-examination, it appears to be conducted with fidelity and care. We have taken the trouble of supplying the "index of asterisks," that led us to the spicy passages, by a reference to the contemporaneous reports. We know not with what motive the passages are suppressed. They are those in which the counsel of the Chief Secretary sketched, in terms which his reporters decline to publish, at least in a permanent form, the character of the journalist whom his Excellency Lord Clarendon singled out for his favour, his intimacy, and his patronage.

The demand made upon the Chief Secretary, in this action, was one for a money reward alleged to be due to the plaintiff for articles written in support of the Irish Government in his newspaper, during Lord Clarendon's viceroyalty. That the articles were written was not disputed. That they were written upon an understanding that they were to be paid for could not be denied. But the defence of the Chief Secretary was this:—that the understanding was with the Lord Lieutenant and not with him, and that Lord Clarendon had amply fulfilled that understanding by paying to Mr. Birch no less a sum than £3700!!

The nature of this defence, indeed the character of the entire transaction, naturally led to the examination of the Lord Lieutenant, as a witness, on the trial!! We cannot but think that even in itself such a position, as that of a witness, was one derogatory to the character and position of the representative of the Queen's most Excellent Majesty in this island. We are old-fashioned enough to believe that there is a sacredness about the regal office which ought not to be profaned by associations that reduce to an ordinary level the

functions of the Crown. Something of—

“The divinity that doth hedge a king”

ought to surround the person of a Lord Lieutenant. It is impossible that the dignity of the high office he bears must not be more or less compromised when he is placed in the witness-box to give his evidence in the contentious process by which truth is elicited in courts of justice; when it is not merely the privilege, but the duty of counsel, if it be necessary, to try his veracity by all the ordinary tests of cross-examination; when it is the duty of jurymen to weigh his credit—the credit of the representative of the Sovereign—the man for whom every Sabbath we are taught to pray in our churches; when judges are called upon to leave that evidence to the jury with just the same comments as they would that of any citizen. No one really anxious to uphold the honour and dignity of the Crown can avoid feeling that this is an ordeal through which the representative of royalty can hardly pass without more or less compromising royalty itself.

It is quite true that any spiteful or malignant individual might, upon any frivolous pretence, demand the presence of the Lord Lieutenant as a witness in a trial. Something like this has been attempted before. Upon such an occasion as this a Viceroy appearing in a court of justice would appear with dignity, as yielding obedience even to the vexatious use of the power of every subject to appeal to his evidence, to answer that he knew nothing of the matter upon which he was questioned. The public sense and the public feeling would condemn the attempt to disparage his high office. Indeed there would be this security, that while suitors entrust the conduct of their litigations to those in either branch of the legal profession who have character to lose, a sense of propriety would restrain such a vexatious insult. If it were attempted, every man in the community would feel that not the Lord Lieutenant, but those who adopted such unjustifiable means of annoyance, were damaged by the proceeding.

Nay! we can conceive it possible that events might occur where, without the slightest indiscretion on the part of the person representing the Sovereign, his evidence might be material in deciding questions in litigation

between man and man. We can conceive the very same to occur in the case of the Sovereign, and we leave it to speculative jurists to determine the yet unsettled point, whether, or how in such a case the evidence of the Sovereign is to be received. King James I. is said to have certified some matter of this nature under his sign manual to the court that tried the case on which it bore, and the propriety of receiving that certificate has given rise to many strange and curious disquisitions with which we will not trouble our readers. Yet, even under circumstances of this kind, we apprehend every right-minded person must feel that the appearance of the Queen's representative in the Queen's court would be a matter to be deeply regretted in any case in which his evidence could become the subject of controversy or dispute.

Far different, however, from either of these cases were the circumstances under which Lord Clarendon was obliged to submit to appear as a witness. No person could say that it was a mere act of insult and vexation to summon him. His Excellency had voluntarily placed himself in a position which gave Mr. Birch a perfect right to appeal to his testimony. He had been the personal negotiator of the bargain, the terms of which were in dispute. Had his evidence not been given, the Court and the jury would have had reason to complain that the best evidence of the real nature of the transaction was withheld. Lord Clarendon's own indiscretion had placed him in this position. When Viceroys condescend personally to make bargains, they cannot complain that they are subject to the incidents which befall all persons privy to bargains that give rise to litigation. A very little discretion would suffice to protect a Lord Lieutenant from such positions. The etiquette of Courts forbids him to appear personally in matters of much less moment. His invitations are conveyed through his chamberlain or an aide-de-camp. His official letters are written by the Chief Secretary, by his command. The very forms by which he is surrounded were intended to remind Lord Clarendon that he was descending from his proper position when he personally bargained and chaffered for the services, even in the cause “of law and order,” of Mr. Birch.

But this is not all; the dispute in which Lord Clarendon had thus involved himself both as a witness and a party, was one not between two private individuals, but between Mr. Birch and the Government of Ireland. The testimony which his Excellency could give, was that of matters in which he was mixed up, not as a private individual, but as Chief Governor. It was, emphatically, the Lord Lieutenant, and not the Earl of Clarendon, who was dragged into the witness-box. Nor was his evidence merely confined to these formal and unquestioned statements which would have, as a matter of course, commanded universal assent. Never was there a witness more open to observation, whether from his previous conduct, the bias under which he gave it, or his interest in the result. No witness ever exposed himself to a more damaging examination—no evidence, we shall see presently, was ever fairly subject to more disparaging remarks.

It was, perhaps, well for the dignity of the viceregal office, that either the course of the trial, in which Lord Clarendon was called as a witness by the party that would naturally have cross-examined him—or the respect of those concerned for his office—or both combined, protected Lord Clarendon from humiliations to which his position, and his evidence as a witness, most fairly exposed him. With all this tenderness, commendable as it was, there is no one who will not feel that in that evidence the dignity of royalty has been lowered in its representative. The days of chivalry are gone. We believe there was a time when a British nobleman, who had so far compromised himself as to be compelled to discharge a duty to the laws of his country, by giving evidence under circumstances like those which made Lord Clarendon a witness, would have taken care that when he appeared upon the table of a court of justice, to be cross-examined as the principal in such a transaction, it should have been as a private individual, and not as the representative of his Queen. He had, it is true, so tied himself to Mr. Birch that he could not prevent that gentleman from dragging him through the mire; but it was not in the power of Mr. Birch to drag with him the vice-

regal robes. In the very position of the Lord Lieutenant, as a witness, deposing to the bargain for the purchase of the advocacy of a newspaper, every right-minded man will feel there is a subject very painful to contemplate. In the evidence itself there is infinitely more so. We are, we confess, restrained by a sense of what is due to his Excellency's office, in commenting upon the transaction as it deserves. We had our doubts whether this feeling ought not to prevent our adverting to it at all. But we believe we judge rightly, that we best consult for the honour of our Sovereign when we comment with the freedom of loyalty upon the conduct that disparages the highest office in her gift.

The newspaper in question was one that certainly had no peculiar claims to recommend it to the notice of a court. It had neither character, political influence, nor circulation. In 1846 its average circulation did not amount to 600 a-week: the total number of stamps issued to it in that year were 30,913. In 1847 they had increased to 39,893; giving an average issue of not quite 800. In 1848 it appears to have nearly doubled its issue; the number of stamps issued to this journal in that year amounting to 60,970: an average issue of not quite 1200 a-week.* This circulation, wretched as it was, it enjoyed by the forced distribution for which his Excellency paid. It certainly was not its large circulation that attracted Lord Clarendon to the purchase of the services of this print.

It was impossible for any one to glance at a single number of the *World* without perceiving that it was one of those journals which consider themselves at liberty, under the pretence of a censorship of public morals, to deal very freely with private character. Private scandals in the past life of any person occupying a respectable position in society, were frequently made the subject of its allusion. Any pecuniary difficulties or domestic annoyances of individuals, it had a predilection for exposing. Mercantile credit, whether of single traders or of joint-stock companies, it dealt with not very tenderly. A preliminary notice generally announced that a correspondent had communicated to them matters affecting the character of a family

* Parliamentary Papers—Session 1851. Report of Committee on Newspaper Stamps.
VOL. XXXIX.—NO. CCXXX.

or the credit of a trading establishment, upon which it would be the duty of the journalist to make inquiry. Occasionally the threatened attack followed; not unfrequently the warning notice was all that appeared. We shall presently see the description given of the journal by the Chief Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant. We have some difficulty in attempting one of our own. It is not just to compare it to the *London Satirist*, for it is fair to all parties to say, that it did contain political essays of very considerable ability: but its attacks upon private character had been so flagrant, that at the time when it invited the special patronage of Lord Clarendon, it had been excluded from every club and news-room in the city of Dublin. Sir William Somerville's counsel did not hesitate to describe the journal as "THE GREATEST PEST AND NUISANCE TO SOCIETY THAT EVER EXISTED IN THIS CITY"—words having at least the merit of singular candour when coming from the advocate of the minister by whose subsidies it is now plain it was sustained. Since the trial it has ceased to exist.

We have been supplied with a series of extracts from the columns of this journal, taken at random from a few numbers, which, if we could print them, would strikingly illustrate the exact character of Lord Clarendon's literary tastes, so far as we can judge of them by the style of the periodical literature of which he was the Mæcenas. We can, however, venture only upon one or two, premising merely that we omit many more characteristic, which will not, at least in our pages, bear a reprint. Of those which have been furnished to us, culled at random from odd numbers, we have taken one of the least objectionable as a sample of each class.

A party of guests, moving in the very highest circles of society, were enjoying the hospitality of a mansion, the master and mistress of which are as distinguished by their virtues as their station. Among the guests there appears to have been some gentleman who was not pure enough for the fastidious morality of the *World*. We suppress even all reference to the rank of the parties whose private circle was described as follows. The name of the master of the mansion heads the following attack:—

"Is it not shocking that just at the moment when every one was discussing

the late exposures in high life, and giving the palm of profligacy to the Hon. —, that — should not only invite him to his family mansion at —, but supply the newspaper folk with information that he had done so? Last week it was blazoned forth in every paper that — were bestowing their hospitality upon a select circle, of which the Marquis of —, and the Ladies —, and though last, not least, the moral — formed a portion. The memoirs of Harriet Wilson, we know, record that the head of the house of — was not very straight-laced in his early days; and if we are to credit —, who once sung. . . ."

Then follow ribald allusions to the amiable and universally-respected mistress of the mansion, containing the grossest imputations, which we will not sully our pages by transcribing. The delicate censor of the composition of a family party proceeds:—

"The Hon. — was one of superlative immorality, having no redeeming quality about it. He gives his bill for £1000 to a married prostitute, named Mrs. —, and then seeks to avoid payment of the bribe which he had promised her as a temptation to commit adultery. The affidavit of this man, publishing his own disgrace, had been published in Westminster Hall a little before —, in violation of public decency, had invited him to his house. We are surprised, too, that the Marquis of —, whose experience must have taught him the ill effects of evil communion, should have brought females of tender years into such contaminated company. These young ladies must have heard something of the late exposures, and were not likely to be much improved by coming into contact with Mrs. —'s perfidious swain."

We feel that we owe an apology to our readers for permitting this extract, even in its expurgated form, to meet their eye. This is but a specimen, by no means a rare or an exaggerated one, of attacks to which every rank and class were exposed. The court of Lord Besborough was the subject of attacks as gross, to which, of course, we cannot venture to do more than refer. Relationship to the Sovereign was not sufficient to protect an illustrious Prince from paragraphs of a similarly scandalous character. The humble shopkeeper was no more exempt than the man of wealth and station. A few more samples of these elegant extracts, and we have done:—

"There is no doubt that Mr. —, the — of — street, entered into a sort of partnership with the person who keeps a house of ill-fame in Clarendon-street, to supply the establishment with expensive furniture."

"MR. JUSTICE —.—We entirely agree that Judge — should enable his son to pay the £500 bill, for which proceedings have been reluctantly instituted. . . . A person holding an official situation in the Castle, whose son is acting in the same way, is liable to similar censure."

"MESSRS. — AND — [respectable attorneys in the city].—We trust that we may be saved the trouble of publishing a communication relative to Mr. —, the attorney, of — street. If Mr. — received money which does not belong to him, and appropriated it to his own use, we will only say such conduct is unbecoming a gentleman."

"Mr. —.—If the chastisement which we were provoked to administer have not been thrown away, it may prove a useful lesson to the party; but if he must have a poisoned arrow, we promise he shall not be disappointed."

"Mr. —.—We cannot inform 'Sharp' whether — has given up the practice of writing other men's names across three-shilling stamps. It is an old trick, and hard to break off."

"If 'a Solicitor' apply to the Commissioners of Metropolitan Police, he will learn that Mr. — [a gentleman holding an important legal appointment] was pursued by Barnes, one of the detective force. It is almost unnecessary to state that the Commissioners would not have dared to send a policeman after one of the Queen's subjects unless a criminal charge had been preferred against him."

"Will some of our correspondents in Dingle have the kindness to inform us if Mr. —, of — street, has taken the benefit of the Insolvent Act?"

"Lord —'s bill-hawker, —, who has endeavoured, often vainly, to get his Lordship's bills cashed at 4s. in the pound, is appointed —. Shame! shame! Even the ex-Chief Justice Pennefather, from his lunatic bed, of whom, since his family will drag him before the public, we shall have much to say, has had his recommendation attended to."

We do not hesitate to print the name of the venerable Judge, at whose

family, when mourning by his bedside, in his dying hour, the last paragraph we have quoted darts "the poisoned arrow." In every instance the names of the parties, for which we have substituted blanks, are in the original publications printed in full.

These extracts, which it would cost but a reference to the files of the journal to multiply by hundreds of a similar character, will be sufficient to justify our statement, that it was not very scrupulous nor very select, either in the persons or the topics, in attacks upon private character.

In the year 1846 its proprietor had the misfortune to be convicted of publishing a libel with a view to extort money. He was sentenced by the Court of Queen's Bench to an imprisonment of twelve months; from a great portion of which, he stated on the trial, the friendship of the present Duke of Newcastle procured him, from the Government, a release. He stated further, that his conviction was unjust, and denied that he had ever demanded money as the condition of withholding the publication of remarks injurious to individuals.

His own statement upon the subject is as follows: we quote again from the pamphlet report:—

"Re-examined by Mr. Keogh.—Was discharged from prison before the time expired, by the Government of the day; that was long before my employment with Lord Clarendon; it was a long time before he received the letters that were produced; Mr. Connellan told the witness he was treated unjustly in the Queen's Bench, *but that he was aware in the Queen's Bench there were special jurors and judges*; the Duke of Newcastle and several other influential persons interested themselves for the witness, and got him discharged; they thought it was an unjust imprisonment."

It is to be observed that Mr. Connellan was subsequently examined, and was not asked to contradict, as he might have been, the statement of his complimentary allusion to the administration of justice in the Court of Queen's Bench. The date of this conversation was not fixed. But it is plain that at some period during his confidential intercourse with the Castle, the Lord Lieutenant's Private Secretary was acquainted with all the circumstances of the conviction. We presume he did not withhold them from the Lord Lieutenant.

Convicted, however rightly or wrongly, the proprietor of "the *World* was." From the papers of the day we take the following observations of Mr. Justice Crampton, in pronouncing the sentence of the Court:—

"The indictment in the present case contains twenty counts; and they resolve themselves into three distinct charges. First, the professing to abstain from publishing defamatory matter against the prosecutor; secondly, the threatening to publish defamatory matter, with a similar intent; and lastly, actually publishing libels on the prosecutor, with a similar intent—to extort money. I do not think it necessary to go more particularly into the charges specially set out in the different counts of the indictment; it is sufficient to say of the defamatory matter made use of, that it imputes fraud, usury, and perjury to the prosecutor; and that these charges, varied in the several counts, all resolve themselves into the single class of an attempt, by undue means, to extort money through the medium of different publications. They all relate to the unlawful attempt to extort money from the prosecutor, by means of the threat of holding him up to contempt and ridicule, through the medium of libellous and defamatory publications. Now, James Birch, you have been convicted upon all the counts of the indictment. It appears upon the evidence that you and the prosecutor were strangers to each other up to July, 1843; and you introduced yourself to his notice by writing a letter, in which you stated that certain parties had applied to you, in your capacity of a journalist, to notice certain transactions in which Gray was mixed up. Those transactions related to a compromise entered into in a certain suit between him and third parties. The matter was at an end. It did sleep until you raised it. And what was your motive? The indictment charges, and the jury have found that your object was to extort money, through the instrumentality of the newspaper of which you are the proprietor. You threatened to expose him, and accuse him of fraud, usury, and perjury; and the prosecutor was weak enough to offer you money. £400 or £500 was demanded, and, finally, £100 was paid by the prosecutor for the purpose of purchasing silence. It was obtained by threats; and not content with that sum, you proceeded, in the correspondence, still further to threaten the victim you had in your hands. Your letters become more urgent; you threaten to expose everything before the public, and to effect his total ruin. You got the pro-

secutor's £100, but he subsequently became firm; he refused to give any more, and you then denounced him as guilty of perjury, fraud, and usury. The result was, your prosecution on the present indictment, and a verdict of guilty; which, looking upon the evidence, should satisfy, and certainly does satisfy the Court as to its propriety. You now stand convicted of extorting money from this gentleman, who must be given credit for his courage in coming forward to face the terrible power under whose attacks he had already suffered."

Of this trial, and this sentence, Lord Clarendon impliedly tells us he had never heard when he sent for Mr. Birch. His Private Secretary, we apprehend, could scarcely profess similar ignorance. The trial was one which, for many reasons, attracted a very great share of attention at the time. Mr. Connellan was then a barrister in attendance upon the courts. He was certainly much less attentive to passing events than his friends give him credit for, if he was the only person moving in the circles of Dublin society who heard nothing of the trial of Gray and Birch. We must say he badly discharged his duties as "Private Secretary," when he failed to apprise his Excellency of this rather remarkable "antecedent" in the history of the journalist, to whom the Viceroy opened his heart and his purse—whom he honoured with his intimacy, his confidence, and his pecuniary support.

The connexion between this journal and his Excellency the Earl of Clarendon commenced in the month of February, 1848. It appears to have been of a character the most intimate and confidential. Twice as much money, it will presently be seen, was paid to it as to the only other journal in Ireland to which Lord Clarendon thought proper to apportion the public money. It is not very easy to gather, from the evidence at the trial, the exact period during which Lord Clarendon continued to retain and to pay the services of the *World*. The payments, however, that were *voluntarily* made—we shall see the force of the distinction—do not appear to have extended over a longer interval than from February, 1848, to November, 1849; and within this period Mr. Birch, the proprietor of a weekly journal, received from the Irish Government, for his services, no less a sum than £1700;

increased afterwards by a further payment of £2000.

The arrangement by which this connexion originated was made in a personal interview between the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Mr. Birch. The interview was solicited by his Excellency. We must permit Lord Clarendon to tell this strange story in his own words :—

“ I sent for him in consequence of his offers to me to support the cause of law and order. He had repeatedly offered in 1847; sent me his papers, and wrote letters, which were simply acknowledged; he subsequently, in February, offered to support the cause of law and order, which was then in some danger. I then saw Mr. Birch, and in the state of public affairs at that time, I think I should have failed in my duty if I had not accepted offers which any person made in support of law and order. Mr. Birch offered to write in that sense, and I told him he might do so, although I did not expect much good to result from his labours (a laugh). I told him, at the same time, that he should offer no support to the Government, and that, as for myself, he might abuse me as much as he liked, as I was perfectly indifferent to it.

“ Mr. Meagher.—Did you see articles in support of law and order in his newspaper afterwards?—Yes, occasionally. Is it a fact that up to January, 1851, he continued to publish those articles?—No; I am not aware that law and order at that time wanted any defence.

“ Mr. Meagher.—In defence of the general policy of the Government?

“ His Excellency.—I cannot say that he did, for I must admit that I never read his paper (a laugh).

“ Counsel.—Did your Excellency make any payment to Mr. Birch for the services which you accepted from him in defence of law and order?

“ His Excellency.—Yes.

“ Mr. Meagher.—What sum on that account?

“ His Excellency.—He received sums at various times: I could not exactly say the amount paid him. The first time I saw him he asked me for money, for the purpose of rendering his paper, as he said, more efficient. I told him there was no fund applicable to it, but I offered him £100, if I remember right, and he said that would not be sufficient for the purpose, and I then increased it to about £350. This was in the beginning of 1848—the month of February, I think.

“ Mr. Meagher.—Does your Excellency know that any further sum of money was paid to Mr. Birch in London?

“ His Excellency.—Yes.

“ Mr. Meagher.—From what fund?

“ His Excellency.—From a sum placed at the disposal of Sir William Somerville, at my request.

“ Mr. Meagher.—Out of the public funds?

“ His Excellency.—I did not say that it was out of the public funds.

“ Mr. Meagher.—I thought I understood that from your Excellency?

“ His Excellency.—I said they were funds placed at the disposal of Sir William Somerville, at my request.

“ Mr. Meagher.—May I take the liberty of asking your Excellency whether or not they were public funds?

“ His Excellency.—Part was from a sum applicable to special services, part from my own private pocket-book; the money applicable to special services was at my request and on my responsibility, and has been repaid by myself very long ago !*

“ Cross-examined by Mr. Brewster.—Are you aware that altogether Mr. Birch got £3700?

“ His Excellency.—I am.

“ Counsel.—Was every farthing of that sum from you?

“ His Excellency.—Every farthing of it I paid.

“ Counsel.—And not a farthing by Sir William Somerville?

“ His Excellency.—Not a farthing.

“ Counsel.—The sums paid by him were supplied by you?

“ His Excellency.—Entirely by me, or at my request; and for the latter I was responsible.”

“ Q. Was your first introduction to Mr. Birch by Mr. Birch himself?

“ A. By Mr. Birch; I never heard of Birch or his paper until then.

“ Q. You knew nothing of his antecedents, I presume?

“ A. Nothing whatever.”

It subsequently appeared, that the sum of £3700, which his Excellency admitted to be paid, was made up of £1700 paid while the services were in course of rendering, and a further sum of £2000 paid by Lord Clarendon after an action had been brought against him, and to prevent that action coming into court.

We may, before we offer any comments, complete this strange history by adverting to the transactions connected with the payment of the £2,000.

In the month of November, 1850, the proprietor of this newspaper instituted against Lord Clarendon an action in one of the law courts. In that ac-

* We print this answer as we find it in the pamphlet. In one of the contemporary reports his Excellency is made to say that he repaid it “not very long ago.” The difference is very immaterial.

tion he claimed a further sum in addition to the £1700 already paid. He commenced the action after having made a demand which was met by a distinct and positive refusal. It was not until legal proceedings were in an advanced stage that his Excellency thought it expedient to stop them by a further payment of no less a sum than £2000!!

The question suggests itself at once—what were the services for which his Excellency sent for this agent, and for which he volunteered so extravagantly to pay him? During the time that these sums were paid, it is a notorious fact, that the salaried journal manifested its zeal for his Excellency's cause, not only by eulogistic articles upon himself and his measures, but by personal slanders upon persons of every party whose politics or whose independence might be supposed to render them obnoxious to the powers that be. There was, perhaps, hardly a number of that journal published during the period covered by these payments that did not contain a personal libel upon some individual or other. These slanderous publications were circulated at his Excellency's expense. The counsel for Sir Wm. Somerville, to meet the demand upon him, produced the bill that had been furnished to his Excellency, and which his Excellency, after that bill became the subject of an action, compromised by payment of £2000. Lord Clarendon's attorney was examined, and he proved that part of the demand, made in all legal form against Lord Clarendon, was for **THE GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION OF 12,000 COPIES OF THE *World* NEWSPAPER, AT SIXPENCE A COPY.** And this demand, thus solemnly put forward in a court of justice, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland **COMPROMISED!!** We have given our readers some faint idea of the nature of the publication for the distribution of which this money was claimed!!

But this is not all. For what was the additional £2000 paid by Lord Clarendon? His Excellency had repudiated any claim upon him before the action was brought. It was not the recognition of any just demand. For what was this large sum paid? Of what exposure was his Excellency afraid? Does the following passage, in the evidence of Lord Clarendon's attorney, help us to suggest an answer to this question:—

"I ASKED MR. BIRCH FOR SOME LETTERS AT THAT TIME, BEFORE I GAVE HIM THE £2000."

Whose were the letters, the surrender of which was so dearly purchased? What possible construction can be put upon this payment except that it was hush-money? The letters were universally believed to be those of Lord Clarendon himself. There is not an individual who has heard the story who does not believe that the £2000 was paid for the express purpose of preventing the exposure of these letters. What had Lord Clarendon written to Mr. Birch, the suppression of which he purchased at so costly a price? Was the secret an honourable one, which gave its holder so enormous a claim?

**"Nil tibi se debere putat nil conferet unquam
Qui te participem secreti fecit HONESTI."**

What was the secret that made Lord Clarendon the debtor of Mr. Birch? There is no use in concealing the fact. It has been ostentatiously reported—we will not say that there is no foundation in the circumstances for the statement, almost incredible as it seems—it has been stated that some of these letters were private notes, in the handwriting of Lord Clarendon himself, directing or suggesting obnoxious individuals who were to be assailed—his Excellency, we presume, did not say, by those peculiar missiles, in the throwing of which his agent was so skilled.

Let us, before we reject this hypothesis, hear the statement which was made, both by the counsel of Sir William Somerville and for the plaintiff, upon the occasion of the late scandalous trial. The counsel for the Chief Secretary, the very minister who paid a large portion of the money to the *World*, was instructed by his client to describe that journal in terms which we are reluctant to repeat. The mildest of his epithets, applied to its proprietor, was **"HIRELING ASSASSIN,"** and this from the counsel of the only person, except the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who ever was known to have paid one penny for the insertion of a paragraph in that journal! The journal was described, upon the same authority—that, be it remembered, of the minister who had it in his pay—as **"THE GREATEST PEST AND NUISANCE OF SOCIETY THAT EVER INFESTED THIS CITY."** These were the expressions used—deliberately used—in describing the character of

the journal, by the very distinguished and able counsel who represented the Chief Secretary:—"Miscreant," "assassin," "rapacious extortioner," were every moment heaped by that indignant counsel upon the devoted plaintiff. He was described as "the patriot who was sent to gaol for using threats to extort money." Again: "I believe that this man did as much as any man ever did to poison the public mind, and did what was in his power to *obstruct the channels of justice and pollute its sources.*"

Upon what occasion? Was it when he was assailing, *by express direction from the Castle*, the enemies of the Government, at the very moment when they were about to stand their trial in the city in which the public money circulated this paper?

It seems hardly credible that this was the statement of the counsel of Sir Wm. Somerville. Well, indeed, might he take credit to his client for a public benefit in "exposing in a court of justice"—we will not say whom!

The epithets of contempt were exhausted. Even the not very spare nor yet sparing vocabulary of the very eminent counsel who conducted the defence of the Chief Secretary could not supply expressions of contumely multitudinous enough to save him the necessity of repeating over and over again terms of opprobrium which the English language did not appear abusive enough to vary. The course of the paper was described as one of "scheming and extortion"—of "extorting money under threats of exposure and abuse;" the jury were invoked, "by their verdict, to rid the city of the greatest pest that ever infested it;" the gratitude of the ladies of the country! claimed for Sir Wm. Somerville "for having had the courage to put an end to the system of extortion" by resisting this demand! and, finally, the idea of "this fellow" writing any able essay was ridiculed and scouted by an appeal to the jury *on the view*—the plaintiff's claim to any merit as a writer being decisively disposed of by the expressive criticism on his personal appearance. "He do service to the cause of law and order! Did you see him? Only fancy his writing terse and brilliant articles, *THE HANG-DOG LOOKING FELLOW!*"

Surely, when the counsel for the Chief Secretary ventured on this rather hazardous appeal to the personal observation of the jury, it must, for the moment, have escaped his memory, that it was *after a personal interview* that his Excellency selected "the hang-dog looking fellow" as the instrument he required at the press, and selected him, we may presume, as his Excellency knew nothing of his antecedents, upon the sole recommendation of his personal presence.

Mr. Birch's counsel was, if possible, still more explicit as to the nature of the services for which he was retained. Mr. Keogh thus pressed upon the jury the nature of these services:—

"He was not asked merely to write an occasional article for Lord Clarendon; the whole tenor of his correspondence demonstrated this, that he and his paper were sold in their entirety and severally, to the Government of the day. The Government accepted the services of that paper; and it is for you to call to your recollection whether its columns were not made use of *FOR THE PURPOSE OF ASSAILING THE OPPONENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON—RIGHTEOUSLY AND UNRIGHTEOUSLY—CREDITABLY AND DISCREDITABLY*: and discreditably not one whit more to my client, who, possessed of no wealth, and holding no high station, was tempted by the promises made to him by men in the highest station, than to the members of a Government who were surrounded by all the opulence and wealth which power can give—men whose education and position ought to have rendered them incapable of *DEFILING AND DEGRADING THE PUBLIC PRESS BY MAKING USE OF IT FOR BASE PURPOSES*; and it does not, I say, now lie in the mouth of these persons to calumniate and defame their agent."

"Is there," in another part of his reply, asked the advocate of Mr. Birch—

"Is there any man, woman, or child, who will believe that they were not thoroughly acquainted with the character not only of Mr. Birch, but with the productions which were inserted in his paper, and which, whatever else they were, were not disapproved of by the Earl of Clarendon? The bill of particulars in this case was long; the speeches made in this case have been long; but has my able and learned friend, who is second to none at this or any other bar, ventured to open one of those articles which were charged to have been written with the full consent and recog-

nition of Lord Clarendon, and which were proved to have been with the full approval of Mr. Connellan? Has he ventured to open those pages, and see to whom they apply? I see there references to a statesman who has now passed from this troubled scene; has he ventured to look there, and see the calumnies upon that great man, Sir Robert Peel, under whom he held high office, spread upon the pages of the *World* newspaper, and done with the sanction and approval of the Earl of Clarendon, and those under him? Does he mean to say he is ignorant of the description and character of the writings which appeared in that journal, and which were approved of by Lord Clarendon? And if you find that they were sanctioned, encouraged, recognised, and approved of, nay more, as you must now believe—for it is admitted by Lord Clarendon himself—paid for from week to week, month to month, year to year, I ask, does it rest with my learned friend, or those who have instructed him, to malign and befoul the instrument which was chosen by themselves?"

With this pleasant description of the nature of the connexion between the Viceroy and the journalist, vouched as it is both by the employer and employed, Lord Clarendon must not wonder if some little credit is given by the public to the statement we have mentioned as to the contents of the letters which he bought up.

To the purpose of subsidising a journal, employed for such services, **THE PUBLIC MONEY WAS APPLIED!!** This is a part of the case upon which we must repeat our quotation of Lord Clarendon's own evidence. He was asked—

"Q. Does your Excellency know that any further sum was paid to Mr. Birch in London?"

"A. Yea.

"Q. From what fund?"

"A. Out of a fund placed at the disposal of Sir William Somerville at my request.

"Q. Out of the public funds?"

"A. I did not say it was out of the public funds."

In an ordinary witness, we protest, this would seem something very like an attempt to evade a plain answer to a very plain question. "I did not say," stated his Excellency, "that it was out of the public funds." It was so nevertheless! and so another question obliged the noble witness to acknowledge:—

"Q. I thought I so understood from your Excellency?"

"A. I said they were funds placed at Sir William Somerville's disposal at my request.

"Q. May I take the liberty of asking your Lordship whether or not they were public funds?"

This was a question which there was no possibility of evading; Lord Clarendon's extorted confession is couched in language worthy of a diplomatist:—

"A. PART WAS FROM A SUM APPLICABLE TO SPECIAL SERVICES, part from my own private pocket. *The money applicable to special services was at my request, and on my responsibility, and has been repaid by myself very long ago.*"*

We confess we would have desired a little explanation of the rather strange transaction disclosed in the last answer we have quoted. The fund designated by the noble Viceroy as "a sum applicable to special services" is, we need scarcely say, that mysterious fund more vulgarly known as "secret service money." We can, of course, perfectly understand the application of a portion of this fund to the purposes of subsidising agents like those employed on this occasion. We ought, perhaps, to qualify this statement. Unless we are misinformed, *every minister is bound by a most stringent oath as to the nature of the purposes to which he permits the secret service money to be applied.* If this be so, Lord Clarendon's conscience must determine whether the terms of that oath be large enough to include payments to Mr. Birch. But we do not so readily comprehend why money should be advanced from this fund, to be repaid out of the private resources of the minister. Unexplained, this appears an advance for the accommodation of the Viceroy; a loan of the public money to discharge a private and personal obligation. If the advance given to Mr. Birch was a private transaction, why was it made out of the public funds?—if it was a public one, why was the money replaced by Lord Clarendon out of his own pocket?

There can be but one explanation of the matter. When the money was paid it was paid out of the "secret service money," and paid without the slightest intention of its being a loan to Lord Clarendon. But when Mr. Birch brought his action against his Excellency, and it became manifest that the whole transaction might come before the public, then, and not till then, Lord Clarendon replaced the

* See the note upon this answer, page 249.

money which he had desired to be so appropriated out of the public funds, and which it is due to him to believe he had never considered as an advance "upon his own private responsibility," or, in other words, a loan of the secret service money to himself.

The transaction bears internal evidence that such is its real nature. Any other supposition would but insult Lord Clarendon, by attributing to him the tampering with the public funds, which must be involved in the payment out of the secret service money of his private draughts, even with the understanding that he was to replace the amount. A letter, however, was read at the trial, which seems to place the matter beyond all doubt. The proprietor of the Government organ complained, it seems, that he was not sufficiently paid. His remonstrance was addressed to Sir William Somerville, but the reply came from Mr. Corry Connellan, the very intelligent and courtly personage who filled the most important office of Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. Thus writes Mr. Connellan to Mr. Birch in 1849 :—

"I have had a letter from Sir William Somerville, announcing the receipt of one from you, upon the receipt of which I shall have a conversation in London (for which I start on Wednesday morning) with the Lord Lieutenant. As to the phrase 'luke-warm support' in your last note, I have only to remark, that no journal in England receives any subsidy; and that in one year you have had more than *twice* as much as was ever paid in the same period to *the only newspaper in Ireland* which is aided by public money. "Yours, truly,

"CORRY CONNELLAN."

It is quite plain that Mr. Connellan at least, when he wrote this letter, was under the impression that it was "public money" which Mr. Birch had received; that he knew nothing of his Excellency's reservation in his own mind of an intention religiously to repay the money which he borrowed from the public funds to subsidise Mr. Birch. Mr. Connellan certainly then believed that Lord Clarendon's draughts on "the funds at the disposal of Sir William Somerville in London," were made not on the private, but the public responsibility of the Viceroy.

Before we dismiss Mr. Corry Connellan from the stage, we must give our readers the benefit of the perusal of one or two of his letters, which are singular even in this singular case. It

will be understood that they are all addressed to the proprietor of the *World* :—

"Viceroyal Lodge, March, 1848.

"DEAR SIR—The French news ought to turn to account: the triumph of the Moderate party, the defeat and certain ejection of Ledru Rollin, the Irish fraternizer, and the vigorous proceedings of the Provisional Government in making arrests.

"I presume that to-morrow's (Friday) mail will bring us an account of the capture of Blanqui and Cabet, the great Communist leader. The *morale* of this might be well applied to Mitchel and Co.—Yours truly,

"CORRY CONNELLAN."

This letter demands from us a few words of comment. It proves unquestionably that his Excellency, at least his Excellency's Private Secretary, did occasionally suggest the subjects of the leading articles in the *World*, even when they were to be applied to individuals.

We notice it also, because this very significant hint to assail "Mitchel and Co." as Red Republicans and Communists, was unquestionably given at a time when a prosecution was pending in the Court of Queen's Bench against the individual whom the Castle journalist was thus directed to assail, by the imputation which, of all possible imputations, would be the most damaging to him in the eyes of the class from whom his jury would be taken.

We know that Mr. Corry Connellan has addressed a letter to the newspapers, positively denying what we are sure he believes to be an unjust imputation, of thus writing while a prosecution was pending. But it is quite plain that Mr. Connellan, in his denial, has been led astray by the fact that there were two prosecutions against Mitchel, the first instituted in March, the second in May. The first of these prosecutions, it is capable of demonstration, was not only commenced, but far advanced, when the *World* was instructed to apply to him the "*morale* of Blanqui and Cabet."

We do not know by what mistake the letter has appended to it the date of "March," which we give as we find it, we conjecture by a mistake of the reporter, in the report. But the allusion to French affairs enables us conclusively to fix the date of its writing to be in the latter end of April. "The triumph of the Moderate party" was in the election of the members of the Na-

tional Assembly at that period. "The rejection of Ledru Rollin," as one of the candidates, was at one time believed certain; he escaped it by the narrow majority of 34. These elections took place about the 20th of April. Then and then only did the Provisional Government make any arrests, and just at that period, and at no other, each French mail brought rumours of the intended or actual arrest of Blanqui and Cabet, for attempts to excite the workmen of Paris to a new revolution.

A glance at the French intelligence fixes the date of the letter beyond doubt. As it professes to be written on a Thursday, it must have been written on Thursday, the 27th of April. The very day is of importance.

When this letter was written matters as to the prosecution stood thus. On the 22nd of March Mr. Smith O'Brien, Mr. Meagher, and Mr. Mitchel were arrested and brought to a police-office, the two former on a charge of seditious speeches, the latter on the charge of publishing seditious libels in the *United Irishman*. On the 15th of April the Grand Jury of the City of Dublin found true bills against all these parties. On the 20th Mr. Mitchel objected, by plea, to the jurisdiction of the Grand Jury that found the bill. On Thursday, the 27th, *the very day upon which this letter must have been written*, the law reports tell us that the Attorney-General, with that indecision of purpose which so often distinguished his proceedings during these state trials, moved the Court to quash the indictment found against O'Brien and Meagher, that he might proceed by *ex-officio* informations. The proceedings in Mitchel's case were directed to stand over until Monday; AND ON THAT VERY THURSDAY THE Lord Lieutenant, by his Secretary, desired the *World* newspaper to apply to "Mitchel and Co." "the *morale*!! of Blanqui and Cabet."

We have not been able to look to the *World* of the 29th, to examine how the hint was acted on. We confess we would be curious to see how far it would justify the statement of the Chief Secretary's counsel, that among the distinguished services of Mr. Birch to the cause of "law and order," for which his Excellency vouched "no person ever did so much to poison the public mind, or to OBSTRUCT THE CHANNELS OF PUBLIC JUSTICE, AND POLLUTE ITS SOURCES."

Gracious heavens! If these were the letters that were left in the hands of Mr. Birch, what must have been those for the surrender of which £2,000 were paid!

Even from those that remained, and were produced at the trial, it is manifest that the closest intimacy was at once established between the authorities of the Castle and the gentleman—we beg Sir William Somerville's pardon, "the hireling assassin"—who conducted "the greatest pest and nuisance that ever infested this city." Whatever sorrows disturbed the equanimity of the Viceroy; whatever ill-timed accidents marred the wisdom of his plans for the support of "law and order," his griefs were poured, with the confidence of an affectionate friendship, into the ear of his sympathising ally and adviser. Did blunders of the emissaries of the police in too openly asking for the manufacture of pikes, give annoyance to his Excellency—the dismal tale is feelingly confided to Mr. Birch.

"My dear Sir," writes Mr. Connellan, upon this vexatious subject:—

"My dear Sir,—His Excellency was entirely ignorant, I need scarcely say of anything connected with the pike affair. And Brown!"—

This familiar epithet, we ought to apprise our readers, designates that most admirable and respected officer, Colonel Browne, who is at the head of the Dublin Police—

"Brown asserts he never directed Kirwan to order pikes, but merely to procure them."

"Information," continues the Private Secretary, with an air of aristocratic hauteur, that when we consider the high corresponding parties, is not a little amusing—

"Information can only be obtained from *mauvais sujets*, who often misinterpret their instructions, and exceed the limits of their commission."

Did the visit of a Roman Catholic archbishop to England disturb the tranquillity of his Excellency, the same confidant is the depository of the archiepiscopal annoyance:—

"His Excellency took not the slightest notice that Dr. M'Hale sailed for England until he saw it in the papers."

Nay! did an humble parish priest bore his Excellency almost to death

by an attempt to convert him to the cause of Repeal!—the same kind friend became the recipient of his story of his sensations under the infliction.

“Mr. Corry Connellan, faintly reflecting the sorrows of the suffering Viceroy, of whom he was, of course, the amanuensis, writes thus:—

“His Excellency had a conversation with Dr. Yore, and the latter touched upon Repeal!” but, anxious to reassure his correspondent that the interview boded no danger to his Excellency’s “faith and morals,” he continues:—

“His Excellency’s opinions, as you may suppose, were not in the smallest degree influenced by Dr. Yore’s *crambe repetita*. You need not notice this in your paper.”

These, be it remembered, are but the remnant of the letters that escaped the golden net in which his Excellency enclosed so many. Yet even with these, who can help the suspicion that the *World* was, at least, half-edited at the Viceregal Lodge?

As time progressed friendship became deeper; and in the month of November, when all danger to the cause of “law and order” was passed—when the brows of his Excellency and Sub-Inspector Trant were encircled with the laurels of Ballingarry—when O’Brien and his confederates were in the Richmond Penitentiary, and the terrible Mitchel in Bermuda—thus gracefully from his classic retreat, where—

“Sweet are our escapes
From civic revelry to rural mirth”—

Thus playfully and at the same time philosophically writes the Secretary, to the friend whose counsel had so often supported, and whose solace soothed the toils of the statesman and the Viceroy:—

“November, 1848.

“MY DEAR SIR—Many thanks for your kind and interesting letter, which followed me into rustic retirement, where I escape, at least, the interviews and personal applications for patronage, which are the bore of my life. I am very glad to hear that the *World* is forcing its way through the ranks of the enemy. Our countrymen are quick enough to see, if the winkers are taken off them; but hitherto they have been forced to run on in a train, without the power of turning to the right or the left. I shall be in Dublin in ten days. In the meantime I shall be found at my friend’s address.—Yours very sincerely,

“CORRY CONNELLAN.”

These interesting letters—not only containing his Excellency’s hints as to the editorial management of the *World*, but supplying for Mr. Birch’s private amusement reports of the Viceroy’s confidential conversations with his visitors—being all addressed to the journalist whose services the Viceroy had so contemptuously accepted—from whom personally he expected nothing but abuse! and whose paper his Excellency had, with a most commendable caution, all the while, abstained from reading!!

The last letter we shall quote is the most amusing, if anything, indeed, can be amusing in this melancholy scene. Friends, and even lovers, will have their fallings-out. Alas! for the instability of all human attachments; even that of the Pylades and Orestes of the last letter was not eternal. It may be that—

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”

Little differences arose between the Castle and the journalist, and the latter had even the hardihood to apply the ugly phrase, “deliberate liars!” in a manner that was considered unpolite. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, we rather infer, acting on the part of Sir William Somerville, demanded of Mr. Birch a retractation!! The letter in which this is asked by the accomplished Private Secretary, is certainly a curiosity in its way:—

“May 17, 1849.

“SIR,—Having, by desire of the Lord Lieutenant, communicated to Sir William Somerville your letter, in which you made use of the phrase ‘deliberate liars,’ I am directed to inform you that a retractation of these words is demanded. If, therefore, you write me a line to that effect, and will send a confidential person here at three o’clock to-morrow, he shall receive the sum of £100, for which I am credited.—I am, dear Sir, yours,

“C. CONNELLAN.”

All this would be supremely ludicrous if we could separate from its comic incidents the painful suggestions to which it gives rise. We cannot, however, forget that in this position of humiliation was placed a nobleman of ancient family, a scholar, a man of talent, and a gentleman—above all, the representative of the Queen! Conceive the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and that Lord Lieutenant the Earl of Clarendon, after a state consultation with the Chief Secretary! making terms with Mr. Birch for the retractation of the phrase “deliberate liars,”

used in that gentleman's last private note !

We write more in sorrow than in anger. There are, however, graver questions, to which even the letters of the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary give rise.

It is impossible for any man to shut his eyes to the charges which the whole of the transaction on which we comment inevitably give rise. It is for Lord Clarendon, if he can, to clear himself of the odious imputation ; but until he does so, he must remain obnoxious to the charge of having employed, as the agent of his chicanery and his passions, a journalist well known for the unscrupulousness of his attacks upon private character ; of having paid that journalist during the period when he was raking up every scandal of private or domestic life, false or true, which could wound the feelings of Lord Clarendon's political antagonists—while that journalist was circulating in every quarter where a malicious ingenuity could fancy they would prove injurious, the numbers of the journal that contained these slanders ; and of having thus paid for these services, and the circulation of these slanders, out of the public funds.

This, after all, is nothing more than the statement of the connexion between the parties so graphically sketched in the sentences we have quoted from the eloquent speech of Mr. Keogh. Does it not derive strong confirmation from the description of Mr. Birch and his newspaper, which Sir William Somerville, by his counsel, deliberately and solemnly affirmed to a jury, as the ground upon which they were to determine, between him and that journalist, a matter of money-liability between man and man ? The statement of that character, and the undisputed fact of payments on the face of them, too prodigal to be a reward for ordinary services, constitute the evidence that is at least sufficient to put his Excellency on his defence. It is utterly impossible that the matter can rest.

Have the citizens of Dublin nothing to complain of in the fact, that the Lord Lieutenant maintained, by "and from the public money," a journal which the counsel for the Chief Secretary publicly designated as "the greatest pest and nuisance to society that ever existed in this city ?" Have they nothing to complain of in the fact, that the representative of their Sove-

reign was the paymaster of the journalist whom the counsel for the Chief Secretary described as "a hireling," "miscreant," and "an assassin ?" We acquit Sir Wm. Somerville of the inconceivable baseness of instructing his counsel to make these charges against a journalist merely for the purpose of escaping a money-liability, without reference to their truth. Of such baseness we in all sincerity believe him incapable. What follows ?—he believed these statements true when he instructed his counsel solemnly to make them in a court of justice. Then comes the question—that tremendous question which Lord Clarendon must answer at the bar of outraged public opinion—was the character of this journalist only discovered when it was convenient to resist the payment of his wages ? or was it known when, day after day, familiar *billet doux* invited him to confidential intercourse with Sir William Somerville and Lord Clarendon ? The Government employed an agent whom, upon the first provocation, that Government thus stigmatised. We will not stop to allocate or apportion the infamy between the parties. The old proverb tells us that there are quarrels, in the result of which "honest people come by their own ;" and in the quarrels of Lord Clarendon and Mr. Birch, the people of Ireland have certainly acquired some useful information as to the agencies by which, under his Excellency's administration, we have been governed.

Our readers will probably regard it as utterly incredible that Lord Clarendon should have employed, and paid so munificently, the journalist in question, without some knowledge of his character. That character, whether for evil or good, was in fact, from the transactions in courts of justice we have mentioned, so notorious, that it was utterly impossible that the most casual inquiry would not have set his Excellency upon the means of obtaining information. Nevertheless Lord Clarendon has stated that he never read this paper. Paying for its services in the cause of "law and order," and paying for them out of his own pocket, in less than two years, a sum of £3700, Lord Clarendon tells us that he never had the curiosity to look into the productions which he purchased at so extravagant a rate. "I must admit," says his Excellency—we quote from the pamphlet report of the trial—"I

must admit," he states, with a most amusing candour, "that I NEVER READ HIS JOURNAL."

Not only was his Excellency singularly cautious in never looking into the paper after he had purchased its services; he was equally careful not to make any inquiry as to its character before.

"My first introduction," he stated, in reply to the counsel of Sir William Somerville, "was by Mr. Birch himself."

He had previously stated that upon the occasion of the first interview he had sent for Mr. Birch.

His Excellency's statements cannot always be very easily reconciled either with the documentary evidence or with each other. We leave to others the puzzle of reconciling the following answers:—

"Did you see articles in support of law and order in his paper afterwards?"

"YES, OCCASIONALLY. . . .
I must admit that I never read his paper."*

By what peculiarity of vision his Excellency occasionally saw the articles in support of law and order, without ever reading the paper, we do not profess ourselves profoundly skilled enough in viceregal optics entirely to comprehend. Neither are we adepts enough in viceregal morality to understand by what process of reasoning his Excellency, never having read the paper, was able to assure Sir William Somerville that it had done good service to the cause of law and order; yet he instructed his private secretary to write to Mr. Birch that he had done so.

"My dear Sir," writes Mr. Corry Connellan to the "hireling assassin," the proprietor of "the greatest pest and nuisance to society that ever existed in this city:"—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am so pressed with business that I have only time to apprise you that H. E. will write to-day to Sir William Somerville, to state his opinion that your journal has done good service to the cause of peace and order, AND IN THE INTEREST OF THE GOVERNMENT.

"Yours, &c.

"CORRY CONNELLAN."

The strangest point of all is, that while his Excellency assures us that he purchased the journal only to support the cause of law and order, nay, more,

that at the time of the bargain and sale he intimated to its proprietor that he should not support the Government, and, above all, "that he might abuse Lord Clarendon as much as he liked," yet we find him a very short time afterwards, sending him to Sir William Somerville, to receive his pay, with an assurance that he had rendered good service not only in support of law and order, but "*in the interest of Government.*"

Let us endeavour to put together the portions of this not very consistent narrative, as nearly as possible in the words of its noble author. Disjointed as it is, it bears the marks of an imaginative construction—

"*Invenies disjecta membra poetæ.*"

The short history of the transaction then, in this new edition of Clarendon's History of the Irish Rebellion, is this:—In the year 1847, Mr. Birch had sent Lord Clarendon his papers, and offered to support the cause of "law and order;" in February, 1848, he repeated his offer. Lord Clarendon then sent for him. Being in total ignorance of his "antecedents"—entirely unacquainted with his history or his newspaper, he admitted him to a very confidential interview; offered this total stranger a present of £100, which, before they parted, he increased to £350; told him to write in support of law and order, but that his Excellency expected no good from his labours. His Excellency furthermore cautioned him upon this occasion that he should offer no support to the Government, and stated that he might abuse Lord Clarendon as much as he liked.

To the individual so retained, he paid out of his own pocket the sum of £1700, a part of which was advanced out of the public funds. He furthermore occasionally read in the *World* articles in support of law and order, but at the same time never read the paper at all.

As the means of getting him paid part of the £1700, he wrote a letter to Sir William Somerville, assuring him that the *World* had done good service to the interests of that Government to which he was cautioned not to offer any support, and in a paper which his Excellency never read.

And finally, upon being sued by this

* Is it possible to reconcile these apparently contradictory statements by believing that his Excellency saw the articles IN MANUSCRIPT, which were afterwards printed in the *World*?

gentleman, whose paper he never read, with whom he was wholly unacquainted, and to whom he had already paid £1700 out of his own pocket for services to the cause of "law and order," from which he expected no good; he paid him a further sum of £2000, making in all £3700, on condition that he should give up his Excellency's letters.

To comment upon the inconsistencies, not to say the absurdities, of this narrative, is superfluous. The wildest imagination could hardly, even in a dream, conjure up images more grotesque. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland sending for a journalist of whom he knew nothing, and of whose antecedents he made no inquiry, on his offer to support the cause of law and order; paying him out of his own pocket a sum at once of £350; desiring him to offer no support to the Government; continuing to pay for his services upwards of £1000 a-year, all out of his own pocket, yet never venturing to indulge himself in the luxury of reading the articles for which he so handsomely paid; nay more, while he never read the paper, vouching for its services to the cause both of order and the ministry; writing confidential letters to its proprietor, and admitting him to confidential interviews; and finally paying him an additional £2000, rather than permit his own letters to be read in a court of justice!!

We gladly drop this hateful subject. In adverting to it, we have discharged what we believe an imperative duty to the remnant of a chivalrous and high-minded nation, in exposing a transaction which we cannot but describe as disgraceful. Our readers will perhaps appreciate the motives which have induced us to give to this episode a position out of its chronological place. It is impossible that explanations must not be demanded in Parliament of this transaction. Nothing would give us more real satisfaction than to find these explanations such as to acquit Lord Clarendon of the worst portions, at least, of the charges to which the transaction inevitably gives occasion. We have stated openly, fearlessly, we trust not intemperately, what those charges are. If Lord Clarendon can show them unfounded, it is due to himself, it is due to his Sovereign, that he should do so. No person should be more anxious for a prompt and speedy parliamentary investigation than himself. If

that investigation does not take place, we shall most assuredly feel that it is avoided only upon the principle that anything is good enough for Ireland. Unless the Imperial Parliament make these disclosures the ground for a Committee of Inquiry, every Irishman must be driven to the conclusion, that the Parliament of the United Kingdom regard Ireland as a province, into the government of which no amount of evil-doing is sufficient to provoke inquiry.

In the name of the Irish nation, we demand that this matter should not be hushed up. In the name of all that is respectable in Irish society, we ask that a Parliament of British gentlemen shall deem it worthy of inquiry, whether the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has, by advances of the public money, maintained "the greatest pest and nuisance of society that ever existed in this city"—whether a "hireling assassin" has been in the pay of the representative of our Queen!

We return from this strange episode to pursue, in order, the history of Lord Clarendon's administration.

The general election, which took place in the summer of 1847, expected, as it was, to produce important improvements in the representation of Ireland, left matters, in this respect, nearly in the same condition as before. Whatever changes took place in the personal constitution of our parliamentary representation, Ireland added, after all, but little to the influence or respectability of that representation as a whole. The men who had turned upon Lord George Bentinck in February, 1847, were, with few exceptions, sent in to take the first opportunity of sacrificing their country to the minister again. And low as the character of the Irish representation stood in the old Parliament, we are not sure that, upon the whole, the result of the general election made it stand much higher in the new. The winter that closed the year 1847 enabled Lord Clarendon to acquire credit with the upper classes, by one of these acts, supposed to be of vigour, in administering the law, which, in a country where law, unfortunately, does not always afford protection to life and property, are sure of being popular with the Conservative classes of society.

Three counties in the province of Munster—Clare, Limerick, and Tipperary, were disgraced during that win-

ter by acts of violence and murders, the result of an organised system of insurrectionary outrage. The Government of Lord Clarendon dealt promptly, vigorously, and, it must be admitted, successfully, with the evil. Early in 1848, a special commission was sent into these counties. Every effort was made to bring the offenders to justice. Convictions were obtained in almost every case in which there was a prosecution; and the perpetrators of most of the murders that had stained these districts with blood were left to expiate their crimes upon the scaffold.

It is strange that a "Special Commission," as it is termed, should be found so efficient an instrument in the repression of outrage in Ireland. It means, in fact, nothing more than an assizes at an unusual period of the year. Two judges, it is true, preside in the court of criminal jurisdiction, instead of one. The proceeding has more of a solemn and an awe-inspiring character, for the very reason that it is unusual. The institution of a special tribunal suggests more of the retributive vigilance of the law, than if the very same tribunal sat in the ordinary and regular course. The prosecutions at a special commission are conducted by the highest legal functionaries in person. The juries are taken from a higher class than those which are generally empannelled at the ordinary assizes. There is, besides, this very important fact, that if a special commission be prudently conducted by the legal functionaries of the Crown, the prosecution is confined to selected cases. At the ordinary assizes, all accused persons have a right to demand their trial. Their proceedings must present every variety of evidence, and include many cases in which acquittals must take place. At a special commission, on the other hand, the Attorney-General is under no necessity of presenting to a jury any case in which the evidence is attended with uncertainty or doubt. The obvious effect is to impress the bystanders with the certainty that punishment follows crime. As man after man is put upon his trial, and conviction follows conviction, unrelieved by an acquittal, it seems as if the law's uncertainty had ceased, and a tribunal was established from which crime had no chance of escape.

We know not whether these considerations, or any, or all of them, are

sufficient to account for the effect which, beyond all question, the issuing of a special commission has been always found to produce in repressing Irish crime. When the late Mr. O'Connell opposed the passing of a Coercion Bill for Ireland, he upbraided the Ministry with not having first resorted to special commissions in the disturbed districts, and bore the most decisive testimony to this invariable experience of their tranquillising effects. The late Mr. Saurin, one of the ablest Attorney-Generals that ever represented the British Sovereign in the Irish Courts, has repeatedly expressed his opinion to the same effect. Mr. O'Connell emphatically declared that a special commission had never been known to fail in restoring tranquillity in the county to which it was directed. Never was this opinion more verified than in the instance of the special commissions which opened the year 1848. From Limerick and Clare, before that period fearfully disturbed—the former habitually so for years—insurrectionary crime has, since that commission, almost entirely disappeared. In Tipperary, disturbed as it was soon afterwards by the treasonable riots of Ballingarry, the effect has been scarcely less marked, in the comparative cessation of that class of outrages which have dyed its soil so deep with blood. Other causes, no doubt, have in some degree contributed to the result. But to the special commission of January, 1848, the inhabitants of Limerick and Clare do not hesitate to attribute the tranquillity which, as if by magic, followed the terrible sittings of that tribunal in their counties.

The proceedings, it is true, were admirably conducted and arranged. Judges of the highest character and ability, the chiefs of their respective courts, were selected to preside. Unfortunately, it was a consideration not to be overlooked in these districts, that one of them was a Roman Catholic, and one allied in political feeling with those who term themselves the popular party. The people felt, when the fearful sentences of the law were alternately pronounced by Chief Justice Blackburne and Chief Baron Pigot, that avenging justice was of no sect and no party. In all its departments, justice was efficiently administered. Never, perhaps, were scenes more calculated to leave an impression upon the popular mind. The

atrocities of some of the crimes for which the perpetrators were arraigned—the evidence of criminal conspiracy which was elicited in the course of the proceedings—the frequency, nay, the uninterruptedness of convictions—and the solemn admonitions with which the sentences were pronounced—all combined to make the proceedings of these tribunals memorable and impressive.

More than all this—this special commission owed its effect to the general enforcement, for the first time in Ireland, of a part of our criminal law which is yet as ancient as that law itself. By the common law of England the man who harbours a felon, *knowing that he is such*, is subject to the penalties of felony himself. He is, in the language of the law, an accessory after the fact. The principle was, no doubt, or at least ought to have been familiar to every lawyer; but we believe practically it had been, as to this class of offences, a dead letter. Many persons, perhaps, will be surprised to learn, that by giving a murderer shelter in their house they would become partners in his guilt, just as completely as if they aided him in concealing the body of his victim—by facilitating the escape of a thief, as if they had assisted him in disposing of the booty. Yet such is unquestionably the law. Before, however, the special commission, upon which we are commenting, it does not appear to have been thought of applying it to that great evil of this country, the sympathy and shelter which the perpetrator of an “agrarian crime” meets with from the mass of the population.

It is not, after all, very easy to account for this. There is, no doubt, something of practical difficulty in its application—a difficulty which will be readily understood. To convict a man of harbouring a felon, it is necessary to establish both that *the person harboured was in fact a felon*, and that the other knew him to be so. The first ingredient of the offence must be proved as strictly as if the felon himself was on trial for his crime. In the case, for instance, of a murderer, it too commonly happens that he is sheltered successively in the houses of three or four of the peasantry, who sympathise with his crime. The murderer is tried, convicted, and executed, perhaps, after a detail of evidence that occupies an entire day, and the thrilling interest of which makes the repetition of it just in the same proportion tedious. Then

the harbourers are to be tried separately, as each of their offences is perfectly distinct. But upon each of their trials the guilt of the murderer must be established, perfectly independent of his conviction. That conviction proves nothing against any one but himself. The result of this is, that all the evidence that was given on the trial of the murderer must be repeated again upon that of every one accused of giving him shelter. It is impossible for any but those who have observed closely the proceedings of criminal courts to form an estimate, not only of the irksomeness, but the practical inconvenience, that attends this. To this, probably, it is owing, that in a country like this, where no offence is so common as that of sheltering a felon, a prosecution has hitherto been so rare.

The law, no doubt, permits the felon and his harbourers to be put on their trial at the same time, “the jury being charged to inquire first of the principal, and, if they were satisfied of his guilt, then of the accessory; but, if the principal was not guilty, then both were to be acquitted.” There are, however, inconveniences attendant upon this course. If there were many harbourers, the number, if they chose separately to exercise their right of challenge, might make a joint trial an impossibility.

These inconveniences, however, attendant upon many other cases of everyday occurrence in the administration of criminal justice, ought not to be permitted, for one moment, to interfere with the constant, the unvarying, and the rigid enforcement of the law, that pronounces the shelterer of the criminal a sharer in his guilt. We know not to whose suggestion the cause of public order is indebted for the establishment of the principle at the special commission of 1848. In the county of Limerick, three persons were tried and convicted of harbouring a notorious murderer, known, in the annals of crime, by the “soubriquet” of Ryan Puck. The adventures of this desperate outlaw would supply ample materials for a romance. He himself, after many escapes, forfeited his life to the law, at this commission, for one of many murders which he was known to have committed. It was, however, with equal surprise and terror that the people saw these persons tried and convicted as accessories to the murder for which he was executed, because

they had, long after its perpetration, given him shelter while flying from the police. One of these, a man named William Frewen, suffered the extreme penalty of transportation for life. The sentences of the other two were commuted to imprisonment.

The effect of this lesson was, perhaps, the most salutary of all those produced even by the terrible examples of avenging justice, which then taught the murderers of Munster that there was reality in the retributions of the law. It was made the most of. Proclamations were posted, warning the people of the danger they incurred by giving shelter to criminals. The judges took pains to explain the law, both in their charges and in their sentences. The effect upon the peasantry was very great. In many districts the criminal, in his flight from justice, found the doors closed against him, which would formerly have been opened to give him shelter. To nothing, perhaps, was the pacification of the disturbed districts more to be attributed, than to the impression produced on the minds of the peasantry, that they could not give shelter to criminals with impunity.*

We have dwelt thus long upon the proceedings and results of this special commission—not only because it is a matter of importance in itself—of great importance as illustrating an important truth, that the powers of the common law, vigorously and promptly administered, are amply sufficient to repress crime; but also because we believe that to the vigorous, and certainly successful efforts of the Viceroy to repress crime in the southern districts, is to be attributed, in a great degree, the popularity which, in the early period of 1848, he unquestionably enjoyed with the intelligent and the educated classes of this country. The political circumstances of the time had taken from party spirit the sanction of high names. It was then the prevailing tone to affect a freedom from its prejudices—Lord Clarendon became the fashion. The cant of the day as-

sumed the form of giving the Viceroy credit for an able and impartial administration of the law. The excitable temper of the Irish public saw enough to assure them of this in the fact, that he had hanged some murderers in three counties of Munster. Let us not be supposed as wishing to detract from the merit that did unquestionably belong to the step of issuing the special commission, and the success which attended it. But this merit was absurdly exaggerated. It surely required no extraordinary power of statesmanship to send a special commission into counties where crime had been rife. In England, the murder of Weare was sufficient to call for a special commission to the county in which Thurtell had assassinated him. The success of the proceeding depended, in the greatest degree, upon the arrangements of the Crown Solicitor and the activity of the police. It was, however, the humour of the Conservative portion of Irish society to be easily pleased; and Lord Clarendon acquired a popularity with the classes that composed it; perhaps as violent, although not quite as well founded, as the odium which has since followed the revulsion of their feeling.

It is in some sense to the credit, in another sense to the discredit, of that party to say, that they entirely overlooked the fact, that in the distribution of his patronage Lord Clarendon was as exclusively the slave of the Conciliation Hall party in this country, as the very worst of his predecessors. Lord Clarendon distributed, it may be, his compliments and his favours as he thought they were most likely to tell. He flattered the Conservatives by praising their loyalty, and he gave places to the Repealers. Priding himself, we doubt not, upon the consummate statesmanship with which, while he cajoled one party, he bribed the other. To say that the Conservatives of Ireland overlooked this is probably to pay a tribute to their disinterestedness at the expense of their discretion. There is less ex-

* After the above was written we met with the following singular evidence of the truth of these views in a local journal, the *Tipperary Constitution* of the 15th of January, 1848:—

“Our readers will recollect that some time since an account of the capture of two brothers named Cody, charged with the murder of a man named Madden, near Glenbower, appeared in our columns; and upon that occasion we detailed the difficulty with which the capture was effected. Since that period a third brother, charged with the same offence, has been ‘on his keeping,’ and, of course, must have received shelter from the neighbours. However, when the conviction of Frewen was noised abroad it caused a general panic among the shelterers, and all determined to avoid the risk of a similar sentence. The result has been, that every door has been closed in the face of the third Cody, and on Wednesday he surrendered himself.”

cuse for their shutting their eyes to the fact, that all the measures of the Government he represented were dictated by a slavish subservience to that school of politicians, of which the leading principle is to convert Ireland into a drawfarm for the millowners of English factories.

With the advantage of this popularity, such as it was, Lord Clarendon was soon called on to grapple with difficulties of a nature different from any that had been previously encountered. We allude, of course, to the events which marked what have been termed the insurrectionary movements of 1848. We may, perhaps, distinguish as the insurrectionary period, that which commenced with the first publication of the *United Irishman* on the 12th of February, and ended with the arrest of the chivalrous, but ill-fated, Smith O'Brien, on the 5th of August. To attempt to write the history is a perilous task. With most persons the Irish "rebellion" of 1848 is associated with the ridicule that belongs to the conflict of "the cabbage garden." Even yet prejudices survive which make it difficult to do justice to the actors in that scene. The animosities of the period have not yet subsided. Perhaps if the materials for a perfect history were in existence, the hand that writes these lines is not the one that is best fitted to undertake the task.

"Motum Metello Consule civicum
Bellique causas et vitia et modos,
Lulumque fortune, gravesque
Principium amicitias, et arma
Nondum explatia uncta cruoribus,
Periculosa plenum opus alea
Tractas, et incellis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso."

Substitute Lord Clarendon for "Metellus," and Lord Lieutenant for "Consul," and there is hardly one of these lines that does not admit of an application. Lord Roden and the Orangemen, will, perhaps, feel even that the "graves principium amicitias."

With a knowledge, however, of these difficulties, we do not shrink from essaying the task. Thanks, indeed, to the Government, the materials of a full disclosure do not exist. The difficulties of writing upon this period are enhanced by the scantiness of the information which has been given to the public. Preparations were unquestionably made, which nothing that has ever appeared in public has justified. Alarms were circulated of which we have never known the foundation. Credit, we must say, has been claimed,

to which we never could acknowledge the title. Almost, indeed, in the same breath, the Viceroy has been eulogised as the preserver of Ireland from a sanguinary insurrection, and the "rebellion" ridiculed as a contemptible brawl. Neither of these inconsistent representations is true. Lord Clarendon was not an Irish Cicero, protecting us by his wisdom from a formidable conspiracy that was to deluge our land with blood. Nor yet in the summer was the spirit of disaffection to England so utterly contemptible as those who one moment eulogise him extravagantly for suppressing it, the very next moment, with no little inconsistency, assume.

We do not believe that at any time was there any organised preparation for a rebellion. In the month of June the intention unquestionably existed, but that intention was never realised by any serious, or at least, rational plans of action.

Our readers will pardon us if we detain them by a recapitulation of all that is known of this strange period. Upon his management of this country during it, Lord Clarendon at one time rested a reputation which was of no ordinary character; subsequent events have not altogether destroyed the prestige that surrounded three years ago the conqueror of Ballingarry and Mullinahone! It is something even to make the attempt to record all that is revealed of this page of Irish history. We think we will

"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice,"

while from the scanty materials which lie at the disposal of any person not admitted to the secrets of Lord Clarendon, we endeavour to mould into a narrative, the account of scenes which we confess passed before us with the mysterious gloom, and something of the incoherence of the shifting images of a magic lantern.

We do not profess to sketch the history or the character of those who, four years ago, were busily engaged in exciting the spirit of the Irish people to a state of feeling in which they would be prepared to attempt to demand Irish independence from England, by force of arms. The secession of a large portion of the followers of O'Connell from "Conciliation Hall," distinctly marked the formation of a party, which were content to be known by the somewhat fantastic appellation of Young Ireland. We do not inter-

meddle in the differences which ended in this secession, and finally separated the young and fiery blood of the Repeal party from their cautious and veteran chief. The disputes between moral and physical force we have no wish to revive in recollection. It is, perhaps, of more importance to note, that the secession avowedly took place in a great measure upon the question of mixed education; but one of many indications which prove to the observant, that the real difference between them was, whether the Repeal cause was to be fought as the battle of the Romish priesthood, or as the battle of Irish nationality. Let one of our readers place himself for a moment, if he can, in the position of a Repealer, above all, of a Roman Catholic Repealer, and he will, perhaps, feel, that assuming the establishment of an Irish Parliament to be essential, the question is one that does not admit of so easy a solution as might at first be supposed. Under whatever disguises the real nature of the contest was hidden, this was the true difference between the divided sections of Repealers. Recent events have, perhaps, made it manifest that in the alliance between Roman Catholic politics and those of Repeal, some persons sought Repeal chiefly because it would elevate the Roman Catholic Church and party; others supported that Church and party because they were the best supporters of the cause of Repeal. There were many, no doubt, and, perhaps, with all his great talents, we might include O'Connell, who did not care very nicely to distribute between their Church and their patriotism the origin of their politics, and were content to act upon a mixture of motives, without defining exactly how much of them was to be traced to love of Ireland, how much to attachment to Rome.

It was impossible for Daniel O'Connell to be anything but a Roman Catholic champion. He had lived too long in the elements of Roman Catholic agitation. He had been too actively and too prominently engaged in that great struggle, in which the Roman Catholics of Ireland contended, with all the fierceness of political and religious exasperation, for equality of civil rights. If the demand for a separate Irish legislature meant, *as under his guidance it did mean*, the assertion of the right of the Roman Catholic popu-

lation of Ireland to govern it, in their turn, as the Protestant minority had governed it before, no man living was so well fitted to lead the party that made the demand. If this were not to be the true nature of the Repeal cry, with all his talents, and, we believe, his real love for his country—early associations, later prejudices, and the memories of his history, not less than his own character and position, utterly disqualified O'Connell for the task.

There were ardent and enthusiastic spirits who, in this dream of a separate nationality, forgot, that before the mass of Irishmen could struggle for it, there must be settled the question whether it were one in which the Protestant or Roman Catholic elements of Irish society were to prevail, or one in which the elements were to be so fused that it would be impossible to distinguish them. These were questions which, in the state of society in Ireland, it was impossible to put in abeyance. There was no ancient constitution of Ireland, upon which those who advocated the restitution of her Parliament could for one moment fall back, and, in its adoption, evade the adjustment of all troublesome disputes. The days of the close boroughs, which returned two-thirds of the much-praised Irish Parliament, had passed away for ever; and the Irish Parliament, as it was constituted in 1782, elected in great measure by the Protestant aristocracy and gentry, would, we venture to say, have been an object of abhorrence to nine-tenths of the Repealers infinitely greater than even "the Saxon" Legislature. We do not speak of the exclusion of Roman Catholics from the elective franchise. We speak merely of the distribution of political power to the enfranchised boroughs; and we venture to say that a proposition to restore the constitution of 1782—to issue writs for the convening of an Irish Parliament, according to the elective rights that subsisted at the Union, even abolishing all religious disabilities in the exercise of those rights, if offered by the British Government, would have been indignantly rejected, we will not say by O'Connell himself, but certainly by his followers.

Under O'Connell's guidance the agitation for Repeal was both a Roman Catholic and democratic movement. By him the abstract question of Irish independence was ever ready to be postponed to the advancement of the

interests of Roman Catholic democracy. It was, we believe, impossible for any practical policy to lead to any other result. The great question whether Ireland must be governed by the Roman Catholic or the Protestant portion of her people, was one that must be decided *or compromised* before there would be any rational hope of uniting both classes of Irishmen in support of the demand for a separate Parliament for the country. Both parties, in truth, believed (we say not with what truth) that while Ireland was incorporated in her Legislature with Protestant Britain, the government of the country could never pass to the hands of the Roman Catholics. Both regarded such a transfer as the effect of a restoration of an Irish Parliament. The circumstances under which the proposal for Repeal was brought forward, strengthened this conviction, which, after all, was at the bottom of the struggle. The Protestants were naturally attached by their religion to a union with Protestant England. The demand of the Roman Catholics to get rid of that union was made under a leader altogether Roman Catholic in his associations, and with arguments that identified the cause with that of Roman Catholic ascendancy. Hence the movement was, as we have described it, essentially a Roman Catholic one. Individual Protestants, no doubt, joined it; but in all its characteristics—in the tone of the agitation, in the alliances it sought, in the objects it proclaimed, it was easily understood that the Ireland which commanded the devotion and inspired the hopes of the Repealers, was Ireland a Roman Catholic country.

The Protestants of Ireland occupied by far too important a position in the Irish nation to acquiesce in a policy of which these were the contemplations. Half a century ago they were, to all intents and purposes, *the Irish nation*. They still constitute in themselves all the elements which, did they stand alone, would constitute a great and a powerful nation. In numerical strength they then constituted at least one-fourth, they now exceed one-third of the population of the country. In physical strength they approached more near to an equality than they did in relative numbers. The landed proprietors of Ireland were Protestant, in the proportion of twenty to one. In all the learned professions they had a

superiority, not so great, but still overwhelming. Of the educated classes of Irish society, including in the term educated, all who have any pretensions to an advanced intellectual culture, they had a decided, and, indeed we may say, overwhelming preponderance. The aristocracy were almost exclusively Protestant. The gentry, in a large proportion, were the same. Of mercantile wealth and respectability the Protestants had at least an equal share; and in the hardy and daring population of Ulster they possessed elements of physical strength which left them by no means so far inferior even in this respect to their opponents as O'Connell, when he boasted of the seven millions, seemed to imply.

O'Connell, himself, in moments when he rose superior to the necessities of his position and the prejudices of his political life, acknowledged that a Repeal of the Act of Union never could be carried without the aid of the Protestants of Ireland. That he would have been ready, in order to secure their co-operation, to make large and even generous sacrifices of his peculiar objects, those wrong his memory who doubt. He yet was compelled to conduct all his agitation so as to deter them from its ranks,—even had there been faltering in their attachment to the Union, which there was not.

Yet, withal, it were a gross ignorance of Ireland that would rashly assume that her great and still powerful Protestant community were or are satisfied with the manner in which the Union has been carried out. Whatever they may think of the effect that would be produced by the repeal of that measure, they yet know that from the hour of the Union Ireland has been sinking. They feel, and bitterly and deeply feel, that their country is not governed as an integral portion of the United Kingdom. Of late years if they have been supporters of the existing relations between this country and England, it is too much, because they dread the effect of a change, not because they love what is. The whole Irish nation, in all its ranks and in all its classes, is now too hopelessly prostrate, both in spirit and in fortune, to justify us in hazarding a prediction of what may yet be the issue of such a state of sentiment in that portion of the Irish people, if the policy that has brought our country to desolation, be persevered in.

We are, however, writing history,

not speculation. We are attempting to describe the state of Ireland as it really was, not as we might wish it had been. It is not to be wondered at if there were ardent spirits among the advocates of Repeal, who burned to take part in a national movement, and felt that a movement professing to be national, from which was excluded so much of all those portions of society that could add dignity, confer solidity, or even give spirit to a nation, was absurd. They may have panted to throw themselves into a national insurrection—while the immense preponderance of the higher and the educated classes stood aloof, they could be but the soldiers of a servile war. A hull without its masts, or its cordage, or its sails, would as much represent the stately ship, with all its sails spread, and ploughing the deep before the wind, as the union of the Roman Catholic masses could represent a national movement in which a nation with all its ranks and classes, and orders, would combine.

It is not to be wondered at, we say, if young and enthusiastic men, who dreamed the dream of a movement of the Irish nation, felt how poor was the mockery of such a movement, in which Protestant Ireland bore no part. They attempted to get rid of those characteristics which had (they did not see of necessity) given to Conciliation Hall all the impress of a Roman Catholic confederation. Their dissent from the prevalent policy, soon led to an open breach. The unexpected return of the Whigs to power in 1846, gave practical importance to subjects which, during the government of their predecessors seemed likely for years to be mere speculative questions. "Young Ireland" refused to make "Repeal" subservient to the purposes of a ministry. An open secession ensued; and on the 31st of August, O'Brien, Meagher, and some others, founded a new political society, to which they gave the imposing name of "THE IRISH CONFEDERATION."

This dream of a truly national combination in favour of a separate Legislature, was the splendid phantom which guided these mistaken, but many of them high-minded and gifted men, to their ruin. The more wary and experienced veteran chief of the Roman Catholic party knew that no political movement could carry with it the passions of an Irish populace, that did not enlist religious feelings upon the one side or the other. He knew how hope-

less the attempt to achieve anything by force—how vain the effort, even to keep up an Irish party, without a union, more or less close, with some of the great parties who divide the political power of the empire. Hence he was at issue with them—we can well believe, most honestly at issue, upon the questions which were finally made the watchwords of their separation. He would not separate the Repeal cause from the Roman Catholic; he would not hear of "physical," as contradistinguished from what he was pleased to call "moral" force; and he would not sanction the disclaimer of all English party connexions, which would be involved in the pledge that was proposed against the acceptance, by any Repealer, of a place.

We do not write thus either to defend O'Connell, or to condemn the seceding portion of his party. We believe them both to have been fatally and fearfully wrong. Both have, by their pursuit of Repeal, inflicted upon Ireland grievous, God grant it may not be irremediable wrong. But it were unjust to O'Connell to assume that when he severed from the Young Irelanders upon the points we have mentioned, he, therefore, deliberately rejected whatever was noble, or manly, or disinterested in the cause which he advocated, retaining only the residuum—the dregs, if we may use the expression, that left nothing in the bottom of the cup but the bitterness, and the meanness, and the rancour of a religious and servile struggle—it cannot be dignified with the name of war. It is true that except upon the principles which his opponents endeavoured to infuse into the contest, the demand for Repeal could never assume the dignity of a national cause. While it blended itself with any separate interests of the Roman Catholic Church or people, it never could take the form of a national demand. When its advocates disclaimed, in language worthy of a peace society, the morality under any circumstances of an appeal to physical force, yet stirred up the passions, and boasted on the struggle of the people, they deprived themselves of every manly sympathy. When they refused to pledge themselves against places from the British Government, they threw away from their agitation all that could give earnest for its truth and its sincerity.

But O'Connell knew what was prac-

ticable. He felt all the enthusiasm that would have led him to take the position to which he was invited by his fiery followers; but he felt also that in Ireland—poor, torn, distracted, and humiliated Ireland—the vision after which the others grasped was but a phantom. If his views were less lofty, they were, in one sense, more real. He knew well that a Repeal agitation could not be maintained for six months without an appeal to the influences which he was called on to reject.* His fault was, not that he did not join the Irish Confederation, but that he ever founded Conciliation Hall; that he wasted his life—and it was wasted—in a petty agitation, which nothing but his own genius could really elevate above contempt; lowered a cause which, if it was anything, was a national one, by making it the “cat call” of a section of a priesthood and a mob, and surrounded himself by associations, which could not fail to injure his mind at least as much as they have depressed his fame. Yet, unless he abandoned a project which, perhaps, he had started in the intoxication of popular triumph, these were the hard necessities of his position. The truth, however unpalatable it may be to some parties, was simply, Ireland did not furnish materials for a combination that would seek the restoration of her Parliament, conducted upon the high, the bold, and the unsectarian principles which Davis, and O’Brien, and the other leaders of the Young Ireland party, put forward. The agitation must be carried on upon far lower principles of action, or not at all. O’Connell chose the former, and left for his country nothing but the memories of a

bootless and discreditable agitation. For himself, he died an exile, of a broken heart.

The question why he made this choice, we leave to be solved among many similar inquiries into the strange aberration of high intellects and gifted spirits. We have written, perhaps, enough to show that we reject the hypothesis which would attribute it to the sordid motives of personal gain. Self-interest, vanity, ambition, the lust even of an unsubstantial, but most seductive power—the power of mastery over the minds of men—the appetite for popular applause; these, and passions like these, contribute, no doubt, their influence to warp the judgments of men, whose errors nations have reason to deplore. In any other sense than this, we acquit O’Connell of the degradation of being influenced by base motives. In him, as in other men, such motives unconsciously alloyed his determinations. Human intellect and human genius, God knows! have fallen low enough; but we do not believe that genius has yet fallen so low as to acknowledge to itself such motives, as regulating its conduct in relation to the interests of nations. They very far mistake the order of intellect to which O’Connell’s belonged, or they are altogether ignorant of the influences that work upon such intellects, who fancy that it is sufficient to account for his perseverance in agitation, to say that he was paid a yearly revenue by the voluntary contributions of his followers.

The history of the Repeal agitation belongs to a period antecedent to Lord Clarendon’s Government of Ireland. We advert to it only so far as it is ne-

* This was the truth, which was bitterly acknowledged by the gifted and warm-hearted enthusiast Meagher, in the metaphorical expression which he uttered, when a prisoner in a penal exile, far from the country he had, we believe,

“Loved not wisely, but too well.”

“We made a fatal mistake,” he is said to have exclaimed, “in not conciliating the Catholic priesthood. THE AGITATION MUST BE BAPTISED IN THE OLD HOLY WELL.” When he reads the history, and reflects on the past miseries of his country; when he reflects on the wild and barbarous bigotry which an appeal to the religious passions of his countrymen must excite; when he thinks on the madness of exasperated factions; when he remembers that it would be to war upon the Protestant people, and succeed only, even if such success were possible, by trampling upon them; he will, we venture to say, shrink from “the baptism in the holy well.”

Nevertheless he told a great and an instructive truth. The agitation for a separate legislature for Ireland could only be maintained by making it “A RELIGIOUS WAR.” May we venture to say that, when the Repeal agitation of 1843 was inaugurated by the debate in the City Assembly of Dublin, the warning was earnestly addressed to those who represented Repeal as no sectarian question, or question of religion, that so surely as the agitation proceeded it must appeal for its sustenance to the elements of religious discord.

cessary to throw light upon the state of what we must call seditious politics, at the close of 1847. Even this brief allusion, however, would be unjust, if it contained no reference to the period at which unquestionably it assumed its most imposing and almost majestic attitude.

The year 1843 was marked by those multitudinous assemblages of persons in different parts of Ireland, to which the name of "monster meetings" has been not inappropriately applied. O'Connell had been fond of designating this year as "the Repeal year." It was one, certainly, that witnessed an extraordinary impulse to the agitation on that question. That impulse may be traced in a great measure to the discussion of the question in the Reformed Corporation of Dublin, where, after three days' discussion, on the motion of Mr. O'Connell, a petition in favour of a Repeal of the Legislative Union was carried against a very moderate amendment, by a majority of 41 to 15. This motion was certainly the commencement of a series of proceedings, in which the energies of the Repeal party were exerted to the very utmost. The agitation assumed a form quite different from any in which it had previously appeared. The *Nation* newspaper had been just started, and brought to the aid of the cause a power and a boldness that was new in its ranks. The "Songs of the *Nation*" formed a ballad poetry perhaps unrivalled for its vigour and its poetic merit. The "rent," as the weekly collections at the Repeal Association were termed, rose in an incredibly short space of time from £70 to the enormous sum of £3,000 in a single week. The old tone of seditious moderation was thrown aside; O'Connell caught the enthusiasm, and was carried away by it. In his addresses to assembled tens of thousands he defied, in language worthy of Kossuth, the British Government. He boasted that his followers would drive the British army into the sea. He promised a convention of delegates in Dublin, that, if they had ever met, would have assumed virtually the functions of an Irish Parliament, and he established his courts of arbitration to supersede the legal tribunals of the Queen's. In one memorable speech at Mallow, in words worthy of a hero, and in an attitude deemed deserving of being perpetuated in the

marble of the sculptor, he dared the power of England to make war upon him; and, finally, upon the Rath of Mullaghmast, surrounded by the civic authorities of corporations, arrayed in their robes of office, and amid the acclamations of assembled myriads, he permitted to be placed upon his head the diadem of the ancient Irish kings.

The attentive observer might, however, have remarked in all this—imposing, unquestionably imposing, as these demonstrations were—the absence of those elements which we have said could alone give true solidity, or inspire permanent energy to a movement. To borrow the metaphor of the Jewish historian, "the fire came out of the brambles," and it did not "devour the cedars of Lebanon." The fervour of Repeal had not lit up the classes of Irish society which represented the intelligence, the property, or the true spirit of the nation. The gentry stood aloof almost to a man. The Protestant population of Ulster folded their arms in sullen silence, but remembered their hereditary loyalty to the British throne. Hardly any Protestants were to be found in the vast assemblages that met upon the hill-side, or filled the valley with almost countless masses of human beings. It seemed as if the mission of the Repeal year were to exhibit the power of what is termed the popular party in its most imposing attitude, and then exhibit its real weakness. After all its monster meetings—its proud defiance—its spirit-stirring ballads—its terror-striking demonstrations, the Repeal agitation of 1843 fell quiescent in an hour before a proclamation of the Privy Council! It did not even wait for its prostration the tedious technicalities of a prosecution, which if,

"Like a wounded snake, it dragged its slow
length along,"

yet stifled all the little lingering vitality of the agitation which it enfolded in its cumbrous coils.

When viewed in connexion with their almost grotesque termination, these "monster meetings" supply one of the strangest pictures in modern Irish history, if history it can be called. The pencil of the most successful pourtrayer of the scenes of history, might well find employment in depicting the progress of O'Connell throughout the middle of 1843, beginning, perhaps, with his introduction of Repeal in the civic chamber of the metropolis of Ireland,

and ending with his abandonment, on Saturday evening, the 17th of October, of the giant gathering that was hastening to assemble on the Sabbath morning at Clontarf. Exaggerated, no doubt, the reports of the numbers present at these meetings were; but yet we believe, that making every allowance for these exaggerations, the multitudes that attended them have ranged in numbers from twenty to even fifty thousand! These mighty assemblages of human beings, so well calculated to impress the mind, have passed away, and left behind them no trace, nothing but the recollection of vast power uselessly displayed, and miserably wasted. They have been not inaptly compared to those whirlwind pillars of sand that are driven by the storm across the path of the caravan in the desert. They could only be gathered in a country whose population was

“A heap of uncementing sand,”

where no settled barriers of civilized society broke the moral desolation of the surface. These gigantic gatherings, like the desert sand-pillars, assumed for a moment the forms and the motions of a living organization; like them they seem to threaten ruin to all within their sphere; but, destitute of any principle of cohesion, they fell with the breeze to which they owed their existence, and they left the desert barren and lifeless as before.

There were those, however, who treasured up the deliances of Mallow even when the utterer shrank from them. The visions of the myriads that thronged to Mullaghmast or Tara, still haunted, in the form of rebel encampments, the memories and the imaginations of many of the followers of the general who had prudently declined a second battle of Clontarf; and the establishment of the Irish Confederation, and the mad attempt at insurrection, which terminated in the inglorious and very tame riot at Ballingarry, were but the natural results of the warlike speeches delivered in 1843 by the apostle of “moral force.”

At the period of Lord Clarendon's assumption of the Irish Government, the divided sections of the Repealers held their separate meetings, and formed their distinct associations under the rival names of the Irish Confederation and Conciliation Hall. Up to the month of February, 1848, neither of them contemplated disturbing the

peace of the country by any attempt at insurrection. This is a fact, which in the excitement that followed in the next few months of that year, has been forgotten; it is one, however, of vital importance, to be remembered in estimating the policy of Lord Clarendon in dealing with the incipient elements of disturbance. In the beginning of February a series of resolutions was moved in the Irish Confederation by Mr. Smith O'Brien, and carried by a large majority, which denounced any attempt to direct the public mind of Ireland to unconstitutional measures, and so explicitly condemned some letters of Mr. John Mitchel inculcating opposite doctrines, as to leave that gentleman no choice but to retire from the society.

This individual was unquestionably the person who provoked in Ireland the movement which made Lord Clarendon for a time appear the protector of law and order in the country. He is now suffering the penalty of his crimes in a convict settlement, and the circumstances of his condition forbid a free canvass of his character or his conduct. By birth he was a native of Ulster; his father had been a minister of that section of Presbyterians who hold Unitarian opinions—a class who some time since in Ulster were deeply imbued with Republican opinions. By profession an attorney, he relinquished an honourable and a lucrative practice, to devote himself to the cause of disaffection to England, and was content with the livelihood which he could acquire as editor, or sub-editor, we know not which, of the *Nation* newspaper. His opinions soon became too extreme, even for that journal. Whatever may be thought of him, he was unquestionably a fanatic in his political opinions, and bore to them that devotion of fanaticism which is certainly incorruptible by bribes—in a bold man, not to be daunted by fear, and which, therefore, is mistaken for both honesty and courage. The result of his retirement from the Irish Confederation was, that he ceased at the same time his connexion with the *Nation*, and started in the city of Dublin a rival newspaper, which unequivocally manifested its treasonable predilections, by adopting the ominous name of the *United Irishman*. The first number of this journal appeared upon the 12th of February.

From the day of the publication of

that journal, "treason was openly preached in the city of Dublin." At first, Mitchel, among the leaders of his former party, stood alone. Mr. Meagher became a candidate to represent his native city of Waterford in the Imperial Parliament, and until the latter end of February, with the exception of the publications of the *United Irishman*, there seemed but little indication of any disturbance of the peace of the country.

These publications were, indeed, of a character which no Government, anxious for the peace of the country, ought to have tolerated for one hour. From the very first appearance of the paper they were open incitements to rebellion. There was enough in the earliest publications of that journal to have justified a Government in seizing the proprietor on a charge of high treason, suppressing the publication of each number as it appeared, and preventing its sale, exactly as they would have been justified in suppressing any other act of war upon the Queen.

Lord Clarendon was warned, on high authority, of his duty, and of the consequences that would follow from its neglect. On 24th February, the present Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, pursuant to a notice given some days before, called the attention of the Government, in the House of Lords, to the danger, and even the guilt, of tolerating publications like the *United Irishman*, expressing his belief in the enthusiasm and earnestness of the leaders of the Irish Confederation, some of whose speeches he quoted; he pointed out to the Government the duty which they owed to these persons themselves, not to permit them to be drawn into more criminal acts by the licence given to the defiance of the authority of the Queen.

On the 4th of April, Lord Jocelyn addressed a similar remonstrance to ministers in the Lower House, declaring that "the danger" he apprehended was "not to the institutions of the country, but to the misguided individuals themselves."

And at a later period, Lord Ellenborough, adverting to the refusal of Lord Clarendon to accept the services of some bodies in Dublin who had offered to enrol themselves in volunteer corps, pressed strongly on the Government the necessity of not permitting the loyalists to be dispirited by the impunity of treason.

To all these remonstrances the ministers had but one reply, they had entire confidence that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland would take all measures that were right.

The end of February brought the news of that strange event which, in a few inexplicable hours altered, so vitally, the destinies of France, perhaps of Europe. The throne of the King, who was deemed the wisest and the most secure of Continental Sovereigns, fell before a rising of a mob, that, to outward observers, assumed no appearance more respectable than that of the actors in a street brawl. Strange ideas agitated the minds of men. Liberty, fraternity, equality, were once more sounded; but in the ears of a generation not old enough to remember the horrors and the slaughters that had proved them cheats. The spirit of the revolution, after all, was but little felt in Ireland. Mitchel, indeed, became more insolent in his daring. Aggregate meetings were talked of and abandoned. The only persons, perhaps, really led astray by its influence were the enthusiasts of the Irish Confederation, who went to France to congratulate the new republic that inaugurated the liberties of that country! and in speeches in which they invoked a death upon the scaffold, in sentences too elaborately eloquent to be sincere, declared their dying cry would be to the spirit of Young France to avenge the challenged martyrdom of the Irish patriots.

The history of the month of March is one upon which we profess ourselves able to offer but little explanation. Up to the 21st of that month not a single step was taken by the Government to put the powers of the law in force against a single disaffected person. On that day the only step taken was to issue warrants against Mr. Smith O'Brien, Mr. Meagher, and Mr. Mitchel, for seditious speeches; warrants to which, of course, they immediately gave bail to answer the charge in the Court of Queen's Bench, at the term which was to commence on the 15th of April. Yet, during that interval, Lord Clarendon made preparations which, unless he had information of a conspiracy of a most formidable character, were monstrously absurd, which, if he had, it is very difficult to reconcile with any honest policy to this country.

The trial of two of these gentlemen, Mr. Smith O'Brien and Mr. Meagher,

took place in the Court of Queen's Bench in the beginning of May. Mr. Mitchel, before he could be tried on this indictment, had made himself amenable to the penalties of a crime more heinous than sedition; and, on Saturday the 27th of May he was convicted of a transportable offence, under an Act which, it is not too much to say, was passed for the special purpose of suppressing the *United Irishman*.

During, however, the entire months of March and April that journal was permitted, with impunity, to publish and circulate articles of the most audacious treason. It is painful to look back upon the publications of this journal, in which, week after week, the representative of Majesty was insulted in language of the most outrageous character. Each Saturday the *United Irishman* contained a letter addressed to "The Earl of Clarendon, *her Majesty's Executioner General and Butcher General of Ireland*." The character of the letters may be judged of by this loyal and decorous heading. The power of the Queen was openly and in no very carefully selected language defied. The rest of the newspaper was, in effect, a rebel gazette. Plans of an insurrection in the city of Dublin were, week after week, printed; the ladies of the metropolis were invited to throw vitriol on her Majesty's troops, and advised, with religious care, to preserve their empty soda-water bottles! to fling before the cavalry, to upset the horses in their charges through the streets. Discussions upon the manufacture of pikes, and the most approved mode of erecting barricades, together with some lectures upon street-firing, completed the rebellion upon paper, by which John Mitchel amused himself, or gratified a morbid passion for writing on insurrection, while he terrified Lord Clarendon.

Upon a calm review of this period, it is scarcely credible that Lord Clarendon for more than two months permitted the Sovereign he represented to be insulted by the unrestrained publication of this treasonable and sanguinary trash. It is absurd to say that the common law did not arm him with power sufficient to prevent it. There was not one of these publications which, upon the very lowest view, did not contain a seditious libel, for which the party answerable ought instantly to have been arrested. Nay, there was not one of them which

did not contain abundant matter to warrant an arrest for high treason. Every newspaper-vender in the streets, who hawked the *United Irishman* should have been, after a warning, committed to prison upon the charge of selling a seditious libel. Every clerk found in the office should have shared the same fate. Mr. Mitchel himself should have been in close confinement upon the charge of high treason. He should, in the language of Pitt, have been placed in view of the gallows, with the certainty that if his conduct did not amount to the higher, he would not escape the milder penalties of sedition.

Lord Clarendon permitted all the proceedings of the disaffected to go on perfectly undisturbed. The meetings of the Irish Confederation continued to be held, at which speeches, every day becoming more violent in their character, were delivered. Confederate Clubs were rapidly enrolling in their ranks the intelligent and orderly artisans of the city; and Conciliation Hall, by its weekly meetings, at which a milder sedition was spoken, continued to keep up a secondary and inferior agitation in favour of "moral force."

In the meantime, however, preparations of a most extraordinary kind were pursued. For several days before the 17th of March, a day on which an open-air meeting was proposed, communications were made to most of the leading persons in Dublin, distinctly though not officially emanating from the Castle, not obscurely intimating that a conspiracy existed to turn Dublin into one scene of massacre and pillage. Strong bodies of soldiers were posted in all the leading positions of the town. The chambers of the University were permanently occupied as the quarters of a Regiment, upon a representation from his Excellency that it was absolutely necessary for the Government that the College should be occupied as a military post. The buildings of the Royal Dublin Society were similarly occupied, and cannon were posted in its great courtyard. The Linen Hall and the Custom House were, either in whole or in part, occupied as temporary barracks. The Bank of Ireland, at which there is usually a subaltern's guard, was put in a position of defence; swivels were mounted on its roof, so placed as to command the streets below. All these posts were regularly prepared to resist a siege!! Bullet-proof shutters were furnished for the windows of the

venerable pile of building that forms the beautiful front of the College!! and, in each of the military citadels which the provident care of the Viceroy had prepared for the safe-keeping of her Majesty's troops, the soldiery were provided with rations for several days!!!

These were not preparations to meet the exigencies of one day of probable or possible public excitement. They were continued for months. For a period of more than three months the troops occupied a large portion of the chambers of the College, to the no slight disturbance of all academic arrangements. It was a singular sight to witness the morning parade of the soldiers in the quadrangle of the College, when there flitted across the lines of soldiery the black gowns of the students hurrying to their lecture. For the same period squadrons of cavalry were quartered in the buildings of the Royal Dublin Society. For this long period Dublin was garrisoned as a city in which a terrible and overpowering outbreak was hourly expected. We could not indeed see the rebels—not a drum of insurrection disturbed the midnight silence of our streets. But there were the preparations of the Queen's representative to meet an invisible, and therefore a more dangerous foe. We were, if we were to credit these indications, surrounded by thousands and tens of thousands of unseen traitors, against whom the wise, the prudent, the incomparable Lord Clarendon thought it necessary to turn every public building he could get possession of into a redoubt.

During the entire of the months of March and April, the city of Dublin was kept in this state of military alarm. The military complained of the hardship of frequent summons to arms—of being kept under arms at unreasonable hours, when they never could discern a cause. In point of alarm the imaginary rebellion was worse, ten times worse, than any real one. There was hardly a night upon which Lord Clarendon might not, as he started, have exclaimed—

“Shadows to-night have struck more terrors to my soul
Than could the presence of ten thousand Mitchels.”

If, indeed, we could conceive a man haunted by unreal delusions placed in the Castle of Dublin, and invested with the power of calling its garrison to arms whenever he fancied he heard the voices of rebels on the blast, we would have

no very incorrect representation of what passed within that period in this peaceable city of Dublin.

Is it too much to expect that we can now induce men calmly to reflect upon events, which certainly they could not so reflect upon in the excitement produced by the alarms of the period? We are now writing nothing which we did not feel and express as these events were passing. It is almost incredible that these preparations should have been made without occasion; and yet, writing under a deep sense of responsibility, we are bound to declare our deliberate conviction, that the rebellion against which these preparations were directed, then existed only in the braggadocio columns of the *United Irishman*. That there was quite enough of a tumultuous and disaffected spirit abroad, to induce the Government to take its measures for the preservation of the public peace, we readily admit. But these were not the measures that were taken. Lord Clarendon garrisoned citadels in the heart of the metropolis, in which he made preparations for the entrenchment of the Queen's troops, while the city itself was to be for days in the hands of insurgents. His preparations contemplated the besieging of the Queen's troops in the Castle, the College, the Dublin Society, and the Bank! There were then in the city of Dublin at least 10,000 soldiers. Where was the insurrectionary force that was believed capable of confining these in the fastnesses which were prepared for them. The rebellion of 1798, the insurrection of 1803, were quelled without garrisoning the College, or planting parks of artillery upon Leinster-lawn. Where, in 1848, were the depots of arms and ammunition of the rebel forces?—where were the rebel forces themselves?

We repeat, in the strongest manner possible, our disbelief of any plot, or plan, or preparation existing for an insurrection, such as these arrangements anticipated. We do so upon very simple ground. Not one particle of evidence has ever been offered to prove it. Trials for high treason took place under circumstances which would have made it of vital importance to prove that, in the months of March and April, a conspiracy had been formed to seize upon the city of Dublin. Not one particle of evidence approaching to this was offered. On the contrary, all the evidence on these trials led to a

directly opposite conclusion. The men themselves, who were, in summer, driven into a mock rebellion by Lord Clarendon's own policy, have most solemnly denied it under circumstances which preclude any natural supposition of their intending to deceive. Does one single incident justify the apprehension which the Irish Government then set itself to excite? Insurrections cannot be carried on without leaders, without ammunition, and arms. Was there a depot of arms seized? was there a single leader arrested? What has become of the formidable conspiracy against which so many citadels were prepared to stand a siege? Dublin was soon after placed under a law which enabled the Lord Lieutenant to seize upon arms not given up. **HOW MANY PIKES OR MUSKETS HAVE BEEN SEIZED OR GIVEN UP?** We heard much of the manufacture of pikes: the only instance that was made public was one in which a blacksmith was applied to to manufacture one by the agents of the police!

Even after an interval of four years, we can hardly restrain our feelings of indignation at the events of this disastrous period—disastrous, because it was the triumph of a system which built a reputation for Lord Clarendon at the expense of the character of the Irish nation. Our readers will see that we are disposed to deal with that reputation pretty much in the spirit of the lines that are not inappropriate to the mock tragedy of Lord Clarendon's rebellion—

“ King.—What! would you kill the man that killed the giants?”

“ Courtier.—May it please your Majesty, he made the giants first, and then he killed them.”

It is not to be wondered at if loyal men believed that Government must have some secret information to justify preparations of so alarming a character. The violence of the United Irishmen, and the speeches of the Confederation, splendidly played Lord Clarendon's game. Men believed that the only protector against the horrors of a Red Republican and Social insurrection was the Lord Lieutenant. The state of feeling was not unlike that which made the French people lately vote Prince Louis Napoleon an absolute sovereign and sole legislator. An address, with expressions of confidence in the Chief Governor, tendered to him

the disposal, in support of Government, of the lives and fortunes of the subscribers, and was signed by multitudes of names, presenting an unprecedented array of the rank, the property, and the intelligence of the country. The few loyalists who withheld their signatures were marked as disaffected. To disbelieve in Lord Clarendon, or doubt the instant coming of a terrible insurrection—was to expose the unhappy infidel to the imputation of being a rebel.

There was, however, in all this, something of very melancholy omen to the interests, the spirit, and the liberties of the country. The terrors of a Socialist insurrection had, in a less degree, something of the same dispiriting effect in Ireland as they lately had in France. It is not to be wondered at that the rebellious press seconded the efforts of Lord Clarendon to terrify the well-disposed. It gave a momentary importance to the journalist. It was something, by a threat of rebellion, to have made Lord Clarendon seize on every available public building as a military post. It was then that John Mitchel carried on his rebellion on paper, by issuing his directions about barricades and vitriol. The more horrible the publication, the greater the terrors in the Castle and the squares. And, instead of stopping the whole matter, as he could have done in one hour, and confining the terrible rebellion in a cell of five feet square, by lodging the writers of this wicked bombast in the body of a gaol, Lord Clarendon played into their hands, as they did into his, by making serious preparations against their threats, but still permitting them to go on.

On the trade and on the business of the country the effect was most disastrous. The shops in the city were deserted, business was almost entirely at a stand. This was bad enough, but it was not the worst. An impression got abroad that there must be a very strong rebel force in the city of Dublin, so strong that the authorities contemplated their being in possession of the city for some days. In a country where there are always ready at hand so many elements of disaffection, to permit this was peculiarly unwise. Men began to talk of the possibility of the success of an insurrection, and to accustom themselves at least to speak of its practicability. The bold, the outrageous defiance of Mitchel to the Queen's authority, were read first with

disgust, then with wonder, at last with toleration. In Ireland, above all countries, it was a dangerous thing for a government to permit its authority, week after week, to be insulted with impunity, especially when it took care to prove that it was not the impunity accorded by contempt.

In the meantime, while he was, by his military preparations, actually giving respectability and consequence to a few contemptible disturbers of the public peace, he took every precaution to make them really cease to be contemptible. He permitted the most inflammatory publications to be issued to the people—he allowed speeches of the most exciting character to be spoken—he made no attempt to stop the propagation of the Confederate Clubs, in which hundreds began to be enrolled, and which constituted the only real nucleus out of which a rebellion could be formed; and he did all this in a country whose miserable condition presented, even to a people less excitable than the Irish, we had almost said, every excuse for disaffection, certainly every motive to discontent.

It will not do to answer, that he brought us safely through that period of alarm. He did so only because there was no real danger—none certainly that was not created by himself. It would be a cheap way of earning reputation to create the alarm of an unreal insurrection, and then claim credit because it did not come. But the truth is, his policy did create a very formidable amount of disaffection, and to a certain extent permitted a dangerous organisation in the country. It was well for the peace of Ireland that there were not leaders capable of turning either to account. If Lord Clarendon had to deal with the Directory that organised the rebellion of 1798, he might have found that he had gone too far in the play of “making the giants” when the time came for changing the amusement to that of “killing them.”

In the early period we owe our safety, not to the prudence of his measures, but to the imaginary nature of his fears. At a later period the danger was attributed to his own policy—our safety to the good fortune that there existed no rebel leaders of capacity enough to take advantage of the disaffection which he had suffered to be excited. Plan and organisation of a rebel movement there was none. A leader less scrupulous and more bold than Mr.

Smith O'Brien might have caused much straggling bloodshed in July. But, after all, it was no formidable insurrection which broke out on Boulagh Common—where the leader went to raise the standard of rebellion, depending, for his troops, upon the ringing of a chapel-bell! his supply of arms, a pair of pistols and a sword!! and his military exchequer containing just a five-pound note!!!

This, however, is anticipating. We return to the grounds of this military occupation of the city. To our judgment of Lord Clarendon's policy in permitting rebellion to be excited—we have almost said in fomenting it—it makes very little difference what opinion we form upon a question, which after all, resolves itself into a question of fact. Was there in the city of Dublin, in the months of March and April, 1848—this is the time with which we are dealing—a conspiracy existing, furnished with the appliances and means to make an armed insurrection in our streets? If there were, why were not the conspirators brought to justice? Are we at this moment living surrounded by conspirators who, in 1848, were banded together to cut our throats? Upon every former occasion, when insurrection threatened the peace of the country—above all, when the Executive demanded extraordinary powers—reports have been presented to Parliament, sometimes to Secret Committees, of the information upon which Government acted. Not a single communication has, up to this hour, been made to either House of Parliament of any one fact or circumstance that was discovered by Government which justified or called for these alarming military preparations.

After Lord Clarendon's dealings with the *World* newspaper, there is scarcely any conceivable amount of folly of which we cannot believe him capable; and regarding, as we do, the conspiracy of the March insurrection as an utterly groundless myth, we must believe his Excellency the dupe of some spies who played upon his credulity, and, proffering their services in “the cause of law and order,” found no difficulty in fleecing the simplicity of his Excellency to any conceivable extent.

No country on earth, with the exception of some of the Italian states, is more prolific of such rascals than Ireland. Let us just suppose one

of them to have determined, or a gang of them to have combined, to practise upon his Excellency's fears; and, with the light that is thrown upon his character by his transactions with the *World* newspaper, we can easily imagine Lord Clarendon the victim of delusions as complete as those which haunt the insane. The pretended informer offers his services to the cause of law and order; his Excellency, without making any inquiry as to his antecedents, thinks it his duty to send for him. The informer asks for money; the Lord Lieutenant thinks it his duty to give it, even when he expects no good from his labours. How many thousand Red Republicans "in buckram" would one such interview with a skilful getter-up of plots produce. We do not mean this as a mere satire. In sober seriousness we suggest that to this we are to trace those mighty preparations which would have been sufficient to keep the city of Dublin against the whole population, if they had been undisciplined rebels armed to the teeth.

It will not do to say that without any information more than that which the public had, the Government were called on to take those precautions. They were bound to take precautions, by all possible means, to prevent any disturbance, by preventing its incitements; and this was exactly what Lord Clarendon neglected. But it was not the mere prevalence of a disaffected spirit that could call on the military authorities to close the College windows with ball-proof shutters, and provide their military posts with provisions for a week. These preparations were made against a formidable conspiracy, well provided with all the munitions of war.

The tone adopted by his Excellency, and those in communication with the Castle, was clearly and unequivocally that which their military arrangements indicated—a belief in the existence of a sanguinary and treasonable organisation, of a character so formidable as to require all the military strength of the Government to resist it. Little incidents proved, that not only was Lord Clarendon terrified by the belief in the existence of such a confederation, but that occasionally his fears were stimulated by the fixing of the time of the imaginary attack. It was currently reported in Dublin, we cannot say with

what truth, that upon more than one occasion the Castle gates were suddenly closed with as much haste as if the invaders were marching up Cork Hill. It was said, too, that his Excellency had openly stated, that if the citizens of Dublin knew all that he did, they would not sleep in their beds; and immediately after the 17th of March letters were certainly shewn, written in Lord Clarendon's own hand, in which he stated, that but for the preparations which he had made, the city of Dublin would have been on that day a scene of sanguinary outrage and horror.

It is not easy to conceive the extent to which alarm was thus created in the city of Dublin. An association was formed for the purpose of providing loyal citizens with arms, and combining them in a defensive association. Programmes were issued, assigning to each division of this self-constituted society, the place which they were to take on the night of the insurrection. Six hundred stand of arms were ordered by the committee from one manufacturer, under something like a pledge, that the Government were to pay for all. The insurrection, however, never came, and it was among the amusing incidents of this playing at soldiers, that the demand of the manufacturer for their price was enforced in an action in the law courts, against one highly respectable gentleman who had individually identified himself with the purchase, by an inspection of the muskets. Among the articles for which he was made responsible, were several knots of blue ribbons, which were intended to be worn by the loyalists on the night of the barricades.

When the Lord Lieutenant headed the alarmists, it must not be wondered at if private individuals gave way to the very extravagance of apprehension. In one of the leading streets of the city, circulars were sent round, with most minute directions as to the best mode of defending houses; very grave advice as to the choice of blunderbusses, and a sage recommendation, in the conflict, to fire at the insurgents who were attacking the opposite houses, on the understanding that the owner of that house was to return the good office, by firing upon the assailants of yours. And these military missives were signed by men of the very highest reputation, in other matters, for sagacity and good sense. Nay, it was strongly urged, that each hall-door

should be barricaded by an iron plate; an advice which was actually taken by some. There were instances, in which the lower part of houses were furnished with ball-proof shutters, and a month's provisions of salted meat and biscuits actually laid in! and this in a city garrisoned by 10,000 military, and protected by 2,000 police,—a city, too, in which, we verily believe, the whole strength of the disaffected could not have mustered 500 stand of arms of every kind and description, and in which, unquestionably, the revolution, if it had come, would have fled in utter dismay before the charge of a single squadron of dragoons.

The existence of the danger was credited, not unnaturally, on the faith of the intimations from Lord Clarendon. Upon what testimony his Excellency believed in it, a hint has never been vouchsafed. That he did really believe in it, it is scarcely possible to doubt. The strange events of a single night establish, perhaps, the sincerity of his fears.

Upon the night, we think, of the 20th of April, while everything in the city seemed tranquil, near the hour of midnight, some few of the inhabitants of the city were startled by messages from the Castle, desiring them to be on their guard. The military in the different little fortresses were called, at a moment's notice, to arms. The artillerymen at the house of the Royal Dublin Society stood for some hours beside their field-pieces, loaded with grape-shot, and their port-fires lighted. The preconcerted signal of a rocket, sent up from the Castle, brought up by a special train in a few minutes, from a man-of-war lying in Kingstown harbour, her marines and her seamen. The rebellion, however, did not come. The streets were frequented only by the ordinary stragglers of the night; and in the morning the sun rose upon the good city of Dublin as tranquil and as peaceful as it had been when it set. The citizens, indeed, who were not in Lord Clarendon's secret of the rebellion, never knew until morning that anything unusual had occurred.

We complete the picture of the period, when we say, that about the same time applications were made to the Orange Lodges of Dublin for their aid in support of "law and order." Arms were provided for them by some person who was good-natured enough to spend £600 out of his own pocket in the pur-

chase. Their addresses were courted, received, and acknowledged; and their leaders were admitted to confidential interviews with the Lord Lieutenant, while the certificate of the Master of an Orange Lodge was recognised as a passport for the importation of arms by the police authorities.

This article has already occupied far too much space to permit us now to complete our sketch of the dealings of the Government with the Orangemen, and with Ireland, during the period of which we write. We must pause in our history until another month, when we hope to complete the portion we are now compelled to hurry over, of the early part of 1848.

It is, to our mind, impossible to justify the policy Lord Clarendon then pursued. If his object was to create a rebellion that he might have the merit of putting it down, he pursued that object with some dexterity. If his policy was to terrify the Conservative portion of Irish society into an adhesion to him as their only protector against anarchy, it was, we admit, eminently successful for the time. If he desired to break up, in the alarms and the terrors of an anticipated insurrection, that growing union of Irishmen—to crush that rising spirit of nationality which he had, for himself and his party, every reason to dread—he managed his tactics with skill. But if we are to try his conduct by any of the tests that determine the policy of a wise statesman, or an honest governor, we must pronounce it woefully deficient.

We have stated our opinion as to the course which ought to have been adopted the very moment that any person dared openly to preach rebellion to the Queen. It is the duty of the Government to crush insurrection in the outset. They cannot deal with their own subjects as they would with enemies in war, and watch and wait until they entrap them into the defile, where they are to be destroyed. Had the treason of the *United Irishman* been promptly suppressed, the country would have been spared the disparaging spectacle to monarchy of a contest between an individual and the Viceroy; law would have escaped the opprobrium of a statute enacted to crush a solitary writer; and men, now in exile in a penal settlement, would be still in their country, we verily believe, loyal subjects of their Queen.

Did, however, any plan or plot of insurrection exist in the city of Dublin in the months of March and April, 1848? We have stated our reasons for entirely disbelieving that there did. If there did, there are reasons obvious enough which make it of paramount importance that the people of Ireland should know something of the history of a conspiracy so secret, so formidable, and so atrocious as that which then threatened Dublin with pillage and blood. But, if Lord Clarendon had real and just grounds for a belief in such a conspiracy—if he was not the willing dupe of informers—if he did not lend the ready ear of credence to every narrator of horrors—if he did not bid for the luxury of terror by rewards to every fabricator of the tale of conspiracy and plot—let us ask, how are we to reconcile his conduct with his bounden duty to his Sovereign and to Ireland? Let us assume that early in March he knew of a treasonable design, so formidable in strength as to demand that every public building, even our College, should be converted into a military redoubt—in what light does the Chief Governor appear? Not one single step is taken to break up that conspiracy; not an effort made to prevent its prosecution of its plots; not an attempt to expose its guilt to public indignation. Its leaders are left at large; its preparations are not interrupted. All the efforts of Government are directed to prepare for defeating insurrection: none for preventing it. Treasonable meetings and seditious speeches are permitted to excite the populace, whom cannon and grape-shot are prepared to mow down. Nay, if Lord Clarendon believed one-half of what he said—one-half of what his preparations indicated to be true, while he ensconced himself behind his barricades at the Castle, and sheltered the soldiers behind ball-proof shutters, he left the loyal and peaceable inhabitants

of the city exposed to the danger of being butchered by assassins, or to find such protection as they could obtain in the gun associations and circulars about iron plates upon their doors.

And while he professed to believe in the existence of a sanguinary and widespread conspiracy, with that crooked and underhand system which too much marks his policy—while he secretly armed the Orangemen, and gave an indirect sanction to the Conservative gun-clubs, he had not the courage or the manliness to appeal to the loyalty of the citizens, by calling out the militia, by enrolling a single corps of yeomanry, or sanctioning the formation of a single troop of volunteers.

If the country has even yet recovered from the fever into which it was thrown by his artful appeal to the mingled sensations of our loyalty and our fears, the government of Ireland, in March and April, 1848, will receive, on a calm review, the severest condemnation. That condemnation may be written in a few sentences. If he did not believe in the danger against which he appeared to guard, his conduct was a cruel cheat upon the generous and loyal feelings of the country. If he did believe in it, he ought instantly to have suppressed the conspiracy, and not contented himself with preparing to meet it in the conflict. The conspiracy never exploded, we believe, because it did not exist; but assuming it to exist, all the preparations of Government were only directed to meet it when it should break out in a sanguinary struggle in our streets. To secure the ultimate victory in that conflict—after what scenes of slaughter!—he arranged his plans. But it was, we think now as we thought then, his bounden duty, in the beginning of March, to have stayed, with a strong hand, the progress of insurrection, and not merely laid his engines to extinguish it in blood.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
THE CELTO-SCYTHIC PROGRESSES	277
THE LAST LIFE IN THE LEASE	292
THE BIRDS OF IRELAND	307
STRAY LEAVES FROM GREECE. PART I.—APPROACH TO GREECE—PATRAS—VISIT TO THE CONSUL—HOSPITALITY—A GREEK BRIDE—PICTURESQUE BEAUTY OF THE LEPANTO GULF—PUSILLANIMITY OF THE GREEKS—SAFE ANCHORAGE—ATHENS IN SIGHT—SUNSET ON THE ACROPOLIS—THE PARTHENON—LANDING—MOON- LIGHT DRIVE—THE PARTHENON BY MOONLIGHT—TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS— WRETCHEDNESS OF THE MODERN CITY—GREEK COMMENTS ON THE BLOCKADE, AND MINE OWN ON THE GREEKS	316
THE RATH OF BADAMAR; OR, THE ENCHANTMENT	325
LORD PALMERSTON AND OUR POLICY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN	329
THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY. CHAPTER VII.—THE SEED IS SOWN FROM WHICH THE WHIRLWIND WILL BE REAPED. CHAPTER VIII.—THE WORK OF A MASTER PASSION. CHAPTER IX.—THE TREASURES OF THE WORLD AND THE TREASURES OF THE SOUL ARE WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE	338
‘ THE BURSTING OF THE BUD.’ BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY	355
ADMINISTRATION OF SCINDE	363
IRELAND UNDER LORD CLARENDON. PART II.—“THE REBELLION” IN THE CITY AND THE FIELD	373

DUBLIN

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THE CELTO-SCYTHIC PROGRESSES.*

If we look at the contour map of Europe in "Johnstone's Physical Atlas," we see a narrow strip of the lowest elevation extending from the Black Sea to the Baltic. It nowhere rises to the second line of elevation—more than 150 and less than 300 feet—above the level of the sea. Turning to the geological map, we perceive that the same tract is overlaid with recent alluvial deposits, and has at some period, which, in comparison with the age of the world, may be called recent, been covered with the waters of the ocean. Central and southern Europe were certainly, at some definite time, an island, separated from another island of Scandinavia by a continuous strait. All this is apparent from the physical circumstances of the surface; but when we speak of geological epochs, we are so much in the habit of demanding ages and cycles of time for the fulfilment of even the minutest changes in the crust of the earth, that we recoil from the suggestion of Europe having been in this insular condition at any time since at least the universal deluge, with a kind of scientific horror. Nevertheless all antiquity preserves a constant tradition of a water communication between the Euxine and the Hyperborean seas, and it seems evident that not only was this the belief of Homer, but that it had been the tradition of the older bards who celebrated the Argonautic Expedition. It will probably surprise some of our readers to be told that such was the course of the voyage of Ulysses. In schools and

colleges the scene of the Odyssey is usually confined to the Mediterranean. But if one will take the trouble, of following the route as Homer himself indicates it, these limits will be found much too narrow. Suppose our hero at the isle of Circe, wherever that may have been:—and the reader is at liberty to suppose any point of departure he pleases outside the waters of the Levant. Ulysses has returned from the scene of his necromantic descent into hell. Classical tradition assigns this adventure to some part of the northern region of Gaul, about the mouths of the Rhine. Thus Claudian:—

"A place there is where Gaul her furthest shore

Expands, encompassed by the ocean hoar;
Where once Ulysses, with libation dread
Of blood, commoved the peoples of the dead.
The thin complaints of fluttering spirits there
With slender squeakings fill the ghostly air;
The hinds at day-light ghosts and stalking
phantoms stare."

And, it will be borne in mind, he has returned to the isle of the goddess by the mouth of the *river* Oceanus:—

"—— Borne seaward on the river-stream
Of the Oceanus, we ploughed again
The spacious deep, and reached the Aæan isle,
Where Daughter of the Dawn, Aurora, takes
Her choral sports, and whence the sun ascends."

"In these lines," observes Cowper, "he tells us in the plainest terms that the ship left the stream of the river Oceanus and arrived in the open

* "A Vindication of the Bardic Accounts of the early Invasions of Ireland, by the River-Ocean of the Greeks." Dublin: James McGlashan. London: W. S. Orr and Co. 1850.

sea. Diodorus Siculus informs us that *ὠκεανὸς* had been a name anciently given to the Nile." And the Nile, he might have added, was anciently thought to encircle the earth. Circe's isle is pretty evidently an imaginary locality :

"Neither east
Knew we nor west, where rises or where sets
The all-enlivening sun."

But place it where you will from Tabrobana to Atlantis, outside the region encircling Ithaca, and attend to Circe's instructions to Ulysses how he is to return :—

"First thou shalt reach the Sirens :"

She then instructs him how he may hear their song in safety, and proceeds :—

"When thus thy people shall have safely
passed
The Sirens by, think not to hear from me
What course thou next shalt steer ; *two* will
occur ;
Deliberate, choose ; I shall describe them
both."

Then she proceeds to describe, first, the course through the Black Sea, by the Symplegades, or Cyanean rocks, at the mouth of the Thracian Bosphorus ; and secondly, the course by Scylla and Charybdis. Unless Homer had imagined a water communication between the Hyperborean Sea and the Euxine, it is manifest he would not have put such instructions into the mouth of the goddess. It is as if, in modern romance-writing, an author should give his hero the selection of two paths home from Robinson Crusoe's Island ; one round Cape Horn, and the other through Davis's Straits. It would be evident that such a writer believed, and wrote for a community believing, in a north-west passage. Circe first describes the Cyanean rocks :—

"The blessed gods these rocks Erratic call.
Birds cannot pass them safe ; no, not the doves
Which his ambrosia bear to Father Jove,
But even of those doves the slippery rock
Proves fatal still to one, for which the god
Supplies another, lest the number fail.
No ship, what ship soever there arrives,
Escapes them, but both mariners and planks,
Whelmed under billows of the deep, or caught
By fiery tempests, sudden disappear.
These rocks the billow-cleaving bark alone,
The Argo, furthered by the vows of all,
Passed safely, sailing from Æta's isle ;
Nor had she passed, but surely dashed had
been

On those huge rocks, but that, propitious still
To Jason, Juno sped her safe along.

These (other) rocks are two : one lifts his
head

High as the spacious heavens—

No mortal man might climb it or descend,
Though twice ten hands and twice ten feet
he owned,

For it is levigated as by art.

Down scooped to Erebus, a cavern drear
Yawns in the centre of its western side—
There *Scylla* dwells.

The other rock, Ulysses, thou shalt find
Humbler, a bow-shot farther than the first ;
On this a wild fig grows, broad-leaved, and
here

Charybdis dire ingulfs the sable flood."

Something appears to be wanting in the text ; for the means by which the doves are endangered at the Planctæ or Erratic islands, are not explained by Circe ; and the transition from the account of the one class of dangers to the other is abrupt, and in some degree obscure. The Argonautic collections more fully inform us of the dangers encountered by Jason. Whatever be the date of the legends woven together by Onomacritus, it is probable that this part of the poem rests on material of the greatest antiquity, for the same story of the doves, or heron, occurs in various most ancient fragments. We cannot hope to present the Orphic legend in any dress worthy of association with the heroic version of Cowper. We shall, however, adhere to his model in rhythm, and in fidelity to the original. Orpheus speaks. He is describing the course of the Argo, after passing the coasts of Bistonia and the Propontis :—

"Now leaving Phineus, hospitable chief,
Sprung from Agenor, we the wide-laid floor
Of ocean traversed, till we neared the rocks
Cyanean, of which my mother erst,
Prudent Calliope, had me forewarned.
For, intermission of their painful toil
Is none for them ; but ever by the blasts,
White-winged, of tempests urged, the batter-
ed crags

Fall one against the other with dire strokes :
The roar of broken waves, and dashing floods,
Fills all the blue steep of astonished heaven
With sprayey tumult, and the deep resounds.
Then, to Agniades, I cried in haste,
O, friend ! impend for life upon the helm !
But him cold terror seizing at the sight,
We all had perished, had not azure-eyed
Minerva, by the grace of Juno, sent
A heron ; he towards our main yard-arm,
As to alight, came fluttering ; but alarmed,
His flight took onward 'twixt the toppling
crags,

On wavering pinions: instantly the rocks,
 With imminent motion, on this side and
 that,
 Vibrating, clashed together; but the bird,
 Uncrushed, emerged upon the further side,
 His white tail plumage only shorn away.
 The heron thus escaping, and the rocks
 Re-opening, Typhis, with a silent sign,
 The crew exhorted; they, obedient, bent
 Supine upon their oars, and Argo urged
 Direct into the gulf; while I, with strains
 Of rage-assuaging melody, beguiled
 The titubating cliffs: apart they stood;
 Back fell the sounding waters, and the abyss,
 All for the sole sake of the Lyre divine,
 Held its black jaws agape, and so we passed."

From the Euxine they sail up the
 Tanais. The current sets towards the
 Baltic, and, at length, the Argo, pass-
 ing by the Riphæan (the Ural or Car-
 pathian) mountains, emerges into the
 Northern sea through a dangerous
 rapid.

"But when the tenth morn bearing light to
 men

Arose, we reached, amid Riphæan vales,
 A mighty chasm: the Argo, through the
 strait,

Forth rushed precipitate into the sea
 Called Hyperborean, Chronian, and the Dead.
 So swiftly down careered she that no man
 Thought to shun death; but, on the rudder-
 head,

Ancæus, straining with both hands, con-
 trolled

The prow wide-swerving; and the sentient
 bark,

Obedient to the helm, held safely through.
 But when, with toil of rowing, all our hands
 Were useless further, and with aching palm
 Each grasped his elbow, propping his hot
 cheek,

(The cooled sweat gathering briny on our
 brows,)

And hunger gnawed us: then Ancæus rose
 And, all exhorting with a cheerful voice,
 They o'er the galley's sides leaped on the
 strand,

Then swiftly drawing o'er the galley's prow
 A triply-twisted cable, made it fast.

Ancæus then and Argus to the crew
 Consigned the cable; they upon the beach
 Pulled labouring, and the wave-dividing bark
 Followed, her straight track through the
 watery ways

Swift cutting by the pebbly margin smooth."

They pass the Sea of Calms, and
 come to the country of the Macrobian.

"Now when the sixth morn bearing light to
 men

Arose, we reached the nation happy and rich
 Of the Macrobian. They many years
 Exist; twelve tranquil chiliads each of moons

Living, each moon a century of years.

And when the number of their moons is
 passed,

In gentle sleep obtain the gift of death;
 No care to them man's food or man's annoy,
 But honied fruits they eat in pleasant meads,
 Divine draughts quaffing of ambrosial dew.

In all their eyes a genial lustre shines,
 Children and parents; and alike to all
 Just deeds and prudent words are ever dear.
 These, numerous, we passed, with weary feet
 Beating the sea-beach, and the Argo still
 On urging, came 'mongst the Cimmerii.

They, sole of men, are from the fiery din
 Of Phœbus' dazzling chariot-wheels remote,
 For the Riphæan and the (Calpian?) steep
 Impend between them and the orient light;
 And dusky Phlegra in meridian air

Incumbent hangs, while occidental Alps,
 Far-stretching, intercept the evening ray:
 So darkness dwells for ever on their shores.

Thence faring, and the ship still urging on,
 Afoot, we reached a rugged promontory,
 And breezeless banks, where, boiling from his
 depths,

Gold-flowing Acheron, through the frigid
 realm,

Runs hoary white."

And so on to the German Sea, past
 the British Isles, and home by the
 Pillars of Hercules and the Mediter-
 ranean.

All this is according to the idea of
 Hesiod, who makes Acheron a branch
 of Oceanus, which discharges part of
 its waters by a subterranean channel,
 while the rest flow by a cascade into
 the outer salt ocean. Wherever, there-
 fore, Homer may have imagined the
 island of *Ææta* to have been, he evi-
 dently considered that Ulysses could
 reach Ithaca from it by the Euxine as
 well as by the Mediterranean, which
 is inconceivable otherwise than by such
 a route as Jason was said to have pur-
 sued.

Now it is a fact, that the continent
 of Scandinavia is rising, and it is pro-
 bable that all the plain of Sarmatia
 has partaken of the elevation. It is
 also certain that the tract in question
 was, at some definite period, under
 water. Further, it is certain that such
 a submergence must have existed to
 some extent if the waters of the Black
 Sea ever stood at a higher level than
 they now do; and both from the tra-
 dition of the Deucalionic deluge and
 the natural evidences of the place, it
 seems not improbable that the barriers
 at the Thracian Bosphorus did, within
 the post-diluvian period, give way, and
 permit the escape of a large portion
 of the contents of the Euxine basin-

It is, consequently, possible that the ideas of the ancients may have been founded on historic fact, and that, in speaking of the island of the Hyperboreans, they did not make the geographical mistake that we usually imagine.

These considerations have suggested themselves to the mind of the ingenious anonymous writer whose essay lies before us, and who brings to the inquiry the new element of Irish historical and bardic evidences. It is one of the most original and ingenious conceptions that Irish antiquarian research has given birth to. Our essayist, however, is much devoted to fanciful etymologies, and labours under the disadvantage of writing, as we should conclude, at a distance from the original authorities. But he deserves much credit for his independent spirit of inquiry, and encouragement to persevere in a track hitherto unexplored. It is indeed probable that the Irish traditions are but compilations of the Argonautic tales. If so they can add no authority to the classical evidences, and the question must rest on the fragments of Greek antiquity. But it is not impossible, although in truth we think it very far from likely, that on closer examination and comparison of the Irish evidences with those of the classical library, proofs may be found of an independent origin; and should that be so, the concurrence of statements respecting the passage by the Rhiphaean Valley might make the matter worth a place in the consideration of the learned. Before concluding this paper we shall, however, adduce some evidences which will show that the question of an independent origin of the Irish traditions is at least worthy of serious enquiry. We attach small importance to the scruples of the geologists. Forces, to the measurement of which their formulas are palpably unequal, have been at work all along and all around us. One genuine historic testimony would outweigh the protests of a great many professors, even though couched in the most mysterious forms of algebra. Our essayist, then, begins by reconciling his readers to the idea of a river-ocean in the Odyssey, by the authority of Bishop Thirlwall, who, as it may be observed, confirms the theory referred to by Cowper with much cogency of argument.

“It appears highly probable, from the

manner in which Homer describes the voyage of the Argonauts, that he was ignorant of the existence of the northern shores of the Euxine; and supposed Jason to have sailed from the land of Æetes, round the north of Greece and Italy, into the western sea.

“The whole orb is girt by the ocean, not a larger sea, but a deep river, which, circulating with constant but gentle flux, separates the world of light and life from the realms of darkness, dreams, and death. No feature in the Homeric chart is more distinctly prominent than this. Hence the divine artist terminates the shield of Achilles with a circular stripe, representing *the mighty strength of the river-ocean*; and all the epithets which the poets apply to it, are such as belong exclusively to a river.

“It is by no means easy to account for this notion, even if it should be supposed to have arisen before the Greeks were acquainted with the Asiatic continent, for still they saw nothing but land to the north; and even if they imagined the earth to be encompassed by waters, there was nothing to suggest the thought of a limitary river. It would rather seem that they must have been led to it in endeavouring to explain the origin of the liquid element, by tracing it to a single source, which would naturally be found at the extremity of the earth; and, accordingly, Homer describes all the other rivers, all springs and wells, and the salt main itself, as issuing from the ocean-stream, which might be supposed to feed them by subterraneous channels. Still it is very difficult to form a clear conception of this river, or to say how the poet supposed it to be bounded. Ulysses passes into it from the western sea; but whether the point at which he enters it is a mouth or an opening, or the two waters are only separated by an invisible line, admits of much doubt. On the further side, however, is land, but a land of darkness which the sun cannot pierce—a land of Cimmerians—the realm of Hades, inhabited by the shades of the departed, and by the family of dreams.”

The writer next prepares his reader for admitting the possibility of such a change having taken place in the level of the Euxine as would account for its waters having in fact, at some not very remote time, crossed the intermediate flat to the Baltic; still prudently using the authority and speaking in the words of men of admitted discretion; and to this point cites McCulloch:—

“There are many conflicting opinions as to whether the Euxine be or be not

of permanent magnitude. It was a commonly-received opinion among the ancients that it was formerly separated from the Mediterranean, and that the Thracian Bosphorus was burst through by a convulsion of nature, or by the deluge of Deucalion; and Aristotle even believes that this event did not long precede the time of Homer (*Josephus Antiq.* 1, 3; *Diod. Sic.*, v. 3; *Aristotle de Met.*, xiv.; *Pliny*, vi. 1, &c.) Without supposing any great degree of physical knowledge on the part of the Greeks, it may be supposed that the inhabitants of the countries bordering on the Euxine would have a vivid recollection of such a catastrophe had it occurred, and that; consequently, it would scarcely have been an invention or hypothesis of the writers. Add to this, that geological appearances strongly confirm the supposition; and the fact, though sneered at by some, will appear not a little probable (*Pallas*, i. 80, 83; *Tournefort*, ii. 346, 390; *Olivier*, i. 122; *Dureau de la Malle, Geo. Phys. de la Mer Noire*, pp. 196-225). It will be observed that, among the ancients, only historians and naturalists have been cited; but it may be added, that the same revolution is dwelt upon by their poets and fabulists (see, in particular, *Lucan*, vi. 5). It was, in a word, the universal belief of all ranks and orders. But if this sea were ever thus confined, its surface must have been considerably higher than at present; and this also appears to be the fact, from the accumulation of salt lakes and marshes in the plain country on its northern borders. It is evident, indeed, that a rise of a few hundred feet in its surface would be quite sufficient to flood the greater part of southern Russia, the whole of which, except the mountains of the Crimea, bear evident marks of having been laid bare at a comparatively recent period (*Pallas*, *passim*); and the whole appearance of its northern shores is that of a diminished bed."

So far the inquiry is well conducted, but when our writer comes to apply his Irish corroborations, his prudence is swallowed up in speculation. Taking O'Connor's translation of Keating's History for his text, he details the progresses of the successive early colonists, viz. :—

Partholan "began his voyage from the country of Mygdonia, and steered towards Sicily; and leaving Spain upon the left [right], landed in Munster."

Nemeth "pursued his course from the Euxine Sea, and passing by the mountains of Sliabh Rife on the left hand, came to a place called Aijen in the north,

from thence arrived upon the west of Ireland."

The Tuatha de Danaan "left Greece somewhere near Bœotia, and after wandering about, came to Norway and Denmark; and after some time passed from thence to the north of Scotland," &c.

The Milesians or Gadelians "set sail from Egypt, and steered west and by north into the Ægean Sea, and left Te-probane (by some called Tarabane) and Asia Minor upon the right hand; and so passed round the coast of Asia northward upon the left, and from thence returned to Mount Riffe on the west and by north side of Asia; then they steered into the narrow sea that divides Europe from Asia, and from thence into Scythia. . . . Here they were surprised by a violent storm that drove them on Carenia in the Pontic Sea. From thence, after some time, they sailed to Gothland; from whence, after many years, they sailed to Spain. In this last voyage they passed by Crete. . . . Milesius next visited Scythia, sailing from Spain through the Mediterranean and Euxine Seas, and from thence he went to Egypt. Leaving the latter, he sailed to Thrace, and crossed many countries till he came to another island called Gothnia, which lies in the narrow sea now called the British (or rather the German) sea, which divides the ocean from the Baltic northwards. From thence he sailed to the kingdom of the Picts, now called Scotland; and having pillaged the coasts, he sailed to Spain. After this the Milesians passed from Spain into Ireland."

In all these accounts, confused and impossible as they are, there are plainly discernible the traditions of two distinct routes, one by the Mediterranean Sea and one by the Riphæan valley. But the value of all such evidences depends on their being drawn direct from the fountain-head. The spring itself is in truth sufficiently turbid without taking up the additional obscurities of Keating and his translator. We must, therefore, expunge "Minor" after Asia in the route of Milesius, and for "Pontic" read Lybian Sea. In truth the route is a mixture of two independent statements which Keating found confounded together in the Bardic poems. Thus Maelmora of Fohan, who wrote now very nearly one thousand years ago, having died in A. D. 864, thus records their progress:—

"They seized the ships of Foran (Pharoah),
They deserted their country;
And in the night time over the track
Of the Red Sea they passed;

" They passed by India by Asia
The way they knew ;
To Scithia with noble might
Their own country.

" Over the surface of the Caspian Sea they
passed,
A faithful band ;
[They left Glas on Coronis (Cyrene)
In the sea of Libis (Lybia)].

" Sru, son of Esru, went afterwards,
He was without dejection.
[Another copy reads " out of Scithia"]
Round by the gloomy north rapidly
To Sleive Riffi (the Riphæan moun-
tains).

" He settled in fiery Golgatha (Gothia?)
A noble exploit.
There dwelt his descendants without dis-
grace
Two hundred years.

" [Brath, son of Breogan, performed
A royal journey.
From thence with great speed northwards
To the north of the world.

" It was then he passed from Gaethligh
(Geatulia in Lybia)
To the islands.
Royal his fleet ploughing the sea
Of sparkling Tarrian (the Tyrrhenian
Sea)
By Creed (Crete), by Sicil (Sicily) they
sailed,
In their course
By the columns of mighty Hercules,
To Espain (Spain) the peninsular.]"

It is evident that the portions of the narrative enclosed in brackets refer to a Mediterranean journey, and the rest of the text to a fanciful voyage round Asia, and back, by the Caspian Sea and the Riphæan Valley. But how could they be supposed to sail round Asia to the Caspian Sea? The answer to the question carries us far back into antiquity. Humboldt has remarked that Herodotus was the first who taught the fact that the Caspian Sea is an enclosed basin, surrounded by land on every side: prior to his time, the west coast of the Caspian had long been the only one known, and Hecataeus still regarded its western shore as that of the encircling eastern ocean (*Cosmos*, vol. ii. p. 141). The idea in the mind of the bardic chronicler was evidently that of a continuous sea, extending from Taprobana (Ceylon), round the Indian peninsula,

to the Caucasus, and thence reaching westward to the north of Germany. That the Caspian and Baltic once were one is, as we have said, a geographical certainty; that they may have been united at some period since the history of man began, is possible; but the bardic notion in question has no possibility of any kind to rest on, and invites attention only from the very high antiquity to which it appears to look back for its origin; but this high antiquity is a matter of some moment. Is the Milesian tradition as old as the ante-Herodotean period, or even as the time of Hecataeus? We do not here pretend to give an answer, but may observe, that an error not found in the Argonautic writers, existing in the Irish story, indicates independent sources, and adds to the value of our western evidences. The poem, as we have said, mingles two expeditions, and confounds Golgotha, or Gothland, with Goethluigha or Getulia. The prose accounts in the "Book of Invasions" exhibit the same discrepancy, a discrepancy which shows itself also in the order of generations, and in the periods during which the expeditions are alleged to have remained at their several halting-places. These difficulties, which have much perplexed our writers (see notes to the "Irish Nennius," pp. 235, *et seq.*), appear to be removed by apportioning the tale as we have above suggested. But the reconciliation of these difficulties does not rest merely on a suggested transposition of the text of a poem. The prose history preserved in the "Book of Ballymote" gives the proper Milesian progress without the introduction of any Lybian reference whatever. Mr. Curry has obliged us with the passage as follows:—

" Miliseus, from Egypt, went upon the Red Sea. A great storm carried him eastward, into the ocean past Cl-rord(?); past Golgordania (Gedrosia? Golconda?); past the mouth of the Ganges (Indus?), to the islands of Ti-pradlfane (Ceylon), where they remained for some time. They sailed then past India, past Caucasus, from the east; past Nithiam (Notium Promontorium of Ptolemy? Nitica, on the Euxine?); past the river Boiream (Boorampootra? Borysthenes?); past Scythia the Western; westwards to the mouth of the Caspian Sea. They sojourned there

* In the publications of the Irish Archaeological Society. Dublin. 1848.

on the Caspian Sea during thrice nine days, spellbound by the music of the sea nymphs. They then went to the Country of the Burnt-Breasts (Amazonia). They passed by Albania westward; past Slieve Riffi (the Ural? or Carpathian? mountains), from the north; and past Alania, till they landed in Aicia (Achaia?). Here they remained a month. Then the Druid told them they should sail for Erin. They then passed by Gothiam (Gothland) into Germania. Fifty-four tribes was their number when they reached (now plainly overland) Southern Germany. They passed over the river Rein (Rhine); past Galliane to Belgicane (Belgium); past the port of Lugdunum (Leyden? Lyons?); past Galliam; past Erriturriam (Etruria?), westwards, into Southern Spain."

Here the route is, distinctly, by the Riphæan Valley, and across the continent of Germany. Now let us take up the other route which we have distinguished, by including it in brackets in the poem of Maelmora. The prose chronicler proceeds:—

"This was the ordinary course (the principal route) of the Gael, for it was at Ogaman we left off; and, although we have followed Milesius and his people, we intend now to return to Ogaman again.

"Refill, the son of Nemin, fell by Tait, son of Ogaman. Tait fell afterwards by the hands of Reflor, son of Refill. There was a contest for sovereignty between Reflor, the son of Refill, and Agnoman, the son of Tait, in which Reflor fell, on which account the seed of Gael were banished out upon the sea—viz., Agnoman, and Lamfinn (white hand) his son. And they were seven years upon the sea, around the world, by the North; but their adventures are more numerous than is told. And they suffered much evil during that time. The reason why the name of Lamfinn (white hand) was given to the son of Agnoman was because a candle was not brighter than his hands at the rowing. Three ships were they; and there was a tying between them, that they might not be separated one from another. Three chiefs had they after the death of Agnoman on the ridge of the Caspian sea—viz., Lamfinn, and Alloth, and Caithear, the Druid. It was this Caithear that made a cure for them when the mermaids were deluding them—i. e., sleep was overcoming them from the music. The cure that Caithear made for them was to melt wax into their ears. It was Caithear who said, when the wind car-

ried them into the ocean, where they suffered much of starvation and of thirst here, until they reached, at the end of a week, a great headland, from Mount Riffe, northwards; and it was in that headland they found a fountain with the taste of wine on it; and they rested there, and they slept there three days and three nights, until Caithear, the Druid, said:—'Arise, and we shall not stop until we reach Eire.' 'Where is Eire?' said Lamfinn, son of Agnoman. 'It is farther off,' said Caithear, the Druid, 'than Scythia, and it is not ourselves that shall reach it, but our children, in 300 years from this day.' They went, then [and here the divarication of the two routes is indicated], to the Mid-Gaethlas (Gaethulias), and it was there a son was born to Lamfinn—viz., Eber Gluin-finn (white-kneed)—i. e., from having white moles on his knees. He was chief after his father. Feibri was his grandson, and Nuada was his (Feibri's) grandson.

"Brath, son of Deaatha, son of Erchad, son of Alloth, son of Nuada, son of Nenual, son of Febric the Grey, son of Aigne the Fair, son of Eber of the white knees, son of Lamfinn, son of Agnoman, son of Tait, son of Ogaman, son of Beoaman, son of Eimer (or Eber) Scot, son of Sru, son of Easru, son of Gaedel Glas, from whom the Gaels;—it was he that went into the Gaethlas of the Mediterranean sea, to Crete, to Sigir; and they reached to Spain after that. They took Spain by force. Agnoman, the son of Tait, was the first Gael who came out of Scythia. He had two sons—viz., Lamfinn and Alloth. One son had Lamfinn—viz., Eber the white-kneed; one son had Alloth—viz., Eber the black. They were contemporaneous in the Gaethlas (in the Gaetulias). They had two grandsons in co-sovereignty—viz., Toithechla, the son of Teitrig, son of Eber the black, and Nenual, the son of Feibrig, son of Agnoman, son of Eber white-kneed; and Soiteachla, son of Manutan, son of Caithear. It was as a company of four ships now, the Gaels came into Spain, and seven soldiers, without wives: Brath, with a ship's company; Oige and Uige, with two ships' companies. They were two brothers—the two sons of Alloth, son of Ogaman, son of Toithechla, son of Teithrig, son of Eber the black, son of Alloth, son of Ogaman. Manutan, a ship's company, the son of Caithuar, son of Ercodh, son of Caemtecht, son of Torteachta, son of Manutan, son of Caithear the Druid, *qui fecit profetiam*; son of Eber of the red steeds, son of Tait, son of Ogaman. Three battles they fought now, after going into Spain—viz., a battle against the 'Toisecha ('Iuscans?), and a battle

against the Longhardas [this brings down the date of the composition to a comparatively modern epoch], and a battle against Bacco. (?) A mortality overtook them, of which twenty-four died together of Oige and Uige; so that out of their two ships, there survived not but twice five, together with En, son of Oige, and Un, son of Uige.

“Brath had a good son—viz., Breogan, by whom was built the Tower of Breogan and the city—viz., Brigantia, its name. It was from Breogan’s Tower now that Eire was first seen on a winter evening; i. e., on November (or Samhain) eve it was that Ith, the son of Breogan, saw it. As Gilla Kevin sang in the poem:—

“‘Gaelel the green, from whom the Gaels, &c.’”

—*Book of Ballymote*, fol. ii., p. 6.

Equally distinct is the route through Lybia, given by Nennius, and by his Irish translator:—

“The Scythians (Milesian Scots), with their children, went into Africa, to the altars of the Philistines (*ara Philenorum*); to the wells of Salmara (Syrtes? the Salt Marshes, near Lake Triton), and between the Ruseagdae (Roseicada, west of Utica) and Mount Iadsare (?); across the Sruth M’balb (the Strait of Gibraltar?), and the Columns of Hercules, beyond the sea of Gadidon (Gades), to Spain.”—*Irish Nennius*, p. 55.

Now, let us distinguish. The terminus of the Lybian progress is Egypt; that of the Riphæan progress is more properly the Caspian Sea and Taprobana. But it is from Taprobana and the land of Hav, by the route of the misty sea (Euxine), and Lettow (Lithuania), that the Welsh triads bring in Hu Gadarn and the first colony of Britons; and the Welsh traditions make no reference to any Lybian or African progress. It might seem, then, not unreasonable to assign the story of a Riphæan or Scythian progress to the earlier British races, and that of a Lybian one to the more recent Irish Scoti, whoever they may have been. Regarding this Lybian progress, it may be observed that it is by no means so much commemorated in the Irish traditions themselves as that through Scythia; and may, therefore, perhaps, be inferred to have been the less important. But what has Taprobana to do with the early Britons?

Was the name merely introduced into an imaginary voyage for the sake of extending the travels and renown of the first colonists; or had the tribes who swarmed into Europe by the northern coasts of the Euxine themselves an Indian origin? The only tangible point, if it be tangible, known to us in this part of the inquiry, is, that the oldest Irish MSS. give its name in a form (Tipradfaine) signifying the Fountain of Phanius; and that Diodorus Siculus has a long account—supposed, however, to possess but small pretensions to authenticity, and indeed ridiculed by Plutarch—of an island corresponding in situation to Ceylon, where the principal apparatus of worship was a sacred grove, a great white stone, supported on certain pillars, and a sacred fountain, called the Fountain of the Sun, a deity who certainly was known in the east, and especially in the districts comprised within Diodorus’s Panchæan region as Apollo Phanius.

The passage from Diodorus has lately been illustrated and commented on with abundant, but we must add, with credulous ingenuity, by the Rev. H. M. Grover, a Buckinghamshire antiquary,* who discovers Druidic analogies and Celtic etymons in every part of the world, with all the inventive facility of a Higgins or an O’Brien. Speaking of Lybian origins, we confess we are not prepared for so startling a piece of antiquarian arabesque as the following:—

“This Irish bay,” speaking of the Bay of Bangor or Belfast, “is bounded by the counties of Down and Carrickfergus, both which bear marks of an African (!) descent: Down being no more than the name imports in English, and derived from the Hesperian Boun; and Carrickfergus being a compound of the Celtic Carrig, a rock, and Fergus, which is the Kissoor word for ‘butter!’”

To pass, however, from these follies to the passage from Diodorus:—

“Opposite to Gedrosia, at the extreme boundary of the land bordering on the ocean, there is a numerous group of islands, of which three are particularly worthy of notice. The first of these is called the ‘Sacred Island,’ in which it is not permitted to bury the dead; another

* “A Voice from Stonehenge.” Part i. London: Clason. 1847.

near it being apportioned to that object. . . . The third island is a large one, about thirty *stadia* from the preceding, lying in that part of the ocean which is towards the east, and a great many *stadia* in length; and from a promontory of this island towards the east, it is said the Indian haze can just be observed through the distance. There are many things relating to this Panchæa which deserve to be noticed; and it is inhabited by Panchæans, who are its native race, and several extraneous races, who are called Oceanides, Indians, Scythians, and Cretans. . . . In this same island there is a city named 'Panara,' which is the abode of an order of men who are called the servants or ministers of Dios Triphyllus. These alone, out of all the people, are self-governed, and without kings; and these appoint three archons yearly, who adjudicate all matters that are not capital, and regulate the principal affairs of the priesthood.

"About sixty *stadia* from this city, is the sanctuary of the same god, situated in a plain, and remarkable as well for its antiquity and sumptuousness, as for the natural character of its position. The temple itself claims particular admiration for its 'white stone,' of which the length is two plethra, or two hundred feet, and the breadth in proportion. This stone is supported by large massive pillars, distinct, with well-executed cuttings or glyphs, and it presents a most worthy emblem of the gods, by the wonderful art evinced in its construction, and the astonishing weight of its materials.

"The priests who conduct the worship of the gods, have their abode in the circle of the temple. A terrace (*dromos*) proceeds from the temple to the length of four *stadia*. On either side are ranged copious large brazen vessels, placed on square bases, and at its extremity a fountain pours forth an incessant stream of the purest and most refreshing waters. These are said to have a salutary effect upon those who use them, and the stream that emanates is called the 'Water of the Sun.'"

Of course Mr. Grover finds no difficulty in identifying the temple with a Stonehenge, or in finding a parallel arrangement to the *dromos* in the avenues on Salisbury Plain and at Abury. In these speculations he certainly seems to have better grounds than in his derivations from the Kisor; but singularly enough, he overlooks the really remarkable fact of a part of the population being then still

Scythic and Cretan; for unquestionably there are evidences of Crete and Britain having been confounded both in Oriental and in classical tradition. If the Cretans of Diodorus were Cruithne, the introduction of Taprobana into British and Irish tradition would no longer appear extraordinary.

Saving this coincidence, there seems but little to induce us to believe that Taprobana has been introduced into the early wanderings of the Gael for any other reason than its remoteness, and the probability of its enhancing the glory of the expedition.

But the placing of the Sirens at the Caspian lets in a new light on the Homeric idea of the world. It will have been observed that the island of Circe is placed by Homer in the extreme east, "where the sun ascends," and that in journeying from it to Ithaca, whether he should choose the route by the Black Sea or by the Mediterranean, Ulysses must first pass the dwelling of the Sirens. The *Ætæan* island must, therefore, in the contemplation of the authors of what we probably may with safety designate the British progresses, have been situated eastward of the Caspian; and if these traditions be of the antiquity we suppose, this probability, also, will result to us, that Homer, in the voyage of Ulysses, has fancied a circuit of Asia and Europe, by the same route as our Bardic annalists have assigned to the expedition of Milesius. Of equally uncertain site as *Ætæa* is the other not less celebrated isle of Ogygia. Some of the Ogygian traditions preserved by Plutarch (in his essay "on the face appearing in the orb of the moon") appear to point to the fable of Arthur in his enchanted sleep, a conjecture which, if well founded, would overturn certain cherished theories of the learned illustrator of Neo-Druidism. The whole passage from Plutarch is valuable, both as showing the continuing belief even in his day of a communication between the Caspian and the outer ocean, and also indicating pretty clearly that in his conception of the form of the world, east and west ultimately approached one another; and indeed in the same essay, just before the passage about to be quoted, is a discussion of the very question of the sphericity of the earth, and of the theory of gravitation. But to proceed with his account of Ogygia

which he grounds on the words of Homer:—

‘Far off within the sea,
Like the isle Ogygië,’

distant about five days’ sail westward from Great Britain; and before it there are three others, of an equal distance from one another, and also from that, bearing north-west, where the sun sets in summer. In one of these the barbarians feign that Saturn is detained prisoner by Jupiter, who, as his son, having the guard or keeping of those islands and the adjacent sea, named the Saturnian, has his seat a little below; and that the continent, or mainland, by which the great sea is circularly environed, is distant from Ogygia about five hundred stadia, but from the others, not so far, men using to row thither in galleys, the sea being there low and ebbe, and difficult to be passed by great vessels because of the mud brought thither by a multitude of rivers, which, coming from the mainland, discharge themselves into it, and raise these great bars and shelves that choke up the river and render it hardly navigable; whence anciently there arose an opinion of its being frozen. Moreover the coasts of this continent, lying on the sea, are inhabited by the Greeks, about a bay not much less than the Mæotick Fens, the mouth of which lies in a direct line over against that of the Caspian Sea. These name and esteem themselves the inhabitants of the firm land, calling all others islanders, as dwelling in a land encompassed round about and washed by the sea. And they think that those who heretofore came thither, and were left there by him, mixing themselves with the people of Saturn, raised up again the Greek nation, which was well near extinguished, brought under, and supplanted by the language, laws, and manners of the barbarians, and made it again flourish, and recover its pristine vigour. And, therefore, in that place they give the first honour to Hercules, and the second to Saturn. Now, when the star of Saturn, by us called Phanon, and by them Nycturus, comes to the sign of Taurus, as it does once in the time of thirty years, they, having been a long time preparing what is necessary for a solemn sacrifice, and a long voyage or navigation, send forth those on whom the lot falls, to row in that vast sea, and make their abode for a great while in foreign countries. These men, then, being embarked and departed, meet with different adventures, some in one manner, others in another. Now, such as have in safety passed the dangers of the sea, go first ashore in those oppo-

site islands, which are inhabited by the Greeks, where they see that the sun is scarce hidden one full hour during the space of thirty days, and that this is their night, of which the darkness is but small, as having a twilight from the going down of the sun, not unlike the dawning of the day: that having continued there ninety days, during which they are highly caressed and honoured, as being reputed and termed holy men, they are afterwards conducted by the winds, and transported into the isle of Saturn, where there are no inhabitants but themselves, and such as have been sent thither before them. For though it is lawful for them, after they have served Saturn thirty years, to return home to their own countries and houses, yet most of them choose rather to remain quietly there: some because they are already accustomed to the place, others because without any labour and trouble they have abundance of all things, as well for offering of sacrifices, and holding festival solemnities, as to support the ordinary expenses of those who are perpetually conversant in the study of learning and philosophy. For they affirm the nature of the island, and the mildness of the air, which environs it, to be admirable: and that there have been some persons, who, intending to depart thence, have been hindered by the divinity or genius of the place showing himself to them, as to his familiar friends and acquaintance, not only in dreams and exterior signs, but also visibly appearing to them by the means of familiar spirits and demons, discoursing and conversing with them. For they say that Saturn himself is personally there, lying asleep in the deep cave of a hollow rock, shining like fine gold, Jupiter having prepared sleep instead of fetters and shackles to keep him from stirring: but that there are on the top of this rock certain birds, which fly down and carry him ambrosia; that the whole island is filled with an admirable fragrancy and perfume, which is spread above it, arising from this cave, as from an odoriferous fountain: that these demons serve and minister to Saturn, having been his courtiers and nearest attendants when he held the empire and exercised royal authority over men and gods: and that having the science of divining future occurrences, they of themselves foretell many things, but the greatest, and of the highest importance, when they return from assisting Saturn, and reveal his dreams; for whatever Jupiter premeditates, Saturn dreams; but his awakenings are Titanical passions or perturbations of the soul in him. His sleep is altogether, and . . . the royal and di-

vine nature pure and incontaminate in itself."

Leaving the reader familiar with northern tradition to determine whether Iceland or Ireland be the likelier candidate for the honours of the Ogygian name, or whether possibly we may not here have an early version of the enchanted isle of O'Brasil, which our geographers continued to represent in their maps until within the last three hundred years, we may add, that Plutarch's idea of a circumfluent river is exactly that represented on the back of the marble chair of the Ptolemaic period, a drawing of which the curious reader may inspect in Vincent's "Commerce and Navigation of the Ancients." In this remarkable tablet the *Oceanus* runs across Europe on the north, cutting off Scandinavia, and across Africa on the south, cutting off Ethiopia; on the west it is confounded with the Atlantic, and on the east flows round through the Caspian. This, which is probably the earliest map in existence, is also probably the latest representation of the *Oceanus* as a river.

Expunging now all the impossible part of the track which we have been exploring, and limiting our view to the basin of the Euxine, it is here that we find assembled, in one common vivarium, all the tribes to whom all the origins of the Britons, the Picts, and Scots refer. They may in their peregrinations have journeyed into Bœotia; into Thrace, into Phœnicia or Egypt; but it is from these shores of the misty sea that they first emerge into anything that can be called historic distinctness. Here are the Scythians, the Agathyrsi, the Geloni, and the Cimmerii, from whom the principal tribes of our islands deduce their ancestry. Herodotus has dealt summarily with the origin of the first three, making them the direct descendants of Hercules; but singularly enough he brings Hercules into that country on his return from Erytheia, the country of the tri-form Geryon. Our writer indulges a conjecture that the joint reign of the three Tuath de Danaan princes, Eathoir, Teathor, and Ceathor, is typified by the triple-bodied Geryon; and that the Erytheia of classical fable is the Eri of the bards:—

"In Greek mythology was another famous island, situated near and beyond Gades, and known by the name of Ery-

theia. Now, there is no island whatever in the vicinity of the later Gades, so that we are driven to seek for it beyond the ancient Gadir, and there we find Ireland, whose original and native name, Eri, is conspicuous in the word Erytheia. We shall find a striking corroboration of this view on a comparison of certain Greek and Irish legends. According to the former, Hercules killed Geryon, King of Erytheia, a monster having three heads or three bodies. That he had some triple quality is agreed. Hercules further brought away his cattle, which were guarded by the two-headed dog Orthrus, and by a personage named Eurytion. The Irish accounts contain a statement forcibly analogous, and apparently derived from the same source, though with a difference of such a nature, that neither story can have been borrowed from the other. Keating tells us, that according to some, Ireland was at one time divided between three brothers called Macuill, Maceacht, and Mac Greine; but he himself disputes the division, and says that these persons reigned alternately, one every year. One worshipped a cuill, or log; the other a ceacht, or ploughshare; the last worshipped greine, or the sun; and from this they were named as above: but their real names were Eathoir, Teathoir, and Ceathor. Now, in the name of Mac Greine appears the name of Geryon, who seems to represent with his triplicity the three brothers, who reigned either alternately or with separate dominions; and in the name of the two-headed dog Orthrus, we may conceive the sound of the names of the two others, Eathor and Teathoir. Keating and his authority connect with the account of these princes a personage named Oirbhsion. Now, remembering that *s* and *t* are well known to have been interchangeable in ancient languages, numberless instances of which must be familiar to every one acquainted with Greek; and considering that in Irish *bh* is sounded slightly as *v* or *w*, we may consider this name the very same word as Eurytion, before mentioned. Such a concurrence of proof could hardly have been anticipated."

We must discourage attempts at founding historic theories on resemblances so trivial. A subject worthy of philosophic investigation could hardly be more damaged than by associating it with loose etymologies. This much, however, is worthy of note, that wherever Erytheia may have been supposed to be, Greek tradition made the Riphæan Vale the route homeward from

it: and it is on the return of Hercules to Greece by this route, that Herodotus relates the adventure from which the common families of Scythia were fabled to have sprung. The tale is told by the father of history with so much feeling and simplicity, that we have deemed it worthy of being rendered into verse. The story occurs near the commencement of Melpomene. It is the tradition of the Greeks of Pontus, not the tale told by the Scythæ themselves, who refer their origin to Targitaus, son of Jove, and the river-nymph Borysthenes.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SCYTHIANS.

"When o'er Riphæan wastes the son of Jove
Slain Geryon's beeves from Erytheia drove,
Sharp nipp'd the frost; and feathery whirls
of snow

Filled upper air, and hid the earth below;
The hero on the ground, his steeds beside,
Spread, shaggy-huge, the dun Nemean hide,
And, warmly folded, while the tempest
swept

The dreary Hyperborean desert, slept.
When Hercules awoke and gazed around,
The milk-white mares were nowhere to be
found:

Long searched the hero all the neighbouring
plain,
The brakes and thickets; but he searched in
vain.

At length he reached a gloomy cave, and there
He found a woman, as a goddess fair—
A perfect woman downward to the knee,
But all below was coiled deformity.

With mutual wonder each the other eyed;
He questioned of his steeds, and she replied—
'Hero, thy steeds within my secret halls
Are safely stabled in enchanted stalls;
But ere thou thence my captives may remove
Thou, captive too, must grant me love for
love.'

Won by the price, perchance by passion
swayed,

Alcides yielded to the monster-maid.
The steeds recovered, and the burnished car
Prepared, she said—'Remember, when afar,
That, sprung from thee, three mighty sons
shall prove

Me not unworthy of a hero's love.
But when my babes are grown to manhood,
where

Would'st thou thy sons should seek a father's
care?

The soft appeal the stern Alcides felt,
And 'Take,' he said, 'this bow and glitter-
ing belt

(From his broad chest the girdle he unslung,
A golden phial to the buckle hung:)

And when thy sons are grown to man's estate,
Him whom thou first shalt see decline the
weight

Of the great belt, or fail the bow to bend,
To Theban Hercules, his father, send

For tutelage. But him whom thou shalt see
Thus bear the belt, thus bend the bow like me,
Nought further needing, by thy side retain,
The destined monarch of the northern plain.'
He went. The monster-mother at a birth
Gave Geleon, Agathyrs, and Scith to earth.
To early manhood grown, the former twain
Essay'd to bear the belt and bow in vain;
And, southward banished from their mother's
face,

Sought lighter labours in the fields of Thrace.
But far refulgent over plain and wood
Herculean Scith the glittering belt indu'd,
And, striding dreadful on his fields of snow,
With aim unerring twanged the Alcidan bow.
From him derived the illustrious Scythian
name,

And all the race of Scythian monarchs came."

It is from these sons of Echidna that the Picts claim to be descended. From them probably the Thracians adopted the practice of marking their foreheads with coloured punctures, noticed by Herodotus. They themselves continued to be called *Picti*, or painted men, till the time of Virgil (*Georg. ii.* 115). The learned but fantastic Algernon Herbert, in his notes to the "Irish Nennius," collects a number of examples of proper names in Ireland and Britain down even to the eighth century, from which the practice of painting the body would appear to have been very general among both nations. It is to Geleon, the second brother, that the pedigrees both of the Picts, and of one tribe of the Firbolgs, ascend. The Pictish tale told by Nennius, and supported by the oldest Bardic poems of Ireland, is that the six sons of Geleon quitted Thrace with their sister, whom the king had sought in marriage without a dowry, and after founding Poitiers in Gaul (and the early chronicles of France have the same tradition), came to Ireland, and thence proceeded to North Britain:—

"Agathyrsi was their name
In the portion of Ercal-Itbi (Theban Hercules).

From their tattooing their fair skins
Were they called Picts—

The seed of Geleon, the son of Ercal."

To the same Geleon, son of Hercules, that tribe of the Firbolg called the Fir-Geleon, also referred themselves. It appears that this branch of the Geloni were engaged in servile works in Greece, the employment assigned to them being the cultivation of the barren sides of mountains. What

traces there may now be of such an agriculture in Greece, we cannot say; but abundant remains of such traces may be seen throughout Asia Minor and Syria. Now, the tradition runs that "the Fir-bolg were so called from the leathern bags they had with them in Greece, for carrying mould, to lay it on the flat-surfaced rocks to convert them into flowery plains." And those leathern pouches, we think we have somewhere read, they carried at their girdles. Herodotus tells us, that in commemoration of the gift of Hercules, the Scythæ, even to his day, universally carried phials (most likely of leather) in their belts. How strange the seeming trifles on which historic analogies may depend!

To wind up these fragmentary suggestions:—When we consider the singular way in which Scythia, the Caspian Sea, Spain, Gætulia, and the East are mixed up in these Irish traditions, we are recalled with a degree of interest inspired by but few passages of classic antiquity to the statement of Sallust (Bell. Jugurthin. 20), derived, as he alleges, "from the Punic books which were ascribed to King Hiempsal," that the progenitors of the African Moors were Medians and Persians, who had marched through Europe into Spain, as a part of the great army of Hercules. The suggestion of a northern Asiatic origin would agree with all that we have heard of singular coincidences between the Scotie and Berber manners. Some things which we passed slightly in Urquhart's "Pillars of Hercules" and Chesney's "Euphrates," regarding these alleged resemblances, may possibly possess a greater significance than we have been willing to give them credit for. This much, at least, appears clear:—the British Origins are full of accounts of a Germanic progress, and are silent as to any arrival from Lybia. The Irish have both: and in Ireland we find, in addition to the population of cognate British tribes, the peculiar race of the Scoti. The inference presses us with great cogency. Be this, however, as it may, all the lines of progress converge to Scythia, and all the origins there commingle themselves in a common fountain.

Picts, Scots, and Britons, looking back to the same cradle of their race, it is no more than might be expected, that the progress of the principal colo-

nies should be in the most direct path from the common point of departure. That these progresses from the Black Sea, at least to the coast of Gaul, were over a *terra firma*, we can see no reason to doubt, although there do appear evidences of such a confusing of the Black Sea with the Caspian as would be reconcileable with the belief, if any other independent ground for it existed, that the waters of both had actually formed a single expanse at the time when these traditions originated. But the floods of Ogyges and of Deucalion lie in an antiquity so very remote that we cannot conceive of the existence of such grounds without doing great violence to our judgment. The date assigned to these catastrophes is from 1600 to 1800, B.C. Of their having actually occurred there can be no doubt whatever. The traces of plutonic action are apparent along the whole of the upper Bosphorus, and the point where the connexion exists, between the strait and the inner waters, is plainly an extinct volcanic crater. M. Choiseul-Gouffier, in the Memoirs of the French Institute (*Acad. des Inscrit.*, tom. ii. p. 484), has given an account of these appearances:—

"As we ascend the Bosphorus we perceive that its bed contracts, and can better judge how perfectly the angles of the opposite banks correspond. The hard texture of the rock has preserved, to some extent, the freshness of the fracture, and we see that if a sufficiently powerful hand were applied to re-approach them, these salient and re-entrant points would fit into one another with complete exactness. I have already left on my right the mountain crowned with the temple of Jupiter Urius. It is on the European side opposite to this monument, since replaced by a fortress long possessed by the Genoese, that the traces of the terrible agent, whose focus we are approaching, begin to appear. Behind the village of *Yéni Malé* lies a veritable *campus phlegreus*. The burnt soil exhibits the traces of innumerable minor craters, the vents and spiracles of those subterranean fires which have calcined the whole area, and reduced most parts of the soil into a pure *puzzolano*. As we advance, the sides become more precipitous, and the rocks, corrugated in all directions by the action of fire, apprise the traveller that he is entering a vast crater, whose imposing features he recognises all around him. On every side the naturalist finds multiplied ob-

jects for investigation; the painter, points of view inconceivable by the most fertile imagination. Here, a rich vein of copper, exposed to the action of the volcanic vapours, presents itself under the aspect of a mass of green rock sown with points of gold; further on is seen a long vein of jasper, which, commencing in Europe, passes under the water, and re-appears on the opposite continent, offering in its prolongation every variety of colour more or less intense, to which heat, in its various degrees, can turn this stone and the other substances intermixed with it; there, under blackened rocks lie deep caves, depositories of iron-stone and lava; the dilated air has heaved up these vast masses from the bosom of the earth in a state of fluidity. These gloomy retreats were long the haunt of numerous flocks of seals. Thus on the two sides of the embouchure of the Bosphorus we recognise the remaining walls of a crater, which, not being sustained by the support of the continent on the lower side, has yielded to the pressure of the waves of the Euxine."

M. Choiseul-Gouffier recognises, in the fire-breathing bulls which guarded the golden fleece, a symbolical representation of this volcano when active, and collects the testimonies of the Argonautic writers to the volcanic characteristics of smoke and flame, in the midst of which their pictures of the Symplegades have usually been presented. Certainly a submarine volcano at that point would very naturally account for the instability of the Cyprian Islands, which, on this theory, are probably a part of the debris of the northern lip of the crater.

Supposing this passage to have been formerly closed, the waters of the Euxine would have stood, perhaps, one hundred feet higher than they now do; and seeing that the elevation of the soil between the Euxine and Caspian is chiefly due to blowing sands, it certainly is probable that such a difference of level might, at the period in question, have carried back the Black Sea waters into the Caspian and Aralian basin on the one hand, and high up the valley of the Tanais on the other. If that were so, we can easily understand how the ancients may have conceived that a voyage round Asia would bring the navigator back to central Europe; and may be disposed to admit that the association of the earliest traditions of the British islands with such a supposed progress,

indicates an origin for these histories anterior to the period of Ptolemy, and possibly as old as the days of Hecataeus.

We think the tendency of modern writers, in their treatment of these traditions, has been to err rather on the side of incredulity. The very confusion which has been so often relied on as evidence of the worthlessness of these records, seems rather a proof that they are genuine fragments, ignorantly put together. Discrepancies so artless do not generally occur in fabrications. And it is not probable that fabricators would have omitted the opportunity of identifying their fables with celebrated men and places, an omission which, if we except the introduction of Pharaoh and Alexander the Great into the Milesian adventures, is very observable in these rude and obscure records. Troy, Tyre, Carthage—the most conspicuous sources to which fraudulent vanity would look for alliances—do not figure in them. If the tale of Ceathor and the Syrens had been borrowed direct from the Odyssey, would not the adapter of the Homeric adventure have said something of Ulysses, of a descent into the infernal world, of Circe's styes, or of the dangers of Scylla or Charybdis? Has it not, in fact, all the air of an independent tradition? Consider further; in the Lybian progress the Gael are brought close by the site of Carthage, yet that city is not named. Men so ignorant of chronology as to confound the periods of Moses and Alexander, of Pharaoh and the Lombards, would hardly reflect that Carthage had not been founded at the time their fabricated account would represent the Gael on their way through Africa. There does appear to us to be more truth than falsehood in these testimonies, and it is unquestionable that the general tenor of them points to an Indo-Scythian cradle for the early population of our islands. Such seems unquestionably to have been the origin of the Picts and Firbolg. The remains of these Firbolg, located in various districts of the west of Ireland, may still be distinguished from the large-limbed, light-haired, and blue-eyed mass of the Gaelic population, by a more slender figure and very dark complexion. These same "sons of Geleon" also possessed themselves of the Orcades, and still, among the west-

ern islands of Scotland, the black hair and smaller limbs of that race may be recognised. In these districts, too, remain the various monuments of Cyclopean masonry, which show that they were once inhabited by men possessing some of the arts of Greece. The tradition of their superior learning and civilisation, especially of their skill in agriculture, is still vividly preserved in our bardic poems :—

“ There remained behind of them in Ealga
(Ireland),

With many artificers and warriors,
Who settled in Breagh-magh,
Six god-like Druids,
Necromancy (divination), and idolatry, and
Druidism (mystical learning),
In a fair and well-walled house,
Plundering in ships, bright poems
By them were taught.

The observance of sneezings and omens,
Choice of weather, lucky times,
The watching of the voices of the birds (augury)

They practised without disguise ;
*Hills and rocks they prepared for the plough ;
Among their sons were no thieves.*”

— *Book of the Cruithne in the Irish Nennius*, p. 145.

Those beautiful bronze weapons also, which form the pride of our museums, and belong to a period probably anterior to the last Gaelic colonization, have been wielded by a people of delicate organisation, as the smallness of the sword hilts demonstrates. The dark complexion, the taper limbs, and the advancement in the arts of life of these tribes, all point with much more distinctness to an Eastern origin than any indications to be found in connexion with the large, xanthous, and comparatively barbarian population known as the Gael of Ireland and Scotland. If the name of Taprobana have been introduced into our annals from any actually existing tradition or connexion, it is to this race, we should suppose, rather than any other, that the Oriental association is to be ascribed.

The Tuath-de-Danaan, by whom these Firbolg were expelled, are also represented as a race of necromancers ; and they, too, are alleged to have come from Greece by the north of Europe. Necromancy is the disguise under which ignorance always veils superior learning in enemies. These are plainly the traditions of a ruder race coming in on the debris of a civilis-

ation which they did not understand. But they are the traditions of the so-called Milesian Scoti, who at present constitute the great bulk of that population, which in Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland, is popularly designated by the name of Celts. Of all the tribes and families who have from time to time arrived among us, from the hives of Eastern Europe, this last swarm seems less allied with the aboriginal Celts than any other. The name itself is not found in any of their records, nor has it ever been vernacularly known amongst them. The language which they imported may be gleaned by the process of expunging from an example of the Irish of the present day its Welsh and Cornish equivalents ; the residue will represent the tongue of the new-comers. So far as such a process may be relied on, these recent Scoti appear to have been of the same Germanic origin as those very Saxons, whose descendants so arrogantly affect to despise them as a totally different and inferior race. To the learning and civilisation of the ancient Celts, the builders of stone edifices, and fabricators of bronze arms, armour, and implements, this later colony could make no pretension. Their fortresses were mounds of earth, their bodies unarmed, their weapons of untempered iron. But they were men of great personal valour, cheerfulness, and energy, and they overran Ireland from end to end, and North Britain from Argyle to Inverness. They have been pushed before the progress of a more politic and fortunate family, into the extremities of Scotland, and from some sites on the eastern shore of Ireland ; but they still form the mass of the Irish people here, and are destined to form the mass of that great nation beyond the Atlantic, before whose ascending star the glories of the greatest European monarchies already begin to pale. The folly of that section of our community who rejoice in the misfortunes, and long for the extermination of these Celts, as they suppose them, is not more discreditable to their character as Christians, than inconsistent with their self-love in claiming a universal empire for the descendants of a particular tribe, who, after all, can only look back to the self-same cradle as the men whom they so unphilosophically affect to despise.

THE LAST LIFE IN THE LEASE.

MR. GRIPUS sat in his old arm-chair, sipping toast-water, and reading the *Times*. It was "greased lightning" by the time it came round to him, having performed a circuit through a multitudinous boarding-house, an a-la-mode beef-shop, a gin-palace, an attorney's-office, where the principal clerk chewed tobacco, and a cheesemonger's. When at the close of the day it reached Mr. Gripus, that crisp freshness had departed which makes the morning paper such an agreeable rattle at the breakfast-table; but it was a cheaper commodity by one penny; and as it still retained a sufficiently distinct impress of the types to convey to his eager eyes the pleasing intelligence that consols were at 97, with every prospect of a further advance, he heeded not the numerous blots and splashes which flanked the columns, like marginal references, from the top to the bottom of the page. He saved sixpence a week by waiting for the *Times* till the rest of the neighbourhood had read it; and it gave a zest to his frugal potation besides, which the utmost exertion of a somewhat tardy imagination might, perhaps, have failed to impart to it.

Near the window his daughter Gertrude plied her busy and taper fingers at a piece of useful stitchery. It was no chair-cover of Berlin wool, representing Queen Victoria on her throne, or the stately Prior of Bolton Abbey, distracted amidst the materials of a "doubtful supper," that occupied her needle; no, nor was it a collar of exquisite tracery, outvying the finest productions of Limerick and of Valenciennes, and designed to clasp that fair round throat, than which nothing could be more perfect in its way, amongst throats of woman born. But she was hard at work mending her father's old shirts, of which some three or four lay piled in a basket at her feet, in addition to the one, through the many plies and darns whereof she tugged the stout thread, while she threw a sly glance now and then across the street, or paused for a moment to admire the river streamers as they shot past the terrace, within three doors of the paternal lodging.

Mr. Gripus was the possessor of a large leasehold estate in the county of Gloucester, which returned him a considerable income. He was the absolute owner, moreover, of many thousands of pounds (some said thirty), which he kept vested in the public securities. His family consisted of himself, his daughter, twenty years of age, a son, three years older, brought up in a shipbroker's office. The young man had been some six months absent in America, whither his father had sent him with £300 in his pocket, to learn to become a "smart man," and return with a small venture of maize, cotton, apples, or anything else convertible, by which he would be likely to clear the expense of the voyages out and back, and cover the interest and insurance into the bargain. Upon the success of that experimental excursion he had been given to understand that his prospects of future assistance from the same source would depend.

The tenure of the landed property was peculiar and alarmingly uncertain. It consisted of an extensive tract of rich land, which had been demised to the grandfather of the present lessee at an inconsiderable rent nearly sixty years ago, for the lives of three persons then in existence, with a further covenant, that upon the death of the last of the three, the lease should be renewed for one life to be named by the tenant. That contingency had occurred in the year 1824, when the individual, who now sat reading the city article in the *Times*, and sipping toast-water, was in possession; and the life which he then nominated as the last in his lease, was that of an infant still in his cradle, who was the presumptive heir to the estate, being the nephew of Sir Maurice Clancy, an Irish baronet, a sexagenarian, and a bachelor, who was the lord of the soil.

The selection of a life which had to run a probationary course through small-pox, measles, hooping-cough, and the thousand natural ills that childhood is heir to, was venturesome; but Gripus balanced the risk against the advantageous position in which he would stand, should the boy grow up to be his landlord, and to know that he was

himself precluded from enjoying any benefit that might be derived from the falling in of this lease. In such case Gripus calculated that a further renewal of the tenure might be obtained, on conditions dictated by himself. He well knew the charm which a few hundred pounds, *en argent comptant*, have upon an Irish squire; and he foresaw that *Cherry Orchard* might thus, by the judicious employment of a trifling sum, be his and his heirs for an almost interminable duration.

It was a long shot, and deserved to succeed; but even the "best-laid schemes" of mortals cannot command success. The child lived, indeed, and buffeted his way bravely through all the perils of sickness—perils by doctors, and perils by fox-hunting. But he did not succeed to the title or the estates of his uncle, Sir Maurice.

That lively old gentleman thought proper in his latter days to woo and to wed a young widow, whose richest endowments were overlaid with *weeds*, and who presented him with an heir before he was gathered to the tomb of all the Clancys.

The life, therefore, on which Mr. Gripus found himself dependent for a good £500 a-year of his income belonged, at the time the reader is introduced into his family circle, to a gallant lieutenant in a marching regiment, who possessed little revenue either in land or money, beyond his pay, and was conspicuous even in Tipperary, where he had been brought up, for a daring spirit and wild contempt of danger.

It would have been an interesting metaphysical study to anatomise the various feelings which agitated the mind of Mr. Gripus, when he thought of this young man; and it was seldom, indeed, that his image was out of his thoughts. He, who cared for no human being beyond the precincts of his own household, and whose affections were anything but warm or proof against provocation even there, turned pale whenever the possibility of a mischance befalling Redmond Clancy was hinted at in his presence. It was daggers to him to hear of the steeple-chases won by that youth, and the feats of aquatic strength and intrepidity by which he was continually distinguishing himself. Thrice he had received honours from the Humane Society for leaping into the water to save the lives

of ragged boys and worthless old women. If the opinion of Gripus had been asked, he would have urged the Society to show their humanity by locking the youth up in Bedlam, where similar opportunities of venturing his life could not present themselves.

Once he had planted a ladder against a burning house, and passed amidst flames and smoke through a window to rescue a sleeping child, which he bore away unscathed, and delivered to its mother. When Gripus heard it he half wished that the floor had fallen in; but he remembered his lease, and the curse that had risen to his lips died away into a groan of self-commiseration. Of all men living there was not one whom he hated more intensely than Redmond Clancy, looking upon him as a changeling and a cheat, who had outwitted him by being born before his time; and it would have been an ease to his swelling bosom to imprecate all evil things against him. But he found himself constrained by his fate to tremble at the slightest inkling of danger that might haply reach the object he so much detested. He felt as we may suppose the wretched prophet to have felt when he came to curse Israel, "and lo! he blessed him altogether."

There was one by his side who shared all the solicitude which he experienced for the preservation of the young soldier's life, and whose heart beat with terror at every fresh instance of reckless bravery which he exhibited. But "woman's softer soul" can seldom take an interest by halves in anything, were it even a less striking subject than the existence of a handsome fellow of five-and-twenty, with dark eyes and black whiskers. Gertrude's gentle bosom, therefore, was a stranger to those mingled sensations of bitterness which chequered her sire's anxiety; for "'twas in her heart that she wished the laddie weel," without recollecting how many valuable acres might change masters at the period of his demise.

The eyes of Gripus were raised several times from his newspaper, as the evening wore on, and he applied himself frequently and feverishly to the toast and water, altogether regardless of expense, symptoms which betokened that some unwonted cause of impatience had excited him. Neither was his companion wholly free from uneasiness, for the arrival of Redmond Clancy had been expected by them both, since

the arrival of the early train at Euston-square, and yet he came not. By some entreaty he had been persuaded to promise that he would present himself in London, in order to pass the inspection a medical officer, that Mr. Gripus might take out a policy of insurance upon his life, and thus set his spirit free from the terrible constraint that was ever upon it, compelling him to pray for the health and longevity of the greatest enemy of his peace. It would cost him a round annual sum, no doubt, to effect an insurance to the large amount he contemplated; but anything was better than the contradictory emotions to which he was a constant prey; and he felt that it would be a relief worth any purchase, to be able to discharge the perilous stuff that lay upon his heart, in one long-drawn, cordial curse, after he should have pocketed his policy. That assurance once perfected—"Oh for a curse to kill with!"

Just as Mr. Gripus had solaced his lacerated breast with reflections like to these, a knock was heard at the street door, and presently Mr. Pat Sharky, a member of the legal profession, was handed in.

Mr. Sharky was not a bad specimen of a Dublin attorney, jovial, shrewd, loquacious, with a considerable dash of good nature, free in manner, brazen in countenance, and in excellent bodily case. He was a man who lived upon his clients, and yet had no objection to let them share, after a manner, in his prosperity. As benevolent as a poor-law commissioner, he was always ready to regale an unfortunate dog with a joint of its own tail. He had a smile, a joke, and a leg of mutton at the command of all his victims. A more agreeable temper did not exist; and he must have been a very close observer who could divine how a cause was going in which Sharky was concerned, for he was only a very slight shade more jocund when all was lost than in the highest springtide of success. Mr. Sharky never was seen to greater advantage than upon a notable occasion when the Lord Chancellor threatened to strike him off the roll. You would have thought, as he left the court, that he had been declared heir of the Killymoon estates, and was hurrying off to levy a fine and suffer a recovery, in order to cut off the entail from his scapegrace successor. It was his boast that he never lost his own temper, nor left any

party, with whom he transacted business, with an aching heart. How far such an assertion squared with the occasional settlement of *bills of costs*, at which the happiest of clients will feel a twinge, it is not for those who never enjoyed that crowning proof of friendship to explain. But it has been credibly stated, that when he served the office of sub-sheriff in Tipperary, a poor fellow, to whom it was his duty to announce the day appointed for his execution, declared that of all the gentlemen he ever had to do with, "Mr. Pat Sharky had the natest way of coming over a man wid his talk."

Mr. Sharky entered the apartment of Mr. Gripus with the same smile which he had carried away with him two evenings before from the sunny side of Killiney Hill; and having first offered his salutations to the young lady, seated himself beside her father, with the air of one who had come laden with good tidings.

"Well, Sharky," said the miser, "have you brought him?"

"Ay, sure enough; but with an infinite deal of trouble. I brought him away from Castle Connell, where I found him training for a wager to swim across the Shannon, just above the waterfall, with his hands tied behind his back."

"Sink the idiot!" exclaimed the enraged lessee, gnashing his teeth.

"I had to pay five guineas," the attorney proceeded, "the forfeit of the bet, which was to come off on the following day, before he would even come out of the water, or suffer the manacles to be removed from his wrists; but I succeeded at last. His cousin, indeed, the young baronet, who has as keen an eye to *number one* as any gentleman of his years in Lower Ormond, wanted him to stay and double the bet; but 'honour's sacred,' says he; 'if I was sure to break my neck the next minute, old Skinflint (you'll excuse me, Mr. Gripus, for that's what he always calls you, by way of endearment), Old Skinflint, if it was only for the sake of one I won't mention (here Sharky winked over significantly towards the fair tenant of the window), Skinflint shall have the benefit of it.'"

"Well, and where is he, now that you have him?" testily demanded the gentleman thus thrice called out of his name.

"Where is he now!" cried the at-

torney. "O, faith, you must consult the Wizard of the North about that. He may be over at the Cliffs of Moher, for anything I can tell. The last sight I had of him was going down the channel, in a yacht of twenty tons or thereabouts, with two of the Divers' Club, and a Newfoundland Dog. As it is blowing a gale from the east ever since, it is ten to one they are on the road to America this way."

"What, Sir," said the old man, almost breathless with rage "have you come here to amuse yourself at my expense? Am I a man to be cheated, laughed at to my face, insulted, outraged, and abused?"

"Why, what ails you?" said Sharky, with imperturbable coolness, promenading his glances alternately from father to child, in an appealing manner; "what is it ails him, I wonder?"

"Did you not," screamed the old man, as distinctly as his rage would give him utterance, "did you not say you brought him with you?"

"Well, and did not I? I brought him with me as far as he would come; and when he insisted on finishing the journey in his own way, I came on here to give you notice. What more could I do, if you were Jacob himself waiting for the return of his little Benjamin? I brought him every mile of the road as far as Kingstown; and hard work it was, let me tell you, to coax him along to that point; for, when the train came to Newbridge he thought to bolt, and settle an outstanding difference, as he called it, at twelve paces, with a cornet of his acquaintance in the barracks. But I got him on, between scolding and wheedling, till he was lodged quite comfortable at Armstrong's, in Kingstown, over his claret."

"Claret!" cried the victim, aghast at the word.

"Nothing less, upon my honour; nor was it a single bottle, or sometimes two, that would quench that raging thirst of his."

It was his own tale this faithful guide, counsellor, and friend was telling; for whatever were the vices or failings of young Clancy, a devotion to the pleasures of the table was not among them. He drank *by attorney*; and, in this instance, his attorney had taken special care of the credit of the family.

Gripus groaned aloud, and pushed away the toastwater, as if he could no longer indulge in such a luxury, as

long as the spendthrift's claret bill remained to be accounted for. "Go on, Sir," he said, "let me hear the sequel of this destructive person's progress."

"It is soon told," rejoined the honest agent; "for, while he was finishing his drink, as luck would have it, who should come in but young Scully of the *Divers*. You know the Scullys, don't you?"

"No, I don't," snappishly replied the miser; "nor do I wish to know them."

"You're not far wrong there, let me tell you," said Sharky; "for there's more knows them than likes them. Well, to make a short story of it, a comparing of notes took place between the two, which ended, in spite of all I could say against it, in my gentleman going that instant on board a little cockleshell of a boat with two of the club and his own gallows-bird of a servant, Finnerty. Of course you know him?"

"No; I don't."

"More's your luck, then; and 'tis well for you, if you never know him. But he's a protection to the boating-party, for all that. If there's any truth in the Book of Proverbs, they cannot go down while such a fellow sails in their company. But, as I was going to tell you, they sailed off to a regatta of herring smacks under the Tube, with an offer, on the part of my gentleman, to take my three to two, that he'd be in London before me. The east wind, however, has decided that wager. If they are not out beyond the point of Kinsale before now, there's no advantage in steam, at all at all; canvas is just as good."

"May it waft him to——" said the infuriate leaseholder, "no matter where. Wait a while; all in good time. How unfortunate that he should come across his aquatic friend before the policy could be signed."

"Not so bad, after all," said the attorney, slyly helping himself to a glass of the toast-water, of which the rich golden colour, so like a mellow brown sherry, had evidently beguiled him; "not so bad *as that* any how," he spluttered, casting a spiteful glance at the decanter; "nothing like so bad. For if he had not fallen in with a Scully, there was a Charybdis over the way, only too convenient to devour him."

"Ah, indeed?" said Gripus, grinning, in spite of his own vexation, at the

grimaces which Sharky still continued to make at the remembrance of his stolen potation.

"As true as you sit there, chating yourself and your neighbours," answered the disgusted man of law, "by pretending to defy Father Mathew with a decoction of baker's raspings. 'Tis a wonder to me how you're alive at all. But, as I told you, he was hardly three perches from the pier, when the cornet from Newbridge, having heard of his particular inquiries *en passant*, was at the door with a friend to give him satisfaction. A contrary business it would have been, too, for it was a horse case, in which there had been a mutual take-in, and they had both told the truth of one another."

"So, so; I understand the whole affair now, as well as it is possible to understand anything Irish," remarked Mr. Gripus. "If one of his friends had not carried him off to be drowned, the other would have made him remain behind to be shot. That's what you call *luck*, I think."

"And so it is; the height of good luck, considering who's in the boat with him. There's a mortal difference, let me tell you, Sir, between a friend brought home on a door with a bullet through his lungs, and the same friend shaking himself like a water dog at your kitchen fire, and asking for brandy. I hope it's not the like of this (filliping the decanter of toast and water), you'll give him. As for drowning in the same boat with that Finnerty, I look upon it as a moral impossibility, were they on the banks of Newfoundland this moment."

"You surely do not look upon that as a likely occurrence," said Gertrude, with a trembling voice; "you cannot believe that they have been carried out so far to sea."

"There's nothing impossible, Miss, when both wind and tide are against us, except, perhaps, getting into port," the attorney replied; "though I've known that same to be accomplished sometimes; as when a sheepstealer was acquitted by a jury of Meath graziers before Lord Norbury. Nevertheless it is a difficulty. But you may make your mind easy for this turn; for I am greatly mistaken if I don't hear the rascal Finnerty's voice in the passage. Didn't I know he'd come up as dry as a duck wherever he went?"

And true it was. That safe com-

panion (superior by all accounts to Manby's life boat, or a *child's caul*), had gained the inside of the street door, and was making himself as agreeable, as the terms of a very brief acquaintance would permit, to Martha, the London maid-of-all-work.

"Hope you're well, Miss; very happy to see you again, Miss; never saw a young lady grow so tall and clever in the main time."

"I think," said Martha, "I never had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"Indeed you had, Miss, beggin' your pardon, upon my honour; I seen you in my dhramas every night since my master talked of coming up to London; and as you smiled upon me aich time, so charmin', ov coorse, Miss, you must have seen me as well."

Martha laughed.

"Ay, that's the very smile sure enough. I'd swear to it, in a paradise of angels. Indeed, and upon my word, Miss, you're an ornament to your profession, as Tommy Moore said to the steeple of Kilkinny—

'With lips like red cherries, and a mouth much the same.'

'Like a dish of ripe strawberries smother'd in cream.'

So, by your lave, if you plase, to our better acquaintance."

Whatever ensued hereupon, sounds were uttered of what Mr. Sharky called "a skrimmage," at the foot of the stairs, and Martha's voice was heard denouncing her new admirer as "the impedentest fellar" in that street and the next, and requiring at the same time to know his business.

"Business, Miss," said the varlet, "that's a thing nobody follows in the place I come from. But my accopation just now is to find out what any man in his sober sinses would like to avoid, which is, saving your presence, an attorney."

At this moment the door of Gripus' apartment opened, and Sharky's face was seen at the head of the stairs.

"Oh, more power!" exclaimed the unabashed serving man, with a knowing wink at his new acquaintance; "talk of a sartain kerachthur and he's sure to turn up. 'Tis myself that's proud to see you safe, Mr. Sharky, over Monday, and the soart of company we left you in. My master was so unasy about you, he didn't get a wink the whole way across."

"I am sure of that fact, at all events," said the attorney—"though

you vouch for it. It is almost doubtful to me, if you slept yourself, as secure as you must feel on such occasions; for it blew great guns. But where is your master? He should have been here himself, by appointment, this morning."

"And so he should, Mr. Sharky; true for you, Sir; ay, and so he would, too, only for a little bit of an accident in the train."

A slight exclamation from the young lady in the parlour window betrayed the curiosity, and something more, with which she had listened; while her sire, with feet thrust into contrary slippers, hobbled to the door, tremulously inquiring what accident had happened, and if the young man could not be patched up to go before a doctor!

"Musha, the heavens forbid," said Finnerty, "that its the likes of him he'd be going before, or a clargy either. That he may never sin till he sins for one or the other. But he set fire to his mistassheries with an unlucky cigar that he went to go light in the tunnel; and so is obleecht to go to one Mr. M'Casher that's great at the like, to take the foxin' off o' them afore he'd appear in a lady's company. Mavrone! but 'tis a quare fashion for Christians to be going about like Hoongarryans that a way."

Gripus, reassured, returned to his toast and water, of which he took largely, pushing the bottle in a generous way, as soon as he had helped himself, towards Sharky. Finnerty, in the mean time, who had followed them into the room, proceeded with the sequel of the accident of the singed whisker, which seemed to threaten much more serious consequences than his first intimation of the occurrence gave reason to apprehend. For it appeared that a person who rode in the same carriage with his master, and whom Finnerty designated a "great swell," had laughed when Mr. Clancy was, of the two, rather disposed to gravity; and the absence of the latter had been only partly accounted for by the allegation of a Macassar appliance, inasmuch as a call had also to be made, somewhere about St. George's Fields, in *the Rules*, to ascertain whether the said "swell" was enough of a gentleman to go out with.

This new alarm not only caused such a tremor to come over the fair sempstress at the window, that she pricked

her finger twice with her needle, for once that it passed through the thickly-welted garment which she was working at, but it set her father growling again at the attorney for having let so doubly-hazardous a life out of his hands until he had lodged him, in a whole skin, at the door of the *Indisputable Insurance Company*.

"Why, faith, I ought to have held him fast when I had him," said Sharky, with an air of penitent acknowledgment, "only I could not. But this does look disagreeable. Very unlucky it will be, should it turn out, after all, both Scully and Charybdis. But maybe 'tis not so bad as you suppose. Harkye, galls —."

"Who is't you'd be for speaking too, Mr. Sharky?" said the personage addressed.

"Can't you guess?" replied Sharky. "To yourself, of course."

"Your honour mistakes me, then," retorted Finnerty, with pretended humility, "for some other gentleman of your acquaintance; for none of my god-fathers or godmothers being brought up to the law, they never dreamt of such a name for me."

"Well, all in good time," said the attorney, with a spiteful grin. "Would you now tell Mr. Gripus what the person was like, that your master has got into this scrape with?"

"Like a turkeycock, then, if you must know all, looking out from under a shed, with a glass stuck in the corner of one eye to take your level. Whoever made his hat must have got the prize for ugliness at the great Exhibition, being something bechuxt a coal-porter and a dane; only the church, as uzial, had the biggest share. Long sorry I'd be to buy him at his own valuation, in the hope of turning a penny on my bargain. A great big swaggering gobble, with his 'Damme, Sir, who are you, Sir?' Ah, but maybe it wasn't Masthur Reddy that soon giv him a hint of who he was."

"What! he did not strike him, did he?"

"Well, perhaps not;" said the sarcastic Mr. Finnerty. "It might be only an accident; but the poaliss was of a different opinion. They took us into quistody, that is all; and if we're out now, 'tis owing to a young gentleman of the *Hoozaws*. We called upon him, the other day, at New-bridge, you remember Mr. Sharky."

"Yes," interrogated the man of law, opening his eyes and mouth to their widest extension; "what of him?"

"Why, you see, he came all the way in the train unknownst, looking out for my master, to give him satisfaction about a horse that was fired for a ring-bone; and just as he stepped out, who does he see but the master in the hands of the law? 'Phew!' says he, 'this won't do at all, for I must be home in the Barracks on Friday morning, and here it is Tuesday night already.' So, up he goes to the office, and tells the magisthrait that he knows the young gentleman to be as paiceable when he's not crassed as any lamb, and offers to go bail for his good behaviour. Then away with the pair of them, head devils as ever wor, arm-in-arm, to settle the preliminaries."

Gertrude shuddered, and threw down her work. Her father started from his chair in a state of high excitement.

"Two duels in one day! Miserable man that I am, to be dependent on such a young tiger for the mainstay of my existence."

"Make yourself asy, ould gentleman, about this one, anyhow," said the cool serving-man, stooping to caress the cat, "for it is over."

"Over? And the result?"

"O, nauthin," replied Finnerty, with a leer; "only a thrifle. They fired one shot; and the cornet is gone away wid his arm in a sling, himself and himself together, as friendly as two baigles after pickin' one bone, to look out for the other customer in St. George's Fields."

Poor Gertrude could stand it no longer, but bursting into tears, buried her face in the interesting garment with which she had been occupied; and, after a vain attempt to stifle her sobs, at last stood up, and left the room.

"Don't grieve, my dear," Gripus called after his daughter, mistaking the cause of her emotion; "don't worry yourself, nor spoil my precious shirt. His life is insurable yet. Let him only breathe till to-morrow, and then he may be shot, hanged, or drowned, for aught you or any one else need care about him."

"How can that be, my good friend?" said the attorney, as the door closed upon the retiring fair; "the policy is null and void, you know, in case of suicide, duelling, or justice."

Gripus explained that such was, indeed, the general rule of insurance; but a new office had started into existence to meet the morality of the times, which was most indulgent to human frailty, and promised to ask no questions, "provided the rascal was dead." These last words he pronounced with a grimace and a gesture, as if he were gloating over the corpse of his tormentor, and preparing to screw him down. "That is the office I will take him to," he added; "and afterwards — why, the sooner the better."

"We must not, however," Sharky maliciously threw in—"we must not forget the excursion into the outlaw region of St. George's Fields."

This set the muscles of the old man's face twitching again; and he started from his chair, with a vexed spirit, vowing to set out immediately, and try if he could not prevent a premature homicide. They sallied forth with this intent, having first obtained some more precise information from Finnerty, who had in the mean time got himself placed on the most amicable footing in the kitchen, where his presence seemed to diffuse an equal share of hilarity between the cook and the maid-of-all-work.

'Twas a raw and gusty evening in the latter part of August; and the breeze, as it came askance through the palisades of Waterloo Bridge, dashed at intervals large sullen drops of rain against the firm-set teeth of Mr. Gripus.

This set him ruminating in no amiable temper upon the unruly boy who was the cause of his exposure to the weather; and as he ground his teeth and grumbled his displeasure by turns, in his progress, he was no unapt representative of the squire in the Fairy Queen, when—

"Chewing vengeance, all the way he went."

That way led a considerable distance among dubious streets, and by suspicious turnings, till they came before a hall-door, having a broad brass-plate, with the name and occupation of the object of their search engraven upon it — "Grimboldt, Surgeon Dentist." Such was the bearded "swell," whose direful wrath had diffused trepidation among the inmates of the parlour in Norfolk-street.

"This looks like the turkeycock,

sure enough," observed Sharky, as he knocked. "I'll insure you at a moderate premium against a Charybdis here."

"Don't be too sure," muttered Gripus, through his chattering teeth. "The fellow is German by his name, and may be a Burschenschaft or Feh-menote, or some other infernally dangerous assassin, for what you can tell."

A dirty boy, with a boot in one hand and a brush in the other, opened the door, and ushered them into the street parlour, where unkempt and unshaven, without a collar to his shirt or a heel to his slippers, in an old blue coat covered with fragments of braid and military adornments, the antagonist of our fiery lieutenant sat polishing the last bone of a pound of mutton chops. He appeared rather out of humour at being surprised in that commonplace though useful exercise, and tendered a sort of excuse for the slovenly condition of things as they were. "He had been engaged in an unpleasant affair all the morning, and had but just returned to his apartments, to snatch a hurried meal, and be off again for a period of uncertain duration. Therefore, as his visitors had apparently come upon business, and as such business was always most agreeably despatched by a *coup de main*, they would allow him to fall to work."

Whilst he spoke, he was turning up his coat sleeves for an operation; and having apparently satisfied himself by a glance at the miser's cadaverous aspect and nervous manner, that he was the subject to be dealt with, he thrust him at once into an elevated arm-chair, pushed back his head with one hand, and poking the greasy fingers of the other into his mouth, uttered, as if communing with his own thoughts—"Here's what I call a job, indeed. Never saw a more beautiful under-jaw in the whole course of my practice."

All this was done before the astonished patient could expostulate or offer the slightest resistance; and it was not until the hard cold steel of a forceps was in actual contact with his best incisor, that he collected breath and force enough to repel his assailant, and demanded the meaning of such an outrage.

Sharky, in the meanwhile, was disabled by the extreme measures to which he had been obliged to resort for the

suppression of a violent tendency to laughter, from offering any aid. His friend might be despoiled of every tooth in his head before he could have interfered.

"What do you mean, Sir, I ask again?" screamed the indignant Gripus, ejecting the mutton fat, with evident symptoms of nausea, from his lips.

"My good Sir," with soothing voice and manner, the dentist replied, whilst he still endeavoured, by gentle firmness, to detain him in the chair, "be patient for one minute, I ask no more to relieve you from this terrible tusk and its fellow on the other side."

"If you do," said the miser, champing with rage, "it shall be the dearest tusk that ever you meddled with."

"Oh dear, no," the dentist answered, still brandishing the forceps in dangerous proximity. "Only half-a-crown a pull; by no means dear. You cannot have it done in an off-hand and respectable manner anywhere else so reasonably; and the pain, I assure you, is quite an exaggeration. Did you ever have an incisor extracted, my dear Sir?"

"No, nor ever will," roared the impatient Gripus; "so let me out of this confounded man-trap, or I tell you it will be worse for you."

"And what the d—l did you come here for?" demanded the dentist, feeling it to be now his turn to be angry, as he wiped his hands in the table cloth with an air of ineffable disgust. "What brought you here, if you intend to keep such ugly prongs as those in your head?"

"I advise *you* to keep a civil tongue in yours," Gripus retorted, "while I tell you what your abrupt conduct would not suffer me to explain sooner. I am come here with this gentleman, who might have interposed to clear up the mistake before, if he had not preferred to stand by, grinning like a ridiculous hyæna."

Sharky made a sort of penitent half-bow, and wiped away the tears which trickled down his still beaming cheeks.

"We came, my valuable friend here" (another movement of contrition on the part of the attorney), "and myself, in behalf of a person with whom you had a collision in a railway carriage last evening."

At this announcement the dentist changed countenance, looking almost

as blue in the gills as if his time had come to step into the operating chair.

"The turkeycock confessed," was the mental reflection of Sharky; "and now if he won't begin to bluster, I am no judge of human nature—I don't know an eagle from a buzzard."

No sooner said than done.

"Take care, Sir, what you're about," thundered the alarmed practitioner; "for although I'm no duellist, no Celt by profession, Sir, no blood-thirsty Irish fire-eater, I'm a determined man, Sir, and will not be outraged with impunity."

"Why, who's *going* to outrage you?" said Sharky, drawing the word *we* have italicised in a peculiarly Irish manner; "it would hardly be worth while, I think, in any case; but as we happen to have an interest in your skin for the present, make yourself quite easy about it."

"I have no fear for my skin," replied the dentist, haughtily, "while I can avoid disagreeable contacts." Here he affectedly surveyed his wrists.

"Our object"—Gripus eagerly interposed—"is to keep it whole."

"That's if we can"—subjoined the attorney, with emphasis on the last word, and giving his client a reproving nudge with his elbow at the same time, while he nodded a doubtful head-shake at the opposite party, which shot dismay through his "determined" heart:—"You were going out, Sir, you said, when we entered your apartment."

"Yes; such was my intention."

"Going out!" cried Gripus; "I hope not, Sir; at least in the sense—"

"In the sense," hastily interrupted Sharky, "that we contemplate. My friend here, Sir," continuing to address the bewildered dentist, "is apprehensive lest you might have a prior engagement that would prevent you going out with the young fire-eater you met in the train. You named him very correctly, Sir, I assure you, when you gave him that title."

"Go out with him, Sir?" said Grimboldt, with a desperate effort to look both grim and bold; "and what if I should?"

"I should then admire your spirit most extremely," said the attorney, drily.

"Your ghost, he means," ejaculated the miser; "not your spirit, but your ghost; for the villain would shoot you.

Don't, Sir, don't; don't think of so mad a thing. If you go out with that Gunpowder Clancy, you'll come back on a door. The fellow has a notch on his pistols for every day in the week, each one of them the grave of a brave man."

"Gentlemen," said the alarmed dentist, fidgeting about for his hat and stick, "for heaven's sake, don't detain me any longer, I have a most important engagement some distance from town; and really, as you seem to have no particular business with me, I shall take my leave."

"And how long, pray?" inquired Gripus.

"That's quite uncertain. It may be a week; perhaps sooner. Much will depend on matters not within my own control. It happens at a provoking time, certainly: I would rather than any sum I could mention stay till I see the end of this affair; but perhaps your friend will be in town on my return—Eh?"

"Well, I don't know," said Sharky, administering sundry plucks and pinches behind his back to the excited Gripus; "he will certainly remain to the last moment in the hope of meeting with you. But he must be with his regiment in Ireland by Monday next. Could you name Thursday morning?"

"Impossible; quite impossible: not sooner than Monday, in any event."

"Are you sure of that?" cried Gripus, breaking out of all bounds.

"Because if you are," said Sharky, pushing the miser aside, "we will be with you on the evening of that day; and ten to one but we may be accompanied——. Whisht! Is this him I see coming up the street?"

"Gentlemen, I must insist—I cannot—good day, gentlemen: and recollect—mind what you are about, I am a most determined man when I am roused, but—"

"But it takes a good deal to rouse you," said Sharky.

The observation, however, was addressed to an absentee, for the dentist had bolted; and whether he ever returned to his lodgings from that day to this, must remain unknown to the readers of our most true history.

"Now if I had a pair of moustaches like that fellow," said the attorney, as he walked away, linked with his client, "I would step into the first barber's shop on the road, and get them shaved

off. You are safe in that quarter. Even the clerical office would insure you against risk there: and now we have but to make out our bird and bag him till the morning."

In the mean time, the object of their solicitude was most agreeably engaged in a half-flirting and all-lovemaking *tête-à-tête* with the demure Gertrude, in the parlour at Norfolk-street. He had been twice at Grimboldt's, without being so fortunate as to meet him; and judging from the appearance of the place, and the ambiguous answers he received from the servant, that it would be quite time enough to "call again to-morrow," recollected at length the engagement which had brought him to London. Upon his entrance, he was a good deal surprised, and not a little gratified, at the warm and joyous greeting of the pretty spinster; for he was unconscious that he possessed any particular interest in her good will, having seen her but twice since she was a mere child; and on both occasions his thoughts were pre-occupied by an anxious desire to come at her sire's liberal side with a bill at a long date upon the army agent. Still less did he suspect that the affairs which had detained him from his appointment all the morning had transpired, or that there was any special cause of congratulation in his present safe and unharmed condition. No wonder, then, if his vanity was flattered by a reception, so contrary to anything he could expect from the master of the house, and that when the damsel, fair and free, started from her seat, and almost ran to meet him, holding out both her hands, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, assured him that she was delighted to see him, it was no wonder that he felt something like a reciprocal sentiment rising up all at once within his bosom. A soldier should be prepared for a surprise; but when he encounters such an assailant at an unexpected corner, and the glow in her cheeks and the liquid tenderness of her eye give undoubted tokens of sincerity, he must be "more or less than a man," at all events he must be a great deal more or a great deal less than five-and-twenty, if it be not all up with him from that moment. Our lieutenant was as invulnerable as any youth in these wary times can be, to the soft attacks of a trained and professional manslayer. He could detect the wiles and guiles of the

dangerous foe; stand unscathed before a whole battery of charming rattles, and never blench under the silent artillery of that languishing brigade,

"Who try

To kill us by looking as if they would die."

But it was quite a different affair, when he had to do with a "true denotement working from the heart," as he felt this reception to be. There was nothing bold, nor affected, nor constrained, nor unfeminine, in the heartiness which the young maiden threw into her manner; but whereinsoever she might have been deemed to o'erstep the modesty of conventional propriety, it was evidently the effect of surprise at his sudden appearance, and of joy that could not be dissembled in his presence.

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Clancy to himself, when, the first warmth of greeting being over, the damsel began to recollect herself and, deeply blushing, retired unto her chair, "I'll tell you what, Master Redmond, there may be good reasons after all for a man to take care of himself in this naughty world, instead of thrusting his hand into every lion's mouth that happens to cross him in his path. Woman may be the cause of war now, as she has been in the olden time, but her gentle influence more frequently tames the fierce and reckless dispositions of our nature, and, by the charm which she diffuses over life, gives it an additional value in our eyes. Here at length is a cause to love life and wish to see long days."

The reflection was just, for this is the true principle of life insurance. Now did he rejoice that the cornet's bullet had whistled wide of his ear; now it became at once a satisfaction, instead of a vexation, to believe, with the accurate observer of human nature in the kitchen, that the enemy in the railway car was more of a turkeycock than a ger-falcon. In the course of that quarter of an hour the value of Mr. Gripus's lease rose quite fifty per cent. Any actuary in the city who could have read the thoughts of our hero, when he was threading the narrow streets about the obelisk, and who could read them now, would not hesitate to say so. For foolhardiness is another name for desperation; *Qui zonam perdidit ibit*. Of the thousands whom we see heedlessly rushing into dangers, which neither duty nor conscience requires

them to encounter, how few there are who have any ties to bind them to life. Let hope whisper to them that a good time is coming, and although it may not damp their courage, they must be mad outright if they continue the same rash and headstrong beings that we see them now.

A very prudent change came o'er the spirit of Lieutenant Clancy as the prospect opened to him of such an agreeable solution of his difficulties as the smiles of the fair Gertrude portended. He was no fortune-hunter. Had he been he might, no doubt, have made his book before now. But when the attractions of a rich dowry, and a most unexceptionable person seemed all at once to invite an offer, there was nothing wrong, though it may have been unromantic, in his being struck by so eligible a coincidence.

He is no good soldier, who, having discovered an advantage, neglects to avail himself of it. Redmond did no discredit to his profession on this occasion. A quarter of an hour sufficed to bring him and his fair adversary to an understanding, that the very best policy of insurance would be that of which the *bonus* is issued from Doctors' Commons. The chief difficulty he experienced lay in her distrust of his wild and reckless habits. But he protested so eloquently that he was no longer tired of his life, and promised so earnestly never to fight another duel, never to swim above the falls of Doonass with his hands tied behind his back, never to cross the Irish Channel in an open boat, never to ride a steeple-chase, never to put himself in training for a boat-race, nor to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours; that she had the utmost confidence in his reformation of life and manners.

The conference had attained this interesting and satisfactory conclusion, when the hall-door was opened to Mr. Gripus's knock, and his hard precise voice was heard, while he requested his companion to "scrape his feet, and walk in."

"Walk in," said the attorney, affecting to shiver, "Walk in: but take no air of the fire. Rather an uncomfortable evening, Mr. Gripus," he continued to remark, in ascending the stairs, "for toast-and-water. Isn't it strange how people can ever hope to go to heaven upon such drink? Kitty, my darling" — so he addressed the maid-of-

all-work, not knowing, and caring as little, if her name were Grizzle, or Estifania, "You have the kettle boiling, of course, for a little brandy-and-water?"

But brandy-and-water, and all other visions of felicity speedily vanished from his contemplation at the sight of his truant charge, who, as the door opened, appeared seated over against Miss Gripus, and in close proximity to her, while she wound into the form of a ball a large hank of thread, distended at half-fathom length, over his outspread fingers. "Oh! 'pon my word and honour," he continued, "here we have a *clue* to him at last."

The expression of Mr. Gripus's features, when he beheld the group which a statuary might admire, was demonstrative of various feelings, among which, that of pleasure was the least conspicuous. He was not sorry to find the bird in captivity; but his satisfaction was considerably abated by a sight of the meshes which held him. Any tie but that. If it were the thread of his life, although that life was uninsured, the miser could almost have found it in his heart to sever it. Nevertheless he thought it better for the moment to dissemble, and with constrained courtesy to greet his visiter. The young lady, however, was quickly made to understand by a hint, which, though slight, was sufficient to bring the traitor blushes into her cheeks, that she had chosen her bobbins indiscreetly; and afterwards an excuse was found to make her leave the room, to which she returned no more while Clancy was there.

"This looks more like a place of business than of conviviality," said Sharky, looking full at the decanter of toast and water, "so, perhaps, we had better proceed to the matter at once."

"Of course," replied Gripus, as he threw a sinister glance at the lieutenant, "there can be no other *attractions* here."

"Humph," quoth Clancy, returning the look with something almost amounting to a nod towards the vacant chair of the sempstress, which shot a pang of rage through her father's breast. "It is as good, old gentleman, to be frank with you, and declare at once that there are attractions, and very potent ones, which make me desire to quarter myself here for ever."

"What's in the wind now, I wonder?" ejaculated the attorney.

"And I don't wonder at all," groaned the dolorous miser, whose perplexity now seemed to be complete.

"No, Sir!" said the cool lover, "a sensible man, as you are, wonders at nothing that is natural, and this is the most natural thing in the world. I have seen your daughter, conversed with her, discovered that she was born to attach me to life by subduing my wild nature, and giving me an object to live for. As a short way, therefore, of concluding the business on which we three are here met together, I make you a formal proposal for her hand."

"Well!" said the attorney, "this bangs. Two duels and a proposal of marriage in four-and-twenty hours. You are a most desperate man, surely."

"It is precipitate I own," continued the lieutenant, "but circumstances oblige me to be prompt. An offer, which I received on leaving Head Quarters, through my generous cousin, Sir Barnaby, that a worthy uncle of ours would procure me a company in a West Indian Regiment must be decided upon, yea or nay, before to-morrow's post; and the decision, Sir (addressing Gripus), rests with you."

"Go, then," said the miser, concentrating all his venom in a low, grating, deliberate voice, which gave double pungency to his dropping words. "Go, Sir, to the West Indies, or to a hotter place, for the honour of your alliance is too great for a daughter of mine."

"Stay, stay," the attorney interposed; "you cannot be serious about this West Indian affair; or, if you are, our insurance project is gone already to that hotter place, recommended by your intended father-in-law."

"I care not," said Gripus, in his fury, "let it go. It shall never be redeemed at such a price. But, as you hint, this gentleman may be only trying to drive a better bargain by reporting an imaginary promotion."

"It is not my fashion, Sir, to utter untruths, or listen to insinuations that I do so;" said Clancy, exhibiting some dangerous scintillations of his "wild nature" in the flashing of his dark eye. "But this is a matter in which you have a right to require evidence; and, with your leave, I shall summon my witness." He rang the bell, and gave directions for Finnerty to appear. "Your law agent, Mr. Sharky," he

added, "will tell you that my servant is, in this case, an unexceptionable witness."

"For the sort of testimony I have known him to bear," said the cautious attorney, "I can vouch that you could hardly go beyond him."

"Finnerty," said the lieutenant, "Tell these gentlemen what passed between Sir Barnaby and myself in the fishing-boat, below Castleconnell, last Friday."

"Ah! thin, your honour, is it all about Nelly Browne you want me to be telling?" cried the bashful servitor.

"No, no, no;" hastily interposed his master, "about an exchange into another regiment."

"Oh, Jimmaiky, is it? The dickens be wid the pair o' them, the ould relation and the young one; they're both of a story. But I hope that's not what you're thinking of, Master Remmy, to plaze them. It's too long they think you're living."

"Never mind what their object may be; say all that you know about it."

"Ay do, my good fellow," Sharky chimed in; "tell as much of the truth as may be agreeable. We'd be glad of a sample of your ability in that line."

"Well that's nattherral any way," replied the unabashed Finnerty; "for it is not often in your line to hear the like from any one. But if it will sarve my master to tell the truth in his cause here it goes; if all the attorneys in the Barony of Quin were present by to make mischief out of it. 'Remmy,' says the Barrownight, 'Uncle Manus was lamenting the other day to see so fine a young fellow dawdling about the streets of Limerick, or throwing fishin'-hooks after the salmon at Doonass, when he might be making a man of himself in some other part of the world.' 'How is that?' says my master. 'Isn't it better to be dawmlin' here than killing time at the billiard-table?'"

"Well, never mind what I said; come to the point at once."

"That's what I always come to, plaze your honour," Finnerty answered, "when I'm allowed to go my own road. But, not to be tantalyzin' ye, I'll go straight to it this time. 'Remmy (begging your pardon, Sir), 'Remmy,' says Sir Barney, 'Uncle Manus has took an uncommon likin' to you.' 'It must be uncommon,' says your honor, says you; 'for his common behaviour resimble anything but likin'.'"

“Well, well, what matters my answer? The offer,—come at once to the offer.”

“The offer then was a good offer for any one that loves a short life, and a merry one. A Captain of the Sugar Boilers, with your passage paid out, and as good as an engagement for you to marry a yallow beauty, as sure as you lived to the end of the year, with herself in one scale, and the weight of her in goold in the other, all in regard of presarvin’ you from dawdlin’ away your time with the Miss Considines at the boordin’ house of Castleconnell. It was uncommon tunder-hearted of the ould gentleman, to be sure.”

“And what is to be your share of the promotion, my honest boy?” asked the attorney, who never omitted an opportunity of having a gird at Finnerty.

“O! feth, I don’t know. ’Twasn’t that I was thinkin’ of; but there was something about a wacaney in the post of devil to the Jimmaiky Attorney-General, if I could grow black enough to fill it; and I was laid out to consult your honour, Mr. Sharky, for instructions. I knew I needn’t go beyant you.”

“A very palpable hit,” observed Gripus, in his dry manner; “but what necessity to sift this matter any farther? You, Sir,” addressing himself to Clancy, “are the best judge of your own interest. If you prefer going to a colony where the yellow fever pays an annual visit to the Barracks, and the cholera is now raging, the way is before you, and I wish you a good voyage.” Here he looked towards the door, and Clancy, too proud to wait for more, stalked furibund out of the room, forgetful in his anger alike of Gertrude, and of his own recent good resolutions. His trusty servant was about to follow, but being motioned by Sharky to remain, retained his position, until a violent bang of the hall-door assured him of the departure of his master. Then, with a grotesque shrug, he exclaimed—

“There he’s off. The steam is up, and the tailor’s shop won’t hold him to-morrow, with all the flannel drawers, dimity jackets, and straw hats he’ll be ordering for the voyage.”

“What voyage, varlet?”—said Sharky, slipping half a crown into Finnerty’s hand. “You know as well as I do, that all this is a made up

thing. Why should Mr. Manus Clancy, who is hard enough up to provide for his own sons, and never treated your master with common civility, come down with the price of a Company for him now?”

“That I may never see the colour of your money again, Mr. Sharky,” replied Finnerty, “if I know; but if you heard the cough of the young Barrownight, maybe you might guess the reason.”

Mr. Gripus turned towards the speaker with awakened interest.

“What cough, man, did you speak of?” said he, and then pushing the decanter of toast and water towards him, invited him to drink. But Sharky laid his hand upon the extended arm of the willing guest, and Gripus, admonished by the gesture, fetched out a bottle of brandy from the closet, and set it before him. “Now tell the truth—what cough did you speak of?”

“It may be only a cowl, your honour,” said the shrewd rascal, “and if Doctor Griffin had fair play at him, he’d be well in no time. But youth is headstrong, and when it runs on for one month after another, with a blister to night and a snipe-bag to-morrow—leeches one minute and standing above his ancles the next on the weir after a trout that keeps him in play for half an hour,—why, what with that, and with hard going at night, cigar-smoking, and porter-drinking, and brandy-and-water till may be twelve o’clock with them officers—and all that with consumption in the family; little wonder it is that Manus Clancy would like to send the only life that stands between himself and the title and estate out of the way.”

“If we could believe all this,” said the miser, rather soliloquising aloud, than intending to address any person in the room.

“Believe it, your honour!” cried the indignant Irishman. “Did I ever tell you a lie before?”

“It would be hard for you,” the attorney remarked, “when this is the first spice of your quality he ever had. But if Manus Clancy has really made such an offer, and your master, I am sure, would not affirm it in untruth, there is some ground to justify at least a suspicion.”

“To be sure there is, Mr. Sharky,” cried Finnerty, tossing off a second

glass of brandy to the intense amazement of the owner—"for what is more natthral than for the uncle, if he wants to walk into the property, to set the land-crabs first a-walking into the right heir?"

"I think you may retire now," said Gripus, perceiving the right hand of the orator, in one of its rhetorical flourishes, making a third approach towards the brandy bottle, "and we shall make some further inquiries about the matter. In the mean time, make my compliments to your master, and ask him to come here to breakfast in the morning."

There was just enough of truth in this story of Sir Barnaby's delicate state of health to make it undeniable. He was troubled with a cough, and was little inclined to coddle himself, but took freely of the sports of the field and the pleasures of the table. His uncle Manus, moreover, a long-sighted, ambitious man, had procured, through some influential source, a promise of a company in a West Indian Regiment for one of his own sons, which in a calculation of the chapter of accidents he would have been quite willing to transfer to his nephew. The latter, too, in his reckless and adventurous spirit, was not altogether averse to the proposal, and had actually come to London with his mind open to any impression which might occur to fix his destiny. It was in that humour that he had taken his passage in the Scully yawl, plucked the formidable Grimboldt by the beard, and stood the fire of his friend the cornet of the Seventh. In the same spirit he was ready to be guided by circumstances whether he should throw himself in the way of the Quadroon beauties of Port Royal, or take the goods the gods might provide for him nearer home. All his indifferentism, however, was dissipated by his interview with the fair Gertrude; and, with the impulsive ardour of his nature, he resolved that upon the fate of his application for her hand the West Indian project should stand or fall. There was nothing, therefore, untrue or deceptive in the abrupt alternative which he announced to Mr. Gripus when he proposed himself a suitor for his daughter's hand. Whatever aid the extemporaneous wit of Finnerty had contributed towards his success was unexpected by him, and, of course, he was altogether guiltless of designedly mis-

leading the old gentleman to take a more favourable view of his case.

If there was any complicity, it was on the part of Sharky, who did not believe in the dangerous condition of the young baronet's health, having recently seen him and witnessed proofs both of the strength of his lungs and the soundness of his appetite. But he had a kindly feeling towards young Clancy, and entertaining a conscientious opinion that a match with Miss Gripus would be highly agreeable, and might be sufficiently eligible, for both parties, he judged it no part of his duty to call the facts too rigidly in question. When Gripus, therefore, demanded his opinion, he concurred without any appearance of incredulity in their probability, and even put the case in the most favourable light for the lover, by suggesting either of two contingencies which would make it imprudent to allow him to accept the interested bounty of his uncle Manus.

"As to insuring his life," he said, "that is clearly out of the question. No office would do that, while those two scourges of humanity, the cholera and the yellow fever, are combining with new rum and rattle-snakes to drive every European in that climate into the arms of certain death. Once let him drop down the river there, at Southampton, and the loss of your lease is an accomplished fact. There is five hundred a-year gone at once from you and your family for ever. But there is another event on the cards, from which you would, by the same act, cut yourself out as effectually as Louis Philippe made over the inheritance of his children to that stock of Barabbas who now usurps it. Suppose that, in the course of a year or so, that neglected cough should do its work, and Sir Manus Clancy—think of that—Sir Manus Clancy—walk into possession of Cherry-Orchard, while, as that gallows-bird just now said, the land-crabs were walking into our fiery young friend in Jamaica; could you ever forgive yourself?"

"Oh, yes; I do hate him so." The miser grinned and groaned at the same time.

"That may be; but your daughter, it is plain, has a different feeling; and if, instead of seeing her a baronet's lady, at the head of a noble estate she should still sit moping, and weeping, and wearing herself away in that

window, over your old rags of shirts, while you had not even the rents of the farm to console you—what then?”

“That would be very miserable indeed,” sighed the miser; “and if I were quite sure that the young baronet was in the dangerous state of health that intemperate brandy-sop describes, and if this rake-hell, his master, were to make a right disposition of his property, actual and prospective, so as to leave it a matter of perfect indifference whether he lives or dies, why, then, much as I hate him, I think it would, nevertheless, be a Christian duty to forgive him.”

“That’s like yourself, my dear Sir,” said the attorney. “I always said you had a warm heart, if one only knew the way to it. What would it be, if your drink was of a more generous quality!”

It was not without much inquiry, hesitation, and reluctance, that Mr. Gripus could be induced to think with patience of a marriage between his daughter and the lieutenant. He first tried the insurance-offices; but none of them would undertake the risk of a West Indian campaign at any premium; and even then, it was not until he had ascertained that Sir Barnaby was bound for a yacht voyage to the suspicious climate of Madeira, that he yielded. In the end, when his consent was extorted, he gave it, as *Brabantio* handed over his daughter to the *Moor*:—“I here do give thee that with all my heart which, but thou hast already, with all my heart I would keep from thee.”

Now, to conclude, according to the *morale* and the greatest-possible-happiness principle of modern fiction-mongers, we ought to kill Sir Barnaby off-hand, in order to prove the *diagnosis* of Mr. Finnerty to be correct: or, at least, if the baronet were too tough

to die, for the sake of making two lovers happy, we should change his nature, so that he should give away all his acres in Gloucestershire for that purpose. But Irish baronets don’t give away land for nothing now-a-days, vile as it is, nor die to oblige their relations, if they can help it. Sir Barnaby lives, and notwithstanding the price of oats, is a prosperous gentleman, and on the point of marriage. He is sometimes troubled with a chronic cough; but he seems to thrive upon it, and grows so fat and sleek, that Uncle Manus never sees him without blessing himself, for not having thrown away his West Indian chance upon the next in remainder. That gentleman (*proximus magno intervallo*) is still a lieutenant, high up in the list, and amuses himself sometimes, when off duty, in fishing; sometimes in more athletic sports; but he keeps reasonably faithful to his promise against running into unnecessary danger, and has forfeited the friendship of a noble marquis, by refusing to ride the celebrated Bolting Colt, at the Punchestown steeplechase. Sir Barnaby, full of admiration at his military genius, never ceases to stimulate it, by advising an exchange into a regiment at the Cape, where he might distinguish himself against the Caffres; but even Uncle Manus, who is as disinterested as friends are whose own interest does not interfere, protests against such a scheme as foolhardy. That speaks volumes for the descent of the title and estates in the direct line. Whatever improvement in worldly fortune, therefore, our hero may reasonably look forward to, seems to be indissolubly connected with the lease of Cherry-Orchard, which is settled reversionally upon his wife and himself; and as his is the last life in that, let us take leave of him by heartily wishing that it may be a long one.]

THE BIRDS OF IRELAND.*

"What our eyes have seene, and our hands have touched, we shall declare. There is a small islande in Lancashire, called the Pile of Foulders, wherein are found the broken pieces of old and bruised ships, some whereof have been cast thither by shipwracke, and also the trunks and bodies, with the branches of old and rotten trees, cast up there likewise; whereon is found a certaine spume or froth, that in time breedeth unto certaine shells, in shape like those of a muskle, but sharper pointed and of a whitish colour; wherein is contained a thing in forme like a lace of silke finely woven as it were together of a whitish colour, one ende whereof is fastened unto the inside of the shell, even as the fish of oysters and muskles are; the other ende is made fast unto the belly of a rude masse or lumpe, which in time cometh to the shape and forme of a bird; when it is perfectly formed the shell gaspeth open, and the first thing that appeereth is the foresaid lace or string; next come the legs of the birde hanging out, and as it groweth greater it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come forth and hangeth only by the bill. In short space after it cometh to full maturitie and falleth unto the sea, where it gathereth feathers and groweth to a foule bigger than a mallard, and lesser than a goose, having blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white spotted in such manner as is our magge Pie."—*The Herball or General Historie of Plants*. By John Gerard of London, Master in Chirurgie. London: 1597.—p. 1391.

"If, then, it be admitted that the upper limb (arm and hand) of man is the homologue of the fore limb of the amphiume, of the pectoral fin of the fish, and of the pectoral ray of the *Lepidosiren*, it follows that, like the latter, it must also be the 'diverging appendage' of the arch called 'scapular,' which is the hæmal arch of the occipital vertebra: and, therefore, however strange or paradoxical the proposition may sound, that the scapular arch and its appendages down to the last phalanx of the little finger are truly and essentially bones of the skull."—*On the Nature of Limbs*. By Richard Owen, F.R.S. London: 1849.—p. 112.

STRANGE histories both! each equally startling us in our sober views of the world around us, and making us pause before we accept as truths the proposi-

tions of a science where such wonders are enunciated. Yet each has a very different claim on our assent. One may be assumed as a fair representative of the state of natural history in the sixteenth century, the other of its state in the middle of the nineteenth. One is the pure creation of an imaginative and marvel-loving brain, utterly destitute of foundation, derived from loose and scarcely recognisable analogies, and capable only of co-existing with absolute ignorance of the laws of living beings: the other, no less marvellous, is the result of close and deeply penetrating observation; of accumulated facts and rigid induction; of profound thought and thorough acquaintance with the phenomena of organisation—a truth full of widely extending relations and grand significance. The history of living beings is, indeed, changed—changed in its philosophy; changed in its data; changed in its conclusions; changed in all save the marvellousness of these conclusions!

And to what are we to refer the vast revolution which has thus been effected in the history of organised existence? Many causes are in operation. In common with every branch of natural science, our knowledge of organisation owes to the proper employment of the inductive method its first great impulse—the infusion of that healthy vitality which has carried the study of living beings out of the domain of mere imagination into the region of fact, and has substituted for groundless and absurd speculations truths of high import. But, beside the recognition of the inductive method as the great guide in our inquiries into nature, there is another, a more peculiar and special source of that uncontrolled progress—that inherent force, by which the biological sciences speed their way towards perfection; we allude to the high position which comparative anatomy has of late years taken, and the general acknowledgment of its power in developing the great laws of organisation.

* "The Natural History of Ireland." By William Thompson, Esq. Vols. I. II. and III. "Birds of Ireland." London: Reeve, Benham and Reeve. 1849-51.

What analysis has been in the physical sciences, the dissecting knife and the microscope are in the science of life; by their aid a flood of light has been let in on the darkest regions of organisation, and scarcely a day passes that we are not startled by some new marvel, or that some strange mystery is not revealed to the daring votary of truth.

Hence is it that the science of living beings is now marked by the most beautiful generalisations, and that there is here scarcely a single fact, however apparently unimportant in itself, which may not, by being viewed in connexion with others, be found invested with a significance which could have hardly been anticipated, and become an essential step in that process by which the investigator of Nature can alone hope to attain the highest goal of his inquiries—the conception of the plan of the universe—of the idea, in all reverence we say it, which reigned in the Divine mind on the eventful morning of creation.

Such is the high end which the naturalist proposes to himself, and such the means by which progress towards that end can alone be attained. We must not, however, be misunderstood, as if we had here insisted on the identity of zoology and comparative anatomy. We believe, that while they are each absolutely indispensable to the perfect development of the other, they are yet essentially distinct. Zoology is not comparative anatomy, nor is comparative anatomy zoology. In the original determination of the mutual relations and essential affinities of the animal kingdom, and the establishment of those general views by which the vast assemblage of sentient beings may be presented to the mind as a mutually reacting, and consistent, and harmonious whole, comparative anatomy can in no department be dispensed with; but when the true structural relations of the higher animals have once been determined by careful dissections in a comparatively small number of instances, we discover that certain peculiarities of external form may henceforth be taken as indices of internal structure, and generally applied without further necessity of actual dissection; hence, in the higher members of the animal kingdom, external form possesses an importance of the first rank, and its study leads to truths of immense value. And it is well that it

is so; for it is in external nature, in outward form, that some of the noblest faculties of the mind find their true region of development; it is those obvious characters which, independently of all manipulation, immediately strike us in surrounding objects, that primarily and most forcibly impress us with that ineffaceable sense of the beauty and grandeur of the material world, without which our most searching investigations would be but a dreary exercise of the intellect divorced from the affections, and destitute of all purifying and ennobling influence.

In the higher departments of the animal kingdom, external configuration thus stands side by side with the most elaborate anatomical investigation, enabling us to recognise all those real resemblances and affinities by which we can form a just estimate of the mutual relations of species, and construct those more comprehensive classificatory groups which, without violating the natural relations between the subjects of our classification, so immeasurably facilitate our acquaintance with specific forms. It is, however, quite otherwise when we descend towards the lower forms of animal life. Here external configuration cannot be relied on in the determination of natural groups. Animals with almost the same external form may be widely separated from one another in internal organisation, in those essential peculiarities of structure which determine their habits and indicate their affinities. It is thus that there is a difference in our mode of investigating the higher and the lower members of the great scale of animated being. It must, however, always be remembered, that the essential organisation of an animal is, in every case, the ultimate ground of the position we assign to it in a philosophical classification; and it is only because, in the higher animals, this organisation is correctly indicated by external conformation, that we are justified in neglecting, to a certain extent, the direct examination of internal structure, while, in the lower organisms, external form being no longer an unerring exponent of internal structure, we can here never expect to make any progress without having constant recourse to the scalpel and the lens.

These remarks have been suggested by our belief, that certain mistaken

notions very generally prevail as to the mutual relation of zoology and comparative anatomy; some naturalists wishing it to be believed that zoology and comparative anatomy are the same, and that no advance can be made in our knowledge of sentient beings without perpetual recurrence to the dissecting knife; while others insist upon the employment of comparative anatomy in the pursuit of natural history, as a dangerous innovation, tending to deprive the study of the world around us of all its charms, and for the living and moving shapes of beauty which accompany the naturalist of the field at every step, to substitute the blood and carnage of the dissecting-room.

The work whose title stands at the head of the present notice, bears out the views here taken. With little recourse to comparative anatomy, because the subject does not need it, Mr. Thompson's volumes must hold a high position in the zoological literature of these islands. Of his projected work on the natural history of Ireland—and we presume the expression, "natural history," is intended to be understood in its more restricted sense, as confined to the animal kingdom alone—three volumes have now been published; these embrace the history of our Birds, a department in which the labours of the comparative anatomist are only occasionally required, and where the high value of external characters in determining the systematic position and affinities of the subjects of investigation, has, along with the intrinsic beauty and interest of these subjects, always given to ornithology a special charm for the general student of nature.

During the past half of the present century, the natural history of Ireland has had several ardent and successful investigators, but until the appearance of the work before us, Irish naturalists had chiefly confined the results of their labours to detached memoirs and periodical articles. Even anterior to the present century the zoology of this country had not remained without its cultivators; and the writings of Gerard Boate, Patrick Browne, the celebrated Molyneux, Keogh, Jenkins, Rutty, and Smith prove that considerable ardour was evinced by the early naturalists in the study of the animals of Ireland. The natural history writings, however, of these authors, are seldom more than mere catalogues of the

animals then known to exist in the country, and though of variable merit, are chiefly useful in enabling us to compare the present with the past Fauna; thus proving the local extinction of several animals which formerly existed here.

We sincerely rejoice in finding that the zoology of Ireland is now about to be brought into a connected form, especially since the task has fallen into hands so well fitted to do it justice. It is scarcely necessary to remind such of our readers as have any acquaintance with the literature of natural history, that Mr. Thompson is well known as a distinguished and successful investigator of the zoology of this country in all its departments; with an untiring zeal and a critical discrimination of specific form, he has already enriched the Irish Fauna with discoveries numerous and important; and the present volumes have certainly not lowered the high position he has already attained, while they are an earnest of what we may yet expect from his pen in the other departments of Irish zoology; and we are happy to learn that they are immediately to be followed by a corresponding work on the Fishes of Ireland—a work which we doubt not will leave nothing to be done in this department, except what future discoveries may render necessary.

We think our author has done well in selecting Birds for the first part of his projected work. Birds! with all their wonderful habits, and forms, and hues, and sounds! Why, the very name brings back to us the days of our boyhood, and once again we feel ourselves wandering amid their well-known haunts, free, and careless, and happy as themselves. We believe that one of the chief charms of ornithological pursuits lies in the infinite variety of natural scenery into which the studies of the practical ornithologist necessarily lead him. Innumerable as are the features which give its peculiar physiognomy to the earth's surface, there is scarcely one which does not become the chosen haunt of some particular tribe of birds. The summer wood is filled with the sweet call of the wood-quest; the eagle holds her eyrie on the mountain cliff; the Alpine rivulet, as it rushes with its wild joy through some rocky ravine, is the loved companion of the water-ousel; the grouse sends forth his crow of defiance from

the heath-empurpled moorland; with its shrill cry the startled snipe rises from the sedgy margin of the pool, its dark outline traced for a moment against the clear evening sky of autumn, before, with downward pointing bill, it drops into some more distant portion of the marsh; on the muddy estuary the lonely heron watches the retreating tide; and high above the beetling ocean-cliff the seagull mingles his wild scream with the solemn voice of the waters, or laughs aloud from his airy height, as if in contempt of the earth-imprisoned wretch, who, with reeling brain, trembles on the brink of the dizzy precipice below.

When we call to mind that there are few more characteristic features in individual passages of natural scenery than the peculiar birds which are associated with them, we must at once be impressed with the immense advantage which the artist must derive from the study of the forms and habits of the feathered denizens of our globe. We have met with innumerable instances, in which half the influence exerted by the landscape on the mind is due to these most interesting accessories. Well do we remember a particular spot on the banks of one of our Irish rivers, where there grew two aged beech-trees, tall and gaunt, with their branches almost naked, even in summer, permanently bending from the prevailing blasts which habitually rushed down the valley of the river, howling through the breaches of a ruined park wall, the only remnant around of human habitation. We have never passed by that desolate spot on a dark, gusty day, with the river swollen after recent rain, that we have not seen a pair of cormorants resting on the topmost branches of those spectre-like trees. The effect of these birds in such a scene was indescribably impressive: the driving clouds, the howling of the wind through the seathed trees and the ruined wall; the gloomy, fast-rushing flood below; and above, those strange birds, like spirits of evil rejoicing in the surrounding desolation.

Without birds, the world would lose half its charm, and some of the holiest influences of nature become extinct, and sincerely do we sympathise with our author in his indignant denuncia-

tion of the ruthless destruction of these beautiful beings. We do not now mean to condemn the occupation of the legitimate sportsman; but when we see, for example, that of late years the sea birds are rapidly disappearing from some of their most favoured haunts—from those rock-bound islands where but lately the wild cries and wondrous beauty of their countless multitudes gave life to the monotony of the deep; and then, in connexion with this fact, read, that about the year 1842, during the breeding season of the seabirds, an officer in Dublin laid a wager that he would in a single day shoot five hundred birds on Lambay Island, off the Dublin coast; that he repaired to the island with every requisite for his murderous purpose; that servants were constantly employed loading his guns and filling hampers with the slain; but that long before the sun had set, his object was accomplished, and his bet won; *—when we learn that the manifestation of even human affections in these poor birds is taken advantage of for their destruction; when we know that the terns, those most beautiful of seabirds, will, the moment one of their companions is killed or wounded, flock towards the victim with the most piteous wailings, wheeling around it, and using every apparent inducement to cause it to rise and join once more their happy company, and that aware of this, the heartless shooters are in the habit of throwing dead terns upon the water, to lure the living birds within reach of their guns, and all this without any earthly object beyond their destruction; † when we read that, in the year 1843, taking advantage of a similar trait in the gannet, “a gentleman who had the shooting over the property about Ballantrae, went to Ailsa, and cruelly slaughtered in one forenoon, with two guns, upwards of one hundred gannets, nearly all old birds; that he first killed one at about one hundred yards from the island, and let it lie on the water to attract others to the spot, which it unfortunately did, till the number mentioned was killed;” ‡ when such cases of wanton cruelty—and those now recorded are but few out of the many—come before us, we almost wonder that a bird has been left upon our shores, and are

* Vol. iii. Preface, vi.

† Vol. iii. p. 276.

‡ *Id.* p. 263.

filled with indignation at the heartless sport which in a few short hours would destroy so much happiness, and blot out so much beauty from the world.

But there is still another source of destruction which, though not, as in the cases just mentioned, so utterly destitute of any palliative feature, is yet one which every lover of birds and of their influences should set himself strenuously to oppose. We allude to the slaughter of birds, under the mistaken notion that they are destructive to the labours of the agriculturist, or otherwise injurious to the interests of man, as in the case of that beautiful denizen of the waterfall, the water-ouzel, which in certain districts of Scotland is exposed to the most merciless persecution, under the ignorant belief that it destroys the spawn of the salmon.* We trust, however, to the gradual extension of knowledge for the removal of these errors, and the substitution of the belief—a belief which must necessarily follow from faithful observations of their habits—that such birds are often man's best friends, and should be carefully protected; and we look forward with especial hopefulness to the influence of our schools in spreading abroad true views in such matters, and diffusing the conviction that our best interests are still consistent with the beauty and happiness of the world around us.†

Mr. Thompson's three volumes embrace the whole of the birds which have hitherto been met with in Ireland. *Diagnostic descriptions* are omitted, as the reader who requires these can easily avail himself of some of the numerous systematic works already published; and our author confines himself to his own observations and those of his many correspondents, introducing only such matter from the writings of other authors as may tend to elucidate his subject and render his biographical sketches more complete; and we can truly say that, in the volumes before us, the

reader is presented with a rich mass of original matter, constituting one of the most valuable contributions the naturalist possesses in this most interesting and important department of animated nature.

It is, perhaps, too generally the custom among some men who yet lay claim to the rank of scientific naturalists, to depreciate the study of the *habits* of the animal creation, and, imagining that the investigation of structure, form, nomenclature, and arrangement, is the true end of the naturalist, to look upon all else as worthy only of a place in the popular and superficial literature of the science. From this view we totally dissent; we believe that the phenomena presented by the inferior tribes of living beings, in their wondrous instincts, in their mysterious manifestations of intelligence, in those strange sympathies and antipathies, in that scarcely to-be-mistaken foreshadowing of a moral sense which many of them present, constitute a subject of inquiry of the very highest order: a subject which can only be approached with a deep consciousness of its importance, and of the overwhelming difficulty of its pursuit; and we feel entirely convinced that all facts bearing upon this most obscure department of research possess, when brought together by a faithful and discriminating observer, and compared in a philosophic spirit, an immeasurable importance. The true philosopher will recognise this importance, and see that it is alone by the aid of such facts that we can ever expect to throw light upon some of the darkest regions of psychological research.

Our author is no mere closet naturalist; aware that actual observation is the foundation of his science, he has interrogated Nature in the field; gun in hand he has traversed moor and mountain, shore and fen, not merely with the ardour of a sportsman, but with all that enthusiasm which the pursuit of truth is sure to inspire in her

* Vol. i. p. 120.

† From the recent introduction into the National Schools of that excellent little book, "Zoology for Schools," by Robert Patterson, we cannot but anticipate some of the happiest results. None have greater opportunities of observing the phenomena of nature than the children of our country poor; their observing powers require only to be properly directed, and nothing is more certain than that the study of natural history, besides the advantages directly derivable from the knowledge of the truths with which it is conversant, is also of the highest importance, as a *gymnasium*, far surpassing all others for the exercise of the observing and discriminating powers; and the healthy and vigorous training to which these powers are thus subjected must be of unspeakable value in the every-day experience of after life.

sincere votaries; and where he relies on external sources of information, in the vast mass of correspondence which he has brought to his aid, he has plainly shown no small amount of discrimination in the difficult and often invidious task of rejecting what is irrelevant or apocryphal.

But we must allow our readers to judge for themselves as to the truth of the opinion we have deemed it right to express on the first three volumes of "The Natural History of Ireland." Mere extracts will, it must be admitted, afford but little assistance in this respect, and yet we cannot dismiss our notice without a few. Take, for example, some of the curious instances of sounds emitted by birds—instances which prove that it is not to "song birds" alone that voice gives an interest which binds itself with some of our finest conceptions of external Nature:—

CRY OF BRENT GOOSE.—"March 8, 1840. —A delightful, warm, calm day. On riding from Belfast to Holywood at high water, birds of various species were abundant. Opposite Clifden, and very near the shore, were, perhaps, 500 brent geese in a flock, keeping up their usual concert, like the music of a pack of hounds in full cry. The moment that, borne on the gentle gale, my horse heard it, he became quite impatient, as hunters do on hearing the hounds at a distance, and continued very spirited and restless so long as he was within hearing of the sound, just as he would have done had it proceeded from a genuine pack."—Vol. iii. p. 59.

HOWLING OF THE GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.—"On the 24th of April, 1850, a great northern diver (in its third year's plumage) was captured off Island Magee, on a hook baited with 'buckie' (*Buccinum undatum*) for cod, and brought uninjured to Belfast. The bait was taken at a depth of from thirty to forty fathoms. The bird was purchased by a gentleman to keep along with a number of other species in his possession; but when sent home for that purpose, its most melancholy cry—somewhat resembling the howl of a dog as he 'lays the moon,' though not very long-drawn—wrought so upon the feelings of the lady of the house that she besought its liberty, and a few hours afterwards, in the privacy of night, it was consigned to its native element. When placed on the sea it dived for about fifty yards, and then emerging, assumed for a moment an upright position, flapped its wings, gave a loud cry (or 'crow'), as if of defiance, and, seeing the boat approaching, dived again. It was not farther followed. Although the wings were perfect, this bird did not attempt to rise into the air from the

ground, nor from a very large vessel of water in which it was placed. Quickly, however, its way was made in a swimming manner along the floor of a shop in which it was temporarily placed, while its mournful note, frequently repeated, attracted such a crowd, that the bird was hurried away with all possible speed."—Vol. iii. p. 195.

CRY OF GROUSE.—"On the range of the Belfast mountains, rising to nearly 1600 feet in altitude, the grouse still maintains its ground. In the evenings of summer and autumn, when taking a favourite walk to the mountain ridge to behold the grand and varied prospect on every side, above all, to watch the down-going of the sun behind the distant mountains on the farther side of Lough Neagh, and see the great expanse of waters steeped in the most lovely hues, the crowing of the grouse has almost invariably enlivened my walk home. To my ear the call is delightful, from its association with the wildness of nature. When undisturbed at such times, the alarm note, well known to sportsmen as a repetition of 'the syllable *kuk*,' was rarely heard; but the crowing, which is admirably represented by the words '*go, go, go, go, go back, go back*,' was continued for a long time, commencing, at the end of August and during September, about half an hour after sunset, and continuing sometimes for nearly an hour. During one of these walks, in the month of June, a pointer dog was inconsiderately allowed to follow me, and by his trespassing on the breeding haunts of the grouse, lapwing, and snipe, he caused a continued uproar from the three species, akin to what we hear from the various birds on the sea-shore.

"As observed by Mr. Poole, when on a pedestrian excursion among the Comeragh mountains (Waterford), '*Go back, go back, go back*,' was repeated as well and as distinctly by this bird as man could utter it, and in such wild and dangerous solitudes it sounds like a warning from some supernatural being, which, if timid, one feels more than half inclined to take."—Vol. ii. p. 48.

We have already referred to the affectionate disposition evinced towards each other by terns and by gannets; we are, unfortunately, not able to give the same good character of all our feathered favourites, and we regret to say that one of the greatest of them is chargeable with a sad want of amiability in many of his social relations, as the following testimony, among numerous others, must abundantly prove:—

PUGNACITY OF ROBINS.—"Well known as is the *pugnacity* of robins, one or two instances may be given. Their being so wholly absorbed during combat as to be regardless of all else, was ludicrously evinced at Springvale, by a pair fighting from the air down-

wards to the earth, until they disappeared in a man's hat, that happened to be lying on the ground, and in which they were both captured. On one occasion two of these birds, caught fighting in a yard in Belfast, were kept all night in separate cages. One was given its liberty early in the morning, and the other being tamer—possibly from having been the better beaten of the two—was kept, with the intention of being permanently retained. So unhappy, however, did the prisoner look, that it too was set at liberty in the yard, which was believed to be its chosen domicile. The other came a second time, and attacked it, when my informant, who was present, hastened to the rescue, and the wilder bird flew away. The tamer one was again caught, and brought into the house for safety. The intruder was now driven out of the premises, and in the evening, when it was expected that he was in a different locality, the other bird was turned out; its wicked and pertinacious antagonist, however, still lay in wait, a third time attacked, and then killed it:—the tame bird, though the inferior of the other in strength, always 'joined issue' with it, and fought to the best of its poor ability."—Vol. i. p. 165.

Almost all organised beings have distinct and well-marked stations, depending on certain physical conditions, by which their geographical distribution is mainly influenced. The Sandpiper (*Totanus hypoleucos*) though scarcely offering an exception to the general rule, is yet far less limited than most other birds in its choice of locality:—

WIDE DISPERSION OF THE SANDPIPER.
—"Of all our summer birds of passage, the sandpiper, so attractive from its beautifully bronzed plumage, lively motions, loud piping note, and graceful curving flight, is the most widely dispersed, and the least choice as to locality; a mere sufficiency of water, in any form, being apparently the only essential to its presence. In the petty tarns situated amid the sublime scenery of our mountains, as at Lough Salt, in Donegal; on the low and extensive shores of our three greatest lakes, Loughs Neagh, Erne, and Corrib, around the richly-wooded and rocky shores of Killarney, as well as about lakes of every intermediate size and physical character, I have remarked this species. It is also found at the lofty source of our springs and brooks, in the beds of rocky torrents and gently flowing streams, and along the banks of the largest rivers, until, in their gathered might, they move majestically to mingle with the ocean. Here again, on shores of every description, the soft oozy beach, the sand, the gravel, about the Norway-like *fjord* of the Killeries (Connemara), and the iron-bound coast of Antrim, including the Giant's Cause-

way itself, its piping note proclaims its presence."—Vol. ii. p. 215.

The following mode of shooting widgeon, adopted in Belfast Bay previously to the introduction of the swivel-gun, will, doubtless, amuse some of our readers:—

WIDGEON SHOOTING IN BELFAST BAY.—"Barrels, large enough to contain the shooter and his dog, were sunk in the ooze, until their top was about two inches above the surface; and were at various distances, not exceeding a mile, from the shore. To these the shooters resorted when the ebbing tide had left the banks sufficiently bare for their access at the usual flying-time of the birds;—from the commencement of dusk until quite dark, or, for about twenty minutes. This regular flight over, the widgeon continue feeding about where they alighted, on the watery ooze, and do not 'fly' again, if the night be dark, but if moonlight, they partially fly at intervals, from one part of the feeding-ground to another, so long as the banks are uncovered by the tide. If the moon, therefore, were soon to rise after the first flight, the shooters would remain for two or three hours in their barrels. In addition to the birds which get up of their own accord, others, disposed to be quiescent, would now be raised to flight by the report of the guns, and more being thus on wing over the feeding-ground, afforded a greater number of shots. After the regular flying-time, the shooter had another chance when the flowing tide lifted the widgeon on its surface, and brought them within shot of his barrel. This of course was always filled with water when the shooter first went into it, so that, for the purpose of laling it out, he had to be provided with a small bucket, which, turned upside down after that operation, served as a seat in the barrel. When properly 'appointed,' he was attended by a water-spaniel, who lay close at his feet in the barrel, and served to keep his lower extremities warm. A successful shot being made, the dog sallied out to pick up the victims, in doing which, practice made him wonderfully expert, and intelligence taught him to secure the wounded before lifting the dead birds. The dog took fully as much delight in the sport as his master, and looked out as anxiously for the approaching wild-fowl."—Vol. iii. p. 102.

The present work is the production of no mere *ad captandum* writer; our author is in earnest with his subject, and, impressed with the responsibility of recording observations which must be built into the grand edifice of human knowledge, he carefully avoids all tricks to catch the public, whether by florid verbiage or by those descriptions

of droll incidents in which the exploits of the gun afford so many temptations of indulgence, but which can very rarely be attempted without endangering the dignity of science. Though Mr. Thompson is thus fully sensible of the importance of adapting his style to the subject of which he treats, we do not wish it to be supposed from this that the work before us is open to the charge of dryness. It is quite true that we cannot take it up as we would the works of Gilbert White, of Waterton, and of Audubon, and read chapter after chapter with the eagerness inspired by a romance; but then it is not fair to compare the "Natural History of Ireland" with such works as these. Mr. Thompson's volumes have been written with a very different view, and therefore treat their subject in a very different manner, yet our readers must not imagine that the "Natural History of Ireland" is destitute of attractive writing, and consists merely of dry details into whose territory the imagination has no right to enter. Some of the passages already quoted are of themselves sufficient to disprove such a supposition; and while our author is fully aware that the rigidly scientific treatment of his subject is inconsistent with profuseness of decoration, yet where the matter admits we find numerous instances of vigorous and picturesque description, evincing a fine appreciation of both animate and inanimate nature. Take, for example, the following:—

A GROUSE MOUNTAIN IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.—"Sept. 13.—We had a ride of seven miles from the shooting lodge, before reaching our ground at Glen Maroon. On attaining the summit of the first hill, the view of apparently fine grouse mountains on every side was superior to anything I had seen. Instead of presenting the hoary whitish aspect of the high Aberarder ground, they were deeply browned with heath, and their steep sides were in some places adorned with woods of the graceful birch. Luxuriant junipers clothed the bases of the hills, and the lower parts of the steep banks of the streams. Their absence from the higher and more exposed grounds was striking; appearing as if they had resigned those to the heath, and then crept out of the range of wind into the most sheltered places. Yet we often find the juniper in the clefts of the most lofty mountain summits in these islands. A profusion of the finest berries appeared upon these plants, on which no doubt some ring-ouzel which rose from amid them had been feeding,

perhaps taking their farewell repast moving far southward to winter in climate. Beneath the shade of the that delicately beautiful fern, so like of the tropics, the *Polypodium* (Linn.) appeared quite brown and withered, though its tender green fronds are exhibited, as freshly as at midsummer the exposed and precipitous bank waterfall of the Nairn before the lodge. Around this fall, the *Polypodium* (Linn.) is also of great beauty. The different appearances of individual junipers was very striking of those strongly resembling their in North America, commonly known as red cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*). The day was lovely, and the view not very extensive, were to a most captivating. Bad deer had been ground not many hours before, and wild cat (*Felis cattus*) frequents and in many places inaccessible to mountain torrent which crossed. The grouse were very wild. Our party, and soon afterwards a fox was on the higher ground sprung at which he did not get a shot; but flew wildly past my companion and several were brought down at a shot, rather after the manner of a (*Anas*) than of grouse shooting.

The effects of sunlight and shadow, so calm, are ever imparting variety to scenes. We are often, with a vast country in view, quite alone amid the mountain solitude, from which movement suggestive of life upon it is derived from the dark shadows of clouds, moving sometimes with slow jestic, at others with hurried pace distant range of mountains, and again for a time on the sunlit slopes, so as to catch the eye by their similitude to the heather. Or we may, from a hill-top down upon a rainbow apparently lying like a beautiful blue upon the plain like a ray of the setting sun upon the and suggesting a still more brilliant path of rays than even that imagined by the poet."—Vol. ii. pp. 54-5.

A SNOW SCENE.—"Belfast, Jan. 1841.—Within the last few days there has been a good deal of snow and intense yesterday there was heavy rain from the last night it froze again, and during the there has been keen frost. About 11 of high water I walked three miles the road skirting the western side of the The day was very bright and beautiful, and the various birds appeared to greatest advantage. A haze came as with a golden veil the opposite shore, so that everything looked the other with such a background. The snow were of an exquisite whiteness. The shore were large masses of ice and ice

the outermost of which a number of herons were perched, looking like storks, as the sun brought brightly out, especially in the adult birds, all the white of the under plumage from the head downwards: what was dark in their dorsal plumage seemed merely white thrown into shade, so remarkable was the optical deception. Others of these birds were perched during high water on some very old pines near the road, whence issued the harsh and singular sounds of a heronry. When the tide rose to near the highest point, about forty curlews in a flock left the shore, and flying very low over my head, took their station in one of the Parkmount fields, patiently to await the ebb. The redshanks were, as usual, calling in a lively manner, and displaying in flight the beautiful white marking of their wings. The ash-coloured sandpipers (*Tringa canutus*) were pretty and noiseless. The dunlins (*Tringa variabilis*) were in thousands, and, when on flight, most attractive, the silvery white of their upturned wings even dazzling in the sun-light. A flock of coots brought here by the severity of the weather, in their pitchy and unrelieved blackness, formed a fine contrast to the snowy gulls near which they floated. Among the gulls alone what variety in the several species and in birds of various age! Even in form, how different is the long narrow wing of the two black-backed birds (*Larus marinus* and *L. fuscus*)—and much of the same breadth throughout, with its pure white binding, making it look still more narrow—from the short and pointed, or triangular-shaped wing of the black-headed species (*L. ridibundus*). Four adult individuals of *Larus marinus* were on wing together, and several others, adult and immature, in view—one of the latter in his dull garb venturing to fly with his senior in full costume, was indignantly driven back by him. Herring gulls (*L. argentatus*) added much to the life of the scene by dashing down from a height of about twenty yards on their prey near the surface of the water, while so clear was the atmosphere that the black extremities of their quill feathers were quite conspicuous. Wild ducks occasionally rose on wing, and large flocks of widgeon were on the water in the distance.”—Vol. ii. pp. 334–5.

The Horn, a magnificent peninsular range of cliffs on the coast of Donegal, was visited in the month of June, 1832, and among our author's notes of its scenery, we find the following:—

THE HORN, IN DONEGAL.—“By the philosophical student of Nature, however, the mighty scene before him, comprising earth, ocean, sky, each in its sublimity, will be considered before he turns his attention to its beautiful adjuncts,—the feathered race.

Its physical geography, as his eye takes in the vast extent of country, nearly all in its original wildness, will first be viewed, and the geological age of its various portions speculated on, vaguely though it may be, from the form of its hills, cliffs, and mountains, and the changes will be noted that are at the present time in progress. At one place he will perceive that the land is gaining on the ocean, at another yielding to its assaults. The leading features of the prospect, viewed from the heights of the peninsula, are wild and fine in the extreme, ranging from Malin Head, the most northern, to Bloody Foreland Point, the north-western extremity of Ireland. Off the land towards the latter lie four small islands: the one nearest to it displaying cultivation; the next, pasture green as emerald; the third—and I believe fourth also—sterile rock. Northward of them is the much larger island of Tory, whose ancient history holds a prominent place in the archaeological annals of Ireland. It is of most picturesque profile, with its northern extremity rugged as the dilapidated ruins of a time-worn castle. Inland, the mountain of Muckish appears a few miles distant; and, more remote, the grand conical chain of mountains, finer in form than great in altitude, of which Errigal (2,460 feet in height) is the chief. The general features of the vegetation clothing the earth will be botanically viewed, with at the same time its pictorial effects, from lofty mountains on whose summits the true alpine plants find a home, to the low and barren sand hills which skirt a large portion of the coast. The vast extent of sky, exhibiting perhaps at the same moment every form of cloud to which science has applied a name, will next arrest attention; so much being within view, that the spot occupied by the spectator may remain all day in brilliant sunshine, although thunder-clouds, ‘dark as Erebus,’ appear at a distance, and peal forth their sublime volleys, while both sheeted and forked lightning play in as fiery intensity as in the gloom of night amid their intense blackness;—a hue unseen elsewhere than in such scenes. The illimitable ocean—‘a world of wonder in itself’—will then claim his admiration. On its distant waves a few ‘labouring barks’ will probably be seen, for on a vast expanse of water their motion, however great in reality, appears but slow; nearer, groups of porpoises or grampuses may exhibit their dorsal fins above the surface as they proceed on their rolling course; or aloft, the gannet majestically poise himself ere he strike into the deep. That beautiful sight, a ‘play of gulls,’ will doubtless be witnessed at one or more parts of the surface to which small fish have arisen. Landward, the rapid flight of innumerable little parties of guillemots, razorbills, and puffins, as they fly, chiefly in single file, to or from the cliffs, or over the sea, will be observed. In purity of hue, similar to, and in number less only

than the flakes of a snow-shower, the gulls, roused off their eggs or young, appear from base to summit of the cliffs, while jetty cormorants, with necks straight-outstretched, fly to their congregated nests. The blue rock-dove will be seen on wing to and from the caverns, and perhaps the dark-hued peregrine falcon, or the eagle, making a death-swoop in the vicinity of its eyrie. Any description of the effect of the mingling voices of myriads of birds of various species, in such a scene, would be vain."—Vol. iii. pp. 223–225.

We cannot dismiss our notice of Mr. Thompson's delightful, instructive, and thoroughly original work without expressing our regret that the publishers under whose auspices it has been brought out, found it necessary, in order to effect a remunerative sale, to fix upon it a price somewhat higher than, in these days of cheap publi-

cations, we are generally inclined to give. We trust, however, that the reception of the present volumes will be such as they deserve, and that an extensive sale will encourage the publishers to give to the public a subsequent edition of the "*Natural History of Ireland*" at a lower price—a price which will place it in the hands of every lover of Nature; for our most anxious desire is to see all obstacles to the universal diffusion of knowledge swept away for ever, and especially of knowledge which, like that derived from the study of Nature, must exercise so elevating an influence, leading us from the living and the beautiful around us, to the source of all life and beauty, and ministering to some of man's deepest wants and purest aspirations.

STRAY LEAVES FROM GREECE.—PART I.

Approach to Greece.—Patras.—Visit to the Consul.—Hospitality.—A Greek Bride.—Picturesque beauty of the Lepanto Gulf.—Pusillanimity of the Greeks.—Safe Anchorage.—Athens in Sight.—Sunset on the Acropolis.—The Parthenon.—Landing.—Moonlight Drive.—The Parthenon by Moonlight.—Temple of Jupiter Olympus.—Wretchedness of the Modern City.—Greek Comments on the Blockade, and mine own on the Greeks.

It would be a work of supererogation in this age of locomotion—an age in which he who has not, rather than he who has "made friends with distant lands," is the remarkable person, to expend any time upon the analysis of the feelings, already shared by multitudes, with which I approached the soil of Greece; and assuming simply, that to myself, in common with all young and educated men, it was an event of intense and absorbing interest, I shall refrain from any attempt of the kind.

As we entered the bay of Patras, morning, dull, chill, misty, and unsatisfactory as a November afternoon, welcomed our arrival; and by the time we reached the point whence all that was worth looking at ought to have been seen, a slow-falling, ominous rain commenced, adding (which was distinctly gratuitous) discomfort to our

disappointment. With provoking exactitude, the precise position of Missolongi, Mount Viodhia, the summits of Armenia, and the boundaries of Etolia were pointed out; and our informants (as is always the case under such circumstances) dwelt with elaborate eloquence upon the beauty of that which was impenetrably veiled from our view.

The moment we came to an anchor, the vessel was crowded with odd-looking people, in whose strange and varied costume might be traced, with scarcely an exception, the influence, more or less developed, of the intercourse existing with ourselves. In five minutes all the world might be seen dividing into groups, and discussing with great warmth and animation the news given and received in relation to the all-important topic of the "*Blockade*." On every side unmistakable evidence of

this existed, in the form of divers and sundry Greek vessels, merchantmen, and “those of nobler breed,” whose exit from the port was, to speak with the nicest regard to the nautical pride of their irascible owners, regulated by a wholesome respect, not to say fear, of those heavy, serious-looking guns which the prescience of the Admiralty has, of late years, assigned to our war steamers. Evidently inflated and exaggerated, as were the accounts of the state of feeling induced by this step, of questionable wisdom, there was sufficient appearance of probability to suggest the propriety of taking a hint from Murray, and consulting the resident Consul as to the advisability of prosecuting our journey to Athens. Accordingly, I went on shore, and with difficulty wending my way through the eager and excited population, who clearly considered that my quiet perambulation of their dirty streets was adding insult to injury, I reached the house, distinguished from its fellows no less by a certain distant approach to cleanliness and comfort, than by the insignia, flagrantly ill-painted, of British greatness.

I was ushered into a very pretty room, and received “à bras ouverts” (*par parenthèse*, she was so extremely stout, that this position was *de rigueur*), by the unquestionably better half of the worthy confidant of the Palmerstonian policy of the moment. Coffee, tea, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, were proffered with an intense hospitality, and a magnanimous contempt of time, and that conventional folly which assigns a certain order to these operations, and forbids them to be performed in one and the same moment; and it was a relief to me when the object of my search (a minute description of whom might be considered personal) appeared. A very brief conversation fully satisfied me: I am free to confess very little was sufficient to do this, and I regained the vessel just as she weighed anchor, and moved slowly away.

We are apt to smile at the rapid transitions of a child's thought; but in very truth, I think we children of a larger growth are but little removed in this respect from them. We had not cleared the harbour before every eye and every mind was diverted from the grievances of the Greeks

as a nation, and directed to those of an individual descendant of Helen, and the inheritress, in no small or common degree, of her fatal charms. Literally regardless of those around her, leaning in passionate grief over the bulwarks, her white arms stretched lovingly towards the retreating shore, a young girl sobbed out her broken adieus to the father and mother whom she was leaving, perhaps, for the first time, and to the lover from whom she was being torn, probably for ever. So long as the boat which contained them remained in sight, she continued thus, as if she felt that the strong love of her young heart might yet constrain the winds and the waves, and give these cherished beings once more to her embrace; but the moment they were lost to view, she sank, as if the cord of some wild hope had snapt, with a low pitiful cry, in an attitude of abject despondency, upon the deck. There is something irresistible in the appeal of such a sorrow as this, and curiosity had, I believe, but little to say to the interest with which we listened to the poor girl's story. Desperately attached to a young and gallant descendant of one of the heroes of the national struggle, she had been married, the day previous to our arrival at Patras, to the Governor of Vostizza, a man she had never seen, but whose wealth and position were temptations far too strong to be resisted by those in whose hands was the ordering of her fate. The ceremony had been performed, as is very common, without the presence of the bridegroom, some one having stood proxy for him; and she was now going, under the protection of her brother (her lover's friend, and as report said, a protester against the destruction of his sister's happiness), to join her husband. After a little time she lifted her head, seemed for the first time conscious of the presence of those around, and leaning upon her brother's shoulder, sobbed bitterly. Rather above than under the middle height, her figure, although still preserving the grace and softness of extreme youth, was perfectly developed. Her throat, of that brilliant pearly whiteness, which is the characteristic of Hellenic fairness, was the very type of that beauty which we observe in the master-works of the Greeks of old; while the head which it supported embodied, in its perfection

of form and colour, the purity and the passion of the sister arts. Her hair, profusely rich in tone and quantity, was simply braided; and upon her head, a small cap of the deepest red velvet, surmounted by a long tassel of thick gold thread falling to her shoulders, gave full value to the lustrous eye, the crimson lip, and delicately defined brow.

As we approached Vostizza, the anxiety of the unfortunate girl increased so painfully, that our attention, which had been somewhat diverted by the beautiful scenery we were passing, was once more concentrated upon her; and we formed a thousand little romances, all taking their sunshine or their shade from the yet unsolved question—to what kind of individual was to be entrusted the guardianship of so fair and sensitive a creature. All our conjectures leaned, I confess, to the more sombre side of the picture, but the darkest of our anticipations but faintly foreshadowed the doom which awaited her. Pale as snow under the moonlight, and trembling like an aspen, she clung to her brother's arm, as some last leaf withered by a sudden winter may cling to its parent branch. Presently the vessel passed, and a boat full of people was pulled alongside. Scarcely conscious, but with a something of dignity, either natural or derived from intense suffering, she was led forward, and received lifeless into the shaking arms of a man old enough to be her grandfather, and hideous enough to be the embodiment of the concentrated disgust of the world at large. The boat, with the ill-assorted pair, pushed off, and we pursued our course, saddened by the incident of which we had been witnesses, and which had thrown such an interest around our departure from Patras. It was, however, impossible long to resist influences such as invested our path with gladness. The sky had cleared, the few clouds which floated swiftly over it were of that sharp, defined brilliancy which tells of fine weather and of the keen air of the north; the wind, freshening every moment, was full at our stern, and we sped through the waters with a rapidity which was of itself in the highest degree exhilarating. Several times during the day we stopped at small towns to take up or deposit passengers, and it struck me that we were the gainers in point of picturesqueness by every change, in

precise proportion as we were losers in respect of cleanliness.

In my life I never met with such conceited people as the Greeks. No sooner had I, in the most modest manner, and with great misgivings as to the toleration of the experiment, taken out my book to make a surreptitious sketch of a striking costume, than the entire population presented themselves as candidates for immortality, placing themselves in attitudes irresistibly comic in the absurdity of their affectation, but which their respective perpetrators evidently looked upon in the light of so many precious gifts to the benighted Saxon. In a short time so surrounded was I, and so pestered with applications for portraits in this or that "style," that with outraged olfactories, and an intense pain in the risible muscles, I was glad to make a rush for the bow of the vessel, and place my tormentors at defiance, by climbing to a dangerous position. How gallantly we cleft the waters; on either side of the sharp prow, impelled steadily through the blue waves by the freshening wind, the white foam rose sparkling in the sunshine, the masts bent to the bulging sails, and we seemed literally to fly over the surface. Helice, Asprospiti, Acrota were by turns made, passed, and lost; mountain after mountain became faintly visible, distinctly marked, and faded again in the distance. Still the wind increased, the bright waves rose higher and higher, and, snow-white, pursued each other, and broke around in very sport. I wish I could convey to my reader the sensation of exultant enjoyment which was thus produced; our spirits rose with the wind, and kept pace with the bright waves; something of the excitement of a race possessed our minds, and many a glad laugh was borne away by the wind, now increased almost to a gale. We were congratulating the captain, who seemed by no means to share our merriment, upon the breeze being in our favour, rather than against us, when he took the opportunity of informing us that his opinion was precisely the reverse of ours, and that he devoutly wished the wind in which we found such intense enjoyment, at the devil. This *maledetto vento*, he said, will go on increasing till night, and in two hours (one after sunset), we shall be driving at its mercy on to the most pestilent shore I have ever seen. No anchor will hold,

and I see but little hope of escape ; the whole coast is rock-bound, and even in calm weather the anchorage is what your English captains call “damnable.” We laughed at the gallant Austrian, attributing his nervousness to the physical debility consequent upon the cultivation and support of so gigantic a moustache as that in which his nether lip rejoiced. We laughed then ; but as the sun sank, the light faded ; the wind whistled cold and shrill through the shaking rigging, as the waves, in which, bright with shining crests, and transparent clearness, we had seen nothing but beauty, now dark and heavy, asserted their real proportions, as the flying headlands, dangerously near, assumed, in the half-light, forms of mysterious and threatening grandeur ; and loud over every nearer sound, the roar of the distant surf came, defying even that potent wind, distinctly to our ears. The true state of affairs presented itself to us, and our imaginations, excited by the events of the day, easily realised *le revers de la médaille*. Our conversation became low and earnest ; the silent, anxious attention with which every eye turned towards the Captain ; the pale faces of the Greeks, illumined from time to time by fitful flashes of sheet-lightning, impressed us strangely, and it was almost a relief, so painful had suspense become, when a sudden but momentary stir among the crew in answer to a word of command from the Pont, announced the approach of the moment which was to decide our fate. The shore was distinctly marked, the great waves rolled majestically forward ; and each, as if irritated by the repulse of its predecessor, reared its white crest, and dashed itself with the energy of a forlorn hope against the rocks. The vessel plunged with frightful swiftness to what appeared her unavoidable doom. So still was everything on board as compared with the turmoil around, that a casual observer might have thought terror had paralysed the crew. A closer inspection would have told him this was very far from being the case ; each man stood firm and steady to his appointed task, and the calm determination, partly the result of temperament, partly of danger often braved, which the compressed lip and the quiet eye expressed, contrasted strangely with the pale cheek and restless glance of a fear which our

Greek passengers were not even at the pains to disguise. With bare masts, but the wheels still working, we rushed on : destruction seemed inevitable ; the roar of the surge was deafening ; and a vivid flash of lightning, converting the night into sudden day, revealed to us the full amount of our danger. To the left, so close that the firmest heart among us stood still as we rushed towards it, rose from the white foam a gigantic cliff ; and within a hundred yards a-head the shore presented an unbroken and bristling chain of rocks. At this moment, loud as a bell, firm and steady as if he spoke under the most ordinary circumstances, the voice of the Captain rose above the storm ; in an instant the quiet which we had remarked was exchanged for an animation equally striking : the steam was stopped,—reversed, the helm put hard up ; and, as with a heavy lurch to starboard the vessel rounded the rock, the ponderous anchors, simultaneously “let go,” sought the bottom. It was a moment of intense excitement ; a muttered oath from the Captain, and a loud cry of terror from the Greeks, announced the fact—she dragged her anchor. Suddenly with a shock which made the masts quiver, she was brought up ; but, ere we had time to draw our breath, with a loud, strange report, the cable snapt like a packthread, and we were once more driving to our dooms. Again the second anchor brought us to a sudden pause, the trusty hemp threw a line of spray far into the air ; the ship, which was broadside on, swung heavily to her moorings, and we were comparatively in smooth water.

I was sitting upon the deck, absorbed in a game of chess, when the words “Salamis,” “Athens,” “the Acropolis,” fell upon my ear, producing upon my preoccupied mind a strange effect. My attention, without being diverted, wandered, and other names—Marathon, Thermopylæ, Philip, Alexander, Alcibiades, mingled themselves in an unaccountable manner with the mimic field and puppet warriors before me. Presently a general movement, and the words “Athens is in sight,” explained all, and awakened me to the intense delight of feeling that this, the least apparently realisable, although, perhaps, most deeply indulged dream of

my youth, was in absolute truth in process of fulfilment. It was indeed so; Athens was in sight. Instinctively we drew together and leaned in silent and subdued exultation over the vessel's side. I firmly believe that I could point out the people who cared most intensely for each other if I could see them under the influence of any absorbing pleasure or any overwhelming grief; the heart in such circumstances seeks naturally the "appui" of the heart which is most in unison with itself, and the body unconsciously, but I believe inevitably, obeys the inward impulse. Already the sun was low in the west, and ere long it became evident that it would have sought its couch before we could reach the still distant city: gradually the long shadows stole onward, darkening the blue waters and giving to the air that peculiar stillness which tells of coming night, and prefigures the repose of all things. Still we swept on, and the Acropolis lifting its proud magnificence, robed in joyous colours, high into the air, became distinctly visible, the purple shadows bringing into relief and definition its beautiful proportions, while the momentarily increasing brilliancy of the sun-lighted portions seen through the thin veil of transparent atmosphere, gave to the whole the effect rather of some eastern dream than of a possible reality. Day faded as it seemed to us with unwonted rapidity; the powers of the night had already wrapped in gloom the Piræus, and passed gradually over the plain. Presently the lower portion of the Acropolis was involved in shade; height after height was surrendered, as the armies of the night advanced. At length all save the Parthenon itself was lost; here, it seemed to our imaginations, eager and excited, that the forces of the day, concentrating into one blaze of golden glory, had determined to make a stand. For a space we could almost fancy that the nether powers quailed before the effulgent splendour of the chivalry of the sun; but, at the instant when flushed into intenser brightness by the momentary success, the banners, blood-red and glorious, floated forth, the foundations paled, and, driven from their last stronghold, the colours were carried by the cloud standard-bearers, to rise again refreshed and glorious on the morrow, from the east.

It was nearly dusk as we passed into

the Piræus, between the marble pedestals, where the marble lions ought to be, and came to an anchor. It would be difficult for Dickens, impossible for me, to do justice to the scene which ensued. From every quarter of the extensive harbour, manned by every unimaginable variety of race, all united by the universal desire of pre-eminence, and still further by the hope of gain, a thousand boats, of every degree of tonnage and trustworthiness or worthlessness, pushed recklessly towards us. As the narrowing circle brought their respective craft, first into dangerous approximation, and then into absolute collision, such a Babel of maledictory sounds from the irate owners arose as would have satisfied the ears of Beelzebub himself. For some minutes the fray was carried on so vigorously that nothing was able to approach the steamers; but, as is usual in such cases, the weaker went to the wall, and two or three dozen of the larger boats, having disposed of the minor aspirants, rushed simultaneously for the ladder. Again the fight was renewed, again the number of competitors was reduced, and at length some ten or fifteen boats radiated from the ladder like the sign of the setting sun at Brentford, a general rush on board took place, and the forcible seizure of the passengers' baggage commenced. At this moment a young and elaborately "got up" Greek, who had lavished civilities upon us all day, and whose disinterested goodnature had already sown in my heart the seeds of a Davidian-Jonathanian friendship, approached me, and with an embarrassed bow, which said plainly enough "the game's up, I can't sacrifice the hotel to my pride," presented me with a card, disclosing the startling fact that this disciple and descendant of Lysurgus was no more nor less than the commissionaire of the *Albergo d'Inghilterra*. As this was the hotel to which we had already determined to go, we consigned to him the care of the servants and chattels, and prepared to depart.

No sooner was this intention made visible, than we were rudely seized upon, and implored, in broken English, to hire this or that boat. As four or five pounced on each of us, and we were not individually divisible, and did not choose to be so collectively, it became necessary to make a selection. Accordingly, picking out the most powerful and ferocious looking of the

ruffian crew round us, we motioned him to bring his craft alongside. In an instant he swung himself over the heads of the mob who closely invested the ladder, and hailing with stentorian lungs the rowers of a large boat which had remained a little outside the circle, waved us with a gesture worthy of Leonidas himself, to come forward. This was very easy in theory, but extremely difficult in practice; indeed, it would have been impossible, if a young French officer had not civilly handed me a boarding pike, and accompanied the gift with a recommendation to apply it vigorously. I thanked him, and obeyed so scrupulously his directions that in a short time a path was cleared, and we proceeded to the gangway. The ladder was crowded, the platform scarcely contained our party, and we had no chance but to descend, for the possibility of retreat was cut off by the outraged and disappointed watermen; there was nothing else to be done, so, levelling my trusty weapon, and putting on an air of desperate determination, I prepared to clear the way. A general flight into the boats took place, and all but two made way; out of these as ill-looking a scoundrel as one might wish not to meet on a dark night, turned and recommended me to go to the nether regions. The prestige of victory was all-important. I felt that a "check" would have brought us to account for divers awkward pokes in the ribs and cracks on the skull, administered on deck, so I passed on. At this moment the side-chain of the ladders broke, and it became evident that he or I must take an involuntary bath; so, considering that the probability was greatly in his favour as a swimmer, I brought my weapon so effectually to bear that he was fain to make way, and soused over head and ears into the water. A loud cheer greeted this performance, and gratefully handing back to the proprietor the invaluable pike, I took my seat by my companions, and we rowed off. Once seated, we pursued our way in peace, being looked upon as lost game. A similar scene, only upon a minor scale, was rehearsed, for our especial benefit, by the owners of the *fiacres*; but this was soon settled, and in five minutes we were driving to Athens along a dusty and indifferent road, but in full sight of the moonlit Acropolis, with the Ly-

cabettus, Pentellicus, and Hymettus before us, and the mighty remains of the eastern Themistoclean wall at our side. In an hour, having twice refreshed our weary steeds and their worthy proprietor, we were sumptuously lodged in the Hotel d'Angleterre, a very comfortable establishment, kept by two individuals, whose particular and self-imposed penance for piracy and brigandism respectively, appears to be, the spoliation of the gold-dispensing sight-seers of the nineteenth century, my dearly beloved and highly-to-be-respected countrymen.

Wordsworth, not the immortal immortaliser of Betty Foy, but the Rev. Christopher, Canon of Westminster, and dictator of the studies and stripes of Harrow, gives somewhere, I think, in his beautiful work on Greece, a list of the qualifications indispensable to a describer of Athens, which might well deter a bolder man than myself from the attempt; but, with the profoundest respect for the erudition of their learned enunciator, I cannot coincide with his remarks, implying, if I recollect rightly, that to properly appreciate Athens, one must be, *imprimis*, an Athenian and a Pagan, with an unflinching faith in the mysterious mythology propagated by Orpheus, an unquestioning admiration of the immoral eccentricities, to use the mildest possible expletive of the peculiarities of the *Νεφεληγε ἱστῆ Ζεὺς*, and a kind of God-created comprehender by simple intuition of the whole arcana of the fine arts. To have a soul not wholly absorbed in the "almighty dollar," an eye not altogether blind to the beautiful, and an imagination not quite insensible to the marvellous and the sublime, is, I consider, all that is necessary; the spot itself will supply the rest. Lost indeed must be the soul, past all cure the blindness of the eye, iron-bound in the chains of vulgarity, and commonplace must be the soul, the eye, the imagination of him to whom Athens does not speak with a voice whose echo shall live for ever in his heart of hearts. True it is difficult in the midst of those narrow streets, forlorn hovels, desolate, grass-grown piazze which compose modern Athens, and hang like a visible miasma around the remains of old, to realise all that once has been; but flying from this, and standing on the mighty platform from whose level the columns of Jupiter Olympus rise in

proud assertion of the spirit of the past ; ascending the steep sides of the Acropolis, and, girt by glory, to sit upon some gorgeous fragment beneath the shadow of the Parthenon—within the spell of the majestic Propylea, the exquisite beauty of the Erechtheum, overarched by the sky which looked down on Salamis and Marathon : who shall say that the heart was ever capable of receiving impressions more spirit-lifting than those which make one unknowing of the flight of time, and find one in the cold grey of morning still there, surrounded by the spirits and imbued with the greatness of the mighty ones of old? So far from agreeing with Mr. Wordsworth, I cannot but feel that those of our own time who are permitted to enjoy privileges conferred by travel, are, by the concurrent force of circumstances, and the very facts of their position, capable of deriving from the contemplation of these remains of a great people, a higher degree of pleasure and a purer gratification than could have been felt by their founders ; abstracting, and I confess it is an important abstraction, the element of self-glorification, it is assuredly so.

Paradoxical as such an assertion may appear, it is my firm belief that the Parthenon, as it now stands, a ruin in the fullest sense of the term, despoiled of its chiefest ornaments, its columns blasted by lightning, shivered by the agencies of war, its friezes scattered, its walls destroyed, its capitals buried in the earth, but robed by time in a colour of voluptuous richness, girt by the acanthus, and surrounded by the wild luxuriance of southern vegetation, is a grander more beautiful, as assuredly it is a more impressive spectacle, than when, in its faultless perfection of proportion, its marvellous finish of detail, and a whiteness unstained as snow “earth contact free,” its magnificence first met unshrouded the admiring gaze of the assembled crowd. For many centuries anything approaching the delight which is now the reward of a long journey, must have been wholly denied. Turkish batteries, mosques, and miserable habitations of all kinds, desecrated the ground made holy by a thousand memories, and, built into and about these temples, must have rendered anything like a correct estimate either of their extent or beauty wholly impossible. Now all is clear, the bat-

teries have disappeared, all that is not of Pentellic marble, and consequently forming a portion of the ruins, is removed, and the mind realises fully the charm of feeling that all is truth—that one does not waste one’s time, or expend one’s enthusiasm on doubtful objects. It may sound extremely trite to say that, beautiful under all circumstances, the Parthenon is essentially so by moonlight ; but the fact is, that this magnificent monument, in common with those which surround it, gains under this influence so immeasurably in all those elements which speak to the mind, that a remark, which is common-place in its ordinary use, is redeemed in some degree by the pertinency of its application.

One night (it was the last of our happy sojourn in this pregnant spot of earth), the moon, which, during the previous week of its existence had been nightly obscured, rose calm and cloudless over the mountains, and flooded the sacred olive groves in the intermediate plain with light. An expedition to the Acropolis was instantly determined upon, and, as soon as the horses could be put to, we started. A drive through Athens in an Athenian vehicle, drawn by Attic horses, and presided over by an Hellenic coachman, is a sort of experiment against the ludicrousness of which no amount of sentiment or sentimentality is proof ; and whatever portion of it either of our party set off with, was quickly dispelled. Startling the night from its propriety, we dashed recklessly through the streets, nor drew rein until at the foot of an impossible ascent to the Acropolis, the sapient animals came to a sudden and deliberate pause, and the driver, with ready wit, making a virtue of necessity, leaped nimbly from the box, and, with an air of entire self-satisfaction, opened the door. We alighted, and, laughing and talking, quickly reached the wicket-door and entered, scrambled up the broken steps of the Propylea, and stood unexpectedly, in the broad moonlight. Subdued, almost awe-stricken, we paused, as by a common impulse, rooted to the ground. The unfinished laugh, the broken sentence, died upon the air ; the spirits of the night and of the past asserted their mystic power, and we bowed with silent reverence before them, throned as they were perhaps upon their mightiest and most impressive shrine. For some moments

we stood thus, realising in its full force the truth of the expression, “slept in the moonlight;” so still, so solemn, in its stricken but unbending grandeur, the mighty fabric rose against the deep blue sky. So pregnant with memories of the great and glorious deeds of nearly two thousand years was the very air, that for some time no one either spoke or stirred; and when at length this spell was broken, we moved with cautious steps, and voices hushed to a whisper, nearer to the pile. As we approached, with a strange rush of many wings, an enormous number of falcons, who made their home under the broken friezes, rose in the air, uttering cries of anger at being thus disturbed. So excited were our imaginations, that I believe it would have startled us but little more if the spirits of all those whose courage, and fortitude, whose genius, eloquence, and inspiration have invested with such boundless interest every block of marble, had taken visible forms, and floated upwards in the moonlight. Dismissing our guides, and ordering them to await us at the foot of the Acropolis, we entered, and, sitting upon the fragments, gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the highest pleasure I have ever realised; and if indeed the spirits of the immortal dead hovered around, the homage of our lips, the deep-drawn sigh, the pale cheek, and the heart full almost to overflowing, must have been sweet and soothing to their manes. We spoke of the rise of Attica, tracing its greatness from point to point, step by step, and dwelling upon the causes, physical, moral, and intellectual, to which a power so apparently incompatible with the absolute dimensions of the country, and the number of its occupants, is to be attributed. And in truth this is a subject upon which the mind may ponder long, and still must be a mystery. That the sterility of their land compelled the Athenians to depend upon the power of extorting from richer soil the food they needed; that its central position, its commodious harbours, were immense advantages; that the popular belief in their own origin inspired the people with intense attachment to their native land; that enterprise induced by necessity became the delight of its promoters; that patriotic devotion displayed itself in the adornment with the triumphs of art, of that country they adored;—all this may have conduced to the same end,

but are scarcely sufficient to account for the fact, that a spot of earth, with a superficial extent of some seven or eight hundred miles,—the dimensions of an Austrian dukedom,—held a position at once the wonder and the envy of the world: that from these narrow precincts went forth, as white-winged messengers of progress, the arts, the sciences, the sculpture, painting, poetry, and legislation which have become, in their proudest realisation and widest dissemination, the synonyms for the land which gave them birth.

Thus we sat and talked far into the night, and then rising, wandered with charmed delight from spot to spot, lingering, with the sad feeling that we should behold them not again, at every well-known point, and filling the storehouses of our memories with the rich materials of after-thought, and a pleasure never to be snatched away or exhausted.

So we went away, descending from the Acropolis, and, standing under the Arch of Hadrian, gazed upon the columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus. Whether it arises from the grandeur of their isolated position, their abstract magnificence of proportion, or from that feeling with which we regard the gallant few who remain, representatives of some mighty force, I know not, but to me these columns appeal to my heart with a deeper power than any other ruin. Behold them from whence you may,—when the bee-thronged Hymettus, heather-covered, forms in the sunset a background richer than the mind can conceive,—when the black thunder-cloud rolls behind them, and the vivid lightning bids them stand forth in a relief as brilliant as it is transient,—or seen, as we last saw them, bathed in the clear moonlight, and lifting their heads with a proud consciousness which makes every column a marble embodiment of the idea which could conceive such a temple; alike grander, more beautiful, more impressive than aught else, they come back to my mind as the highest and truest types of the greatness of the people for whom they speak so eloquently.

From contemplations such as these, the transition to the modern city, and the modern Athenians, is not less painful than indispensable. Considered as a capital, nothing can be more deplorable than Athens: not a single

decent street does it contain, not a public building (with the exception of the Palace, and one or two Churches) redeems it from the meanness, as nothing does from the dirtiness, of a tenth-rate Italian town; and if the term mean is not strictly applicable to the Palace, it is only on account of the *scale* by which its systematic departure from every rule of good taste, and variance from every recognised model of architectural excellence, is made glaringly apparent. The people, from the limited opportunity which we had of judging, appear rather to come under the head of good-natured coxcombs, than any other; the only national characteristic which they preserve is curiosity—a chronic disease, which caused me, in my sketching gyrations, far more annoyance than the epidemic of the moment. I allude, of course, to the outraged patriotism of the worthy protestors against the blockade. I was accustomed to rise too early to get anything to eat at the hotel; and, accordingly, broke my fast at any café which happened to be *en route* to the object I intended to draw. No sooner had I entered, and called for my *cappè latte* and *paine dolce*, than the occupants of the various little tables crowded about me, examining first, myself, and then my implements, in the coolest manner possible; then some one of the number began the conversation, which took with more or less exactitude, the following strain:—“Perdone Signore lei è Inglese?” “Sì Signor ho quell'onore.” “E sa dunque che la sua Regina Vittoria ha mandato delle ordine a l'Anniraglio Perker, Porker, Parker (varying with the erudition of the individual), a distruggere il Pireo e dar al fuoco la nostra invincibile flotta.” “Certamente no Signor e non lo credo affatto. Siamo molto amici vostri ma non vogliamo che siate (I always forgot my third person politeness), gli schiavi della Russia ogli burattini della Francia.” This sentence generally caused an immense sensation. It was translated for the benefit of the unlearned, and all pressed more closely around me, and the interpreter-general ended, by confiding to me the fact, that if Admiral Parker had confined his operations to the vessels of war, not touching the merchantmen, and thereby compelling

the people to make common cause with their detested monarch, they, the Athenians, would have thrown “Otho” quietly over, and proclaimed Prince George of Cambridge King of Athens. If I managed to keep my countenance during the delivery of this piece of diplomatic intelligence, all went well, and those who followed me became the nucleus of a cluster of idlers, who drove me out of my senses by thrusting themselves eternally between my subject and myself. If, on the contrary, *c'était plus fort que moi*, and I laughed, a circumstance which, I regret to say, once or twice occurred; the irritated Greeks looked at me from head to foot, in the true second-rate theatre style of tragic dignity, curled their moustaches, drew their sashes (generally a very dangerous proceeding) a little tighter, and strutted away, leaving me in peace. I once asked a man, who seemed rather more than commonly well informed, if it were true that the grove of olives which from time immemorial had flourished in the Melitean plain, had been really burned by the intense frost? His answer struck me as very comical:—“O sì, non è che troppo vero, quest'anno è un anno terribile per noi altri, Arbiami il Dio contro di noi, e ancor peggio il Diavolo ha messo in testa agli Inglesi a mangiarci, Poveri noi!” Oh! Lord Palmerston, how much hast thou to answer for! I never lost any opportunity of discussing the blockade question, and my deliberate impression is, that the Greeks were upon the whole, rather pleased than otherwise; their intense vanity was gratified by the fact, that redeeming them and their affairs from insignificance, the British intervention in behalf of the worthy Jew, caused them to occupy no small portion of European attention, while their love of gain was ministered to in the most effectual manner, by the round sums of money, far more than compensating their pitiful commercial losses, which were daily spent in the Pireus for the supplies of fresh meat, &c., for the fleet. You hear nothing talked of at Athens but the wonderful progress which has been made of late years; a topic which always suggested to me the unpleasant question—In Heaven's name, what must the place have been before?

THE RATH OF BADAMAR ; OR, THE ENCHANTMENT.

FROM THE IRISH.

MANY of our readers are probably aware that among the early Irish poems are still extant several on the subject of Finn Mac Cumhal, the hero whom Macpherson has converted into the Fingal of his epic romances. The manuscript volume, entitled “The Book of Lismore,” of which the Royal Irish Academy possesses an accurate copy, made by Mr. Curry, contains a series of these poems. The manuscript was accidentally found at Lismore, in the year 1814, when the castle was undergoing some repairs ; and from this circumstance its name was given. It appears to have been transcribed in the fourteenth century. A survivor of the Fenians, most of whom perished in the fatal battle of Gavra, is represented as attaching himself to Patrick, the Christian missionary, and in a number of conversations between them, occasion arises of describing almost every remarkable place in Ireland, and of dwelling on the ancient glories of the country. At whatever period this body of poems was written—and there is reason to think it of not much earlier date than the transcript in the Book of Lismore—earlier poems, and fragments of poems, were pressed into the service, and the language modernised. In this way some stanzas of the poem which we now give are modernised in language, and inserted in the series. The whole poem has, however, been found by Mr. Curry, the eminent Irish antiquarian, in a manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, of a date not later than the twelfth century.

Our translation or imitation of the poem is as nearly literal as is consistent with not violating the proprieties of the language in which we write. The Irish poem is in rhyme, and the author exhibits great fondness for alliteration, but the alliteration is not systematic, as in many of the Irish poems. We have not made any attempt to imitate the peculiarities of versification.

We wish that the whole of the Fenian poems could be communicated to the public. We have already had, through the publications of the Archæological Society, and through the works of Dr. O'Donovan, a good deal of the history and the biographical genealogies of the Irish : we should wish now for some of such romances as they produced when consciously writing romance. In our imitation of this poem we have not disguised its rudeness, but have sought, as we best could, to reproduce the effect of the original,—the only way in which what we have done could be of the slightest value.

The poem is Oisín's, or supposed to be by Oisín. Oisín—Macpherson's Ossian—is often found mentioned by the name of Guary—why given him is not known ; but towards the close of his life it would appear that he went by that name, and to this in the opening verses allusion is made. Clogher, where the races are described as held, is in the County of Limerick. The gifts given by King Fiecha are not only a reward for past services, but are intended to bind Finn and his men to the future service of the King. The localities mentioned in the poem are in the Counties of Limerick and Kerry, and still retain the names with little change.

A FAIR to-day ; the King is there ;
'Tis splendour all—'tis Liffey fair ;
A happy sight for them who see,
Who are not old and blind like me !

Guary the blind ! There was an hour
When Finn was in his pride and power,
And led the host of Fenian men :
None called me blind and feeble then !

*How my thoughts for ever stray
From the present evil day,
To that bright time far away !*

I.

Six thousand gallant men of war
We sought the rath o'er Badamar ;
To the King's palace home we bent
Our way. His bidden guests we went.

'Twas Clogher fair, and Finn was there.

The Fians from the hills around
Have gathered to the race-course ground.

From valley deep and wooded glen,
Fair Munster sent its mighty men :
And Fiecha, Owen's son, the King,
Is there the contest witnessing.

'Twas gallant sport ! With what delight
Leaped thousand pulses at the sight !
How all hearts bound, as to the ground,
First are brought out the Fian steeds,
Then those from Luimnea's sunny meads.
Three heats on Mac-Mareda's green
They run ; and foremost still is seen
Dill Mac-Dacreca's coal-black steed.

At Crag-Lochgur he takes the lead.

II.

His the day—and lo ! the King,
The black steed soliciting
From Dill the Druid !—" Take for it
A hundred beeves ; for it is fit
The black horse should be mine to pay
Finn for his deeds of many a day."

Then spake the Druid, answering
His grandson Fiecha, the King—

" Take my blessing ; take the steed,
For the hero fitting meed ;
Give it for thy honor's sake."

And to Finn the King thus spake—

" Take with thee the swift black steed,
Of thy valour fitting meed !
And my car, in battle-raid
Gazed on by the foe with fear ;
And a seemly steed for thy charioteer.
Chieftain ! be this good sword thine,
Purchased with an hundred kine ;
In thy hand be it our aid !
Take this spear, whose point the breath
Of venom'd words has armed with death ;
And this mail in Greeceland made ;
And the silver-orbed shield,
Sun-beam of the battle field !
And take with thee my greyhounds three,
Slender and tall, bright-spotted all,
Ferney, Dercaw, and Dulal :

Take them with thee, chieftain bold,
With their chainlets light of the silver white,
And their neck-rings of the tawny gold.

Slight not thou our offering,
Son of Cumal, mighty King."

III.

Uprist Finn, our chieftain bold,
Stood before the Fian ranks,
To the King spake gracious thanks,
Took the gifts the monarch gave.
Then each to each these champions brave—
Glorious sight to see and tell—
Spake their soldier-like farewell !

IV.

The way before us Finn led then ;
We followed him, six thousand men,
From out the fair, six thousand brave
To Caicher's house of Cloon-da-Dave.

Three nights, three days, did all of us
Keep joyous feast in Caicher's house ;
Fifty rings of the yellow gold
To Caicher Mac Carroll our chieftain told ;
As many cows and horses gave
To Caicher Mac Carroll our chieftain brave.
Well did Finn of Innisfail
Pay the price of his food and ale.

V.

Finn rode o'er the Loochar a joyous man,
'Till he reached the strand at Barriman ;
At the lake where the foam on the billow's top
Leaps white, did Finn and the Fians stop.
'Twas then that our chieftain rode and ran
Along the strand of Barriman ;
Trying the speed of his swift black steed—
Who now but Finn was a happy man ?

*How my thoughts for ever stray
To that bright time far away !*

Myself and Cailté at each side,
In wantonness of youthful pride,
Would ride with him where he might ride.

Fast and furiously rode he—
He urged his steed to far Tralee.
On from Tralee to Lerg-duv-glass,
And o'er Fraegmoy, o'er Finnass,
O'er Moydeo, o'er Monaken,
On to Shaniber, o'er Shan-glen,
'Till the clear stream of Flesk we win,
And reach the pillar of Crofinn ;
O'er Sru-Muny, o'er Moneket,
And where the fisher spreads his net,
To snare the salmons of Lemain,
And thence to where our coursers' feet
Wake the glad echoes of Lochlein.

VI.

And thus flew he, nor slow were we,
Thro' rough and smooth our course we strain.
Long and swift our strides—more fleet
Than the deer of the mountain our coursers' feet !
Away to Flesk by Carnwood dun :
And past Mac Scalvé's Mangerton,
'Till Finn reached Barnec Hill at last ;
There rested he, and then we pass'd
Up the high hill before him—" And
Is there no hunting-hut at hand ?"
He thus addressed us ; " The daylight
Is gone, and shelter for the night
We lack." He scarce had ended, when
Gazing adown the rocky glen,
On the left hand, just opposite,
He saw a house with its fire-light.
" That house 'till now I've never seen,
Though many a time and oft I've been
In this wild glen. Let's look at it."

" Yes ! there are things that our poor wit
Knows little of," said Cailté : " thus
This may be some miraculous
Hostel we see, whose generous blaze
Thy hospitality repays,
Large-handed son of Cumal." So
On to the house, all three, we go.

VII.

On to the house all three we went ;
Oh, what a night of dreariment
It was ! and sorely we repent
Our visit. Shrieks and screamings pierce
Our hearts from inmates frantic, fierce.

What occurred in the house, what company Finn and his friends met there, what music welcomed their arrival, and what food was offered them, must be the subject of a future communication.

LORD PALMERSTON AND OUR POLICY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

OF all the cants of our canting age, we scarcely know of one more absurd and injurious than the assumed theory of Political Non-Intervention. The right of any country to dispose of its own affairs after its own fashion, is unquestionable and undeniable; but the right of a State, like that of an individual, involves considerations that extend beyond its own limits; and whenever its internal policy reacts upon, or affects the well-being of its neighbours, from that moment this immunity ceases, and it becomes subject to all those restraining or controlling influences which society has invented for its rule and guidance.

The law of the land has made the crime of arson a capital felony, not to deter men from the wilful destruction of their own property—not to rescue rash men from their passions—but as a measure of protection to others, and wisely points out that the power of an individual over his own possessions ceases, when to exert it would prejudice the existence of another, and when the disposal of what is strictly his own would endanger the fortunes of what is beyond his limit.

What common law has done for a State, the law of nations has enacted for the world at large; and the highest of all political philosophy is that which recognises the various civilised countries of the globe as members of one family, impressed with common objects, and tending to one common end—the wealth and welfare of those beneath their rule. It is true there is nothing easier than to inveigh against intervention. It has been the stock-piece of the Manchester School for years back. All the trite truisms so applicable and so ready at hand, have been employed to show that over the internal arrangements of any State no other can presume to exert its influence or dictation—the great question remaining quite untouched, viz., what are strictly, speaking, the purely personal affairs of any country, and when do they stretch beyond the frontiers of their own land, and become the active agencies and interests of the whole world? Lord Palmerston's policy af-

forded unjustly in many instances considerable support to this opinion. His meddling interference everywhere grew into a proverb. Every nation desirous of free institutions, every people seeking emancipation, claimed him as their protector; and unhappily, that patronage, so willingly accorded was rarely conveyed in those terms, or with that strict regard to usage, so sacred in diplomacy. On the contrary, his counsels to Sovereigns were always couched in a phraseology new to royal ears. The smart flippancy of a "slashing article" was a tone but ill-adapted to the nice susceptibilities of Cabinet Councils; and grave statesmen thought they saw no more alarming sign of the times than in the newly invented style of diplomatic correspondence. For many reasons this has been most unfortunate; and we see deep cause to regret that a tendency to say smart things, and an epigrammatic tone, should have marred the policy, and impaired the utility of one, whom we must, with all his faults, regard as the most eminent Foreign Minister England has possessed for a long period of years. Were it our object, nothing would be easier than to show the grounds of our judgment. The events of the last few years in every State of Europe would seem to confirm our opinion; and from the date of the memorable epistle to Prince Metternich, on the question of Cracow, down to his latest despatches to Naples, we see abundant evidence of the very deepest political foresight, based not alone upon great knowledge of statecraft, but upon a thorough acquaintance with, and perfect appreciation of all the characters and capabilities of the leading ministers of Europe. In this respect alone, the Ex-Secretary has far transcended every predecessor in the Foreign-Office for years back; and every one who has lived much abroad, and mixed with the political society of the Continent, cannot fail to be struck with the intimate, we had almost said instinctive, knowledge possessed by Lord Palmerston on the merits or demerits of his contemporaries.

We are quite ready to admit that

this very knowledge has occasionally been a snare to him, and betrayed him more than once into those very excesses for which his correspondence has been condemned. It would be indeed difficult for a man of warm impulses—and such, despite of years, we believe, to influence him—to discuss the views and unravel the intrigues of antagonists, without some chance allusion to the ruling tastes or opinions that suggested them. It might be an invidious task, it certainly would not be a difficult one, to cull from his Lordship's correspondence, a series of remarks on the personal characters and capacities of foreign statesmen; and in this way, many of the observations on passing events, which, to the uninitiated, savour only of pertness or flippancy, display a knowledge of the springs of action and of individual motives, which gave them a terrible significance to the parties themselves and those immediately about them.

To read foreign politics aright, we should possess, at least, some slight share of that knowledge we are attributing to the noble Viscount. We ought not to be utterly ignorant of the men whose very natures are impressed on the acts of cabinets. The insensate ambition of one, the vacillating uncertainty of another, the obstinacy of this one, the venality of that; the secret influences at work here, the private objects that sway there, afford the clue—in some cases, the only one—to acts, the importance of which we are prone to undervalue, from our ignorance of the motives that originated them.

It is undeniable that in the conduct of political events, the character of leading statesmen exert a very powerful influence; and to the passions or prejudices of this or that man, are traceable consequences which affect the whole state of civilised society. Now, in thorough acquaintance with every weak point of his antagonist—and such in diplomacy must they be regarded—Lord Palmerston shone pre-eminently. From the dreamy mysticism of Radowitz to the hot vindictiveness and passionate temper of Schwartzenberg; from the subtlety of Thiers to the small Machiavelism of Casigliano; from the easy pliancy of Azeglio to the suave, but unbending obstinacy of Cardinal Antonelli, he knew them each and all. Over and over again have we

heard foreigners express their astonishment at the exactitude and correctness of his information on these points; and to this knowledge may we trace some of his most brilliant successes, as well as many of his signal failures. For if at some times he was satisfied to be aided by the suggestions it afforded him, at others, he suffered himself to be guided solely by considerations founded on views of personal character, and fancied that results in accordance with these must surely happen.

Whatever may be our opinion of the advantages this species of knowledge would confer, one thing is quite certain, it rendered its possessor perfectly detested on the Continent. Never, probably, in any Administration was a British Minister so much hated abroad as Lord Palmerston. This feeling was not confined to the Absolutist Courts; far from it: the supposed Liberal Cabinets were offended by what they deemed his want of cordiality, and the flippant tone of those counsels which he occasionally bestowed upon them. Unhappily he was not satisfied to read them aright, if he did not let them feel that he did so! Too vain of his own subtlety to let a single occasion of display escape him, he paraded his mastery too palpably and too boldly. It is quite true, that with the exception of M. Guizot, all his opponents were greatly below his mark, not only as thinkers, but as writers. Independently of great natural gifts, his long apprenticeship in affairs gave him an immense superiority over men hastily pushed forward in the emergency of times of trouble and revolution; and this self-reliance was also another cause for that overbearing tone so much-complained of in all his correspondence.

With a mind so stored and constituted, we can now readily conceive how Lord Palmerston was very far from reconciling the doctrine of intervention to the courts of Continental Europe. Nor was the terrorism he exercised limited to this; but he went further, and actually arraigned Cabinets before a bar, which previously none had dared to summon them to—no less than the tribunal of public opinion. Here was, indeed, a revolution in the whole code of diplomacy—here an innovation which threatened the entire fabric from top to bottom. Hitherto the Foreign-Office of each State was a holy of holies, untrodden save

by the high priest. The seal of a despatch was like the show-bread. Lord Palmerston was the first to draw aside the veil of the tabernacle, and exhibit the whole interior to the multitude. Wisely recognising the difference between the questions which are the proper subjects of diplomatic interference, and those which, rising above the limits of a mere nationality, become subjects of interest to the cause of humanity and civilisation, he boldly proclaimed that there was an equity higher than the common law of nations, and that Kings and Cabinets could claim no exemption from the judgment of this court.

The prompt dissemination of the "Gladstone Letters" was precisely a case of this kind. Lord Palmerston knew well that he had no prerogative to step between the King of Naples and his subjects. He thoroughly appreciated all the difficulties of an untenable position. He foresaw the easy reply that would be returned to any remark or remonstrance on his part; and so he simply contented himself with extending publicity to the statements of an incontrovertible witness, lending to them all the weight of his own credence in all their truth and accuracy.

We have heard loud and even insulting comments bestowed by Foreign Ministers on this line of procedure. It has been stigmatised as base, treacherous, and, what they doubtless deemed a far heavier stigma of reproach, undiplomatic. The world has, meanwhile, pronounced a very different sentence; and in the hearty approbation of every true Englishman, and in the grateful sigh of every oppressed man, the noble Secretary has won higher rewards than the tinsel decorations which, like coffin ornaments, serve only to glitter where there is corruption.

Lord Palmerston's greatest claim to eminence as a Foreign Minister lies in the simple fact, that he was the first who ever clearly saw that the whole scope of our English diplomacy, as regards the Continent of Europe, lies within the Mediterranean; that beyond this we have few great interests, and no real influence; that all the power which we could desire to exercise in European politics is attainable here; and that no other field is open to us either for the display of our maritime supremacy, or the exertion of that influence which is its consequence.

How tamely sound the remonstrances

to a Frankfort Diet or a Holstein Conference, in comparison with the polite note of Sir William Parker, dated from the "Queen" or the "Vengeance." What an interval between the efficacy of the protocol dispatched by the "messenger," and the simple demand which was indited under the waving charm of the Union Jack. The confession may not be a very palatable one, but it is assuredly true, that our influence in the interior of the Continent is much below what we usually deem it. It is not alone that our geographical position excludes us from that active interference which frontier states possess, but that both foreign cabinets and foreign people are never able to distinguish between the acts of our Government and the impulses of our population. Constantly confounding one with the other, or mixing up both together, they are sadly puzzled to explain the anomalies and contradictions their own blunders have created. The sage counsels as to well-regulated liberty seem strangely to conflict with the wildest dreams of demagogic freedom, and the prudent reserve of Cabinets appear in singular company beside the levelling doctrines of Chartism. Unable to see the great extent to which liberty of speech and action are carried in England, they assume that whatever is permitted is protected, and that the sentiments and acts which are suffered to pass unheeded by the Government, must necessarily possess its secret support and good wishes.

How often have we laboured, always in vain, to rebut this notion; how fruitlessly have we tried to explain, that the expression of public opinion—the spontaneous burst of public enthusiasm, as often in the wrong as in the right—was totally above the power of any minister to control.

No later than the other day, during those absurd demonstrations to M. Kossuth, we saw the hopeless difficulty of this task. To no end did we assure our hearers that mayors and corporations, estimable and excellent as they were, enjoy no position of political eminence in our country—that municipal functions, however useful, confer no habits of statesmanship; nor will a course of calipash in white-bait in the slightest degree assist the intellect in comprehending the balance of European power, and the true aim of the Treaty of Vienna. The invariable

reply was, a reference to the greatness of the Lord Mayor; and it was looked upon as a disgraceful heresy to insinuate the very meekest doubt of our Grand Lama of Temple-bar.

We might afford to smile at such errors, if they did not, as they assuredly do, occasionally involve very grave consequences; for it is the very same misconception which prevails amongst the people of Europe regarding our institutions that leads to that continual appeal by Foreign Cabinets, requesting our Government to take repressive measures against our press, and demanding the extradition, as the phrase is, of those political exiles who have sought a refuge amongst us.

Little as the honest-hearted people of England sympathised with those trading disturbers of the world's peace—those professional anarchists, who have earned their diplomas of rebellion at the barricades of Paris or on the bastions of Rome, they would reject with scorn and indignation the attempt of any foreign government to dictate the terms of hospitality that should be vouchsafed to them; nay, the very sympathies which are denied them as politicians would be accorded them as guests, and their position would confer on them a degree of popularity that they had never attained by their personal claims.

It would be, perhaps, too much to expect that foreigners, denied all freedom of debate, with a fettered press and an inquisitorial police, should understand the latitude allowed to public opinion in England, or those nice rules of evidence by which we are ourselves guided—between what are the recorded sentiments of the nation, and what the mere outpourings of a popular enthusiasm. That this is an enigma of great difficulty is shewn by the small number of those who, whatever the advantages they have enjoyed of residence in England, are able to make the distinction. Of statesmen, probably Talleyrand was the only one who thoroughly understood this point; and to that fine appreciation of the national character is traceable no slight share of that great diplomatist's success.

It is, indeed, a rare thing to find any foreigner willing to believe in the supremacy of law in England, and who will credit the assertion that we have no power superior to the judgment of our tribunals. To an Austrian or

Italian the pretence would be merely laughable. That judges could not be awed by a minister, controlled by a cabinet, or bribed by a suitor, they would be slow to credit; and that the opinions of the press, or the manifestations of public will, could be in direct opposition to the Government, they would deem a downright impossibility.

It has frequently been Lord Palmerston's task to correct the errors so rife on this subject; and although few could perform the office with a nicer discrimination, we are not certain that any remarkable success has attended the effort. The appeal to legality—the constant references to an unchangeable standard of right and wrong—seemed to be a side-winded flattery of those principles of constitutionalism which we have the credit of desiring to propagate among every people of the globe. If the noble Secretary had contented himself with an exposition of our own administration of justice, there could be little or nothing to reproach in so laudable an effort to hold up a good model for imitation; but, unhappily, that spirit of criticism which seems inherent in his nature, carried him further, and he usually indulged himself in disquisitions on foreign courts and tribunals, very far from complimentary to either their integrity or their honour.

The Blue Books abound with such gems of counsel. The well-known notes to her Majesty's Minister at Athens, and some later advices to the Court of Tuscany, present some striking examples of these strictures.

It may readily be supposed, that such interference as this contributed but little to his Lordship's popularity abroad, and even extended the hatred of his name amongst a class of officials who rarely take cognizance of anything beyond the petty interests of their immediate circle. As far as the interests of British subjects are concerned, we are sorry to admit that this policy has had the very reverse of a favourable effect, and that the course of justice, if not actually denied to them, is rendered a perfect mockery by the vices of its administration. Were the good public in England but aware of the grievous appeals for redress forwarded to our Foreign-Office from every State of Europe—could they but know the demands made to our Foreign Secretary in cases of personal injury, insult,

and obstruction, not to speak of the losses of property, and the spoliation occasionally effected under mock process of law—so far from blaming, or calling in question the meddlesome disposition of the noble Lord who so lately presided in that department, they would probably feel more disposed to censure the supineness of his proceedings, and wonder at the apathetic slowness with which he could treat such appeals to his protection.

It may easily be imagined that the chances of redress depend far less on the merits or demerits of any particular case, than on the deeper and more important relations then existing between our own country and that where the alleged injury has occurred; and, as in private life, the wrong which would admit of an easy apology here, may there be the origin of a deadly and implacable animosity, so in diplomacy, events are grave or light in proportion to the quarter where they originate. Neither Don Pacifico's table linen nor his wife's wardrobe had excited the zeal of the noble Viscount, if the refusal of the Greek Government to award justice had not been instigated and suggested by Russian intrigue. Neither had Prince Corsini's unjust attack on the Protestants of Tuscany been met with the withering sarcasm of its reply, if Austrian Jesuitry had not furnished the calumnious accusation. It may, there is no doubt, be a very imposing charge in a leading article, or it may furnish an amusing sketch to a witty contemporary, to represent our country employing its most powerful armaments—a fleet greater than ever Nelson led to victory—to daunt a defenceless, insignificant Power. But the question involves very different considerations from these; and we are bound to ask, whence this opposition has proceeded, and to what secret influence is owing that stubborn resistance which a moment's consideration must show to be vain and fruitless. To understand our position in regard to Continental Europe, we need scarcely travel beyond the Mediterranean, and there—whether we look on it as our high road to the East, or the link which binds us to those countries with which our intercourse is closest—is comprised the only great interest we possess in the old world. It is not alone for Malta and Gibraltar, or for the Greek Islands, that British interests are excited; but every por-

tion of the littoral claims some separate sympathy at our hands. Spain, the ally by whose side we maintained the greatest struggle for freedom that ever convulsed the Peninsula—Spain, to whose wasted energies we have imparted the life-giving impulse of constitutional government, and with whose commerce our relations are daily augmenting—Spain is to us a land of deep interest. Sardinia, though inferior in mercantile importance, is scarcely less so. The enlightened counsels which of late have prevailed in that country—the noble stand she has taken against the domination of Rome, call loudly for our admiration and good wishes. Looking confessedly to England as her example and her guide, she has drawn closer the ties of amity by a late treaty. In Sardinia, therefore, we recognise a true and firm ally, bound to us by the same love of liberty and the same principles of government. So was it once with Tuscany; the port of Leghorn was almost British. Not only was the tonnage of the vessels carrying our flag quadruple that of all the others, but the richest resident merchants, the most thriving of her population, claimed an English nationality. They who once remember the seaport as the Liverpool of Italy, would scarcely recognise it now—its harbour nearly deserted, its great establishments closed, all its leading men departed. The terrible events of '48 and '49, and the state of siege still maintained in full force by the Austrian garrison, furnish the ready explanation of the change.

The causes which led to this occupation are familiar to our readers—the insurrectionary attitude assumed by Leghorn, and its declared resolution not to return to the allegiance of the remainder of Tuscany. But, probably, they are not equally aware that this very resolve was fostered and promoted by Austria; that Austrian gold and Austrian influence urged on the insensate chiefs of a hopeless cause, to a declaration which, while it pledged *them* to a resistance, compelled the Government of the Grand Duke to seek for the aid of his “faithful ally the Emperor.” In this way two objects of equal importance were compassed—the subjugation and destruction of the “Reds” and the possession of Leghorn by a force, which, called in on an emergency, and for a special purpose, has ever since continued to hold their

ground. If this occupation were to be submitted to the test of legality, not a word could be said in its defence. Unhappily, however, the Treaty of Vienna has long ceased to be anything but waste paper. It may be invoked as the pretext for oppression ; it will never be quoted in defence of injured liberty or an invaded nationality.

The cause which called for Austrian interference no longer exists. The subjects of Tuscany are no longer in rebellion against their Sovereign. His authority is recognised throughout his dominions. It is not even hinted that secret disaffection is at work ; nor have the Imperial spies been able to "improvise" a treason, the old familiar resource with which they are so conversant. On the contrary, the men of moderation are in the majority. The "Exalted," as the Mazzinists are styled, are looked on with disfavour and distrust. The party whose views are a wise constitutionalism is assuredly in the ascendant ; and with the successful example of Piedmont to guide them, the Tuscans might reasonably look forward with hope to a well-ordered and liberal Government. But such views are, by no means, in accordance with Austrian politics. In the crushing force of a despotism—a despotism, that not alone enslaves the body but degrades the intellect, do they see safety for their Lombard possessions. Were Tuscany but to follow the path of Piedmont, how could the cause of progress be arrested on the Po?—how would the millions of the Milanese endure the bondage within sight and hearing of freedom?—how long would they be satisfied to submit to the daily military executions, the banishments, the confiscations, for the very exercise of those rights which, on the opposite bank of a narrow river, are the guaranteed possessions of freemen? No ; the Austrian occupation of Tuscany is all-essential to the success of that system whose sole secret is repression. It might have been supposed that the events of '48 had shaken the confidence of men in the old Metternich system, and established beyond contest the simple fact, that bayonets and grape-shot may retard, but never obliterate the instinctive love of liberty in the human heart, and that as civilisation teaches habits of self-restraint and control, so also it strengthens the aspirations after that regulated freedom, deprived of which,

there is neither individual self-respect nor national greatness. Far from this being the case, the anarchy and bloodshed by which the party of disorder deranged the plans and scattered the counsels of wise and good men, were assumed as the evidences that freedom was but another name for unbridled excess, and that liberty and pillage were convertible terms.

To such of our countrymen as have not witnessed the spectacle, the Austrian position in Tuscany would seem something almost incredible. The Imperial forces are here at the express demand of and by a convention with the Government ; and although this convention never received the consent of the parties who signed the treaty of Vienna, and although Lord Palmerston, in the name and on behalf of Great Britain, distinctly protested against the convention altogether, we will, for sake of argument, admit all its legality, and proceed to examine its working. As the subsidised troops of Tuscany, their duties are, of course, the same as those of the Grand Ducal army—their privileges and their immunities the same. To recognise them as Austrians would be a tacit acknowledgment by other Powers that Tuscany was a part, or at least a fief of the Imperial Crown. Such, however, is not the case.

They claim an exceptional position in every respect, not only as regards the distribution of their force and its amount, but also as to its functions. By an Austrian decree has the state of siege been maintained for two entire years at Leghorn ; by Austrian menace is Florence now threatened with a similar indignity. At once proclaiming themselves above the law of the land they belie, they recognise as the chief, not the Sovereign whose forces they assume to be—not the Government in whose service they now are, but an Austrian Field-Marshal, whose head-quarters is at Milan, and whose rank is that of Governor of Lombardy. It is not a very creditable, although it is a well-known fact in our history, that we, once upon a time, subsidised certain troops of Hesse and Nassau, to assist us in the repression of a rebel movement in Ireland. What would have been thought of that arrangement if the mercenaries so engaged were to have received all their orders from Anhalt or Biberich—acknowledged no command issuing from British officers—re-

gulated all their movements in accordance with views and objects purely their own—consulting in all things the interest of the land they came from, and not that whose pay they were receiving, and whose service they had taken? What, we ask, would have been said had some Nassau General, or some Hessian “Field-Marshal,” from his fastnesses in the Taunus mountains, or some remote village of Rhineland, proclaimed the city of Cork in a state of permanent siege, hanged every possessor of a fowling-piece, or transported any one found with a pruning-knife in his pocket?—and lastly, how long should we have looked tamely on, when our allies, insolently declaring themselves irresponsible, save to their own Government, should have introduced every barbarity of a military code into our civil administration, and made corporal punishment the penalty of every, the slightest, offence against what they are pleased to call military honor? And yet such is precisely, and without any exaggeration, the exact position of the Austrian army in Tuscany. It would be an easy, although a most unpleasing task, to enumerate instances of this tyranny; many of them, we are well aware, would tax the credulity of our readers, as we are free to own they did at first our own ears. They would seem more like the records of a mediæval barbarism than stories of the present century; but unhappily they are beyond the benefit of a doubt; and one of these instances, by no means the gravest, is at this moment attracting some share of public opinion, from the accidental fact that the injured individual is our countryman.

We quote from the *Morning Post* of the 30th December:—

“We have been favoured with the following letter from a gentleman, himself a British subject, enjoying an European reputation, and in every way worthy of confidence:—

“‘Florence, 30th Dec., 1851.

“‘The openly avowed principle of rendering the continent uninhabitable by Englishmen has received a new development in an accident that has just occurred here. Yesterday morning, a young Englishman, named Maysher (Mather), who had only been a short time in Florence, after standing to listen to the band of an Austrian regiment, was quietly proceeding along one of the narrow streets which issue from the Piazza del Duomo. He had not gone far, when he

perceived a *barocino* advancing towards him with all the speed at which these country cars are usually driven. To avoid the danger, he jumped suddenly back, and in doing so came in contact with a young Austrian officer, who was at the same moment coming up at the head of his guard. A smart blow from the flat of a sabre on the back was the mild rebuke for this purely accidental collision. The Englishman, very naturally indignant, demanded in his imperfect Italian the meaning of the outrage. A few angry words were interchanged on either side, when another officer, who accompanied the party, stepped forward, and cut the young Englishman down, laying his head open by a sabre wound of fully a finger’s length. This done, the party proceeded on its way, and our countryman, whose blood covered a considerable space in the street, was conveyed to the City Hospital.

“‘It is quite unnecessary to append one word of comment or remark to so brutal an incident. The simple fact, of which I have endeavoured to give you the details in the fewest words, is far more powerful than any reasonings or reflections upon it.

“‘Bad as it is, it is however worse as part of an avowed and openly declared system—the orders given to the Austrian soldiery here being “to use the sword or the bayonet on every and the slightest provocation;” and as by “provocation” is understood whatever may ruffle the temper or inconvenience the views of these semi-civilised bravos, you can form some notion of the extent of liberty enjoyed by the inhabitants of Tuscany, and participated in by any foreigner at present residing in this State.

“‘When I tell you that a soldier received forty lashes here a few days since for not running his bayonet through a peasant who had jostled him in the street, you will be able to guess the great probability of any redress being afforded in this atrocious case. In fact, the officer is far more likely to receive a “valour medal” or a cross, than to be subjected to the ordeal of a court-martial.

“‘The newspapers are filled with the outrages of Paris; but there is this to be said in their defence—a great political crisis has called for the “state of siege;” but nothing of the kind exists here. We are left at the mercy of a ruffian soldiery, supported in their insolence by one of the most brutal orders that were ever issued to an armed force in the midst of a peaceful population.

“‘To expect any reparation from the laws of the country would be worse than folly. The men who tyrannise in this way are both above the law and the Government; and Tuscany is at this moment an Austrian province, without even that poor pretension to protect liberty which Austrian legislation provides.

“‘I have only to add, that among military men of every nation of Europe, of which there are individuals at present here, but one

opinion prevails as to this event—that it was brutal and unsoldierlike, totally uncalled for by the event, and evidencing as great a degree of cowardice as want of self-command.

“It will satisfy Mr. Maysher’s (Mather’s) friends to learn that his wound, though severe, is not dangerous, and that he is receiving every attention of skill and kindness from the officials of the hospital.”

Now, here is precisely one of those cases, which, yet to be decided on, will at once explain by its issue the position of the Austrian troops in Tuscany. Should the legal tribunals of the Grand Duchy pronounce their incompetence to entertain a question which pertains to martial law, we then naturally ask in what quarter is redress to be sought for?

(FROM THE MORNING POST.)

“We have been favoured with the subjoined communication relative to the outrage at Florence, from a member of Parliament, who is intimately acquainted with the young gentleman and his family, and has had opportunities of perusing the latest accounts of the brutal and cowardly attack:—

“*To the Editor of the Morning Post.*

“SIR.—The details of this atrocious case are in reality even worse than described by your able correspondent at Florence.

“My young friend had been ordered abroad for his health, and was endeavouring to gain it in Italy. Passionately fond of music, and accustomed to Austrian bands, as he had passed some time in Germany, he stood with pleasure listening to one, and was afterwards moving quietly on, as described, when he was struck violently by the flat of a naked sword from behind—no offence being given, no words passed. He then turned round and was expostulating, as every Englishman of spirit would do on such an unprovoked assault, when another armed ruffian—another Austrian officer—stepped forward and cut him down without a word, leaving him there to die.

“It must have ample and speedy redress, or the security of every Englishman abroad, within reach of an Austrian sabre, will be compromised.

“The honour and influence of England herself demand that such scenes should be put an end to.

“If not—the sooner all English families withdraw from Italy the better; as there is no act, however bloody or bad, that may not be perpetrated upon them; for, encouraged by their impunity, and burning with some unaccountable hatred against the English, the Austrian armies will become little better than organised assassins—an armed anarchy.

“Too high praise cannot be given to the medical officers, and others, of the City Hospital, for their kindness—almost devotion, to him in his sufferings. Nor can the attention and manliness of every Englishman in Florence be too highly spoken of. Their bearing and daily visits of inquiry—their offers of service and sympathy, will not easily be forgotten by those interested in his fate, and never, I am sure, by himself.

“The Austrians themselves, at Florence, are beginning to feel uneasy at the consequences indicated by these unequivocal proceedings.

“I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

“—

“January 10, 1852.

“P.S.—Since I wrote the foregoing, letters have been received from Florence, not quite so satisfactory, of Mr. Erskine Mather’s state.

“His young brother writes, on January 2nd:—

“Erskine has had leeches put on his forehead and behind his ears last night and this morning: because, as the doctor says, ‘he is to be kept low, and that he is to be kept quiet, and is not to be excited.’ For that effect, orders have been given not to allow any one to visit him.”

“On the 3rd he appears somewhat better. His brother, writing on that day (he writes every day), says:—

“Erskine is to-day better than he was yesterday. The matter was taken out of the wound to-day, which relieved him a good deal. He has now no headache, and is only weak from loss of blood. Now that nearly all danger of fever has left him, he will, I hope, recover rapidly. . . . Mr. Charles Lever, the distinguished author (he continues), is very kind to him—as Erskine says, acting more like a father than a stranger: he visits him regularly, he and I being the only persons allowed to see him, so that he may not be excited in talking too much, which would injure him. . . . He has now been in the hospital six days. . . . They wanted to bring him to our quarters at first, but he said ‘No—nowhere will I be so well attended to as I am here.’ He is in what they call the ‘nobles’ room,’ which is different from the others in this—that it is for the higher classes—and the attendance is of the best description, though it is good in the others. They have been exceedingly kind and attentive to him throughout.”

“The prominence which the editor of the *Morning Post* has given to this distressing case, showed so sincere an interest in it, that it is thought he may be happy to know the present state of the sufferer, and, above all, of the kind, considerate, and manly bearing of our distinguished countryman, Mr. Charles Lever, from the first moment of the outrage; which has evidently won the hearts of the two brothers, and the respect and esteem of their relatives.”

"We have made inquiries of Mr. Mather's family, and rejoice to learn that he is somewhat better, though very weak from loss of blood. Every British resident in Florence, including the British Ambassador, has waited on him, to express their sympathy, and the firmest determination to have full and ample redress for this cowardly outrage.

"We also understand that Earl Granville, the Foreign Secretary of State, has assumed a position becoming a British minister, upon this dastardly attack on a subject of these realms; and the threat of Prince Schwartzberg to make Europe too hot for Englishmen, of which, we presume, this is one of the means, may yet be made to recoil on his own head.

"It is most gratifying to learn, that Mr. Mather and his brother have sustained, through these trying circumstances, the honour of their country; for while the former was lying bleeding on the ground, he desired the latter, who is only seventeen years of age, to follow the assailant to his quarters, and take care to identify him, which he immediately did, accompanied by competent witnesses. After carrying Mr. Mather to the hospital, this spirited young gentleman laid his complaint before the Charge d'Affairs and Prince Lichtenstein, demanding redress.

"Mr. Erskine Mather, as all can testify who have the pleasure of knowing him, is a young man of extremely polite and courteous manners, and, we believe, utterly incapable of giving wanton offence to the humblest individual; which circumstance renders this brutal assault upon him one of the most unprovoked outrages which it is possible to conceive. From the energy with which all are acting, there can be no doubt it will be made a means for the future of greater protection for the English who are resident abroad.

"Mr. Mather has left here to join his sons in Florence, the Foreign Minister in England, we understand, having determined on the fullest redress."

Will the Tuscan military authorities institute an inquiry, and name a court-martial to try the cause? It would be unfair to prejudge the decision, but we apprehend they will not, and, simply, because they dare not. Austrian supremacy here is too acutely felt to be disavowed!

The influence that is acknowledged at the "Pitti," is recognised through every channel of the Government, and the slightest word of Field Marshal Radetzsky is of far deeper significance than the most formal proclamation, emblazoned with all the titles of his Imperial and Royal Highness the Grand Duke Leopold.

What Convention, we then ask, ever did, or ever could establish such a system as this? Can such an *imperium in imperio* be suffered in any State of Europe? It is worse than absurd to talk of treaties in the face of acts, which not only violate every stipulation of national independence, but are calculated to outrage and insult every sense of national honour!

Some weeks since, two Englishmen, natural sons, we believe, of the late Lord Aldborough, were tried at Leghorn for the crime of high treason. Of the nature of the evidence against them, the specific charges adduced, or the other circumstances of the trial, we are unable to speak, because not only was the court a secret one, composed of Austrian officers, but the accused were denied all access to counsel, and totally excluded from every ordinary means of defence. They may, for aught we know, have been guilty of everything alleged against them, or they may have been perfectly innocent; all possibility of arriving at the truth being totally beyond our ken.

They were, on such testimony as seems to have satisfied their judges, found guilty, and condemned—the one to be hanged, the other to be shot; and this sentence, submitted to Field-Marshal Radetzsky, has since been commuted to imprisonment for life in a fortress. Now, as we have already said, upon the guilt or innocence of these unhappy young men we cannot say a word; the only question on which we have a claim to speak is this—by what right, or under what clause of any Convention, does Field-Marshal Radetzsky, an Austrian officer in command at Milan, revise the proceedings of a court-martial held in Tuscany? Since when have British subjects resident in the Grand Dukedom relinquished all claim to the protection of the laws of that country, and consented to be tried and judged by the military code of Austria?

The case is not one of speculative internationality. These men are English. Like Mr. Mather, they are our countrymen; and the question is not important, only, as regards the individuals, but far more as involving the national honour.

If Tuscany be indeed an Austrian province, and her Grand Duke be an Imperial prefect, let us at least know it—let us, as an Austrian minister,

with more frankness than acuteness, lately observed to ourselves, withdraw our Minister from a Court where we possess neither influence nor object, and seek out as a sojourn some portion of the Continent which, if less favoured by nature, will be, at least, more graciously dealt with by man. But if the independence of this beautiful country be worth preserving—if Austrian rule be a most imperfect

civiliser, and the stick of her corporal but an indifferent schoolmaster—and, lastly, if we owe influence in this quarter of the globe to the first of our Continental influences, then, we say, there is no time to be lost in declaring it; and it behoves our new Foreign Secretary so to act, that Englishmen may not be obliged to exclaim, “Would we had Lord Palmerston back again!”

THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEED IS SOWN FROM WHICH THE WHIRLWIND SHALL BE REAPED.

ALETHEIA was not the only one of the inhabitants of Randolph Abbey who had left it next morning before the first sunbeams had shone on its old turrets. She was to be seen, as usual, in the grey dawn of the morning, taking her quiet way along the path of her daily pilgrimage; the tall drooping figure seeming unable to support the heavy head that was bent towards the ground, whilst her clasped hands were pressed upon her breast, according to her invariable custom. Thus, heeding neither the chill wind, which failed to call a tinge of colour on her marble face, nor the cold dew that rained upon her, from the thickly-laden branches of the trees, she passed on through the park, to a small door which led to the open country, and so disappeared.

Now, through that same gate another had gone some two hours earlier; but not as she went, openly before the eyes of all who might care to watch her—the steps that had preceded hers were stealthy, and many a backward glance was cast through the dim twilight. It was Gabriel who so cautiously stole through the plantation that morning; but no sooner was he outside the park walls, and safe from observation, than he changed from his quiet gliding step, and darted off with extraordinary speed. He did not go near the turnpike road, but took a straight line across the country, leaping hedges and ditches, and every other obstacle which came in his way, till he had passed considerably the boundary of the

Sir Michael's estate. The lands on which he now had entered belonged to another proprietor, whose abode, a fine old house, in the Elizabethan style, might be seen standing in a most picturesque situation on a height, which rose from the centre of a deep valley.

This vale was thickly wooded, and a bright stream flowed through the midst of it. The village belonging to the property was at the foot of the hill on the opposite side, but there were several cottages belonging to the tenantry scattered about among the trees in various directions; one of these stood in a particularly isolated position, on the bank of the stream, almost entirely concealed from view by the rocks and bushes. Towards this hut, for it was little more, Gabriel directed his steps, and soon found himself standing under one of the windows. It was closely barred, as might be expected at that early hour; but Gabriel knocked softly against the shutter, and then went round to the door; almost before he reached it, it was opened, and closed again as quickly, when he had passed into the house. He now stood in a small room, rather better furnished than is usually the case in cottages of that description; there was an evident attempt to give it a sort of drawing-room look, which ill-befitted the size, and the rough floor and walls. From this room a door opened into the kitchen, where everything was of the most ordinary kind.

The house appeared to be inhabited by one solitary individual only, who now

stood beside Gabriel; this was a woman of some fifty years of age, who still was very handsome, tall, with jet black hair and eyes, and a proud look, which might have rivalled Lady Randolph herself: yet it was, by no means, an agreeable style of beauty; her expression was peculiarly unpleasant—half-crafty, half-insolent; and her whole appearance was essentially coarse and vulgar. She wore a dress of common materials, such as are used only by persons of the lower ranks, and to which the costly rings that sparkled on her fingers presented a strange contrast. She greeted Gabriel, however, with an evident tenderness, which, for a moment, greatly improved her expression; and drawing him quickly into the little kitchen, she made him sit down at a table where some breakfast was already laid out.

“So, mother, you expected me,” said Gabriel, as he glanced at these preparations; “or you would not have been so early astir.”

“To be sure I did—I have expected you every morning for this last week, and I have been half out of my senses with impatience because you did not come. What did you mean by neglecting me this way?—do you think I don’t know how much you must have to tell me of the doings of Randolph Abbey? I know the last heir is come.”

“But you do not reflect how difficult it is for me to come here unobserved; I am always in terror that our relationship will be discovered.”

“Well, thank goodness!” said the proud woman, with a toss of her head, “the day is coming, if only you play your cards well, and let yourself be guided by me, when you will have no reason to be ashamed of your mother. I should like to see who won’t be ready to pay their visit to Mrs. Randolph, mother to the master of Randolph Abbey.”

“Not so fast,” said Gabriel. “I assure you I thought the game was up yesterday; and were it not for a scheme I have in view, which I think may be cleverly worked out, I should think so still.”

“How?—tell me all, all, quick.”

“But I have something to hear, too. I know Aletheia has been with you.”

“She has, but you shall not hear one word about her till you have made me understand all that is going on. I have no confidence in you since this mad love of yours took half the spirit

out of you. If I were not always at hand to keep you up to the work, you would fail, I am certain, and lose the estate for the sake of this girl.”

“But I tell you, mother, I choose to have both; and if I had not felt you were necessary to me, I should not have undergone all the risk and anxiety of having you concealed so near me; above all things, however, remember that it is your interest as well as mine that I should gain Aletheia, for I should then have her chance of the inheritance as well as my own.”

“No doubt; and this alone reconciles me to her sharing it with you, and gives me patience to act by her as I do; but I shall be mistress, then, when we’ve got the Abbey. I can tell her I have not submitted to be deprived during twenty long years of my rightful station, as your father’s widow, to knock under to your wife, Gabriel, just when the object of my ambition is gained at last.”

“You shall do as you will, mother, if you will gain me Aletheia, and the estate,” said Gabriel, his countenance denoting some of the disgust which he always felt when he left the more refined atmosphere of Randolph Abbey, to come in contact with his mother’s innate vulgarity.

“Well, now tell me what has been going on, like a good boy; you wear my patience out.”

“You know that uncle Edward’s daughter is come.”

“Yes, I watched the carriage taking her up from the boat. I took care not to be seen behind the trees, but I caught a glimpse of her; a childish looking creature she seems to be.”

“She has won Sir Michael’s heart, whatever she is.”

“Don’t tell me so,” half screamed the woman.

“Too true. He scarcely conceals from us, or from herself, that he has already fixed upon her for his heir.”

“It shall not be—it shall not be,” said his mother, striking the table violently with her hand. “It was bad enough to have to struggle with Walter; but I will find means to prevent this.”

“Patience, mother; I told you I had a plan.”

“Out with it, then; let us see what it is like.”

“Simply that I think it would be no difficult matter to make Lilius fall in

love with Hubert Lyle, and you may fancy how Sir Michael would relish that."

"What!" exclaimed his mother, with a shriek of delight; "do you mean that proud woman's deformed son?—that would be a chance. I fancy I see the old man's rage. I've owed him a grudge this many a day, and upon my word this would settle it to my full satisfaction; but how is it possible? Take care, Gabriel, you don't miss the game; surely that pretty girl would never take up with a cripple."

"Never fear, I know what I am about. I have read her character through and through; she is just that generous, romantic sort of girl that would choose to make up to him for his misfortunes by her love; precisely because he is deformed and neglected by all, she would be disposed to give herself to him."

"More fool she; but if you can manage it, it's a capital affair for us; there would be an end to her chance of the heiress-ship fast enough; but how on earth it is to be done, I cannot conceive. Sir Michael keeps him locked up, does he not?—he will never let her go near him."

"Why, no, he does not exactly lock him up; but certainly that is the great difficulty, that my uncle will be disposed to take all means to keep his favourite apart from Lyle, whom he hates. However, I have laid a plot by which I can settle it all, I think; see if you can follow my scheme, mother, for it is intricate enough."

"And pray who taught you to plot, if not myself, master Gabriel?" said his mother, triumphantly. "A likely story, indeed, that I should find it difficult to understand your plan!—let us hear it, and I'll tell you if it is fit for working."

"Here it is then: the arrangement which Sir Michael has made in his own mind is, that Lilius should marry Walter, whom he likes best next to herself amongst his heirs. He was a good deal annoyed last night to find that I saw through this plan, in case I should attempt to thwart it; but as he never concealed from me that I was the one whom he could least endure of us all, and the last certainly he would choose, I thought it best to let him suppose that having no hope of the succession, I should be satisfied to receive from him a handsome compensation, if I assisted him in the scheme I had discovered."

"But you would *not* be satisfied," interrupted his mother, angrily, "with any such thing."

"Of course I should not," said Gabriel; "but for my own ends I chose it to appear so to the old man: he is convinced, therefore, that he has enlisted me by the best means in his cause, and he will trust me. Now, what I design to do is this—he will depend upon me for information as to the state of matters in the family, for you know he shuts himself up all day to work at his chemical experiments; and I shall keep him always satisfied that the affair is progressing just as he would wish between Walter and Lilius, whilst in reality I shall be furthering her intercourse with Hubert to the utmost of my power. Should Sir Michael discover this, or at least discover that they meet, as most likely he will, I shall tell him that it is essential to the success of his own scheme that it should be so, as Lady Randolph is only prevented trying to break off the marriage of Lilius and Walter, so greatly against her own interests, because the pleasure she takes in Hubert's society blinds her to the fact that her heart is given to Walter. Then some fine day, when the plot is ripe for it, and Lilius has gone too far to recede, I shall find means to let the truth be known to the old man, and you will just see whether Hubert and she are not both turned out of the house fast enough, and what is more, if I succeed in all I mean to attempt, Walter shall be turned out along with them, for having aided and abetted in their proceedings. Now, mother, what do you say to that? We shall make a pretty clearance, shall we not, if I can accomplish it?"

"A fine scheme, truly! but, as you say, if you can do it. I have my doubts, for it is a subtle business; and what I think the greatest difficulty is the probability of the girl losing an estate and a husband like Walter, for the sake of this deformed man."

"You do not know her as I do."

"Well, you must even take your own way, and we'll hope for the best; but be sure you let me know how matters speed."

"I will. And now it is my turn. Come near that I may learn every word and look of Altheia when you saw her last; and most of all tell me that you are certain she still remains in perfect ignorance who you are."

"There can be no doubt of it. She considers me only as a tenant of Mr. Sydney's, and she comes here for no other reason but because she knows I lived at Sydney Court in my youth, and can tell her more of the present master than any one else."

"And you take care to bring her into this kitchen only, and to take off all those rings before she sees you."

"Don't be afraid, Gabriel," said the woman bitterly; "your future wife thinks of your mother no otherwise than as the daughter of Mr. Sydney's housekeeper—his servant, in short. Oh! child, I must have loved you well to submit to such degradation."

"You love Randolph Abbey better," said Gabriel, calmly, "and you well know that our best hope of gaining it lies with Aletheia; my own chance is small enough, I can tell you."

"We shall make it greater before we've done," said his mother.

"But Aletheia," continued Gabriel, impatiently; "tell me what passed in your last interview?"

"The old story," said the woman. "She came and asked me, with that sweet mournful voice of hers, how I was, and if there were anything she could do, to make me happier or more comfortable. Then she went and sat down on that low stool in the dark corner, and asked me if I would tell her some more details of my life in the days when I lived at Sydney Court; and I know well what that means. She cares little enough for the doings of the housekeeper's daughter; but when I begin to speak of Richard Sydney, she buries her face in her hands, and listens as if my words were to be life or death to her."

"And you take care to tell his history in such a way, as to destroy for ever all idea of a marriage with him, if ever she has thought of it?" said Gabriel, eagerly.

"She never has had any thought of the kind," said the woman; "I am now perfectly certain of that, whatever may be the meaning of their mysterious friendship. She knows that the curse of madness has been upon his family for centuries, working fearful misery to their race, from generation to generation, and that this Richard, the last of his house, has vowed that the plague shall terminate with him, and that he will sacrifice himself

to a solitary life rather than marry with this poison in his veins, and propagate the evil still further. She knows this full well, and approves of it; for when I said it was a noble thing in him to be the first of all his family who had courage to make this sacrifice of himself, and give up all chance of happiness as a husband and a father, she answered—'he does but his bounden duty: they sinned of his race, who feared not to have children born to them with so dreadful a taint in their blood, and to give life to innocent beings charged with such a curse. It is a piteous thing, in truth, that one so noble and so good as he is should be the chosen victim; but still it is a righteous holocaust, and his shall be the martyr's crown.'"

"Mother, this is good news, indeed. She said this the last time you saw her, did she?—then certainly there is no fear of a marriage there."

"None whatever, for I tried her in every way. I said, for instance, that I wondered sometimes if Mr. Sydney would be able to keep his stern resolution through all the temptations that might beset him. So fine-looking a man as he is would, most likely, win some woman's heart; and if he did, he might consider it a higher duty still to make her happy. But you should have seen how Aletheia looked round at me when I said this. 'Make her happy!' she exclaimed—'at the cost of his own holy vow, taken before high Heaven, for the good of man! Make her happy! and extend this scourge throughout the world, giving birth to miserable beings foredoomed to such madness and such despair! Never!—he has too great a mind, too pure and generous a heart so weakly to fall; and if he were thus to forget the holy rectitude to which he has made an offering of himself and all the joys of earth, surely there cannot exist a woman base enough to lure him into such defection, or to purchase her own life's happiness with his soul's perjury. Yes, though she so loved him that to die for him were the sweetest joy her heart could know, yet, whilst her own moral sense acknowledges that it is no less than his strict duty to give up the dearest earthly ties, that he may cause the agony of this madness to cease with the extinction of his race, she rather would endure an existence, whose every moment should be utter

misery, than cause him, for her sake, to sin.' I tell you, Gabriel, when she said this, I felt as if her voice had spoken it to my heart, that she loved him with a love whose depth and nature neither you nor I could understand; but as it is equally plain that she will never marry him, I don't suppose the love will stand much in our way."

"If it be that which so fills her soul that she has neither thought nor word for any living creature else, it is no mean enemy we have to fight, mother; but I cannot understand it. What can be the connexion between them? No woman would be content, surely, to cherish all her life long so utterly hopeless a passion; the very thought of so wasted an existence would crush her very heart. One would think it is not possible, and I will not believe it, that at her age she can submit to contemplate a long tract of years in this world, given up to such a desolation of constancy as this. I am certain there is a mystery in it which we cannot fathom. Are you certain, mother, that Richard Sydney is the person who comes so mysteriously to visit her once every month?"

"I am nearly sure of it. You told me what day he came, and I have taken care to spy out Mr. Sydney's movements. Well, you know, from week's end to week's end, usually, he never leaves Sydney Court, and takes no exercise but on the terrace or in the garden; and yet as regularly as possible on that day he mounts his horse and rides off in the direction of Randolph Abbey: so I think it is plain enough that he and the visitor are one and the same."

"If it be so," said Gabriel, gloomily, "it is, then, he in whom her whole being is so absorbed, that she seems to live but in one thought; for, freely as she talks to you, at Randolph Abbey she is never seen to move out of her statue-like calm, excepting on that one occasion when her visitor is expected; and then it is sufficient but to look in her face to see how the very soul within her is lashed up to some fearful emotion, like the waves of the sea in a storm. Ah! mother, you do not know what madness it is to me to see this—to feel that there is a human being in the world who has power to make that heart beat so intensely, that I fancy I can almost hear it; whilst I, who wor-

ship the very stones her feet have touched, cannot move her for one moment out of the cold lethargy which seems to ignore my existence."

"Courage! child. If once we can detach her from this Sydney, depend upon it she will come to love you. No woman's heart could resist such affection as yours," said the mother, with natural partiality.

"But what is the nature of her connexion with Sydney?" said Gabriel, stamping on the ground impatiently. "It is this that confounds me. One sees plainly that she must be withdrawn from him, or I never shall have a chance; but since she certainly never means to marry him, I cannot conceive what is the meaning of the subtle, mysterious tie that binds her to him, or how it is to be broken: we seem to be fighting with shadows."

"I don't understand it any more than yourself. I am only certain of one thing—that till she can be made to hate or to despise him, she never will give a thought to any one else in this world. I assure you, Gabriel, it perfectly appals me to see her face when I am talking of him. I am not given to be much moved by other people's feelings; but when I am telling her, as she makes me tell her almost every time she is here, the history of Richard Sydney's sufferings, from the time when he was first awoke out of his ignorance of the family malady, by the suicide of his father, in a fit of raging insanity, to the death of his mother; and how she, in her last hour, bewailing the sin she had committed in marrying his father, and so causing him to break the resolution which he had taken, that he would remain single, and let the curse die with him, as Richard has now determined, besought her son at least to redeem his parents' weakness by his strength, and offer up himself as the final victim; and how Richard did solemnly promise on his knees, and sealed the promise by kissing the cross she wore. Ah! I was there, and I saw how white the lips were with which he touched the holy sign, and how he has kept the vow inviolate unto this day, and lived a lonely man, waiting till death shall bury him and the curse in one deep grave. When I am telling Aletheia these things, Gabriel, it makes my very blood run cold to see the look of her face—that dead-white face—rigid as though it were gazing out from a shroud, and the

eyes, growing, with their fixed stare, unnaturally large; those living eyes, glaring out from unfathomable depths, with a strong, horrible, torturing passion, which seems too strong for flesh and blood to bear, and never a tear in them, but only the cold drops of agony standing out on her forehead, and the clasped hands working all the while convulsively. Then, when she rises to leave me, she totters, faint and almost dying, from the exhaustion of her intense feeling."

"Oh! mother, stop, I cannot bear it," said Gabriel, starting up, and pacing the room in great agitation; "how she must love him, so to suffer! Oh! Aletheia—my Aletheia, will you never be mine? Mother, is there no chance of this man going mad like his forefathers?" and as Gabriel asked the question his face had the expression of a fiend.

"Not the slightest," said the woman coolly, "I have ascertained that from the family doctor, who knew me well as the housekeeper's daughter, and knows nothing of my marriage. He told me it would have declared itself in Richard years ago, had there been any chance of his being attacked. It has invariably betrayed itself in those of the family who had it, when they were quite young; but several of the Sydneys have escaped altogether, and they have all been different in appearance and constitution from those who have been insane. He says Richard is perfectly safe, though it is equally certain he would convey it to his children."

"Then, how is he to be got rid of?" said Gabriel, impatiently; "you said something of making Aletheia hate or despise him—how is it to be done?"

"Patience, child, we don't see our way clear yet; we must find out a little more, as to the real nature of their acquaintance, and then we can take advantage of circumstances as they arise. I have no doubt whatever that we shall be able to manage it; for if we cannot turn her heart against him, it will not be difficult to make her fancy that his has gone from her, in whatever shape it may have been given hitherto. The very intensity and greatness of her love for him will make her so sensitive, that I am certain this will be easily done in some way; if we can but rouse her woman's pride, or make her think it would be better for him to be freed from her, the business is done."

"Well, mother, you give me hope, for I have confidence in your judgment, and still more in your talents for intrigue; but remember this, if anything is to be done at all, you alone can do it, for Aletheia evidently thinks that, in your inferior station, you could neither suspect her nor understand anything of her interior history; and so she speaks openly to you, in order to draw out whatever information you can give her; whereas with us at Randolph Abbey she is more like a dead corpse moving about among us, deaf to all human sounds, and blind to all earthly sights, than a living being on whose passions it would be possible to work. In fact we, none of us, should ever be able to know anything whatever of her life or state of mind; events might occur which should strike death to her heart, yet her eyes and lips would give no sign of it to us. You only have, strangely enough, got the clue to her soul, as it were, and, therefore, with you all our hopes must rest."

"If so I will make good use of my power, never fear. You will not doubt my zeal at all events; but you have your part to perform also, Gabriel. You have to bring me a strict account of all that goes on at Randolph Abbey, especially all particulars of Sydney's visit there, so that I may be ready, at any instant, to take advantage of the smallest circumstance favourable to our plan for separating those two, definitively."

"You are right, and I will take care to keep you thoroughly *au courant*. And now I must go; only, mother, tell me have you watched Aletheia, day by day, in her morning pilgrimage—is it still the same?"

"The same precisely."

"She still comes, does she?" asked Gabriel, sorrowfully — "struggling with her tender feet up that steep and difficult ascent, as I saw her that one day when I watched her; struggling up so wearied, so exhausted, with powers over-strained to a fearful extent, and yet, with her unconquered will, gaining the lofty summit, from whence the whole valley lies displayed before her eyes—and then standing there, with folded hands, casting down that one wistful gaze, so passionately mournful, it makes one long to see her die rather than feel that she is living in such suffering. And

when she has seemed to send her whole soul out in that one, deep, longing look, then laying herself down on the rock, pressing that poor pale cheek to the cold stone, and giving way to a burst of deep, miserable sobbing, such as would come only from a spirit broken with a rod of iron. Oh! when I think of her as I saw her, lying there weeping her very heart away, I feel that one hour of such torture as she then endures were enough for a lifetime. And to know that this scene is repeated every day, it seems impossible. Mother, have you really seen her?"

"I have—just as you have described. I have seen her every morning for the last month. I stand among the bushes and watch her; she little thinks I am so near. But if you want to convince yourself again, go up the hill now; it is about her time."

"I hardly know if I could endure to look upon her in her agony again."

Whatever be the cause of this daily offering up of her passionate heart, in these burning tears, it tells me but too plainly that some one, intense, tremendous feeling lies in the depth of her soul, which has become the very well-spring of her life, though the waters are of exceeding bitterness."

Gabriel spoke very mournfully, for his natural selfishness was at that moment deadened by the strength of the love that must needs be compassionate in the face of such agony as Aletheia's. But his mother artfully said a few words, well adapted to arouse his utmost irritation against his mysterious enemy, Richard Sydney, and fan the flame of his ambition and covetous desires concerning Randolph Abbey, so that he went out from her the same subtle, intriguing, calculating being, that her baneful teaching had rendered him from infancy.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WORK OF A MASTER-PASSION.

LET a man be as crafty and artificial as he will—as much a thing moulded by human hands as though no Divine power had breathed into him a living soul, some one passion there will ever be before whose intense reality his whole spirit will fall prostrate. On all other points he may make himself master of his feelings, his actions, and his words; he may immolate them all to one deliberate and predeterminate end—and that, a plot against which his unbiassed nature would have revolted: but in the one deep living thought wherein his humanity will assert its power, he will be for ever constrained to be true to it, and at its bidding to weep or smile, to agonise or rejoice.

It was thus with the strong and subtle spirit of Gabriel. Master he was, and would be of himself, and in a great measure of those around him, by means of the most cunning and deeply-laid intrigues, but the love which, sorely against his will, he had conceived for Aletheia Randolph swayed his powerful soul, and caused it to rock and reel beneath its weight, like a willow in the wind. That which maddened him the most was the mystery which surrounded her; her position and state of mind were wholly inexplicable to him; he

was firmly convinced, as we have seen in his conversation with his mother, that he need not fear a rival in Richard Sydney. Aletheia would not marry him even had he desired it; which could not be the case, for it was a fact, notorious in the whole neighbourhood, that the last of the Sydneys had never, for one moment, wavered in the solemn and noble resolution he had taken, that with him should terminate the unhappy race, on whom lay the blight of insanity in its darkest form.

Yet, though Gabriel felt in his inmost heart that Aletheia would rather dig her grave with her own hands than cause this heir of a curse to swerve from his righteous vow, it was no less plain to him, by that strange instinct of the soul which all possess, that her whole being was bowed down at the feet of this man by the power of some passion which he could not comprehend; he would not, he could not, believe that she, or any woman, however unworldly and careless of herself, could devote her existence thus, in the prime of youth, to so barren and hopeless a love, which from the hour of its dawning in her heart, to the setting of life itself, could never be other than one living despair. And, again, were it even pos-

sible to conceive that in the deep of her own soul she might thus dedicate herself to a most rare devotion, it could not be that any man would accept so fruitless a sacrifice, be his character what it might. There was no motive for receiving thus the offering of a life which could never be available. Were he selfish and worldly, such a gift were a useless burden; but if noble-hearted and high-minded, like Richard Sydney, never surely would he submit that a whole existence should thus be immolated to him. Now, whatever might be the aim and end of Aletheia's devotion to him, it was certain that Sydney was cognisant of it; some species of compact and agreement there assuredly was between them—some arrangement definitively settled, in which no change was contemplated.

Was this an arrangement which permitted that Aletheia should marry another? Outwardly it seemed certain there could be nothing to prevent such an event; yet a deep dark doubt lay at the heart of Gabriel that she was in some way a prisoner bound down in chains of iron, by the hand of the man whose wife, they were mutually resolved, she never should be. That which chiefly perplexed and terrified him in the matter was a recollection which haunted him perpetually. In the frenzy of his anxiety, on one occasion, he had done that which no man of honour would have done; but it may have been seen that the teaching of his low-born mother was not the school where scrupulous honour or delicacy was to be acquired. He had listened at the door of the library, which communicated with another small room, whilst Aletheia and her visitor, whom he now knew to be Richard Sydney, were there; and he had heard, first the measured accents of the man's deep voice speaking calmly, sternly, for a time; and then, suddenly, the sweeter tones of Aletheia, usually so low and musical, raised to what was almost a convulsive shriek, uttering only the words, "Mercy! Oh, have mercy! Oh, not from you—not this from you. Have mercy—have mercy—have mercy." No language can express how that cry thrilled to the very depths of his soul with exquisite pain. He never had heard her voice before in the accents of passion, nor even with a trace of feeling; and now there was in it such an agony of mingled terror, and entreaty, and un-

utterable suffering, he felt that he himself must have died to reassure her—to relieve her from that torture. Yet how did he who seemed to be her master and tyrant answer that piteous supplication? Gabriel heard the sound, though he could not distinguish the sense, of a few harsh words of severe rebuke; then the tread of quick steps towards the door, as though he were about to leave her in anger; and, again, the convulsed tones of Aletheia, though now subdued and choked, as in deadly fear, wailing out this prayer—"Ah, do not go; ah, mercy, mercy, do not go!"

Gabriel could endure no more: he felt as if he were assisting at her execution—at a process of moral torturing sharper than the inquisition of old; and he fled from the place, to be for evermore haunted by the memory of that incomprehensible scene of agony. There was certainly enough in all this sorely to perplex him; yet whatever were the extraordinary secret of Aletheia's life—whatever were the terrible tie which linked her to one whom a dark misfortune rendered an outcast from his race, Gabriel had vowed unto himself that he would break it. It was, as it were, a promise he had made to his life, which must for ever be destroyed if the one good he had set before himself as alone to be desired, the presence, if not the love of Aletheia Randolph, were denied it. And the deeper his own passion for her eat into his soul, as it did each day that he beheld her mournful eloquent eyes, and heard the inexpressible sweetness of her voice, the more ardently did he steep his whole being in strength, that he might fight, not only with his fellow-creatures, but with destiny itself, that he might win her. He walked on now with a quick resolute step. For the moment his thoughts were concentrated on the one desire—to see her that morning when she went through the silent scene his mother had described, in which she offered herself up, as it were, each day, to the dark agony which was consuming her life.

In this he succeeded. From among the thick brushwood he watched the drooping, lifeworn figure toiling up the steep ascent;—fainting the heart he knew, and failing the limbs; pained and convulsive came the breath over the pale lips, for the effort was far beyond her strength: yet on, with a despe-

rate resolution, he saw her struggle to the summit. There was an irresistible feeling of hate and envy to the object, whatever it might be, that so absorbed the noble soul of Aletheia Randolph, which made Gabriel hide his face in his hands, that he might not see her intense gaze upon the valley: sad, longing, as the backward glance of a dying man upon a life of joy, or the exile on the land of his nativity receding from his sight; or more deeply yearning still, like to the last look upon the face of the corpse whose living head has been pillowed on our heart, whose image, dead, is buried there as in a tomb. He would not look on her when her beseeching eyes had in them the immensity of mournful love with which, none knew why, they ever looked upon the valley. He could not explain why, but the sight ever woke within him a furious jealousy. A little while he waited; then raised his head, in time to see her lie down upon the stones, as though she were stretching herself out upon the rack; and through the clear morning air, where larks were singing, and the thousand voices of nature speaking joy and melody, there came to him the sound of that deep sobbing, as though she would have wept her very heart away.

The love of Gabriel for Aletheia was a lawless, imperious love, without one shade of submission to higher powers; yet was he better and nobler when he indulged it than at any other time, for, at the least, it was genuine—a true impulse of the soul: and for this cause it made him at intervals self-forgetting; whereas on all other points his egotistical ambition, and the low, mean intrigues whereby he sought to gratify it, rendered him that saddest

and most despicable of characters, a godless, untruce, self-seeking man. Now he stretched out his arms towards her, speaking with impressive earnestness—

“Oh, my Aletheia, I feel it were good for you that you never had been born! But since you live, oh, pluck from your heart this beloved anguish! for your strange love is agony, and yet you cherish it. Cast it out, like a demon with which you are possessed. I will so give to you a life-long worship, that you shall yet rejoice to live.”

He said it were better for her that she never had been born! Oh, presumptuous folly! that weighs the destiny of God's creatures in the balance of time, when He has moulded them for an eternity! Could that man, who never raised his heart from the dust from whence it sprung, have seen her as the angels saw her, he would have understood how her ardent, impassioned soul required, for its purifying, no less than the furnace seven times heated, in whose consuming flames it now was plunged. No lighter tribulation, no blunter instrument than the keen knife which she wore in that tender bosom, could have detached the heart, which beat so wildly, from the things of dust and clay, that lured it to idolatry!

The drama of this life is truly very strange! Those two met a few hours later at Sir Michael's breakfast-table: and the face of Aletheia had the monumental aspect of the marble statue that seems to sleep upon the ancient tomb; whilst Gabriel, with his wily glance from side to side, his submissive aspect and meek assent to whatever was proposed, seemed the last to conceive a bold and resolute design, or cherish a violent, overwhelming passion.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TREASURES OF THE WORLD AND THE TREASURES OF THE SOUL ARE WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

LILIAS had only been one week at Randolph Abbey; but whether or not it were the influence of that atmosphere which seemed impregnated with the hot breath of the dark human passions working there, certain it is that already on her cloudless eyes there was an anxious shade, and the smile came less freely round the sweet mouth

that never had spoken aught but gentle, guileless words.

The truth was, for the first time Liliass had a care. She possessed all the bright enthusiasm of youth, in her sympathy for misfortune and her devotion to what she held to be a duty—an enthusiasm at which the more experienced make a mock, but that would urge us

to many noble deeds, could we retain it through all the world's searing to the last. She had made a sort of religion to herself of the resolution she had taken to become the friend of the lonely man, persecuted, as it seemed to her at once by misfortune and the cruelty of his fellow-creatures, whom she had met on that eventful night. She held herself, indeed, bound by the promise she then had made to him; and since that hour it had been the source of many bright visions to her. She was haunted by the thought, how sweet it were to see his life growing brighter, and his heart more hopeful, under the influence of one pure human friendship, warm and disinterested. There is nothing more alluring to the young heart, if it be pure and unselfish, as was that of Lilius, than the dream of conferring happiness: higher, more intoxicating far than to receive joy at the hands of others, is the hope of being a comfort to the lowest or meanest upon earth; and we are very apt in those early days, when no experience of disappointment or world-taught prudence has set a limit to the boundlessness of our desires for good, to make to ourselves an idol of some such vision, and our hearts a temple where it is enshrined in hope.

It was thus that she had set before herself the dream of cheering the cold, dark life of Hubert Lyle, with her loving friendship. It had become, as we have said, a species of religion with her, and her spirit rested there as in an earthly Eden. But she had not anticipated the great difficulty that stood in the way of its realisation, in the simple fact that she never saw Hubert, nor did it seem likely that he would ever again cross her path, though abiding under the same roof. She spent the greater part of each day with Sir Michael: but it was his wish that she should also be much with her cousins; and she walked with Walter, Gabriel, or sat with Lady Randolph in the drawing-room, ever hoping that somewhere she would meet the serene gaze of those dark grey eyes looking into her soul as they had looked on that moonlight night.

But it was not so. Each member of the Randolph family was daily present with her; for Sir Michael made a point of their all habitually frequenting the public rooms, that he might have the malicious plea-

sure of showing Lady Randolph how he was passing his future heirs in review before him; and even Aletheia was constrained to appear amongst them with that look upon her face which told that, like Prometheus bound to his rock, so was she chained to this life in agony. From her Lilius shrank with a feeling of awe and terror which had its germ in the words of the stranger's caution; but she freely associated with the others, and rapidly became an object of deep interest to Walter, precisely as Sir Michael had hoped, and Gabriel predicted. But Lilius was quite unaware of this, and, in truth, had not a thought to bestow on him; though her natural amiability made her treat him with a cordial gaiety which delighted him, her whole mind was concentrated on the one desire, to hear again the voice and behold once more the face of Hubert Lyle; and she devoted all her energies for its accomplishment.

At last it was plain to her that no chance meeting was possible, and that she must herself take some decisive measure. The only indication she had ever had that their one brief interview was no strange dream of her imagination was, that occasionally, in the still night, a voice full of wailing sweetness reached her, accompanied by the deeper tones of the organ; and she would listen breathless, it was so like an angel singing, and longed that she could have gone in her ignorance once more where now it was impossible she could venture. At last, in her perfect guilelessness, she resolved to do what a less innocent heart would have shrunk from; but she had that true delicacy which felt that candour and openness in the right quarter were infinitely purer and more dignified than reserve.

Lady Randolph was walking one morning on a sheltered path by the side of the noble river which flowed through the park: it was her favourite haunt. Often when the memory of departed days was strong upon her, and joys for ever lost were thronging round her, like pale, mournful ghosts, she would leave the house by a private entrance, and betake herself to this solitary spot, that, in the mechanical process of pacing to and fro, she might regain the haughty composure which it was her pride ever to display. She was thus employed when she heard a bounding step on the bank over her

head. There was a waving of white garments among the trees—a light spring to the ground, as of a fawn escaping to the woods; and Liliás stood before her.

Lady Randolph stopped, and looked at her with her usual cold, proud gaze. She had striven hard to dislike her niece, because she was so plainly Sir Michael's chosen favourite; but she had utterly failed; the child was so candid and simple, so innocent of all evil design, so confiding in those who were, in truth, her worst enemies, it was impossible to hate her. Nay, even in her secret heart, Lady Randolph loved her in spite of herself; but for this very reason she studied to be ever supremely haughty and chilling in her manner to her. Liliás seemed never to observe it, or at least she never resented it. She knew no reason why Lady Randolph should be unkind to her, and, therefore, she would not suspect her of being so; but she saw plainly enough that she did not seem to desire her society, and, therefore, strove, with the most gentle consideration, to keep aloof from her. Now, however, she had a motive which she considered higher than any duty she owed her aunt; and it was without the slightest embarrassment that she stood before her, and lifted her unclouded eyes to the proud, handsome face.

"I hope I have not disturbed you," she said, with her sweet, clear voice; "if this time is inconvenient, I will come again; but I wish very much to speak to you."

"How could you disturb me?" said Lady Randolph, half contemptuously. "I was not engaged in any way;" and a slight flush tinged her cheek, as though she fancied Liliás could have guessed the deep emotion with which she had been struggling.

"But you may wish to be alone," said the young girl, timidly.

"The present society at Randolph Abbey certainly makes solitude peculiarly agreeable; however, I must own, Liliás, you are very careful never to intrude on me: therefore, pray remain with me, if you have anything to say."

Liliás turned, and walked by her side.

"I have a great favour to ask," she said.

"I should have thought Sir Michael so fully anticipated all your desires, that there was nothing left for me to

do," said Lady Randolph, with a bitter smile.

"He could not grant me this," replied Liliás, calmly looking up at her; "and, yet it is the only thing in all the world that I desire just now; nothing else has any value for me."

Lady Randolph looked round in surprise.

"Why, what can I possibly have in my power to do for you? I should imagine it was rather I who might be supposed to ask favours of the future heiress of Randolph Abbey."

"Oh! do not call me by that hateful title," said Liliás earnestly, putting her hand in her aunt's.

"Hateful title!"

Lady Randolph gazed fixedly at her; if that candid, childlike face could have deceived, she believed that Liliás was trying to delude her now, but those sweet truth-speaking eyes were not to be doubted.

"Why is it hateful to you?" she said more kindly than she had ever spoken.

"Because I do not think this fine estate, or the empire of the world itself, worth all the evil feelings and unholy injustice, which the uncertain possession of Randolph Abbey seems to produce. I hope very earnestly it never may be mine, nor do I expect it, for most certainly I never will sacrifice one iota of what I hold to be good and pure in order to obtain it."

"You are a strange child," said Lady Randolph; "and if your heart be as true as your words infer"—

She stopped herself; she was going to have said, "I must love you," but she checked the impulse. She did not know Liliás enough; she was not sure of her; and, above all, let her be what she would, she was Sir Michael's favourite niece.

"Tell me, then, what you wished to ask me," she said.

"I will," said Liliás, "but first you must hear what occasioned the desire."

And with a quiet simplicity she related to Lady Randolph the history of her first interview with Hubert Lyle. It had lain sacred in her heart, the thought of that meeting, from the hour when the long, earnest gaze of the deformed man had followed her as she left the old hall by night—and she had never breathed a word of their conversation to any human being, nor had she let a single look penetrate to the sweet dream of generous friendship and com-

munion with him which had become the fairest vision of her pure ambition. She would have felt as though she profaned had she done so ; and if the idol thought of her soul had been devoted to any other object, Lady Randolph was, probably, the very last to whom she would have revealed it. But the woman's instinct within her told that beneath the cold, proud form of that stately lady, there beat the heart of a mother, which would understand the deep delicacy of her intended devotion to the unfortunate man. She was not mistaken, as she told how gently, with her words of noble faith in goodness and justice, she had soothed the lonely, embittered heart of Hubert Lyle—how her sweet creed in the spirituality of affection, which takes no account of the outward form of the grosser matter, had given a new value and dignity to his existence,—Lady Randolph drew nearer and nearer to her ; and, suddenly, when Liliás ceased to speak, she put her hands upon the young girl's head, and lifting up the innocent face to hers, she kissed her forehead.

“ Good child, sweet child,” she said, “ you have shewn more of loving kindness and mercy to this unhappy boy in one half-hour than any other has done in all his miserable lifetime.”

“ And you will let me go on with this blessed work ?” said Liliás, warmly returning the caress ; “ it is to obtain the means of doing so, that I have come to you. Do not think me fanciful or absurd if I have made it a bright dream to myself that I was sent on a mission to this place, that I might cheer his desolate heart with the warmth of human friendship, and convert him unto hope. We know very little of the work that is provided to our hands, or of the secret purpose of the events which drive us hither and thither over the earth ; but of this we are certain, that there is an under-current of mercy through it all, acting in ways we dream not of, and causing us to minister even unawares to objects, it may be, we should not have thought of choosing. Therefore, I think I am not presumptuous in believing it at least possible, that while Sir Michael brought me here with intent to make me, perhaps, the heiress of Randolph Abbey, he was but the instrument of securing to me a far richer possession, even the power of bestowing comfort on one fellow-creature.”

“ Yours is a beautiful faith,” said

Lady Randolph, sadly. She felt how far she was from any such belief in the universal loving-kindness that watches over all, and most chiefly over those uncherished by human friends, sending them blessings by the hands that are unconsciously guided to bestow them.

“ It is a happy one,” said Liliás, looking up with her bright smile. “ And now you must let me prove that it is no less true than joyful. You have not yet granted my request ; but, indeed, I think you could not delay to do so if you knew how very bright the dear hope is to me that I, even I, weak and unworthy as I am, may be permitted to soothe and comfort one so unfortunate and so noble-hearted, as I believe your son to be. It were enough, indeed, that he is unfortunate, without the holier claim which goodness has upon our homage and willing service, as a reflected light from that Supreme Perfection which demands our entire worship. Earth has no sweeter joy than to alleviate pain of body or of mind in those of our brethren here below, for whom their Father's love has taken the shape of suffering ; and you must not refuse me this great blessing. Dear Lady Randolph, take me to him ; I promised him to be his friend, and if you do not help me to redeem my word, he will think my cold forgetfulness, if he gives it no sterner name, is but another proof that human friendship is too base a thing to rise above the cruel injustice that would punish his fair soul for the displeasing aspect of his mortal body. Oh ! let me go to him—let me be with him day by day, till I have shewn him that his infirmity, so meekly borne, can only give a deeper sympathy to the esteem which his high character must win. Say that you will take me to him”

And she threw her arms round her aunt with a sudden impulse she could not resist, looking up in her face at the same time, as though she would have continued, by the imploring gaze of her earnest eyes, the pleading for which words seemed to fail her. Lady Randolph's grasp closed upon her hand with an energy which showed how much she was affected, and her breathing came quick and hard, as she said—

“ Wait a moment, Liliás ; I must consider.”

So they stood silent and motionless under the thick shade of the arching branches : the proud ambitious woman with her eyes fixed on the ground, di-

lated to their fullest extent by the intensity of her gaze, and her bosom heaving passionately in the tumult of contending feeling; Liliás leaning her fair head confidently upon the shoulder of her aunt, looking upward through the green leaves to the heaven of her hopes beyond. Thus they stood many minutes, for a multitude of opposing thoughts came thronging to influence Lady Randolph's decision.

First and strongest of all the emotions that stirred her heart was the vehement desire to accede at once to Liliás's request, and give her poor miserable son, whom it ever seemed to her she had cursed with life, the solace of a friendship so strangely and so purely offered. The wish resulted in a strange mixture of good and evil motives. She did love her child in some degree; the weight of her more violent passions had not utterly crushed the mother's heart within her; and, above all, as we have said, she loved him because he was her husband's son, the living link between her and the dead. It was a glad thought to her, therefore, to think that for the first time in her life she could bestow a human joy on this forlorn exile, stranded, as it were, on the inhospitable shores of a world that would not own him. Again, a less disinterested feeling than this was the satisfaction it would be to her own pride thus to offer him no inadequate compensation for the sacrifice she compelled him to make by detaining him at Randolph Abbey.

The recollection of their last conversation had rankled painfully in her mind; Hubert had never before so entreated to be released from his bondage. She felt, indeed, that by every rule of common justice, this man, come to years of full maturity, might have claimed his liberty as a right, yet had he yielded only because he preferred his own suffering to hers; and though she felt now as she did then, that she could not renounce her own will in this matter, it galled her proud spirit to the quick to feel herself under an obligation to one who owed her nothing save his birth into a world of care, and his continued existence in an atmosphere of unjust hatred. But now, by the gift of Liliás to be his true and tender friend, truly she would not only recompense him a hundredfold for all the sufferings she had caused him to endure, but she would render his resi-

dence at Radolph Abbey, hitherto so great an evil, the very highest blessing life could offer him; for where, in all the world beside, could he find a friendship rare and precious, such as this sweet child was ready to bestow upon him? In fact, it would be to secure to him within these walls the best and only happiness he ever could experience, since he was debarred by his deformity, as she believed, from all the ties of earthly love. This pure affection would be to him indeed a blessed substitute, for it was most unexpected and un hoped for.

Then, lower still in the scale of unworthy motives, came the thought, but too grateful to her unchastened heart, that there would be a subtle, keen revenge for her, in thus gaining her husband's favourite niece and future heiress to be the devoted loving friend of the man he hated.

Thus all seemed to combine for the immediate furtherance of Liliás's wish; and there was but one counteracting feeling, in which Lady Randolph's better nature spoke too strongly to be left unheard—it was the conviction that, if she did accord to Liliás the means of accomplishing her cherished design, she would, in fact, be for ever blasting the generous child's own prospects in this world; for it seemed to her beyond a doubt, that Sir Michael would adhere to the declaration he had made in her hearing to all his nephews and nieces, and utterly cast out from the least chance of his favour any one who so much as flung a pitying word at Hubert Lyle.

Lady Randolph was not one to estimate lightly the possession of the Abbey and its wide domain; and she felt that it would indeed be a treacherous return for young Liliás's generous devotion, to deprive her of that rich inheritance. So there was a fierce struggle in the breast of the proud woman between her inclination and her sense of right; for the life-long indulgence in her fiery temper and reckless passions had not altogether quenched the purer light within her spirit.

Suddenly she lifted up her eyes, and looked at Liliás. One word, one sneer from Sir Michael at that moment would have turned her heart to stone again; but she saw nothing save the steadfast gaze of the young girl into the bright sky over her head; and the sight recalled dim memories of the time when Ca-

therine Randolph herself had loved to dream of the fair beauty of the promised Eden far beyond those fields of light; and the higher nature triumphed. She took the hands of the innocent child within her own, and looking at her with a gentle expression long foreign to her haughty features, she said—

“Lilias, my dearest child, believe me that at this moment nothing on earth could afford me so much satisfaction as to agree to your request, and give you to my son to be his dear and precious friend; but for your own sake I cannot, must not do it. Do you know what would be the consequence if you were to devote yourself to him, as you propose? Simply this—that Sir Michael, who has already, as I believe, made a will in your favour, would most infallibly disinherit you. It would be madness in this way to risk, far less to lose, such a noble inheritance.”

“Oh! I cannot bear this,” exclaimed Lilias, suddenly starting from her aunt’s arms. “I can no longer endure to have it supposed by all that I am one of the most mean and pitiful of human beings, for ever weighing the noblest privileges and the bounden duties of every living soul in the balance with worldly interests. I think the possession of the very world itself would not be worth the cherishing, for one half hour, of all the evil passions and degraded selfishness which the prospect of Randolph Abbey seems expected to produce. I, at least, will have nothing to do with it; I will be free to act upon my own idea of what is good and true, unclogged by any earthly consideration whatever. Listen to me, dear aunt, and I beseech you to believe me, for so surely as that bright sky now looks down upon us, I declare to you I will adhere to the resolution I am now going to announce to you. I tell you solemnly and sincerely that if I am prevented from keeping my promise to Hubert Lyle, and thereby following out what I believe to be my heaven-ordained vocation, for the sake of these earthly possessions which death may sweep out of the grasp of any one of us in ten minutes’ time, I will at least prove to him that I have no share in such a selling of truth and justice for the good things of this world. I will go forth out of this house, where I have learned that honour

and friendship can be bought with gold; and I will for ever refuse to accept this inheritance, if the price of it is to be one moment’s happiness in the life of your poor son. It were, indeed, no great sacrifice to make to him; for, I repeat, I should not think the fairest lands this earth could offer worth half the jealousies and selfishness which the desire of wealth brings with it. I will go back to my dear Irish home where my one possession was the love of many hearts, and where I was rich indeed.”

She paused, half terrified at the vehemence with which she had spoken, and added, more calmly—

“Forgive me, Lady Randolph, if I have seemed too violent; but what I have said just now I must and will do; for my own truth is a sacred treasure with which I cannot part for any other. If I remain in this house, it must be as the friend of Hubert Lyle, and for no other purpose, so far as my wishes are concerned, at least, save that of worthily fulfilling the duties involved in so comprehensive a term. If my uncle casts me off and refuses me permission to dwell under his roof, I may go from this place with sorrow, but not with shame, for your son will know that I have redeemed my pledge.”

“Lilias, you have conquered,” exclaimed Lady Randolph, who had gazed on her as a being from another sphere. “Most thankful am I that you have left me no choice! For your own sake, now, I must give you your heart’s desire, since, while you remain at the Abbey, there is, at least, a chance that Sir Michael’s anger may be averted, and your fortune saved. Whereas if you leave us, with the promise made to your own soul, to refuse the inheritance, I know that nothing will change your noble resolution. It is enough, then, my Lilias, my child; you shall come to my son, and be his friend, a very sunbeam in his cheerless life; and this I tell you, as surely as your own true word is pledged, that if, for his sake, you lose this rich estate, you shall share with me and him the last penny we may ever possess.”

Lilias’s example had roused all that was best in Lady Randolph; for she was one to whom it might have been fitly said, as to the Queen of Denmark,

when she told her son her heart was broken—

“Oh! fling away the worse part,
And live the purer with the other half.”

She would have been a different person had her strong impulsive character been rightly directed by her associates, instead of being influenced by those who called her most evil passions into play. And now the sudden bound with which Lilius came back into her arms, as she heard the words which turned her long-cherished hope to certainty, the rapturous delight which glowed over her fair face, the broken expression of gratitude and joy with which she tried to tell her happy feelings, woke sweeter emotions in the proud woman's heart than she had known since the grave closed over her idol, and buried with him, as it seemed, her whole capacity for tenderness and loving kindness.

She looked down upon the joyous child with a pleased, admiring smile, and stroked back the sunny curls, that she might see her glad eyes better, till Lilius, gathering all her incoherent manifestation of feeling into one little sentence which best expressed the thoughts that so oppressed her, suddenly said, in a tone of the most intense entreaty—

“Let us go.”

“Yes,” exclaimed Lady Randolph, “let us go, indeed!—why delay one moment giving my poor Henry's son the joy he so little dreams of? Come, let me take him a new gift, which shall change the first I gave him—even his wretched life into a blessing instead of a curse.”

She took Lilius's hand, with a strong resolute grasp, and walked with her quickly towards the house. Her step was firm, her eye bright, and flashing with excitement. Had she met Sir Michael at that moment, she would have told him the errand on which she was hastening, without a thought of hesitation. Lilius, breathless with delight, and with a sort of presentiment for which she could not account, that her whole future life was involved in the step she was now taking, walked, with a beating heart, beside her; and as she passed through the old hall, where she had come in answer to the call of that voice of mournful sweetness, a strange foreboding whispered at her heart, that she never again would be the free

light-hearted being she had been before that unforgotten night. So soon as sympathy or compassion has laid the weight of another's life upon the soul, our liberty is gone for ever.

On through the long passages they went, to the door of the low wretched room which had been the very prison of him who was held in durance there by the evil passions of those who should have been the guardians of his life and happiness. Lady Randolph flung it open, for she was upheld, throughout the whole of this scene, by an energy of excitement which nothing could have abated till her object was effected. Hubert was seated at a table near the window, intently occupied with a large book which lay open before him. His head was bent down over it, supported by a hand almost buried in the long masses of his dark hair; and he was so deeply engaged with its contents, that he did not perceive the entrance of his mother and Lilius. Lady Randolph walked close up to him, almost supporting the young girl with her strong hand; for intensity of feeling, as well as a momentary timidity, made Lilius's step very faltering.

“Hubert,” said his mother, in a tone of exultation, “look up and see what I have brought to you, to compensate for all past loneliness and suffering. Come and take from my hands the dearest gift this life can offer you, even a friend, so rare and precious that not the world's wealth could buy the treasure of her pure affection.”

He started up overcome with astonishment at these unexpected words. Their meaning was plain and obvious; yet, when he looked on her whom Lady Randolph thus presented to him—when his eye fell upon Lilius, the niece and heiress of Sir Michael, the fair vision he had struggled so hard to think of as an unreal dream, an expression of painful bewilderment suddenly destroyed the serenity of his thoughtful eye. He looked from one to the other with quivering lips; and then clasping his hands tightly on his breast, as though he would have sought to guard it from the entrance of every hope and desire, that could not be for him, he said, in a low agitated voice—

“Oh, mother! who is this?—whom have you brought me?—what does it mean?”

“What does it mean? Whom have I brought you, do you ask? I will tell you”—and before Liliás, crimsoning with shame to hear herself thus spoken of, had power to prevent her, Lady Randolph had poured forth to her astonished son a detailed account of every syllable that had passed between them, in the conversation we have just recorded. It seemed to have impressed her so deeply, that she could give each word precisely as it had been spoken; especially of that speech in which Liliás had declared her noble resolution to refuse the inheritance of Randolph Abbey if she were prevented fulfilling her promise to Hubert, in order that he might know it was for no worldly interest she had failed therein. Lady Randolph had caught the very looks and gestures she had used in making this unlooked-for declaration, and it carried home at once to Hubert's inward heart the deep and full conviction, that the generous child would not indeed be deterred, by any human power, from being to him the true and faithful friend he did so sorely need in his great desolation. What this unexpected succour was to his poor shipwrecked soul, stranded in a desert world, these weak words have no power to tell.

His brain seemed to reel at the sudden aspect of a joy so far beyond the brightest dreams he ever had torn from his aching heart. That it could and would be his indeed, appeared to him even yet the wildest impossibility; and he felt as if this pure and sparkling draught had but been offered to his lips, that it might be snatched away ere he could slake in it his burning thirst for earth's affections. It was not because of his former resolutions to attain a perfect solitude of spirit that he thought thus, nor yet because of any dread of the torture it would be to him to love her; but only because it seemed to him that he dared not accept the vast sacrifice she sought to make to him. He turned to her, his mournful voice thrilling with an excess of feeling which he felt he had no power to express in words—

“Oh, noble, noble child,” he said, “eternal blessings be upon you for this deed of heavenly charity. Believe me, were I condemned to expiate this moment of joy in long years of suffering, I yet would gladly buy it with them! But surely it must suffice me

for my life. I dare not—I dare not take advantage of your marvellous devotion. Liliás, I give you back your word: you have redeemed your generous promise an hundredfold; and by your pure and true intention you have indeed already brightened all my dark existence for me. Only to know how you designed to bless me, is more than ever I have dreamt of in my wildest visions. I will carry this sweet recollection with me to the grave; it will be my one sole joy on earth; and never can this world be to me again the barren wilderness it has been, when I can but so much as think a heart like yours is beating in it. But, I say again, I *dare not* let you rob yourself even of one shadow of earthly blessing for my wretched sake.”

His voice died away, but he remained with his deep eyes fixed upon her with a longing, indescribable gaze, as though he sought to gather into his soul, and treasure up for ever, the slightest detail of that fair, sweet image now before him, that it might live as an unfading star in his sad memory, so darkened with the recollections only of a cheerless life. Liliás saw that he meant to refuse her that which had become the hope of her existence. It was but from a generosity like her own that he would have rejected her devotion; yet it made her heart sink to know he would abandon, by this means, what more than ever she felt to be a bliss unspeakable to him—a solitary joy, dearer than life itself! The colour suddenly faded from her cheek, and left her deadly pale; large tears rushed into her eyes, blinding her with their swift gathering; a trembling seized her whole frame; she stretched out her hands, and said:

“My feet are failing me—I cannot stand.” And even as she spoke, she dropped down kneeling on a stool at his feet. She lifted up the dim eyes to him, and the face never before shadowed over with a look of sadness—the sweet, sunny face, that seemed as though it should not ever have known a cloud! And then she folded her hands in supplication.

“Let me be your friend,” she breathed out, faintly; “I never thought you would refuse me. I thought when all other obstacles were overcome, I might have trusted to *your* gentleness to give me

speedily my heart's desire. Oh, do not send me from you!—do not bid me go away from this, my home, where I have dreamt of such a happy friendship with you! You do not know what that dear dream has been to me, or you could not treat me with such cruelty.”

Her touching sorrow, her low, pleading voice, her evident sinking at the failure of that which he saw had indeed been a true and ardent hope for her, were too much for Hubert's firmness; he must have been more than human had he resisted her. He saw that to a heart like hers, the sacrifice of wealth was nothing, but that the abandonment of her disinterested project would have been a very agony, such as she never would have felt for the loss of her uncle's favour. There was no fear of *her* suffering in any way, since he conceived it out of the reach of possibility that even she could feel more than the most barren friendship for the deformed cripple; but for himself, when he turned his thoughts to his own future, there arose up a menacing vision, terrible in its power to torture, of all the utter misery he would bring upon himself, if he admitted a human love into his heart; for that he *must* love her, was a certainty springing from the one fact, that he would see her, know her, live on the very thought of her.

And then there would come a time—he felt it even now—when she would leave him; when a dearer name than his must pass from those sweet lips; when other arms must fold her in the fond embrace it never might be his to give; and the friend of the stricken man would become the wife of some one more able to receive, though not more able to appreciate, such a blessing. He knew how it would be; he remembered how sternly he had resolved never to risk

such wretchedness; how wisely he had determined to accept, in humble trust, the loneliness that seemed his destined portion, and look to that fair land alone where none shall be desolate for evermore.

But now it seemed equally appointed to him that he should suffer after this fashion for her sake; and was it not well worth the utmost future agony to have this present joy? A little time of blessing would be his, and then a fiercer, bitterer desolation, than ever he had dreamt before, on to the very grave; but still after that the bright land of celestial joys would not have passed away, nor its eternal doors be closed for him, if only he kept a pure heart through temptation, and took the cup of life as it was given him, whether its waters were sweet, or as those of Mara, bitter to the dregs.

He felt he had no choice in his decision, with Lilius kneeling there. Strange as it seemed, he saw that for her own sake his course was pointed out to him: he would be doing her a deadly injury if, for the perishing gold of this world, he crushed that young heart in its first pure, generous impulses, and woke her to the desolating knowledge, how the charity and goodness that would seek to plant themselves in this world, are rejected by its arid, antagonistic soil.

Even though these thoughts passed like lightning through his mind, his resolution was taken from that very hour. He advanced towards her, and raising her with a depth of tender respect, which was manifest in every movement, he seated her in the chair he had left; then drawing back, he bowed his head, and said, with a calm which spoke volumes:—

“Take your place within my very life, whilst you will of your charity continue thus to bless me, my friend, my joy, my ALL on earth!”

"THE BURSTING OF THE BUD."

Carrigbawn, Feb. 25th, 1852.

MY DEAR ANTHONY,—Winter, thank Heaven, is well nigh past. Winter, with his howling blasts and his bitter frosts—his sleet and his rain; and as the earth basks longer in the sun, she begins to show symptoms of waking from her dark, dreary slumber, and men feel that Spring is coming. As Spenser sings:—

——"Winter's wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant Spring appeareth;
The grass now ginnes to be refresht,
The swallow peepes out of her nest,
And cloudie welkin cleareth."

Trust me—for I fear you must take it upon trust—that there are few sights more fresh, more cheery, more hopeful, than the dawn of the first spring morning in the country. Dawning is ever beautiful and suggestive, but, above all, the dawn in spring is so, for it is not only the waking of the hours from darkness to light, but of the earth from death to life. To-day I watched the night fade away into the twilight that ushered in the grey morning, till the sun burnished every cloud in the sky, and made the hoar-frost—the last arrow shot by retiring winter—glitter upon the grass and the brown glebe. Anon, a couple of sparrows commenced a vivacious and importunate colloquy at the sill of my window; then with rustling wings they sped away, and returned again; and I said to myself—"Now know I that spring is surely coming." I arose, and thus threw into verse the breaking of the first Spring morning:—

Now through the twilight shoots the first faint ray
Of morning, kindling into golden red—
And now the sun lifts up his glorious head,
Waking the slumbering world to life and day:
Bounding the chill clear vault, his radiance streams,
Blending from purple to the faintest blue,
While from the brightness of his searching beams
Float far away the lingering wreaths of dew.
The folded lambs still slumber on the ground;
Heaven is all beauteous—earth is all serene,
The frost-pearl gleaming on her bosom green;
Nought yet disturbs the silent air around,
Till soon the birds send forth to heaven their strain,
And man intrudes on Nature's calm again.

Now forth into the fresh air. It is a breezy morning, but the wind is not from the north, keen and chilling, but comes from the west, cheery and light, singing a pleasant song through the waving tree-tops; grey clouds have risen up from the western horizon, and are now floating along in mid-heaven, deepening in their hues to dull, dark blue, portentous of vernal showers ere mid-day. And now they catch the sun-rays, and their edges glitter as if inlaid with gold, and the foremost has crossed the sun's face, and, lo! the light that even a moment since filled the whole heavens is dimmed in an instant, just as the light fades in a chamber at night when a hand is placed before the flame of the lamp. Then the eye turns to the earth, and you see the shadow flying along the landscape—now sweeping down the hill-side—then crossing the stream, which at the moment was bright as silver, but, in an instant, grows dark and dull, as the cloud, like a black bridge, lies across it. It is on the other side now, and the waters shine again as before: now the shadow speeds along the pastures and the ploughed fields and hedge-rows and house-tops; and all, for a moment, look saddened, just as the thought of Death will, at times, surprise people amidst their revels, quenching the light of joy in their eyes, and making brows gloomy that were bright with smiles. At

length it has passed utterly without the sphere of the sun's influence, and, see, the whole atmosphere is filled with light as before, and the earth laughs in the sunbeams. Then as I thought on the tempered breeze, and the elastic freshness, the sunshine and the cloud and the coming shower, I said again to myself—
 "Now know I that Spring is surely coming."

I.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming !
 With her sunshine and her shower ;
 Heaven is ringing with the singing
 Of the birds in brake and bower ;
 Buds are filling, leaves are swelling,
 Flowers on field, and bloom on tree ;
 O'er the earth, and air, and ocean,
 Nature holds her jubilee.
 Soft then stealing, comes a feeling
 O'er my bosom tenderly ;
 Sweet I ponder, as I wander,
 For my musings are of Thee.

II.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming !
 With her mornings fresh and light ;
 With her noon of chequered glory,
 Sky of blue and clouds of white.
 Calm, grey nightfalls, when the light falls
 From the star-bespangled sky,
 While the splendour, pale and tender,
 Of the young moon gleams on high.
 Still at morn, at noon, and even,
 Spring is full of joy for me,
 For I ponder, as I wander,
 And my musings are of Thee.

III.

Still on Thee my thoughts are dwelling,
 Whatsoe'er thy name may be ;
 Beautiful, beyond words telling,
 Is thy presence unto me.
 Morning's breaking finds thee waking,
 Wandering in the breeze's flight ;
 Noontide's glory mantles o'er Thee
 In a shower of sunny light :
 Daylight dying, leaves Thee lying
 In the silvery twilight ray ;
 Stars look brightly on Thee nightly
 Till the coming of the day.

IV.

Everywhere and every minute
 Feel I near Thee, lovely one :
 In the lark and in the linnet
 I can hear thy joyous tone.
 Bud and blooming mark the coming
 Of thy feet o'er vale and hill ;
 And thy presence, with life's essence
 Makes the forest's heart to fill.
 Low before Thee, I adore Thee,
 LOVE CREATIVE, Thee I sing ;
 Now I meet Thee, and I greet Thee
 By the holy name of SPRING.

Come, now, let us interrogate Nature, and hear what she will say to us of the season. She is a sure calendar, and writes her signs of the times with a finger that never errs, and in a character which every child of Adam can read. She has spoken to us through the birds and the west-wind already. Look now to the pasture. Has not the grass already lost somewhat of the brown and withered hue that winter's frost and storm had given it? Nay, is it not plainly verdant beneath that sheltry hedgerow, where the young lamb already nips the new-sprung blades? There, too, is a primrose; and a whole cluster of daffodils are raising up their yellow heads, and assuredly that odour comes from the violet. Let us examine this sycamore tree. See, it is covered with leaf-buds, swelling and unctuous with the germination that shall, after a few more days of warming sunshine, clothe the whole tree with the large graceful leaves, which make the sycamore the most delicious shelter from summer heats, and one of the most ornamental trees that one sees standing alone in the lawn, or skirting the edge of the deep plantations of oak and ash. Ah, this is the surest of all signs—"the bursting of the bud." "Now know I that the Spring is surely coming."

THE BURSTING OF THE BUD! What a beauty and a mystery. Who may tell its generation, or how the branch, lately so dry and sapless, puts forth its life anew? One watches the progress of its growth with a deep interest; for in all ages and in all climes it has been looked upon as the emblem of human life. Mark how at first, like the infant, it turns to the light. Then, as it grows apace, see how it opens out, still timidly, to the sun and the shower, yet closing up again from the contact of rude winds and sharp night-frost. Even so does the child, now advancing in gleeful confidence to him who will caress, now shrinking back abashed from the brow that frowns, or the voice that repels it. See how the leaf takes its hue and direction from the air upon which it feeds and the light that shines upon it. So does the youth, from the influences around him, receive the education that is to colour his life and shape its course. And now the full grown leaf repays to the parent the debt of its being, and transmits nurture to the branch; and then it discharges its duties to society, giving shade and shelter to the herbs and flowers beneath it. And at last—when the full bloom of its summer is past, and the decline of its autumn has shrunk its fibres and seared its beauty—comes Winter, with its rude voice and its cold hand, and shakes down the leaf to the earth at the trunk of the tree from which it sprang. So is it with man; when his prime of usefulness is over, and his age of decadence at its last hour, comes Death, and he too falls—"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

The bursting of the bud! What an apt type is it of that strange psychological process, that resurrection of thoughts and impressions from the dead, which is called Memory. As the young leaves expand before our eyes, they are to us as old friends that the icy death of winter had ravished for a season from us. And so memory conjures back to our soul's vision the green things of young life, with the impermeable desert of death lying between us and them. Some of those on whom we thus delight to think were young, soft buds that perished in their unfolding; others grew and expanded, and gave their shade in summer and their beauty in autumn, and then fell away, not untimely; but they are all gathered up and garnered in the treasure-house of creation. And while year by year the tree thus puts forth its buds, and the leaves are on each succeeding spring tender and verdant as ever, the trunk will meanwhile show that time is working with a sure hand upon it—the canker in its bark or the decay within its core. And so, too, with us. Again and again we may recall the past in memory, and delusively fancy we live once more in the scenes and with the friends of our boyhood, fresh and young again—but no; each time memory puts forth her spring-buds, we are farther removed from her ideal creation. Older and duller—older and duller. Well, let us then struggle to keep our hearts still green, and our affections still fresh, by a constant recurrence in memory to the true and the pure, the youthful and the bright, of our past days. Who is there that would not recall them in reality, could he do so? But that may not be while we are in this earthly coil: the winter of death must first pass over us; our second spring-tide is in heaven.—

Oh ! for a spell that could recall
 The sinless days of yore,
 From out eternity's dark thrall,
 And give me them once more—
 That could renew young life's pure light,
 That made the heart within all bright,
 And all the world without to shine
 Radiant in its glow divine.

Oh ! for a hand that could restring
 The soul's loosed cord anew—
 That could retune each note to ring
 A tone as sweet and true
 As when, with trembling sense, they caught
 A passion-sound from every thought,
 As wind-lutes utter to the breeze
 Their wild, mysterious melodies.

In vain, in vain ! There is no spell
 Backward life's stream to roll—
 To light afresh the heart's dark cell,
 Or re-attune the soul.
 Fainter and fainter grows the light,
 Until it sinks at last in night ;
 More languidly each tone will come,
 Until at last the string be dumb.

A mighty hand—'tis God's decree—
 Shall break the golden lamp,
 And quench life's light unpityingly
 In darkness and in damp.
 The silver cord shall rend away ;
 The harp within the earth shall lay,
 Mouldering into dust, beneath—
 The inexorable hand of DEATH.

Oh ! not for aye shall light and lamp
 Lie quenched and crushed in gloom ;
 Nor mouldering ever thus in damp
 Shall harp and string be dumb.
 A mightier ONE than Death, whose will
 First made them all with wondrous skill,
 Resumed the deathless note and ray,
 When harp and lamp were flung away.

His hand, when time shall be no more,
 The shattered lamp shall take ;
 Refine its gold, its form restore,
 Its light more glorious make.
 He shall refit the harp again,
 Anew the loosed cord shall strain,
 Till, to the silver string be given,
 A tone that's meet to sound in Heaven.

I look upon Spring as the most wonderful, as it is also the most glorious and consoling, of God's natural revelations to mankind. It is "the voice of the Lord walking in the garden." Let us not "hide ourselves from his presence," but

reverently give ear to its sublime teaching. Spring tells us plainly of God in the grandest aspect in which we can contemplate him—that of creative power; while it whispers to us something more wondrous still—that he is the Renewer as well as the Creator; not only Life, but the conquerer of Death. My mind wanders away, in a pleasing and I trust not unprofitable reverie, and tries to realise this truth, as I fancy it may have displayed itself to the parents of the human race upon the first coming of spring which the world ever saw. I can fancy that, as man first rose beneath the divine hand mature, so life and nature all around him was full-grown and perfect—all was bloom and fruitfulness; there was nothing to suggest to his mind an immature infancy to precede, or a withering old age to succeed, the present, either in himself or aught within his view. How could he think of a spring or an autumn? above all, how could his imagination conceive the idea of winter or death, save that God had named to him the last as some terrible penalty for disobedience, which his mind could not yet fathom? Then he sinned, and purchased knowledge with happiness, and death with life. Now, with his changed nature comes a change over this world, which was made for him, and which, by some hidden law, sympathises wondrously with him, even as the body sympathises with the soul. And as he feels in his own being the seeds of decay, and finds clouds of error and doubt rise up before his own soul, and shut out the light of God's face from him at seasons, so does he behold external nature change, and, as if now for the first time impelled into progress, move forward, too, in her graveward course, with clouds blotting out the fair glory of the sun, and rain and storms blotching the beauty of the earth. The mellow fruits at length fall over-ripe from the boughs; then the leaves shrivel and wither, and fall before the cold wind; the flowers fade away, the verdure of the fields turns brown and yellow; then vegetation ceases, the life of Nature is smitten within her, and man, for the first time, in dismay beholds the earth torpid, fruitless, DEAD! Let us fancy the terror, remorse, and humiliation of Adam during earth's first winter. His instinct teaches him to understand how earth's changes symbolise those of his own being. He knows that the curse which is on himself for disobedience is on the earth also for his sake. He sees the working of the curse on her—shall it not so work also on himself? Earth is now dead. Is he to lie down now likewise and die upon her bosom, whence he sprang "dust unto dust?" Has Time been so speedy a minister of God's dread decree—"Thou shalt surely die!" In vain now do the promises which God vouchsafed him even in the hour of his sentence recur to his mind; they are too vague and unintelligible to afford him comfort. And thus, day by day, he watches the corpse-like earth, and the dark, stormy heavens, and wonders if the light of the sun shall perish. In the midst of his agony and despair he feels the chill pass away by degrees, and a soft glow in the breeze that creeps over the earth, and then a fresh green hue, like a faint smile, steals over the withered herbage, and the dry branches of the trees swell and burst out into leaves which grow hourly, till once again they are clothed in all their beauty. Adam watches all this wondrous change, and his heart rejoices, for now he knows that what he took for the death of Nature was but her sleep. And now he remembers again the promises, and he looks upon them by the light of this new teaching of God, and the scales, as it were, fall from his eyes. What, if DEATH itself be but a SLEEP, as needful in his case to cast off the defilements of sin, as it is in that of the earth to fling off the decay and corruption of her over-ripeness. What, if he, too, shall, like her, rise refreshed, renewed, restored to the primal purity of his first estate. And thus did God vouchsafe, through Nature, to preach to man the first great sermon on the RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD! And so, from year to year, as the earth woke up from her deep, still sleep, refreshed and renewed, was this same sublime and consoling truth proclaimed to man; but his ear was dull to hear and his spirit slow to understand, till at last God himself, in the Garden of Gethsemane, showed how the soul dwelt not in the grave, but that man, too, would be resurgent. The moment mankind arrives at this truth, the whole aspect of God's moral government is changed to his vision. In all the doubts that perplex us, the sins that weigh down our nature and the sorrows that mar it, we look ever to the future, the unseen, the real existence beyond the grave, as that wherein the balance shall be established.

"There's something in this world amiss
 Shall be unridled by-and-by;
 There's somewhat flows to us in life,
 But more is taken quite away."

Who shall say, when we have passed through the ordeal of death, with purified bodies, and souls quickened in their intellectual vision, in what new and strange relation things shall appear to us? Evil may be but a different phase of good, as black and white are produced by the same admixture of colours, or as gold, which looks bright, when reflecting the sun's rays, is dark when it absorbs them. Death, the terrible destroyer, may be but the refiner who purges the dross from the fine gold; and the great spiritual Enemy of mankind prove a minister as submissive and obedient to work the will of the Omnipotent and subserve His glory, as the brightest archangel who stands veiled before His throne. I know not how all this may be, yet when I lift up my eyes in the spring-tide, and see the bursting of the buds and the opening of the flowers; when I learn to know that the frost and the snow, the wind and the rain, all work together, not to mar the earth's beauty, but to lull her into slumber, and to wake her again refreshed to a new life, then I feel that the soul wanders not through a wilderness of speculation where there are no footprints to guide it, but rather journeys through a deep forest, obscure, because it is thronged with God's works, which shut in our vision, but suffering now and then the light from the sun or the luminous starlight to shine down upon us, and show us the way to heaven.

But enough of all this moralising. I set out on my morning's walk to discourse of birds and flowers and the budding trees, and here I have insensibly involved myself in I know not what sort of dreamy metaphysics. Come, then, let us imitate this fine spring morning, and rejoice in the sunshine which is now around us, nor anticipate the showers which may come at noon. Well, then—Spring is the time of promise, why shall we trouble our spirits with the thought that there may be no full fruition? Spring is the season of love and harmony, and shall not I essay a verse befitting the season, as sings the shepherd Mirtillo?—

"O primavera, gioventu dell' anno,
 Bella madre di fiori,
 D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori,
 Tu torni ben——"

Every poet has his love. This one of his heart—that of his intellect; but all clothe her in beauties physical and spiritual, so that I fear no limner could paint her with the pigments on his pallet. We are forced to mix up colours for ourselves: some mineral, some vegetable—such as gold and silver, roses and lilies, and some neither the one nor the other, which we steal from all sorts of strange objects, the sunshine, for instance, and the starlight, and a rainbow, when we can catch one, as we sometimes do on a morning or evening in spring. And so we work away from the fulness of our own hearts and the abundance of the rich hues we have collected, putting in a light upon the forehead or a flash in the eye; a stripe of gold down along the dark lustrous hair; a rose upon the cheek, or a lily upon the bosom, till, Heaven help us, the portrait is like nothing on earth, and wants only a pair of wings to belong to heaven. Here, my dear Anthony, is the picture of my own mistress. I flatter myself it is uncommonly like, and, I have no doubt, you will at once recognise her and discover my secret if you have ever seen her:—

EGERIA.

I.

Morning, in its freshness,
 Noontide, in its blaze,
 Soft evening's light,
 And deep, dark night,
 With its myriad starry rays—
 All, are types of thee, maid,
 All, are types of thee;
 From each we take
 Some charm to make
 Love's dream—and Thou art she!

II.

Crimson blood mounts freshly
 From thy glowing heart,
 And soft as day's
 Last fading rays
 The smile when thy lips dispart.
 Dark as night thy tresses,
 Darker still thine eye,
 Glittering bright,
 With spirit-light,
 Like stars in a moonless sky.

III.

Thy voice is as the warblings
 Of birds at rise of sun ;
 Thy airy feet
 Are light and fleet
 As the breeze on the thistle-down.
 Thy fragrant breath exhaleth
 With odours of sweet flowers,
 Like sighs of fay
 That all night lay
 Asleep in Eden's bowers.

IV.

Sweet Egeria, tell us
 Whence thou had'st thy birth ?
 Ah ! canst thou be
 A phantasy,
 A being of heaven or earth ?
 Sprang'st thou, like Minerva,
 From the godlike brain
 Of bard divine
 When love and wine
 Cleft his head with pain ?

V.

Who may chain thy freedom ?
 Who may win thy heart ?
 Thrice blest is he
 That's loved by thee,
 All beauteous as thou art !
 Happy he that views thee
 In his waking hours ;
 Or strays, in dreams,
 With thee by streams,
 Or woos thee in deep bowers !

VI.

Is there one so soulless
 Not to worship thee ?—
 A man so bold,
 A faith so cold,
 To doubt that thou can'st be ?
 One who ne'er hath seen thee,
 Never hopes to see
 A thing so fair,
 So strange, so rare !
 Yes, marry—*I am he !*

If a spring day be fresh and cheery, a spring night is not without its charms. I mean one of those nights when the sky is clear, when there is a light breeze that sets the branches of the trees a sighing, and breathes upon the reviving verdure as if the spirit of the spring was walking abroad, and whispering to all things the mysteries of life and love; one of those nights, when the moon scarce yet shows her thin crescent, like the blade of a silver reaping-hook, and the stars glitter in abundance in the deep heavens, and there is just frost enough to make them burn all the brighter. How glorious is this starlight raining down from the sky. I never more profoundly realise to myself the presence, as it were, of a visible deity than when, on such a night, I look up into the heavens, and see them gazing down upon me, as it were, from ten thousand eyes, with an intense serenity that seems deepening and closing in upon me, till at last I feel as if transfixed and transpierced, even to my hidden life, by the gaze of Omniscience. Everyone must have felt when he looks upon the stars, how they seem to return his gaze. A distich is attributed to Plato by Laertius, and quoted by our own poet, Moore, in which this sentiment is expressed with great beauty:—

" Ἀστὴρας εὐσταθεῖς, ἀστὴρ ἑμὸς εἶθε γίνοιμιν
Οὐρανός, ὥς πολλοῖς ὀμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλεπω."

The passage has taken my fancy, and I have endeavoured to render the thought, and, with a few cognate and equally feasible lovers' fantasies, have woven the whole into a song, which you shall now hear:—

SONG.

I.

Say dost thou look at silent even,
My soul's bright star!
Upon the spangled face of heaven,
Glittering above thee far?
I would that unto me were given
To be that glorious out-spread heaven,
That I might, with its myriad eyes,
Gaze on thee from those lustrous skies.

II.

Say dost thou hear the night-bird singing,
My heart's bird rare!
Within the leafy forest, flinging
His voice upon the air?
I would I were that glad bird, winging
Round and round thee, ever singing,
Pouring out from his full heart
All that words could ne'er impart.

III.

Dost thou, when the winds are sleeping,
My love's pure spring!
On the lake's calm surface peeping
Thy sunny shadow fling?
I would I were that blest lake sleeping,
Thy fair image in my keeping,
Holding still in happy rest
Thy treasured beauties on my breast.

And now, dear Anthony, I have discoursed to you of Spring, and I have sung to you of her. Spring, in her morning and her night, her cloud and her sunshine, her smile and her tears, her buds and her verdure, her present of promise, and its future realisation; and like her changes, too, have been the hues of my

thoughts, varying and contrasted—now serious, and it may be almost sad, now light, and I fear almost careless. Yet are those changes of thought not unmeet for men who inhabit a world of change—not unmeet either for the soul's health, or for that of the body. As the changing seasons make the whole year lovely, and each is the ministrant of something beautiful or useful, so do the pleasant fantasies and lighter thoughts in which we indulge at seasons relieve the mind after graver reflections and severer studies, as, indeed, these latter, in their turn, strengthen the soul's faculties, and give us a new zest for the hour of needful relaxation. The great secret of life, I believe, consists in duly tempering these different states of our minds, and the ever-varying incidents of our mutable existence; and in this let the delicious season of which we are discoursing be our guide. If a cloud of sorrow overcast our horizon, or some calamity fall down upon us, like a heavy shower, let us endeavour, with the returning sunshine of hope, to dispel the gloom, to dissipate the moisture; let us spread it out in the light of heaven, as Hezekiah spread the letter before the Lord; so that it shall rise up in vapour before the sun, to fall again, soft and fructifying, upon the soil of our hearts.

Our first Spring day now is over. Let us turn our steps houseward to a cheerful hearth after our pleasant ramble, for the air is growing chill, and the sky is deepening into the grey of sinking daylight—

“ But see, the welkin thickens apace,
And stouping Phœbus steepes his face;
Yts time to haste us homeward.”

Ever thine, my dear Anthony, in spring as in summer,

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

To Anthony Poplar, Esq.

ADMINISTRATION OF SCINDE.*

SEVERAL years have now elapsed since we called the attention of our readers to the “*Conquest of Scinde*,” a work in which the glowing pen of Sir Wm. Napier has invested the bold and successful campaign of the Lower Indus with all the attraction of an epic. The story of the capture of Emaum Ghur, of the battles of Meeamee and Hyderabad, and of the dreadful desert march, under a tropical sun, in pursuit of Shere Mahomed, which terminated that campaign, must have awakened interest however narrated; but when told by the great military historian of our nation, in his own peculiar vein of massive yet fervid eloquence, it forms a work which is deservedly classed amongst the very few books which their readers wish to be longer. This wish is now at length gratified by the publication of the “*Administration of Scinde*,” which in strictness we

must consider merely the concluding volume of the “*Conquest of Scinde*,” connected with it both in historical sequence and in unity of design. The motive of both was the same; the desire of vindicating a brother's honour from the slanderous hostility of those who either disliked or misunderstood a great and noble mind, and the deeds which that mind conceived and accomplished.

Amongst the most marked of Sir Charles Napier's characteristics are self-reliance, honesty of purpose, and zeal—all matters dreadfully disagreeable to officials of the true faith in red tape; and the zeal which he exhibits in his own conduct, he expects to find in the acts of his subordinates, thus distressing the neophytes of the same creed, who believe that the great duties of official life are to do as little and receive as much as possible.

* “*History of Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde, and Campaign in the Cutchee Hills. By Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier, K.C.B.*” London, 1851.

Thence arose much hostility to him ; but to this hostility we must feel something like gratitude, since it has caused the production of two such books as the "Conquest," and the "Administration of Scinde."

The "Conquest of Scinde" dealt with Sir C. Napier as a negotiator and a warrior. It crushed the calumny which had represented him as recklessly forcing on an unnecessary war, for the purpose of displaying his own military talents ; and it placed him before the public in his true position, as (save one) the greatest captain of our nation. But Sir C. Napier also filled the office of Civil Governor of the province which his sword had won. His whole life and conduct, while in that situation, were assailed by the most severe and unfriendly criticisms, and his defence was incomplete while these remained unanswered. The "Administration of Scinde" develops the system of his government, and its effects ; and by the simple force of the facts which it narrates, shows how baseless were the slanders so copiously heaped on him. Engrossing as were the former volumes, we must confess that the "Administration of Scinde" awakens in us even a deeper interest. It may not contain so much to amuse or excite one who seeks in books a mere resource for a vacant hour ; but the description of a system which converted the lawless and turbulent Belooch into a peaceable, industrious, and useful subject, must afford much food for meditation to every thoughtful mind. Further, it is a great treasury of ideas and facts in relation to the government of unsettled populations of diverse and hostile races, from which many suggestions useful for the government of our colonies may be drawn—some, perhaps, not inapplicable to the state of society even in this country. The robbers of the Cutchee hills had many advantages not possessed by the Kassirs. The supposed right of a husband to murder his wife, on the smallest pretext, was implanted in the Belooch mind more deeply than the idea of a license to kill landlords has yet been driven into the thoughts even of a Louth peasant by the labours of the Communist press. Why should measures which proved successful in the more difficult cases, fail of their effect in the more simple ?

In 1843, Lord Ellenborough invested

Sir Charles Napier with the government of Scinde, and delegated to him full and complete authority over the country and its various races, Hindoos, Scindees, and Beloochees, whose relative positions bore a rather striking analogy to the Jew, Saxon, and Norman inhabitants of England under our early Plantagenet sovereigns. The character and interests of these races the General classed and epitomised in the following manner :—

"The money-seeking Hindoo goes about all eyes, with fingers supple as his conscience, robbing every body by subtlety, as the Beloochee robs them by force. To him the conquest must be a feast, and a blessing of grace.

"The Scindee, strong and handsome, is indolent from the combined effects of heat and slavery, but he has fine natural qualities ; and his bondage being of recent date, he may be reclaimed, and fitted for independence. To him also the conquest is a blessing, and it shall be my business to make it a feast.

"The Beloochee, though fierce, and habituated to acquire property by violence, is shrewd, and has a strong, though savage sense of dignity and honour, according to the customs of his race. A combination of coercion, of respectful treatment, of generosity and temptation, may, therefore, bend him to better habits, without breaking the chivalric spirit which is now his best quality. He fought desperately for the Ameers, because to fight and plunder was his vocation ; but neither he, nor his particular chief, nor the Ameers, fought from national feeling ; education and habit had divested all three of patriotism, in the European sense. The Beloochee warrior loves his race, his tribe—not the general community, which he regards but as a prey and spoil. . . . To meet the requirements of those different races in the present circumstances, my policy must be, while fastening on the country a strong military gripe, to apply all softening and healing measures to the vanquished race—all protective and encouraging measures to the liberated populations ; to make strong, even-handed justice be universally felt—to draw forth the abundant natural resources of the country, and repair the terrible evils of the Ameers' misgovernment."

Well was the General justified in stigmatising the evils of the Ameers' misgovernment as terrible. Throughout every part of Asia still afflicted with native government, there exists an hierarchy of oppression, each indemnifying himself upon those below him for the wrongs inflicted on him by his superiors ; but in Scinde the chain

of slavery was lengthened and made more ponderous by the diversity of races which inhabited it. Oppression and insecurity had destroyed all industry, commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural. Great quantities of good land were abandoned. "Two tribes, the Juts and Khoras, had gone off bodily to the desert, to live by the strong hand. Throughout the country cultivation was withering away, and the ryot passed a life of hopeless wretchedness, while the handicraftsman nearly disappeared altogether." Tattah, the chief seat of the cotton and shawl manufacture, for which Scinde had been famed in times not remote, was now desolate, and the country for forty miles round it a waste. Traffic on the Indus, a river which should have been the broad highway of nations, was almost annihilated by vexatious and oppressive import and transit duties. "A few years more, and the whole country must have been a howling wilderness."

Under such circumstances it was that the General received the country. His first proclamation ran thus:—

"The Talpoors* have been overthrown by the British, and are dethroned. Scinde belongs to them no longer. All revenues paid to the Ameers are now to be paid to the English. Hitherto armed men have been treated as soldiers fighting by the orders of their masters. From this time forward armed men assembled shall be treated as robbers and outlaws. Slavery is abolished throughout the land, and all people are invited to return peaceably to their homes."

Four hundred sirdars surrendered their swords, which were restored to them, as a mark of respect to their dignity, with the following stern admonition:—

"Take back your sword: you have used it with honour against me, and I esteem a brave enemy. But if, forgetful of this voluntary submission, you draw it again in opposition to my government, I will tear it from you, and kill you as a dog."

But though the chiefs were thus permitted to retain their weapons, the remaining population on the eastern bank of the Indus were disarmed, and every Beloochee who passed from the west of the river was also deprived of his arms, in order to protect the villagers on the east from individual

violence. Thus was the country prepared for the work of re-organisation. In the accomplishment of this task the Governor enjoyed one pre-eminent advantage—his power was military and despotic. The fierce Beloochee could understand such an authority, but could not comprehend the government of the Queen, or how supreme rank and power could be attributed to her, the portrait of whose young and gentle face was exhibited to each chieftain as he made salaam. "Sahib," said one old chief, "she did not beat me at Meeamee: you are my king." Another, when he heard of the Governor-General, asked, "How far off is he?" "He is at Calcutta." "Oh, I have heard of Calcutta, and it is far off; you are at Hyderabad. Answer me one thing, cannot you cut off my head?" "Yes, if you do not obey." "That is enough, I am your slave."

The Governor, thus, the only visible and intelligible source of power, in the first place made his arrangements for the material force necessary for controlling the country. The terror which his exploits had inspired made the people, even the fierce Beloochees, readily obedient; but he resolved that no remissness should invite outrage, and thus retard the development of industry. Strong military reasons, and motives of wise policy, induced him to concentrate his regular force into large masses; but, as supplementary to his troops, he scattered over the country a force eventually numbering 2500, composed of native Scindians, under European officers, and classed as city, rural, and mounted police, who rapidly became most efficient; and if they could not always prevent crime, seldom failed in seizing the culprit. While organising this force, he arranged the civil administration, having at its head, immediately subordinate to himself, the Secretary of Government. The country was divided into three collectorates; each administered by a chief-collector, having under him three sub-collectors, disposed in the most convenient places, each with a staff of subalterns.

To fill those positions, the General sought, and found, in his army, his *soldier-civilians*, of whom more anon. And, subordinate to all these, he retained the native magistracy of the

* The former dynasty.

kardars; retained, at least the men and their title, although materially altering their actual power and position.

Formerly these kardars, although nominally only entrusted with a very limited jurisdiction, exercised power of torture, and of life and death; oppressing the miserable ryots to increase their own gains, while they were themselves, from fear, the slaves of the Beloochee chief, to whose jagheer their villages belonged. Now they were made the paid officers of the Government, their conduct narrowly watched, and severe punishment for misconduct inflicted, while they were supported against the injustice of the sirdars,* from whom they soon learned to protect their villages. The continuance of these kardars, and the institution of the native police, enabled the General to avoid or mitigate, what was described by the Duke of Wellington as one of the greatest dangers to our Indian empire, from every new acquisition of territory, "the throwing out of employment, and of means of subsistence, all who had previously managed the revenue, commanded or served in the armies, or plundered the country." All the collectors and their principal subordinates were likewise magistrates, with civil and criminal jurisdiction; but the more serious crimes were reserved for the cognisance of the collectors alone, who, in capital cases, were obliged to take down all the evidence, and transmit it to the Governor, by whom every document of this nature was carefully perused, even in the midst of the most oppressive duties in the field. And although capital punishment was inflicted only on murderers, this self-imposed labour was for a time enormous. Child-murder, and the murder of women, had prevailed to a fearful extent:—

"To kill a woman, on any pretext, was a right assumed by every Beloochee; and they could not understand why they were to be debarred.

"A man had been condemned for murdering his wife; his chief sued the General for pardon. 'No; I will hang him.' 'What! you will hang a man for only murdering his wife?' 'Yes; she had done no wrong.' 'Wrong; no, but he was angry: why should he not kill her?' This conviction of their right to murder women

was so strong, and their belief in fatalism was so firm, that many executions took place ere the practice could be even checked; but finding the General as resolute to hang as they were to murder, the tendency, after a time, abated: and, to use his significant phrase, 'the gallows began to overbalance Mahomet and predestination.' They were, however, a stubborn race, and their contempt of death may be judged of by the following anecdote, chosen rather for its forcible portraiture than its singularity as to the indifference displayed:—A Beloochee condemned for murder walked to execution, conversing with calmness on the road. When turned off, the rope broke, and he fell, but started up instantly, and, with inexpressible coolness, said—'Accidents will happen in despite of care; try again.'"

Still this indifference to life had its limits. When the Governor proceeded to suppress suttees, and made it known that he would put a stop to one then in contemplation, "the priests said it was a religious rite which must not be meddled with; that all nations had customs which should be respected; and that this was a very sacred one. The General, affecting to be struck with the argument, replied—'Be it so; this burning of widows is your custom: prepare the funeral pile. But my nation also has a custom. When men burn women alive, we hang them, and confiscate all their property. My carpenters shall, therefore, erect gibbets on which to hang all concerned, when the widow is consumed. Let us all act according to national customs.' No suttee took place then or afterwards."

Next to the security of life and property from violence, Sir Charles Napier applied his mind to the construction of barracks better suited for preserving the health of the troops; and to certain great public works for facilitating commerce and irrigation, he said, "Control the robbers, control the waters, open the communications, and the natural richness of the land and the variety of produce will do all the rest." But, in his endeavours in this direction, he was much impeded by the want of artisans. The tyranny of the Amiccers, and their system of forced labour, had driven almost all skilled workmen from the country. When, however, the Governor proclaimed in Scinde and the neighbouring countries

* Native chiefs.

the difficulty under which he laboured, and promised employment, with good wages, many were soon collected. They at first demanded most exorbitant pay—about ten times the rates which had been received under the Ameers. This, however, gradually declined to a reasonable level, the more rapidly as the General had steadily resisted all attempts to induce him to fix a maximum, or to compel labour, both practices frequently recognised by Indian political economy.

In September, the administrative arrangements were completed and in full operation, the enemy having been in the field up to the month of June. And fortunate it was that such rapid progress had been made, and that the people of Scinde were already in a position to feel the advantage of the rule of such a Governor; for, in November of the same year, a new and terrible pestilence, never before known in Scinde, appeared. Although not very fatal, it was almost universal, not an individual in the army (then 17,000 strong) having escaped its visitation in a greater or less degree. But already the people were so changed, that when all the escort of the collector in the Delta of the Indus became ill, the Beloochee peasants of that region, formerly amongst the most notorious robbers of Scinde, voluntarily guarded him through the country:—

“The people knew the conquerors were not oppressors; they saw that they assumed no haughty superiority, offered no insult, made no exactions: their own customs were respected, when not opposed to morality; taxation was reduced; vexatious restrictions were abolished; agriculture encouraged; trade fostered; and, as the chief was, so were the subordinates in office.”

And yet the appointment of these subordinates was one of the principal causes of the persecution to which Sir Charles Napier has been so long and so unremittingly subjected. He selected for the posts at his disposal the ablest and most energetic officers of the army which had won the country. This arrangement many of the Indian civilians considered an outrage upon the privileges of their body, and resented accordingly. The Indian press, which was mainly in their hands, and the Government, over which they had too much influence, became the powerful instruments of their vengeance. Still the choice was wisely made.

Family interest obtains a civil appointment in India for a young man, who, forthwith, becomes a covenanted servant of the Company. Sure of employment, and with the prospect of promotion coming as a reward, not for activity and intelligence, but for years spent in the regular routine of official formalism, can we be surprised if such men should lose the power of exertion, as they have lost the stimulus to it? or that, quietly delegating their duties to the staff of native clerks with which Indian habit surrounds them, they should sink into luxurious ease, and, finally, become developed into the “old Indian” so well known to the frequenters of Cheltenham? Of a surety, the miracle is rather that the system should ever fail of producing such effects, than that there should be among the Indian civilians so many splendid exceptions—so many able statesmen, so many men who do study the people, their customs, and their history.

“Further (as Sir Charles Napier said) the more experienced men naturally abide by their old high and lucrative offices, with the details of which they are familiar, and decline new duties in, perhaps, insalubrious localities, and amongst a people with whose language and customs they are unacquainted. Wherefore nepotism works freely, and young and often very incapable men are sent to acquire experience and fortune at the expense of the proprietors’ dividends, by misgoverning newly-conquered territories. Unknowing how to rule even a settled country, they have to create every branch of administration, and must necessarily manipulate roughly and, as it were, with horny hands, when the nicest touch is essential; meddling arbitrarily and ignorantly with social and financial affairs, where error may give mortal offence, when parsimony may be folly, and extravagance madness.”

Not only did such reasoning as this induce Sir Charles Napier to seek his subordinates elsewhere than amongst the covenanted civilians; his experience of those who were forced upon him was not in general very favourable. Several were sent from Calcutta, who at once demanded a staff of clerks.

“Sir Charles Napier would not allow of these clerks, and called for work; this was at first peremptorily refused, but, finally, two of these gentlemen wrote an expostulatory letter to their superior, Captain Pope, the collector, declaring they obeyed him with disgust and detestation. Lord Ellenborough recalled them; and a Mr. Richardson, ap-

pointed by the General, did singly, for 500 rupees a month, and without any disgust, the work for which they had received above 2,000 rupees."

Under these circumstances, the Governor naturally turned to his comrades. He knew them and their respective powers, and thus was able to select for each post the man most competent to fill it with credit to himself, with benefit to the country.

A serious difficulty, in a great measure arranged by Sir Charles Napier during his first year of office, was the tenure of land, all of which, in Scinde, as in most parts of Asia, belonged to the State; but large portions of it had been granted off to be held by military service. These grants, or jagheers, however, were held merely during the will of the Ameers, and this will was often most arbitrarily and vexatiously exerted against the jagheerdars. The Governor refused to disturb those whom he found in possession of these tracts, and converted their service into a fixed labour-rent, calculated on the expense of the duties annexed to the jagheer; but when any jagheerdar preferred it, he granted him a life estate rent-free, the jagheerdar surrendering so much as would, if let to ryots, produce the reserved rent. He thus created the strongest ties of interest to bind the jagheerdar to a government which secured to him a life-estate against the chance of a return of that anarchical despotism which had left life and property at the mercy of the caprice of a moment; and formed a landed aristocracy, with a body of peasant proprietors by its side, all interested in the preservation of the existing state of society.

But while the General was thus organising Scinde, and through that organisation the country was, in despite of various calamities, locusts, pestilence, and defective inundation, progressing in wealth and prosperity—while law was obeyed, and order preserved amongst the fierce Beloochees, one evil pressed itself more and more forcibly upon his notice.

The range of mountains which bordered on the north-west of Scinde was inhabited by various tribes, who, like most other pastoral races of the real world, depended for subsistence more upon robbery than on the produce of their flocks. The pestilence which had for a time disabled the troops, the disarmament of the Beloochees, and the

advancing prosperity of Scinde, had increased the audacity of these robbers, and made their inroads more frequent:—

"Thus," as our author says, "to chastise the robbers of the hills was now become imperative, for their successful incursions had so raised Beja Khan's reputation, that the ultimate consequences were to be dreaded.

"The confederates could, without reckoning the western mountain tribes, bring down 20,000 of the most daring men of Asia, and behind them were races of the same blood and temper in greater numbers. . . . It was their boast, that for 600 years no king had ever got beyond the first defiles in their land, though some had tried with 100,000 men; and in those fearful passes the British armies had also been fatally unsuccessful.

"There Clibborne had been defeated; there the heroic Clark, and others, had fallen; and there the unshaken firmness of Brown, but just sufficient to preserve the lives of his men in a chivalric defence of a fort against the Murrees alone. To allow such a people to gain a head, and by degrees raise the hopes and warlike spirit of the Khelat and Scindian mountain tribes, until 100,000 uncontrollable warriors should rage over the plain, when the Sikh army was menacing a formidable war, would have been madness.

"On horseback or on foot, the Belooch robbers of the hills were men able and willing to encounter any foe; but like the Scots of Bruce's time, they generally moved as cavalry, being mounted on small, but high-blooded, fiery mares, swift and enduring to a marvel. These little animals were so trained for the desert service as to surpass the British cavalry, regular or irregular. In retreat or pursuit the latter could not get near them, save by stratagem. The mares were taught to drink only at long intervals, and were at times fed with raw meat, which is said to increase their vigour for the time, and create less thirst. When an expedition across the desert was to be undertaken, the mare's food was tied under her belly; the man's, consisting of a coarse cake, and sometimes a little arrack, was slung across his shoulders, and was generally sufficient for ten or twelve days' scanty fare."

These were no insignificant enemies to meet, armed, as they were, with their deadly matchlocks, and swords of fine Damascus or Cutchee steel. Even to arrive at the entrance of their fastnesses was no slight matter: the desert, almost destitute of water, extends about eighty miles, and its heat is almost unendurable, save in the winter, when the cold of the hill-country renders it dangerous to the se-

poys. It was not then wonderful that the newspapers in India hostile to the Governor denounced the attempt as a folly and chimera, and that scarcely an officer in his army anticipated success. But his plans and calculations were all made; and in his journal he records the principle on which he intended to act—a principle which, one would imagine, might be successfully applied in the struggle in which far less skilful and worse prepared marauders are now enabled to mock at our power, and to defy our armies.

“ These barbarians must be attacked on a principle the reverse of that which prescribes the keeping of your own force in masses, and dividing your enemies. To drive the hillmen together must here be our object; their warfare will be to evade attacks, and to surprise. They must, in opposition, be driven to concentration and defence; for all history points out that neither barbarians nor civilised warriors of different tribes or nations, agree when compressed together, and these Cutchee hillmen are peculiarly incapable of doing so, because the tribes adopt the personal quarrels of each member. Another reason for thus operating is, that they possess great herds of cattle, which will thus be drawn together in a country where water is very scarce, and food for the animals still scarcer. These herds must, then, perish or fall into our hands at the watering places, and the hillmen will starve instead of starving us; while we shall be encouraged by constantly-recurring spoil, which will give us food, and at the same time we shall get water, which, though not to be found in abundance, will probably be sufficient to sustain life during the operations. These tribes are, however, a people as well as an army, and their families and furniture must move with them. They cannot, as when making incursions into Scinde, fly about like demons on their little blood mares, but, pushed into masses, will feel all the wants and difficulties of regular troops, without having the same supplies and redeeming arrangements or force.”

On this principle he steadily acted, and thus made even the height and strength of the Cutchee hills his best allies, closing up pass after pass, until no retreat was left the robbers save their natural fortress of Trukkee.

It is impossible to give here even an outline of the series of movements by which the General gradually drove his fierce enemies into their stronghold of Trukkee. It would be unintelligible without reference to the plans of the campaign inserted in the work. Suffice

it to say that, on the 16th January, the Governor had crossed the frontier of Scinde, and on the 4th of March he received the submission of the mountain tribes, at the very moment when he was issuing orders to storm their rocky hold.

“ With less than 5,000 men Sir C. Napier had crossed a desert of more than eighty miles, had surprised the enemy's first line of watering places, had seized their strongest passes without a stroke, had baffled all their counter schemes; and in fifty-four days subdued tribes having four times his number of fighting men, without giving them even an opportunity of declaring battle in an advantageous post. He had starved them when they thought to starve him, and by fine combinations and unexampled rapidity, overreached them in their own peculiar warfare, in a country more than 140 miles long, and from 80 to 120 broad, and of such desolate strength and intricacy, as can scarcely be equalled in the world—chasing them amidst crags and defiles, where a single error would have caused the total destruction of his army, merely by the casting down of stones on the columns.”

The captive tribes were removed from their mountains, and settled in a fertile tract of land on the frontiers of Scinde, under the chieftainship of Deyrah Khan, the mildest and most chivalrous of their race. There they were compelled to cultivate the soil, and to build houses, holding their possession as a sort of military frontier colony, on the condition of resisting any incursion which might be made by the mountain races still unsubdued. The more turbulent, for whose conduct the chief could not answer, were enrolled amongst the police of southern Scinde, where they served well.

The conquest of the mountain robbers spread far and wide the fame of the Scinde army and of its General. In Toorkistan the warriors imagined that he would come amongst them like another Alexander, swelling his army with the nations which he conquered; and they longed for his speedy advent, for under his banners they hoped to enjoy the spoil of the haunts of civilization. A town, hundreds of miles away from his province, on the very frontier of Persia, when besieged, surrendered to the terror of a letter of command, with his name forged thereto. The internal prosperity which his wise measures and the suppression of the robber tribes, had produced, also acted with great force on the

ardent imaginations of the nearer Asiatics. From Khelat, from Candahar, even from our own north-west provinces—from all sides the stream of immigration set in towards Scinde—Scinde, which the Ameers had almost depopulated—two entire desert tribes petitioned to become our subjects, and the walls of Kurrachee soon became too narrow for its new population.

In one point of the hill-campaign Sir C. Napier had been much embarrassed by the desertion *en masse* of the commissariat and baggage camels, which were then all supplied by contractors; his extraordinary fertility of expedient had alone enabled him to meet the difficulty which this caused. This untoward event forced more prominently before his mind the necessity for diminishing and systematising the cumbrous baggage of an Indian army, a subject which had occupied his mind, even from his first arrival in Scinde; and at length he obtained the sanction required for forming a baggage corps, in which every camel-driver should be a drilled and disciplined soldier, under a regular military organisation. He thus dispensed with a baggage guard, and ensured that quickness, regularity, and unity of action, which nothing but military discipline and arrangement can give.

The advantage of such an arrangement is almost self-evident; but if anything could be required to demonstrate it, the proof was furnished very shortly after the formation of the camel baggage corps, during the march of Sir Harry Smith to Aliwal. It must be in the recollection of every one how, when the Sikh cavalry dashed upon the long line of camels which carried the baggage of his army, the unfortunate drivers lost courage, and fled; the camels, left without guidance, fell into a confused mass, embarrassing the movements of the baggage guard, which bravely did its duty, and resisted to the death the fierce attack, but without avail, for the desertion of the drivers prevented the baggage from escaping during the delay thus occasioned, and ere support could arrive, almost all the animals had been driven off by the enemy. How different it would have been if each driver had been steady to his post, and intent only on facilitating the escape of his charge; or if the body had, like the Scinde baggage corps, been taught to

form a living fortalice, by forcing the camels to kneel in a circle, with their heads turned inwards, thus exposing to the enemy's fire but few vital parts; while the drivers, completely sheltered behind them, could, in comparative safety, defend themselves and their charge. But valuable as was this institution, it had many enemies: some opposed it because it was originated by Sir Charles Napier; and with the true spirit of Mephistopheles, "*der geist der stets verneint*," they considered themselves bound to oppose whatever he created: others, it may be, because the officers and soldiers of a disciplined body were most unlikely to connive at the transport of the inordinate quantities of baggage which have been the disgrace and the difficulty of our Indian armies. But in despite of all opposition, the Governor pressed rapidly on the formation of the baggage corps; for he well knew its value in the field, and further, that in all probability, that value would soon be roughly tested. He marked the gathering storm-clouds, and warned the Indian Government of the impending Sikh war; but Cassandra-like, he warned in vain. Sir Henry Hardinge but one fortnight before Moodkee was fought, promised to give the Governor six weeks' notice of hostilities, and prevented the formation of a powerful army of co-operation, until the announcement of the battle of Moodkee was accompanied by an order to assemble 15,000 men with all possible speed, at Roree. So many troops could not be obtained from Scinde, and it was necessary to march very much the larger portion of this force from Surat and Bombay. The speed with which this concentration was effected has rarely been equalled, when we consider the distances which were to be accomplished, and the difficulties to be surmounted.

The Bombay reinforcement, amounting with the followers to not less than 30,000 souls, had to be marched to the coast, to perform voyages in some cases of 500, in others of 800 miles, and to march afterwards 400 miles to their point of concentration; and yet on the forty-second day after receiving the order, the army was there assembled, with appointments of singular completeness. An enormous park of artillery, thirty-two siege pieces, with a thousand rounds of ammunition a

gun, a commissariat stored with two months' provisions, an armed flotilla on the Indus, were amongst his arrangements. The wildest enthusiasm, combined with the highest discipline, prevailed amongst all ranks, while the General, carefully considering the position of the several armies, had formed a plan of operations which must have crushed the Sikh army, perhaps prevented the second Punjaub war. But a sudden order from the Governor-General compelled Sir C. Napier to direct his army to Bhahawalpore, and himself to proceed to the Upper Sutlej. He reached the camp of the main army, to find a peace determined on, which he knew must entail a second war. "If," said he, "a puppet king, like Duleep Sing, and a real monarch, like Goolab, were established, the battle would have to be fought again, rivers of blood would flow, and the result might be doubtful."

How fearfully his prediction was verified we all know but too well. Who can ever forget the gradually increasing horror with which we heard of the murder of Agnew and Anderson, the mutiny of the Sikhs' contingent, the repulse from Moultan, and the bloody struggles of Ramnuggur and Chillianwallah? Can we forget the call which then arose from the startled nation for Napier, whose counsel would have prevented the Sikh war, but whose arm was now invoked to crush it?—or the news of Goojerat, and the joy of all for the victory which suppressed the rebellion—joy heightened by our sympathy for the brave old warrior who had won it, and thus recovered the confidence of the public, well deserved by his long series of gallant actions, from the defence of Tarifa to the fight of Sobraon?

From Lahore Sir Charles Napier returned to Kurrachee to pursue his course of civil administration, still impeded by hostility, from what our author terms, "The Bombay faction," but still triumphantly successful. The effects of his labour are, perhaps, best shewn by the enormous increase of revenue; from nine lacs of rupees in 1843-4, and twenty-seven lacs in 1844-5, to forty lacs in 1845-6, of which sum but nine lacs were required for the expenses of the civil administration, including the large police force; thus leaving thirty-one lacs to be paid over to the general treasury. It is an

important fact that this increase took place without the imposition of a single new impost, although the taxes had been reduced to half the rate which had been levied by the Ameers, and solely in consequence of the increasing prosperity of the country. Yet in defiance of these facts, and of the payment of the thirty-one lacs into the treasury, the outcry that Scinde had been a disastrous conquest was maintained, and the Indian press still clamorously asserted that its expenditure exceeded its income. The mode in which they supported this statement was a beautiful illustration of the grand truth so well known, and so well used by many of our financial reformers and political economists, that you may prove anything with figures. They simply debited the finances of Scinde with the entire military force quartered there—a force unnecessary to preserve the tranquillity of the province, and required as a check upon the turbulent and hostile Sikh army, and as a frontier garrison;—with a safer and stronger line to defend than that further to the eastward, which had been maintained while an army of occupation remained in Scinde in continued danger of attack, and every shilling of whose expense had been an unmitigated loss to the East India Company. Every fact in relation to Scinde, and to its Governor, seems to have been exposed to similar misrepresentation; and we can hardly feel surprise that such misrepresentations should have found willing listeners high in authority at home. The men who have sapped the foundations of industry, agricultural and commercial, here, could hardly sympathise with him who had restored both to desolated Scinde. Doctrinaires, whose theories have resulted in the depopulation of whole districts of our country, might well look jealously at the man whose practical administration had attracted a tide of immigration from all the surrounding states. Ministers, under whose auspices red-handed murder stalks scatheless in the noonday, might shudder at the stern retributive justice speedily and inflexibly dealt out to criminals in Scinde. The elevation of a barbarous and miserable province, many grades in the scale of civilisation, must be a standing reproach to those whose misgovernment tends to degrade Ireland to the condition of Scinde under the Ameers. Further,

Sir Charles Napier was not satisfied with making his own province prosperous, he ventured to wish to assist from its abundance the misery which prevailed here :

"Scindian wheat was actually exported in 1846, and 1847, through Bombay to England with good profit ; for being much harder, drier, and heavier than the Canadian wheat, it fetched twenty shillings a ton more in the market. Sir Charles Napier offered eleven thousand tons, received as revenue, for the use of famishing Ireland, and Lord Ellenborough pointed out to the ministers a cheap mode of conveying it ; the bargain would have been most advantageous, alleviating the misery of the Irish, and improving the Scindian revenue, but a measure reasonably beneficial to Ireland, and useful to Scinde, was a cup of double bitterness, and instantly rejected."

Can we be surprised if under those circumstances the ruling powers have felt anything rather than gratitude to Sir Charles Napier, and if, when honours and rewards for Indian successes and reverses were showered around, he should have been left decorated by his great deeds alone ?

The increasing pile of our manuscript warns us to conclude ; but ere we close we must extract the magnificent peroration in which Sir William Napier describes the former state of Scinde, and the effects of his brother's administration :—

"So ended Sir C. Napier's administration of Scinde.

"He had found that land dominated over by a race of fierce warriors, who hated the English from political and religious motives, and who were preparing for war with a well grounded distrust of British public faith and honour, and a contempt for British military powers—a contempt which the disaster at Cabool and several recent minor defeats in Khelat seemed to warrant.

"He had found it under the oppressive sway of an oligarchy of despots, cruel and horribly vicious in debauchery, setting such examples of loathsome depravity as must finally have corrupted society to its core, and made regeneration impossible. He had found the rural subject population crushed with imposts, shuddering under a ferocious domination, wasting in number from unnatural mortality and forced emigration ; the towns shrinking in size, and devoid

of handicraftsmen ; the half-tilled fields were sullenly cultivated by miserable serfs, whose labours only brought additional misery to themselves ; and more than a fourth of the fertile land was turned into lairs for wild beasts, by tyrants, who thus defaced and rendered pernicious what God had created for the subsistence and comfort of man.

"He had found society without the protection of law or that of natural human feelings—for slavery was widely-spread ; murder, especially of women, rife ; blood feuds universal, and systematic robbery so established by the force of circumstances as to leave no other mode of existence free, and rendering that crime the mark and sign of heroism. Might was right, and the whole social framework was dissolving in a horrible confusion where the bloody hand only could thrive.

"He had found the Beloochees with sword and shield defying and capable of overthrowing armies. He left them with spade and mattock, submissive to a constable's staff. He found them turbulent and bloody, masters in a realm where confusion and injustice prevailed ; he left them mild and obedient subjects in a country where justice was substituted for their military domination.

"He had found Scinde groaning under tyranny ; he left it a contented though subdued province of India, respected by surrounding nations and tribes, which he had taught to confide in English honour, and to tremble at English military powers as the emanation of a deity. He found it poor and in slavery ; he left it without a slave, relieved from wholesale robbery and wholesale murder, with an increasing population and an extended and extending agriculture and abundance of food, produced by the willing industry of independent labourers. He left it also with an enlarged commerce, a reviving, internal traffic, expanding towns, restored handicraftsmen, mitigated taxation, a great revenue, an economical administration, and a reformed, social, system, with an enlarged and improving public spirit, and a great road opened for future prosperity. He had, in fine, found a divided population, misery, and servitude, on the one hand ; and on the other, a barbarous domination, crime, and cruelty, tears and distress, everywhere prevailing. He left a united, regenerated people, rejoicing in a rising civilisation, the work of his beneficent genius."

Thus ends Sir William Napier's "*Administration of Scinde*"—a work which must increase the literary fame even of the historian of the Peninsular War.

IRELAND UNDER LORD CLARENDON—PART II.

"THE REBELLION" IN THE CITY AND THE FIELD.

On the 22nd of April, 1848, an Act of Parliament received the royal assent, which, under the somewhat ambitious title of "An Act for the better Security of the Crown and Government of the United Kingdom," attempted to provide an appropriate protection against the somewhat novel dangers which threatened them in the treason that raged in the columns of the rebel press.

This Act, so far as it affected newspaper publications, was passed solely for the purpose of crushing the *United Irishman*. No statute has ever been, perhaps, the subject of so much misapprehension; and as it is a key to much of the policy of the Executive that procured from the Legislature its enactment, a few words of explanation of the real character of its provisions may not be altogether thrown away.

It did nothing more than enable the Government to prosecute as a felony, punishable by transportation, crimes which, independent of that statute, and even at this moment, amount to the higher guilt of treason—while it simplified at the same time the legal forms of the accusation. From the earliest period, the crime of high treason had consisted, apart from some offences not necessary to advert to, either in the open levying of war against the Sovereign within his realm, or in adhering to the King's enemies in time of war, or "compassing, imagining, intending, and devising the death of the Sovereign," provided such design or intention was plainly manifested by any open act or deed, called, in the language of the old legal phraseology, an "overt act."

The design or intention to take away the life of the Sovereign was the treason. Although the law—indeed common sense—made it necessary that the design should be accompanied by some act sufficient to demonstrate palpably its existence before the person entertaining it made himself amenable to the penalties of treason; still the guilt of treason was in the design, and not in the act by which it was manifested. So strictly was this held, that when the law had to deal with the actual murder of a Sovereign, those who took away the life of Charles I. were exe-

cuted upon an indictment which charged them, not with killing the King, but with compassing his death—the actual putting him to death being alleged only as the overt act by which they proved the existence of the design.

A justly-celebrated statute of the reign of Edward III. had fixed and defined the limits of the crime of high treason, as we have stated. Whatever may have been the intentions of the framers of the statute, judicial decisions in process of time extended the meaning of the latter branch, so as to include all possible attempts to overturn the government, or even exercise a forcible constraint upon the royal will. It was said, that as it was the duty of the Sovereign to resist all attempts at illegal control or intimidation, at the hazard of his life, all persons designing such attempts must, in contemplation of law, be regarded as designing the destruction of that natural life. "From the prison to the grave of a monarch is but a step," was an aphorism sufficiently proved by the experience of all history, to warrant the judgments which it was frequently cited to support; and before the close of the last century, a series of decisions, the authority of which in any court of law it would be perfectly impossible to question, had conclusively established that every project or design to interfere by force with the government of the country, even though never carried out into open insurrection, was still high treason within the statute of Edward III., because the design to interfere with or control the government, involved, by necessary legal inference, the design of putting the reigning Sovereign to death.

This is still, beyond all question, the state of the law. However well-founded such maxims may be in political truth, it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at, that juries occasionally found a difficulty in applying them to the facts that might be established before them. A conspiracy to repeal the Legislative Union by force of arms even without disturbing the Monarchy, would, beyond all question, be high treason; yet a jury could only find it so

by declaring on their oaths, that those engaged in it compassed the death of the Queen, and held their meetings with a view and object of accomplishing that design. The very same principle would apply to an attempt to alter by force the laws of one of the most insignificant, or most distant islands of her Majesty's dominions. In every case the law would sternly say, that those who planned an interference by force with her Majesty's authority, must be held to design her Majesty's death; and judges would advise juries to convict of that charge, upon proof of the design to subvert her authority by force, in the most remote and most isolated portion of her vast empire—a portion which might be severed, perhaps, from her dominions without one hour's interruption to her happiness or repose.

It is not to be wondered at that those stern maxims were occasionally listened to by juries with distrust. In the trials of Tooke and Hardy in London, in 1794, the genius of Erskine brought them to the test of the plain common sense of Middlesex juries. The accused parties were tried on the indictment in which alone the accusation could be legally expressed, that of "compassing the death of the King." The real offence of which they were accused was that of being members of a society which was charged with the intention to obtain a reform of Parliament by intimidation and force. The unrivalled advocate who defended them boldly arraigned before the jury the construction which successive decisions of judges had placed upon the words of the charge which, upon their oaths, the jurors were to find proved. The trials resulted in successive acquittals; whether from the failure of the evidence to sustain any treasonable design, or the unwillingness of the juries to find a treasonable design, imputing, of necessity, the compassing of the King's death, may very fairly be doubted. The result, however, was, that ministers determined that these difficulties in the application of the old and unquestionable law of treason should be removed. In 1796 an Act was passed which declared that it was high treason to compass the deposition of the Sovereign; or, in effect, to plan any interference, by force or intimidation, with his authority. So far it simplified the statement of the charge. To meet another difficulty, it enacted that the treasonable

design might be manifested by the publication of any printing or writing.

This statute was declared by every judge who commented on it to have done nothing more than expanded in terms the construction put upon the words of compassing the King's death. In truth nothing was treason after its passing which was not treason before. It only enabled a jury to find it to be "a compassing to depose the King," instead of being compelled either to acquit or find it "a compassing of the King's death."

This Act had been passed before the Union; it did not, therefore, extend to this country. Originally enacted for the life of George III., it had been made perpetual by an Act of 1817. It was believed, however, that the Act perpetuating it, although an Act of the Imperial Parliament, had not the effect of extending it to Ireland.

This somewhat dry detail will, perhaps, enable our readers clearly to understand the state of the law prior to the passing of the Act to which we refer. Had Mitchel published the treasonable papers of the *United Irishman* in England, he could plainly have been indicted for high treason, and that treason being designated as a compassing to depose the Queen, and a manifesting of it by these publications. In Ireland the charge of high treason must have been described as a compassing of the Queen's death, and these publications alleged as the overt acts by which that wicked compassing was to be brought to pass.

Under these circumstances, the statute known as the Treason-Felony Act was introduced. It followed the exact words of the statute of 1796, but it designated the offence as felony instead of high treason, and mitigated the punishment from death to transportation. It contained a provision that the offences which it described should continue treason whenever they were so under the old statute of Edward III., and that no prisoner should be acquitted on an indictment for felony under this Act if his offence should appear to be high treason. The necessity for this latter provision arose from the technical rule of law which, to preserve the boundaries of the different degrees of crime, declares that any offence merges in one of a higher degree. According to this rule nothing that amounted to treason ever could be considered as mere felony in the eye of the

law ; and, but for the special provision we have mentioned, were a jury satisfied that the facts proved amounted to treason, they would have been bound to declare the accused, for that very reason, not guilty of felony.

The real effect of this statute was simply this—to give the Executive the option of prosecuting certain treasonable practices as a felony ; to simplify and make more accordant with common notions the statement of the charge ; and to get rid of some difficulties that might arise, especially when the manifestation of the treasonable design depended solely upon the publication of treasonable incitements to rebel. It still, however, required as an essential ingredient of the offence the existence of that distinct and deliberate treasonable design which was, as we have seen, the essence of the crime of treason under the old law.

This legislation was, perhaps, admirably adapted to meet the only rebellion which we have expressed our belief then existed in Ireland—a rebellion carried on in the columns of a newspaper. In estimating Lord Clarendon's policy it is of some importance to observe the character of the legislation for which he asked. Although unquestionably the statute would have enabled the Government, if they pleased, to indict for felony persons engaged in insurrectionary plots, which for any reason it was not expedient to magnify by the importance of a trial for high treason—although the Act was actually so used in England against some despicable knots of petty insurrectionists ; yet so far as Ireland was concerned, its avowed object—and the only use ever made of its provisions—was to enable the Government to try as felons those who carried on their treason by newspaper publications.

The Act, we repeat, was well adapted to encounter that peculiar and probably unprecedented species of treasonable movement which then disturbed the tranquillity of the Irish Government. The managers of the *United Irishman* imagined they were to overthrow the Government by *writing* pikes and barricades. Never before had a rebellion been carried out by such instruments. The programme of an assault upon the Castle, published in the columns of the *United Irishman*, was exulted in by these monomaniacs as a triumph as great as if they had actually stormed the old building upon Cork-hill.

It certainly made more consternation in the presence-chamber than we are sure would have been felt from half an hour's actual assault upon the gates. Imaginary barricades, guarded by trained bands of sanguinary pikemen, occupied the streets each Saturday—in the columns of the rebel journal—and existed nowhere else. The pompous and bloodthirsty threats which every publication hurled at the Viceroy supplied the place by a compendious process of arms, of organisation, and of men. While the journalist wrote big the rebellion was going on ; if he flagged for a publication in the ferocity of his treason, the authorities breathed freely, and “ law and order ” had a success. To meet such a state of things it was, perhaps, not unfitting that Lord Clarendon should invoke and obtain the aid of the Legislature to pass an Act *which enabled him to try and punish as felony that treason, of which the overt acts were newspaper publications.*

This was exactly what the statute of the 22nd of April enabled him to do. The more applicable that statute appears for the purpose of meeting the danger, the more is our statement confirmed, that so far as any overt act or preparation went, the treason confined its operations to the newspapers. The publishers of successive journals have been tried and convicted under this statute ; but they have been convicted solely on the overt acts of their publications. Any other act, which indicated a participation in an insurrectionary design, subjected them to the penalties of this Act as completely as any newspaper article could do, and probably much more surely. But not a single human being was put upon his trial for a treasonable design manifested by any act except a newspaper publication. Is not the inference irresistible, that, at the time of which we write, the only overt acts were those of newspaper publications ?

If this be so, what excuse can be offered for those alarming preparations—those still more alarming hints, by which, during the months of March and April, the Viceroy so cruelly fooled the loyalty of the country, and so recklessly injured the trade and lowered the character of Dublin ? Unwilling to repeat, we must only ask of our readers to remember the statements which we made last month, as to the disposition and the sudden and most horrifying movements of the troops, by

which, during the months of March and April, both military men and civilians were perplexed and alarmed. These movements, upon more than one occasion, indicated the expectation of *an instant outbreak of a terrible and most sanguinary revolt*. We must ask of our readers, once for all, to bear this in mind, through all the comments we may feel it our duty to make upon Lord Clarendon's conduct. By every indication that could give a pledge of his opinion, he several times manifested his belief THAT DUBLIN WAS WITHIN A FEW MINUTES OF AN INSURRECTION WHICH ITS GARRISON OF TEN THOUSAND TROOPS WOULD BE UNABLE EFFECTUALLY TO PUT DOWN. The importance of this statement will excuse its repetition. To no other belief than that of an immediate insurrection can we refer the military occupation of every available post in the city for months; the defending of the Castle by ball-proof barricades; the sudden closings of the Castle gates; the commands at midnight to the artillerymen to stand by their guns and light their port-fires; the rousing of the whole garrison at dead of night with orders to prepare for instant action. Once for all, we ask our readers, as they go with us, to bear these extraordinary preparations and movements in mind.

We almost fear that, by those who were not eye-witnesses of them, we have been suspected of exaggerating those military preparations, which so perplexed the people of Dublin in the Spring of 1848. We venture to extract one or two paragraphs from the columns of a journal of the day, not only because they verify our statement, but show that even then there were persons who ventured perhaps faintly to hint that they were absurd:—

“DUBLIN CASTLE—PATRICK'S-DAY IN THE MORNING.

“The Castle guard, relieved at six o'clock this morning, in order to avoid the usual Patrick's-day ceremonial, consists of a strong detachment of the 49th Regiment, of two troops of the 7th Hussars, and a company of Artillery, with four guns. The Castle gates are closed, and strengthened with wooden pallsades. There are moveable columns (each under the order of a military magistrate) of Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry, stationed at Portobello, the University, the Royal Barracks, and the Royal Hospital; while strong parties of Infantry occupy the Post-office, the Rotundo, the Bank, the Custom-house, and the Four

Courts. At all these posts the men are under arms, and horses saddled, so as to enable the authorities, at a moment's notice, not only to *demonstrate*, but to crush a force a thousand times greater than any ever exhibited at the greatest of the monster meetings.”—*Evening Mail*, March 17th.

These preparations were not intended for a single day. Most of the posts then occupied continued to be garrisoned for months. Thus writes the same journal on the 24th of April:—

“The Government continue their preparations. The housekeeper at the Custom-house has, we understand, received directions to prepare for the permanent accommodation of eighty soldiers in the building. *A party of soldiers were this day under arms on the roof of the Bank.*”

And again, on the 28th, the same journal thus censures the absurd fears so undisguisedly displayed by Lord Clarendon:—

“We cannot refrain from expressing our regret at the constant exhibition of superfluous alarm which for some time past has characterised the movements of the Government in Ireland. On more than one occasion troops have been suddenly, at night, summoned from their quarters, and marched to the occupation of posts in the city—cannon placed at night in position—marines hurried on shore, to find themselves more ‘at sea’ than on the quarter-deck; and all this, so far as we can learn, without adequate cause, or any instant danger. In addition, every day we find troops marching and counter marching—instructions to the College and the Royal Dublin Society, that room for more military is needed in those places—more artillery brought into the Castle—more ball-proof barricading thrown up about it. The result of all this is necessarily to perplex and excite the citizens, who should, as far as possible, be kept in a state of tranquil confidence in the resources of their rulers, without intermitting their ordinary avocations of trade or commerce, which cannot fail to be interrupted while the public mind is held in constant suspense.”

This is not all. We have already stated the effects of this alarm in inducing many sober citizens to form themselves into societies for the purpose of defending their homes. One central association of the citizens assumed the name of “The Defensive Association.” These follies—for follies they were—*Lord Clarendon distinctly and personally encouraged*. While he refused openly to sanction any one company of armed loyalists—nay, while, as Lord Ellenborough most justly complained, in the House of Lords, he su-

periciously rejected the open, the generous, and the manly offers of men true to their Queen, to arm themselves in her defence, he privately encouraged and stimulated these unauthorised, and, therefore, we do not hesitate to say, illegal defensive associations, by addressing to them arguments and incentives the most powerful that could act upon the mind of man.

Lord Clarendon distinctly stated to the loyal citizens of Dublin, that when the insurrection came, *he would not protect their homes!* And telling them this, he refused to sanction the formation of a single company of volunteers! He told them, moreover, that he left it to themselves to defend the houses in those parts of the city in which the troops were not placed.

We feel this to be a grave accusation. It rests upon Lord Clarendon's own statement. These were his words in the House of Lords, on the 18th of February, 1850, in explaining his connexion with the arming of the Orangemen:—

"Captain Kennedy, who was stated to have been employed by me, held no employment under Government, but was agent to the Devon estate, and had volunteered his services as an experienced engineer officer, to organise the well-affected inhabitants of Dublin, and to make preparations for defending certain parts of the city, because I had given notice that in the event of an insurrection the troops should not be scattered about, and it was for the citizens to take some means for the protection of their own lives and property."

"It was for the citizens to take some means for the protection of their own lives and properties!" This from the Chief Governor of Ireland, whose bounden duty it was to take those very means; this from the Lord Lieutenant, who had refused to sanction a single armed society of those citizens! this from the Sovereign's representative, who ought to have known that any association for military purposes, without the license of the Sovereign, was a high offence against the law!

We confess we hardly trust ourselves to comment upon this avowal. To whom had the experienced engineer officer volunteered his services? To Lord Clarendon, of course. What then becomes of the disavowal of that very Captain Kennedy's services in organising the Orangemen, assigning them their posts, and purchasing for them arms? What becomes of the

Lord Lieutenant's refusal publicly to sanction the enrolment of the citizens in armed companies? Lord Clarendon avows himself the getter-up of the societies which he was anxious in public to disown. He was the alarmist. He it was who told the "well-affected inhabitants" that a sanguinary outbreak was at hand, in which all his troops could not protect their families and their homes! while he took care every second night to quicken their terrors by those mysterious movements which indicated his apprehension of the instant outbreak of this terrible insurrection.

And yet he never proclaimed the city of Dublin; and when he did appeal to the Legislature for new powers, it was for the purpose of trying as felony, instead of treason, the authors of treasonable publications in newspapers!

We will not be understood for one moment as extenuating the danger and the mischief of those publications upon which we comment;—far from it. Our heaviest charge against Lord Clarendon is, that he continued to allow these publications to alarm the loyal, to inflame the disaffected, to give confidence to the enemies of Government, by the bold impunity of their unmasked and unshrinking treason. The mischief of these publications consisted in their effect upon the public mind, excited by the miseries of the country, and kindled by the tidings which each day brought of new European revolutions. Against this mischief, until the passing of the Treason-Felony Act, Lord Clarendon took no precaution whatever. But while he permitted these publications to do all that publications could do to create an actual rebellion, he was industriously circulating the most horrifying accounts of a coming insurrection, and he lent all the weight of Government to these reports by military preparations, only to be justified by the presence of an armed, a numerous, and an organised rebel force.

The presence of such a rebel force in the city would have justified the military investment of our public buildings as fortresses for the troops. But if it did exist, then nothing can justify the inaction of the Executive. If Lord Clarendon had information of a rebel organisation so strong as to make it necessary to garrison our public buildings, to prepare them to stand a siege, how can he justify it to his Sovereign and his

country that for five long months he permitted that organisation to proceed undisturbed—that he arrested no leaders—seized no arms—broke in upon no consultations? In March, he “gave notice” to the well-affected, that so terrible was the conspiracy, that all the troops could do would be to protect the Lord Lieutenant! the loyal inhabitants must protect their own lives and properties! In April, it will be seen presently, his agents offered to the Orangemen of Dublin to give their wives and children shelter in the Castle, as the only safe retreat, while their fathers and husbands were fighting against the rebels in the streets!! No wonder that even calm and brave men, fathers of families, yielded to the paroxysm of terror that we vainly endeavoured last month to describe. No wonder that, in some instances, feather beds were actually brought down to supply the place of ball-proof shutters for the lower windows of the houses, and that many persons in the city of Dublin retired each night to their beds, dreading to be awakened by the sound of the midnight-drum that was to give the alarm of pillage, conflagration, and unutterable horrors.

While Lord Clarendon professed to believe that there was a formidable and powerful conspiracy ready to drive her Majesty's troops into fortresses, and devastate the city of Dublin, not a single arrest was made of any one individual charged with any connexion with this conspiracy. Surely, if it existed, the very same information that put the Viceroy in possession of its existence—that made him acquainted with its movements, so as to know the precise nights upon which he was to keep the garrison under arms, or call the artillery to their howitzers—surely, we say, the very same information must have told him its leaders, its preparations, and its depôts. It must have enabled him to seize the leaders in conclave, as in 1798 the Directory of the United Irishmen were arrested at the house of Oliver Bond; to take possession of some depôt of arms—some store of ammunition, as Emmet's armoury was seized in Marshalsea-lane, in 1803. To say that the law armed him with no power to arrest traitors, is simply absurd. Upon a sworn information made by any informer, any magistrate of the city of Dublin could have issued his warrant to arrest, for high treason, any person

charged in that information. They must, indeed, have a very strange notion of the law of England, who imagine that it would compel a Lord Lieutenant to know of the existence of a treasonable conspiracy existing in the metropolis for five months—to feel himself obliged to invest the city with a network of military posts—and yet permit that conspiracy to lay its plans, and hold its councils of massacre and treason, without being able to strike a blow until it would suit the convenience of the conspirators to rise and deluge the streets of the metropolis in blood!

The law of England, we need scarcely say, in seriousness, is not so. It was the bounden duty of Lord Clarendon, the moment he had evidence of the existence of such a conspiracy, to have crushed it, by arresting its leaders, seizing their arms, and taking possession of their papers. The fact that no such arrest was made—no arms ever seized—to our mind, disproves the existence of the conspiracy. To suppose Lord Clarendon really cognizant of it, and to take no step to suppress it, or even interfere with it, until it would break out in insurrection, is to suppose that he contemplated, as his only duty, to take care that he could mow down the rebels, after they had murdered the well-disposed.

The possible excuse suggests itself, that these preparations were made to exhibit such a display of strength as to make rebellion hopeless, and so overawe it. The answer, unhappily, is, that such a motive is entirely inconsistent with the nature and the permanence of the preparations, and with all the rest of the policy of the Viceroy. It is perfectly plain that he did not himself indicate any belief that the treason against which he provided was to be overawed. Every act and every expression evinced an expectation that matters must come to blows. The desire to overawe the disaffected is utterly inconsistent with the impunity accorded for three months to the treasons of the *United Irishman*—an impunity that did infinitely more to give courage to the disaffected than all the military preparations could do to strike dismay. What shall we say to the absence of any attempt to interfere with any preparation for insurrection, even in the importation and manufacture of arms? The truth was, the military movements had, from their very nature, just the opposite effect. They implied, as any one might have

expected, a belief on the part of Government, that the rebel force in the city of Dublin was able to cope with the Queen's troops; and while the *United Irishman* was permitted to insult the Queen's representative with impunity—while he was suffered each week to tell the Viceroy that the Castle would be stormed in spite of all his military array—while no steps were taken to stop the progress of club confederations—while not a single one of the unseen conspirators was arrested—nay, while confederate clubs were permitted to go out into the fields near the city to practise at rifle-shooting, for which, in some instances, an effigy of Lord Clarendon was the target—while all this was tolerated, without an attempt to interfere, surely it must have been expected that the military preparations of Lord Clarendon would be much less likely to induce the belief that the Government was strong, than they were to create the impression that it was afraid. We have already said enough to establish that it was neither the effect of these preparations, nor yet the object of the Government, to give anything like confidence or a sense of security to the well-disposed.

How, again, are we to account for the fact, that these formidable preparations for resistance were confined to the city of Dublin, while certainly the country districts of Ireland presented a much more inviting field for the operations of treason? We know not whether it ever occurred to Lord Clarendon to remember, in the midst of his excitement, that Dublin was not Ireland; that fortifying Trinity College would not prevent an outbreak in Wexford. It is true the French revolution had fixed the imagination both of the Viceroy and his rival in the *United Irishman* upon a street insurrection and a battle across the barricades. But, after all, we are disposed to apprehend that had the materials of treasonable organisation in Ireland been really called into action in March, 1848, the loyalists in the country would have derived but little protection from the howitzers upon Leinster lawn.

How, again, are we to explain the strange circumstance, that amid all his terrors the Viceroy never once called upon the aid of the loyalists of Ireland? If danger really menaced the Queen's authority in Ireland of a character so formidable, we would have thought that almost the

first movement of the Executive would have been to array and to arm the well-disposed as volunteers. In more than one instance the services of men were offered to him, anxious to serve their Sovereign and their country; and they were rejected. We earnestly invite the attention of every Irishman to this singular fact. It is a matter to be pondered on. If there was the slightest apprehension that the military force in the country would not be able to extend full and entire protection to every man's home, surely it was the bounden duty of the Viceroy at once to throw himself upon the loyalty of the country—to give spirit to the well-disposed, by enrolling them in volunteer companies for the defence of their Sovereign, the constitution, and their homes. It was his duty to have done this openly and manfully, through the constitutional authorities of the land—to have done it to all whom he could trust, without distinction of class or creed, instead of secretly appealing to the spirit of party, and inviting sections of the population to take up arms—inviting them by an underhand and secret mode of communication, which nothing but the alarm of the period could have induced men to tolerate, and for listening to which, even that alarm, in our judgment, does not supply an adequate excuse.

In 1798, the Volunteer Corps were the principal guards of the city of Dublin. In 1803, they were the same. In 1831, the Government of Lord Anglesey met the threats of O'Connell by calling out and arming the yeomanry of Ulster. Never before had there been a period of alarm from real or supposed treasonable plots, either in England or Ireland, in which Government had not gladly accepted the services of loyal men, organised under military discipline, in some instances commanded by military officers. Such enrolments are worth far more to Government than the quota of soldiers which they supply. They maintain that spirit of chivalrous loyalty which is the "cheap defence of the throne." They dispirit the disaffected by showing them that the real strength of the country is against them. They animate every loyalist, by impressing him with the belief that he is of some service and consequence in the cause. They identify Government with the citizens, and practically proclaim the truth—for it is a truth and not a cant

—that the best security of the Sovereign is in the hearts of the people. It was the batons of thousands of special constables, not the bayonets of the military, that drove back, by a moral victory, the Chartist demonstration that threatened the security of England. No Government ought to rely on the bayonets of the soldiery, *except one that is ready and prepared to trample on the opinion of all classes of the nation alike.* If this be true in every case, how much stronger is the argument in a case like that with which we are dealing—a case in which the whole surface of the country was left unprotected, and in which, even in the city of Dublin, the Government gave notice that the protection of the public fortresses was as much as could be expected from the troops.

Let us complete the sketch of Lord Clarendon's public dealing with the emergencies of the period. We have seen that, on the 22d of April, he obtained from the Legislature an Act which enabled him to deal as a felony with that treason which found its manifestation in articles in a newspaper. It must not be supposed that, before the passing of that Act, the law was powerless to deal with the offences that were each week committed in the publication of the *United Irishman*. The very lowest view of the criminality of these publications must have regarded each of them as a seditious libel. Every seller of a seditious libel is liable by the law, upon sworn informations, to be committed to prison until he finds bail to answer the charge. Surely, without the slightest straining of the law, it was in the power of Government, by merely enforcing its provisions, effectually to stop the sale of the *United Irishman*. Every newsvender that offered it for sale should have been instantly brought to a police-office, and sent to prison until he found bail, if the sale of it were persevered in. Those who have followed us in the history of the law of treason, will have no difficulty in understanding that the Executive would have been fully justified in committing every person concerned in the publication of these treasonable articles upon a charge of high treason. Beyond all question, they were bound to do so, if these articles were published to aid a conspiracy such as that which the military preparations were requisite to meet.

We have said also that the common law was amply sufficient to authorise the Lord Lieutenant to arrest any person implicated in any treasonable or insurrectionary design. We venture to repeat, that with all the alarms industriously circulated by the Castle authorities, **NO SUCH ARREST WAS MADE.** If it could be said that the existing law was insufficient, the answer is, it was only on the 25th of July that new powers were asked for.

But this is not all. Will it be credited that all the time that Lord Clarendon was half terrifying half cajoling the loyalists of Dublin by these artfully contrived tales of wonder; all the while that he was, by his organs at the press, frightening the public by stories of the manufacture of pikes, and the reports—we mean no play upon phrases by using the word—of the rifle practice of confederate clubs: all this while, while he was garrisoning our College, planting cannon to command our squares, and sending nightly rockets from the Castle to summon our garrison to arms—all this time, when, if his whole life was not one continued imposition, he believed in the growing up around him of a desperate rebel organisation; all this time he had the power by law to make it illegal for any person in the city of Dublin to carry or possess arms without his license?—he could have given the authorities power to search every house for arms—he could have stopped, by a stroke of his pen, the manufacture of pikes, if it existed, and stayed the rifle practice of Confederate clubs; he could have obliged every person in the city of Dublin who was owner of a gun, a pike, a pistol, or a sword, to surrender it to the Government, under pain of the severest penalties.

These powers had been conferred upon him by an Act passed, we may presume, at his own instance, as it became law while he filled the office of Lord Lieutenant. It was passed, it is true, with reference to agrarian, not political crimes. On the 20th of December, 1847, an Act received the royal assent, empowering the Lord Lieutenant to proclaim any district of Ireland, and imposing the severest penalties upon those who, in a proclaimed district, should either possess or carry arms without the licence of the Lord Lieutenant. It authorised a search in every house in the proclaimed district for “guns, swords, pistols, or pikes.” Dublin was pro-

claimed under this Act, BUT PROCLAIMED ON THE 19TH OF JULY. During the months of March and April, when Lord Clarendon was barricading the Castle gates and thronging the College and Custom-House with his troops—when he affected to believe in the organisation of a terrible Socialist conspiracy to seize upon the Castle and sack the town—when he was terrified at the making of pike-heads, and driven to his wit's end by the ball-practice of the Confederate clubs—during all this time he had vested in him, by law, the powers we have mentioned; and he never thought fit to exercise these powers!!

Let us, however, at least be just. His Excellency was not wholly wanting in arrangements. If he permitted the *United Irishman* to publish its treason with impunity, it must not be forgotten that, on the other hand, he subsidised the *World*. If he allowed the Confederate clubs to buy their pikes and to practise at their rifles, with a singular sense of fair play, he took care that 500 Orangemen should have muskets, on the other side.

The history of the negotiations between Lord Clarendon and the Orangemen has assumed, from the manner in which he afterwards treated that body, a factious importance, perhaps disproportioned to its intrinsic value. Of that history, as indeed of most matters connected with Lord Clarendon's administration, just enough is known to make us certain that not more than half the truth is brought to light. In the very brief narrative which we purpose to give of these singular transactions, we shall endeavour to confine ourselves as much as possible to facts established by documents of admitted, or at least uncontradicted authority.

The field, however, of conjecture, or even of generally-believed rumour, would be unquestionably a tempting one. We do not profess to be in the secrets of the Orangemen; but it does not need any initiation into these secrets to be acquainted with the fact, that when the dismissal of Lord Roden amazed and confounded the confiding brethren, a vast body of evidence relative to these negotiations was laid before their governing body, a portion of which only was ever permitted to see the light. This evidence is said to have been withheld from the public out of deference to the honourable scruples of some of their lead-

ers, who did not believe themselves absolved from the obligation of confidence under which these negotiations were entered upon. On the propriety of these scruples, or the discretion of keeping the secrets of Lord Clarendon, no one who was not admitted to the council that resolved on the course that was adopted can possibly form an opinion. From the Committee of the Orangemen we can only take the statement that is supplied by the Report they made to the general body in November, 1849, a Report to which we shall have to make occasional reference. Unless rumour has vastly exaggerated the nature of the evidence in their hands, that Report presents an instance of singular temperance, or perhaps we ought to say, meagreness of statement.

This much, however, seems certain, that in the month of March, 1848, direct negotiations took place between the Lord Lieutenant and the Orangemen of Dublin. The Earl of Enniskillen, in the capacity of their Grand Master, had confidential interviews in person with the Lord Lieutenant. The gentleman who held the office of District-Master of the Orange Lodges of the city of Dublin, was honoured with equally confidential interviews with Mr. Corry Connellan, his Excellency's Private Secretary, and Major Turner, his Excellency's Master of the Horse.

It is unquestionable that, about this period, the Lord Lieutenant thought it right distinctly to recognise the existence and the *status* of the Orange lodges as such, and to return thanks for the addresses which they presented. One of these replies is sufficient to establish this fact; it is the reply to the address of the "*Loyal Orangemen of the Portadown district*"—"district," we ought to say, being a designation importing one of the local distributions of Orangeism in the country. To an address presented to him by the Orange lodges of that "district," the Lord Lieutenant returned the following reply:—

"Dublin Castle, March 18, 1848.

"SIR,—I am directed by the Lord Lieutenant to acknowledge, with thanks, the address of the *Loyal Orangemen of the Portadown District*; and to assure you that his Excellency receives, with much satisfaction, and with confidence, the declaration of their loyalty to the Sovereign, of their attachment to the Constitution, and of their

determination to uphold the authorities in the maintenance of peace and order.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"CORRY CONNELLAN.

"Mr. Wilson Flavelle, District Secretary of the Loyal Orangemen of the Portadown District, County Armagh."

Other replies of an exactly similar character were given to similar addresses. Our readers probably know that latterly the Queen's ministers have thought it right to refuse to lay before her Majesty addresses emanating from Orangemen as such. At the time, however, of which we write, their address which was adopted by the Orangemen of Dublin on the 13th of March—was the occasion of bringing his Excellency and the Orange Lodges of that city into immediate and direct communication. It certainly led to one of the most singular negotiations which the annals even of Viceregal diplomacy record.

Any one who will take the trouble of looking at the Dublin papers of the time, can ascertain that on the 13th of March, 1848, a meeting of the Orangemen of Dublin was held at Whitefriars' Hall, at which resolutions were passed declaring the determination of the Orangemen to stand fast by their loyalty, but at the same time expressing themselves upon the subject of "Popery" in terms which it would not be very pleasant, we apprehend, for the Viceregal ear to hear—certainly most embarrassing for Viceregal lips to reply to it. It was resolved to present an address embodying these resolutions to the Lord Lieutenant. Manifestly nothing could be more inconvenient to Lord Clarendon. To receive such an address, in which "Papists" were denounced in no very qualified terms, even with civility, would be to incur the risk of alienating from himself his Roman Catholic alliances. To rebuke the sentiment, or to slight the address, would be to break up in the very commencement the friendly relations which he was anxious to establish with the leaders of the Orangemen. It is stated in the report of the Orange committee that Colonel Phaire, a gentleman who had occupied the second chair upon the night of the meeting, was selected as the medium of a communication; of which the object was to induce the Orangemen either to withhold or modify the obnoxious address. It is further stated in the same Report that

Colonel Phaire's representation of his being the agent of the Government was supported by a communication from the Private Secretary. The Report, also, contains a statement too remarkable to be passed by, that Colonel Phaire suggested to the Orangemen the wish of the Government that they, the Orangemen, should set themselves to obtain information as to the movements of conspiracy in Dublin, "*about which the Government were almost entirely uninformed.*"

Let it be remembered that at the trials for high treason in Clonmel, Government produced but one person at all appearing in the character of an informer, and that one was *a man who represented himself as in his early life having been an Orangeman, and who was introduced to the Government by the instrumentality of Colonel Phaire.* There is, perhaps, more to be remarked on this subject, than can now with propriety meet the public eye. We are told by the Report of the Orange Committee, that the Orangemen distinctly refused to play the part of spies; and we are further informed, that in November, 1848, at a meeting of the Grand Lodge—the governing body of the Orange Institution—"charges were made that Colonel Phaire had employed persons to introduce themselves into the rebel clubs to get information for the Government, and continued to do so up to the time of the investigation, and that Dobbyn, the approver at the trial of Wm. Smith O'Brien, had been one of Colonel Phaire's men;" and that, after a long investigation, the sentence of the Committee of Inquiry was, that "Colonel Phaire is not a fit and proper person to remain a member of the Orange Institution."

Of Colonel Phaire we know nothing, and of the propriety of the resolution of the secret tribunal that pronounced this sentence we can form no opinion. We refer to these transactions, as supplying internal evidence of the truth of the statement that Colonel Phaire was endeavouring, through the Orangemen of Dublin, to obtain for Government informations of a conspiracy of which they knew nothing. The history of informers will teach us the value of the suggestion.

A Lord Lieutenant in want of a well-established and horrifying conspiracy, is a tempting subject for the unscrupulous and the needy. The days

of Titus Oates were revived, when Dublin Castle, in need of a rebel plot, sent out its signals of distress. Let no one pronounce this language unwarranted, until he reflects on what had then been actually done—until he ponders on this, that the credit of Government was at that very moment committed to the existence of a treasonable and sanguinary conspiracy. When we remember the period at which this suggestion was made—a period at which Lord Clarendon had already put the Castle in a position of defence, and when we find at that very period a bidding in his name for information as to a conspiracy, "*about which the Government were almost wholly uninformed,*" we can, we confess, easily conceive, that even in this good city of Dublin, his Excellency, when his terrors induced him to open a market for such disclosures, could not be long without very startling information, be its value or its truthfulness what it might. Those who will remember our conjecture last month, as to the species of plot-manufacture by which his Excellency was played upon, will appreciate the confirmation which this little incident so strikingly affords.*

Let us say, too, that it offers no slight confirmation of our statement, that the terrors of the insurrection existed only in the fears of his Excellency, wrought up to the highest pitch by the savage writing of the *United Irishman*. When that journal talked of barricades and storming the Castle, his Excellency believed that there must be some reality behind so much bravado. It is certainly not a little strange, just at the very time when his Excellency had impressed almost every one in Dublin with the belief that he sat in the Castle of Dublin a second Argus, with a hundred eyes watching every movement of a hideous confederation, with whose every machination he was intimately acquainted—it is strange, we say, to find that at that very time his agents were bidding for spies to detect a conspiracy, in the existence of which he believed, but of the details of which he knew nothing. Was the vigilance then, for which his flatterers gave him credit, but the exhibition of an unmeaning watchfulness that saw nothing

—that perceived nothing, and only ministered to his vanity and self-conceit? Were the eyes which we fancied those of the living Argus, set only to adorn the plumage of the bird?

The communication through Colonel Phaire, beyond all question, led to close relations between the Orange Lodges and the Castle. Whatever is stated *as within their own knowledge*, by the gentlemen who vouch for the Orange Report, may be implicitly believed. It adds little to the credit that we give to his signature, to say, that Lord Enniskillen offered in his place in the House of Lords, to prove every statement, by witnesses upon oath. The following we extract in the very words of that Report:—

"When Colonel Phaire presented himself to the Grand Master and Grand Secretary of Dublin, as a person acting under the direction of Government, his representation was confirmed by a communication emanating from his Excellency's private secretary, Mr. Corry Connellan. He expressed the desire of the Lord Lieutenant that the address and resolutions adopted at the meeting of March 13th, should be modified (as already mentioned). The same desire was at the same time conveyed to the Orangemen by a member of the society, Mr. Stewart Blacker. Shortly after the meeting of the 13th, this gentleman (by request) called on Mr. Corry Connellan, when he (Mr. Connellan) handed two documents to Mr. Blacker, being the address, and the resolutions, signed by the Grand Master and Grand Secretary of Dublin, and stated, that the Government were embarrassed by the resolutions, and being well disposed towards the Orangemen, and willing to receive support from them, were reluctant to give a discourteous reply, which could not be avoided if the resolutions were pressed. *Mr. Connellan also stated that he had seen Lord Roden*, who thought it would not be difficult to procure that the resolutions should be detached from the address."

Mr. Connellan, it is stated, again saw Mr. Blacker on the 17th. The negotiations, whether authorised by Lord Clarendon or not, resulted in a demand by the Orangemen that 500 stand of arms should be supplied to them by the Government. Those representing the Lord Lieutenant, and the Lord Lieutenant himself demurred to the proposition. In the debates upon this delicate subject an interval of

* It is worthy of note, that the application to the Orangemen to turn spies was made at the very time when some of the over-zealous of the police agents were themselves giving orders for the manufacture of pikes. See Mr. Connellan's interesting correspondence upon this unpleasant subject with Mr. Birch, as quoted in the February No. of this Magazine.

nearly a month appears to have been lost. Major Turner, his Excellency's Master of the Horse, had frequent interviews with the leaders of the Orangemen. Again we must quote the words of the Report :—

"It may here be mentioned that the Grand Master of Dublin had several interviews with Major Turner, who always expressed himself as authorised by Lord Clarendon to say how much indebted he and the Government of the country felt to the Orangemen for their conduct through the troubles of the spring of 1848. *He even went so far as to say that he would have much pleasure in joining the Orange Society, if the Lord Lieutenant would permit him.*"

In the strange negotiations resulting from the somewhat singular terms insisted upon by the Orangemen, the requests of the two contracting parties were these:—Those representing Lord Clarendon asked that when the Dublin Orangemen presented their address they should not accompany it with the offensive resolutions. The Orangemen were willing to suppress the resolutions, provided Government gave them a pledge of their adherence by placing arms in the hands of the lodges; and in the discussion upon these terms, Major Turner, Mr. Connellan, the Earl of Enniskillen, Mr. Stewart Blacker, and Colonel Phaire, appear all to have been more or less engaged, the assistance of the Earl of Roden being, at least, upon one occasion, invoked.

On the 22nd of April, this high negotiation came to an end. Lord Enniskillen, the Grand Master of the Orangemen, had a personal interview with the Lord Lieutenant, and received the refusal of his Excellency to give arms. What passed at that interview is one of the state secrets which are never to be revealed. But the very fact of that interview renders it utterly impossible to believe that Lord Clarendon was not perfectly cognizant of

the previous negotiations. All we know of that interview is, that Lord Enniskillen pressed the demand of the Orangemen for arms, and that Lord Clarendon stated his inability to comply. The personal refusal of his Excellency to supply the arms in his capacity of Lord Lieutenant was the very next day followed by a meeting, by appointment, between Lord Enniskillen and the "Grand" officials of the Dublin Orangemen on the one hand, and Major Turner, the Master of the Horse in his Excellency's Household, on the other. This interview took place at the house of the Secretary of the Dublin Orange Lodges. The discussion took place under the pressure of an intimation that on that very evening "the Grand Lodge" would pass a resolution to send up their address, with all its "no-Popery resolutions:" resolutions certainly of no very milk-and-water character; in reply to which, his Excellency, one way or other, must speak out. No schoolboy ever appears to have shrunk from the birch as sensitively as Lord Clarendon from these terrible resolutions. The 22nd of April brought, as we have said, the ultimatum of the Orangemen. Up to the Castle the resolutions would go, unless arms were instantly given. In this terrible crisis of affairs it was that Major Turner met the Orange officials at their Secretary's house. Again, unfortunately, we are met by the impenetrable veil that hides state secrets from vulgar eyes :—

"A meeting (say the Committee, in their Report) was then held between these six persons; but it was under an obligation not to divulge the conversation which took place. The result, however, was, that Major Turner, accompanied by Colonel Phaire, went away with the decision of the meeting.* In about two hours Colonel Phaire called on Lord Enniskillen, with a letter from Captain J. P. Kennedy, in which

* Lord Enniskillen stated, in his place in the House of Lords, in the debate on Lord Stanley's motion, on the 18th of February, 1850, that the interview lasted for an hour; and that, in that interview, *Major Turner promised that the Orangemen should have arms.* The words of the noble Earl were these :—"This interview lasted about an hour; the result was, that the Orangemen received a promise from Major Turner that they should have arms; and the next day they received cheques, to the amount of £600, for the purpose of purchasing arms, to be distributed amongst them exclusively, and which were accordingly procured, and given out amongst them. It was, therefore, natural that the Orangemen should believe that, in receiving the arms through the Master of the Horse, they did not receive them without the knowledge and approval of the Government." It will be remembered that this was the noble Earl's statement of the effect produced, we may presume, upon his own mind, after his interview with his Excellency, followed by the communications with his Excellency's Master of the Horse.

he gave his guarantee for the purchase of five hundred stand of arms."

This Captain J. P. Kennedy was, our readers will recollect, "the engineer officer of experience," who "had volunteered his services for the organisation of the well-affected inhabitants for the defence of certain parts of the city," when his Excellency had "given notice that, in the event of an insurrection, the citizens must protect their own lives and properties."

The letter, it is fair to say, if we have the true copy, as we see no reason to doubt, very cautiously bears on the face of it a statement, that the arms were to be supplied from private sources, and *not* from the Lord Lieutenant:—

"This letter (the Committee continue) was retained by Colonel Phaire, who has published the following, purporting to be a copy of the same:—

"Dublin, 22nd April, 1848.

"DEAR COLONEL,—I have set on foot, with others, a subscription for supplying arms to the well-affected amongst the lower classes, for the protection of life and property in the city of Dublin; and I take upon myself the responsibility, as far as five hundred stand, in case the subscriptions should fall short of that, of furnishing that number. I shall adopt any course which you recommend to expedite the supply of those five hundred stand of arms, in the shortest time.

"Yours, faithfully,

"J. P. KENNEDY."

The letter, however, satisfied the Orangemen that their demands had been complied with.

"Captain Kennedy's letter was read at a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Dublin, held that evening; and it was then agreed, that the Grand Lodge of Dublin should not persist in the presentation of the address to the Lord Lieutenant! in consequence of this letter of Captain Kennedy, by which the arms demanded had been secured to the Orangemen!!"

That Captain Kennedy knew perfectly well that the arms were for the Orange Lodges the proof is decisive; indeed the matter admits of no dispute. He sent the £600 which was to purchase the arms, to the "Grand Master" of the Dublin Orangemen; and ten days afterwards he wrote to the "Grand Secretary," desiring him to procure 500 stand of arms, to be consigned to his own house.

It scarcely carries the case further to establish, as the Report of the Orange Committee unquestionably does, that the Orangemen of Dublin were looked

upon by the police authorities as a body of persons permitted by the Executive to bear arms. It is perfectly plain that Captain Kennedy would never have bought the arms if he believed that the Executive would have disapproved of the Orangemen being armed. Still the evidence that establishes this is worthy of quotation.

The arms did not arrive to Mr. Stewart, the Master of the Dublin Orangemen, until after Lord Clarendon had adopted the tardy act of proclaiming the city of Dublin on the 19th of July! That step gave power to the authorities to stop the importation of arms, and the first case of Orange muskets was accordingly seized at the Custom-house. Upon this being represented to the police authorities an instant order was given to permit Mr. Stewart to bring the arms to his own house. This, however, was not all; the same Act gave power to the police to seize all arms in the city that would not be surrendered to the authorities. Notices to surrender their arms were formally served upon some of the Orangemen. In one instance at least the persons so noticed received from the Secretary of the Dublin Orangemen a certificate which was shewn to, and acted on, nay, countersigned by the highest authorities of the police. "The document" as the Report of the Committee observes, "will speak for itself."

We pray our readers to observe the wording of the document:—

"ORANGE INSTITUTION.

"Mr. _____ (name and residence) has been desired to give up part of his arms. G_____ R_____ (occupation and residence), A_____ J_____, and W_____ B_____ (residence), W_____ M_____ (residence), have also been noticed to a similar effect.

"29th July, '48."

"This application was officially signed by the Grand Secretary of Dublin."

Across this document was written (by the police authorities):—

"Arms of these persons to be retained.

"G. B.

"To the Police."

It is impossible to conceive a more explicit recognition of the Orange Lodges as a corps of men authorised by the Executive to bear arms, than is contained in this countersigning by the police authorities of a document purporting upon the face of it to be an *Orange pass for arms*.

Upon the facts as we have stated

them, we apprehend no dispute can arise. There is nothing further, in any document within our reach, which gives more authentic information. It is impossible to repress a smile on recording the grave account of the manner in which the Orangemen were amused—as unquestionably the members of “the Defensive Association” were—by having assigned to them their probable positions when the rebellion would really come; and by assurances, conveyed by demi-official but most solemn and trust-worthy personages, that their wives and children should find protection within the walls of the Castle, while they turned out to pull down the barricades. Nay, the Masters of the Orange Lodges formed a species of council-of-war, looking over, in concert with “the experienced engineer officer,” the chart of the city, and deliberating upon the best mode of defending the different streets; calculating the number of Orangemen that could be turned out, and taking counsel as to the best position in which they, the Orangemen, could be placed!!

Controversies have been raised as to whether his Excellency supplied the Orangemen with the arms that were bought for them. His Excellency has denied it; and even independent of that denial, the evidence appears clearly to establish that, however willing his Excellency was to cajole the Orangemen by fair words, he shrunk from committing himself personally to the act that they demanded as a proof of his sincerity, when they asked that arms should be given them by the State. But is there any human being who will doubt, after the interview with Lord Enniskillen, that these arms were purchased in order to relieve his Excellency from the very difficulty in which he was placed by the perseverance of the Orangemen in their demand, and that they were so purchased with his full sanction and consent? The contrivance to do it, without taking the responsibility, is but another instance of that underhand system of acting by irresponsible deputy, which is the curse and bane of Castle government in this country—another sample of the miserable and wretched agencies by resorting to which Lord Clarendon believed he was upholding the honour of his Sovereign, and serving “the cause of law and order” in Ireland. If it were right that the Orangemen of Dublin should be armed, they ought to have been enrolled,

not as Orangemen, but as loyalists, under the discipline and the responsibility of soldiers. There is no excuse for permitting this indirect purchase of arms, above all permitting it as the price of the withholding of an embarrassing address.

The leaders of the Orangemen were obviously deceived into the belief that Lord Clarendon had complied with their request. Lord Enniskillen, who had personally made the proposition to his Excellency and received his refusal, was manifestly under this impression, when, a day or two afterwards, he received the assurance from his Excellency’s Master of the Horse. Was that assurance given without his Excellency’s consent? Lord Clarendon had heard from the Grand Master the *ultimatum* of the Orangemen; by what means did he believe that his agents got rid of the presentation of the obnoxious address? It is not for us to pass any judgment upon the wisdom or the propriety of the demand made by the Orangemen. It is, perhaps, to be regretted for the sake of the country that when they were admitted to bargain with the Viceroy, they did not make some other terms, either for the country or Protestantism, or at least demand some public acknowledgment that Lord Clarendon owed something to the loyalty of some class in this country—an acknowledgment which, in public, Lord Clarendon was determined never to give. Their excuse, perhaps, is, that they wanted to test the sincerity of the professions made to them; and they did so by a request which, if granted, unquestionably committed the Viceroy, and which yet, were his professions sincere, he could have no difficulty in granting. In this view, the selection of the test was certainly not without its merit, and probably, under all the circumstances, not to be found fault with. Every reader must form his own opinion of the manner by which his Excellency managed, or thought he managed, to evade it.

Neither can there be a shadow of doubt that the chiefs of the Orangemen were left by Lord Clarendon under the impression that he depended entirely upon the loyalty of their followers, and entirely distrusted their opponents; that he led them to expect that the future policy of his government would be to foster and encourage the body upon whom alone he now found he could rely in the time of danger. It is more to the credit of his dexterity than his candour to say, that so en-

tirely had his personal demeanour impressed them with this persuasion, that no inconsistency in his public acts could shake their belief in the conviction. By what means he contrived so to gain their confidence, the high-minded men with whom he conversed have, under every provocation, refused publicly to disclose. Perhaps some of the dealings we have quoted may help us to conjecture. Confidential letters written by his Excellency to the leaders of the Orangemen at this period, unquestionably still exist. If they express one-half of that which the transactions of his agents with the Dublin Orangemen might warrant us to expect in their contents, we cannot wonder at the bitterness with which the friends of these leaders now regard themselves by his subsequent conduct as betrayed.

In what light, let us ask, do these negotiations with the authorities of the Orange Lodges place the representative of her Majesty in Ireland. This body determines to offer to Lord Clarendon, or rather the Sovereign whom he represented, the pledge of their readiness to support her authority, then believed to be menaced by treason. They think proper, however, to accompany that address by a declaration of strong opinions, couched in no very measured terms, on the subject of the Roman Catholic religion. Instead of meeting this in whatever manner truth and his duty demanded, his Excellency condescends to make interest with the Orangemen to withdraw the embarrassing portion of their address. As many, perhaps, as twelve persons are privy to the chaffering between the representative of Majesty and the "grand" officials of the Orange Lodges of Dublin. Whenever his Excellency is very decided, his opponents press him with the threat of an immediate presentation of the dreaded address. The intervention of the chief leaders is invoked. Meetings go on for a month, arranging the terms on which the amendment is to be carried to the address. Gentlemen immediately connected with his Excellency conduct the negotiation on his side. The end of all is, that the Orangemen are steady in their demand for 500 muskets; those representing his Excellency yield, after protocols innumerable between the high contracting parties; the muskets are given, no matter by whom—given

under circumstances which made those that received them believe that they came from the Lord Lieutenant, and given not because they ought to be given for the purpose of the public peace, but as the price of these men not abusing the Pope in their address to the Viceroy.

When will Lord Clarendon learn that a Viceroy forgets his true dignity, lowers his high position, and involves himself in wretched and disparaging entanglements, when he condescends either to send or to receive by the back-stairs of the Castle a communication which he would be afraid or ashamed to permit to pass by the front door? Lord Clarendon ought by this time to be impressed with the soundness of the maxim. His whole Viceregal life has been one continuous illustration of its truth.

If, indeed, the whole drama was got up to amuse the masters of the Dublin Orange Lodges, impartial criticism cannot refuse to the manager the praise that is due to the skill with which it was arranged. Their vanity was delicately flattered by those mysterious and never-to-be-reported interviews, in which they bargained with the delegate of the Viceroy! Their love of secrecy ministered to in the very stipulations for reserve; their loyalty and their bravery—we believe after all the master-passions of Orangemen—artfully appealed to when they were pointed out the very spots where they were to fight for their Queen and their country, while their wives and children were to be protected within the Castle walls!

With what inimitable powers of face must the actor have produced the map of the city, and given his opinion to the excited Orangemen upon the best modes of defence! and the most eligible points for them to stand!!—he knowing perfectly well all the time that if an insurrection did break out, the whole matter would be in the hands of some general officer, who would dispose of the 10,000 troops under his command without reference either to the Orangemen or the dotings he was so solemnly placing upon the map!!!

It certainly reflects credit upon the versatility of his Excellency's talents, that just at the very same time at which he essayed the somewhat difficult task of adjusting matters with the Orange Lodges of Dublin, he engaged in the still more hazardous enterprise of ma-

naging the Pope! As to the details of this new negotiation, we are unfortunately left considerably in the dark. One of those singular accidents which have given to an admiring world so many of the noble Viceroy's confidential communications has revealed one, at least, of his familiar epistles to the Pope. It will be remembered, that it was on the 13th of March that the address was adopted by the Orangemen which gave rise to the negotiation between his Excellency and their Lodges. On the 17th, an interview took place between Mr. Blacker and the Private Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant, which led to still more close communication during the next few days; and, on the 19th, we find his Excellency opening a very friendly and intimate correspondence with the Pope (!) assuring his Holiness of "the profound veneration he entertained for his character," his "implicit reliance upon his integrity" and upright judgment, speaking of the Roman Catholic bishops as "THE PRELATES of Ireland," and humbly submitting the statutes of the Queen's Colleges "to the consideration of his Holiness," with assurances that these institutions were so framed as "to promote the interests of the Catholic religion!"

With that air of mystery which his Excellency sometimes manages to throw around very simple transactions, Lord Clarendon has actually contrived to make it a matter of controversy to whom this letter was really addressed. It is dated from Dublin Castle, March 19th, 1848; written not improbably immediately after one of those interviews in which his Excellency had impressed some Orange friend with the most implicit confidence in his Protestantism. It is addressed to some Roman Catholic Archbishop, whom his Excellency addresses as "my dear lord," and designates throughout as "your grace." To whomsoever it was addressed, it was manifestly a letter intended to be laid before the Pope. As originally published in the newspapers, it was addressed to "Archbishop Murray of Dublin"; and, if we recollect right, it first appeared in the *Tablet* newspaper, with a statement that it was printed from a copy brought from Rome, where his Excellency's letter had been freely handed about. It does, certainly, appear that the letter was shewn to the Pope, as one addressed to Dr. Murray. It is alleged, on the part of the friends

of Lord Clarendon, that this is a mistake, and that his Excellency's real correspondent was Archbishop Nicholson of Corfu, an Ithacan Roman Catholic Prelate, who happened at the time to be on a visit with Lord Clarendon, and whom his Excellency requested to be the bearer of the Queen's statutes and his own humble duty to the throne of the Pope. Another account attempts to reconcile those conflicting statements by representing the letter as written under the joint advice of the Ithacan and Dublin Archbishops, and entrusted to a Romish ecclesiastic, then starting for Rome, while it was left to his discretion to address it to either of the Archbishops as he might think fit.

"Non nostrum est tantas componere lites."

The exact details of the composition must remain among the secrets which history probably will in time reveal. Certain it is that the letter was written, whether addressed to "Archbishop Murray of Dublin," or "Archbishop Nicholson of Corfu." Certain it is, that it was transmitted by some trusty messenger to Rome; that it was laid before the Pope, copies of it distributed among the members of the Propaganda; and one of these copies falling into the hands of a mischievous Irish ecclesiastic, was by him given to his newspaper for publication.

We notice the fact of this letter in its order. Comment upon it will more appropriately belong to another chapter in the Viceroy's history. The last paragraph is too curious to be omitted:—

"As I entertain," writes his Excellency, "as I entertain a profound veneration for the character of his Holiness, and rely implicitly upon his upright judgment, it is with pleasure that I ask your Grace to submit these statutes to the consideration of his Holiness, believing, as I do, that they may be advantageously compared with those of any other similar institution in Europe; and that, by exhibiting the care and good faith with which they have been framed, they will furnish a simple but conclusive answer to those misrepresentations which have been industriously circulated, and which, if they had been founded in truth, would have justly caused the alarm and called for the reprobation of his Holiness. I have the honour to be, with great esteem, my dear Lord, your Grace's very faithful servant,

"CLARENDON."

We do not mean to anticipate our fuller comment when we say, that it is

not possible to conceive a more explicit recognition of "His Holiness's" right to interfere with the internal affairs of Ireland, or, rather, to frame a more distinct invitation to him to do so than that which is contained in the statement, that if her Majesty's statutes had been, as they were represented, "THEY WOULD JUSTLY HAVE CALLED FORTH THE REPROBATION OF THE POPE." We entertain very little doubt that this direct communication with the See of Rome has subjected Lord Clarendon to the penalties of a *præmunire*, one of which is incapacity ever to hold place under the Queen. Canning stated in the House of Commons, that he had obtained the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, that he would incur these penalties if he advised George IV. to acknowledge a complimentary letter of the Pope. Lord Clarendon's correspondence has gone a little further than this.

There is at least in this letter communicating with the Bishop of Rome, without the sanction, we presume, either of the Prime Minister or her Majesty, quite enough to excite that vigilant jealousy of the Premier which was so remarkably manifested in the dismissal of Lord Palmerston. We throw out the hint for the consideration of Lord John Russell. Could we hope that these pages would meet the eye of Royalty, we would most dutifully suggest it to her Majesty, that if ever there was a case to which the rule laid down for the conduct of our foreign relations in the minute to Lord Palmerston should apply—if ever there was a case in which a minister should submit an important dispatch to foreign powers to the consideration of his Sovereign, before he committed that Sovereign by his act—that case surely was when the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland submitted statutes, framed under her own royal sign manual, to the consideration of the Pope.

It is not difficult to see in the effect of such a despatch the germ of that step on the part of the Vatican, which has been called "the Papal Aggression," and of the Synod of Thurles, in Ireland, of the condemnation of the very statutes submitted by the Viceroy to the Pope. Lord Palmerston's chance conversations with Count Walewski certainly involved nothing so vitally affecting the dignity of her Majesty's crown, and the best interests of her Majesty's dominions.

We will not now break our narrative of "the great rebellion," to follow out the reflections to which this extraordinary document gives rise. A seven State affairs have, now and then, their comic incidents, we cannot help picturing to ourselves how much his Excellency's diplomacy would have been perplexed had the two Archbishops been behind the screen while his Excellency was conversing with an Orange Peer, or if by some awkward accident, the confusion about the address of his missive had resulted in the cross direction of his letters to the Grand Master of the Orangemen and the Pope.

While Lord Clarendon was thus privately engaged in these varied and rather inconsistent occupations, which must have given him full employment in his negotiations with the Pope and the Orangemen—his military arrangements—his notice to the citizens, and his dealings with Mr. Birch—the prosecutions he instituted proceeded before the public. Early in May, Mr. Meagher and Mr. O'Brien were brought to their trial in the Queen's Bench, upon the charge of uttering seditious speeches. The opening scene of the prosecutions was not very fortunate for the Government. The accused parties were tried by special juries of the city of Dublin, and in neither case were the juries able to agree. Unfortunately—most unfortunately for these gentlemen—they escaped by this disagreement the penalties of an imprisonment, which would have saved them from the severer punishment which awaited their subsequent conduct.

We offer no comment upon these trials. The defence attempted for the speeches that were the subject of the information was, that if they contemplated an armed resistance, they contemplated it only as a contingency, and under circumstances in which it was the right of British subjects to resist. The condition of the country and the conduct of the Government supplied topics of excuse for violent language which it needed no skill to use with at least some degree of effect. The fair meaning of the speeches that were made the subject of the trial was the question that the law submitted on their oath to the juries; upon that question those juries disagreed. It was represented, at the time, that the juries were divided exactly in accordance with their religious belief. This was certainly not the fact. There was no

secrecy about the division of the juries. Upon the jury that tried Mr. O'Brien, there were three Roman Catholics and nine Protestants. One Protestant and one Roman Catholic held out for an acquittal. On the jury that tried Mr. Meagher there was only one Roman Catholic; two jurors refused to concur in the verdict of guilty.

The trial of Mr. O'Brien took place upon the 15th of May; that of Mr. Meagher upon the day following. Two months had then elapsed since the memorable festival of St. Patrick, upon which the Lord Lieutenant had garrisoned the city against the outbreak of a formidable conspiracy. Within these two months no persons had been arrested—no arms had been seized. Lord Clarendon still forbore to exercise the power confided to him by Parliament, by subjecting the city to the state of law that would follow his proclamation. Within these two months one or two blacksmiths had openly offered pikes for sale; we believe, with but few customers, except the emissaries of the police. One of these blacksmiths traced the sale of one of these rebellious instruments to a policeman, and considered himself at liberty, upon the strength of this, to placard himself as "pike-maker to the Earl of Clarendon." During these two months the *United Irishman* was permitted to publish its treasonable incitements. Within these two months the Confederate clubs were permitted to proceed, uninterrupted, with their enrolment of members, and, if they pleased, with their importation or manufacture of arms.

JOHN MITCHEL, the great antagonist of the Earl of Clarendon, in this somewhat exciting game of mock rebellion, was subjected to a different ordeal. Under the Act which we have stated, as receiving the royal assent on the 22d of April, he was indicted at the Commission Court, in Green-street, the Old Bailey of Dublin, for compassing to deprive the Queen of her title to the Imperial Crown, and manifesting it by a publication in the *United Irishman* of the 6th of May. The publication upon which he was indicted was the report of a speech of his own at Limerick, upon the 30th of April. The occasion upon which this speech was delivered was remarkable for other reasons than the delivering of that speech. The populace of Limerick had been excited against the coming

of the "Young Irelanders," whose agitation "*had not been baptised in the holy well.*" The room in which Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Meagher, and Mr. Mitchel held their meeting, as a deputation from the Irish Confederation, was assailed by an infuriated mob. Mr. O'Brien received severe personal injury at their hands; he appeared to plead in the Court of Queen's Bench, with very visible traces of that injury upon his face; and the entire party were guarded to their hotel by the military against the attacks of the mob, that a month before, or a month afterwards, would have been hoarse shouting for them, as the defenders of their country.

The speech delivered by Mr. Mitchel upon this occasion was reported in the *United Irishman* of the following week. This publication was made one of the subjects of the prosecution. Mr. Mitchel was arrested on the 13th of May, on a charge of felony, under the new Act. Bills of indictment were found against him by the grand jury of the city of Dublin, on the 22nd of May. His trial came on on the 26th, and occupied the entire day. Late in the evening the jury returned a verdict of guilty. The following morning the sentence of transportation was pronounced by the Court, and within a few hours of its pronouncing it was carried into effect, by the removal of the culprit to a steam-sloop of war, that almost immediately sailed with him for the convict depôt at Cork, from which he was soon afterwards removed to Bermuda.

The trial and sentence of the prisoner furnished one of those scenes which his admirers—for he had admirers—have endeavoured to exaggerate into a *tableau* of historic interest and heroism. Falling short, very far short of their imaginative *idéal*, it did unquestionably present incidents worthy of some note. Those who had remembered Lord Clarendon's protest against the exclusion of Roman Catholics from the jury list, on an occasion when in truth they were not excluded, saw, with some surprise, that every Roman Catholic that was called on this trial was set aside by the Crown. The surprise was perhaps greater on the part of those who remembered that the very Attorney-General, himself a Roman Catholic, who exercised this power, had four years before signed a protest, in which he stated that the empannelling of a jury of Protestants to try Mr.

O'Connell was an insult to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Nevertheless, all the Roman Catholics, called upon Mitchel's jury, were by that Attorney-General successively set aside. Of 71 names that were first called, the Crown challenged thirty-nine; and after the prisoner's twenty challenges were exhausted, the remaining twelve were sworn upon the jury.

The defence of the prisoner was conducted by ROBERT HOLMES. It is said, we know not with what truth, that Mr. Mitchel obstinately refused to confide his defence to any one who would not avow and justify his offence. The appearance of Mr. Holmes as his counsel, and the speech delivered by that gentleman, were among the most striking incidents of the "troubles of 1848." The defence made was in terms that "though statutably guilty, he was not morally so:" a defence which the judges in vain attempted to prevent. Few efforts of oratory have perhaps risen to a higher energy than this speech of the "old man eloquent:" never was there an advocacy less calculated to protect his client from the charge to which he eloquently pleaded guilty.

Mr. Holmes, the advocate of the prisoner, is, beyond all question, a personage remarkable in the history of the last half century in Ireland. He is the last of the school that gave to Irish disaffection the Wolfe Tones, the Arthur O'Connors, and the Hamilton Rowans. He has in his heart their hatred of English dominion, their bold and manly independence, their old Roman notions of republican liberty, and that sturdy sense of freedom which made them hate alike what they believed to be the tyranny of the king, the priest, or the mob. In the rebellion of 1798 he had been a prisoner in Bedford Tower, and is said to have narrowly escaped death from the bullet of a sentry, which struck the iron bars of his prison grating, against which he leaned. Difficulties that surrounded him on his release from his prison, and domestic calamities, which he attributed to his imprisonment, gave to his character a gloom and a ruggedness which the sunshine of years of prosperity had failed to enliven. The sentiments he had learned from men of another generation found but little sympathy in the wholly different spirit of disaffection of the present. In his politics he stood alone,

and joined in none of the agitations of the last half century. His disaffection to the Government was not in action, but in spirit and in thought. The brother-in-law of Robert Emmet, he carried into old age the aspirations he had in youth caught from the enthusiast, embittered, and perhaps disciplined as well chastened, by the remembrance of the untimely end of that enthusiast; and from his early manhood he was the enemy of the English Government, without the excitement of action, or the cheering influence of hope.

For nearly forty years his career at the Irish bar had been one of entire and unqualified success. In every branch of his profession he stood pre-eminent. To this position his politics did not help him in the least. He sternly stood aloof from all the vulgar agitations by which he might have commanded mob popularity, and on more than one occasion incurred the hatred of the party who, perhaps not unnaturally, calculated on his support. As a *Nisi Prius* advocate, he ranked among the foremost at the Irish bar—a position singular to be achieved by one who sternly refused the advancement of a silk gown. He had, it is said, vowed never to accept a favour from the British Government, who had executed Emmet. He adhered to his resolution even when the seat on the judicial bench, to which his talents and learning as a lawyer pre-eminently entitled him, was distinctly placed before his view. And in the days of his old age he stood without professional advancement or rank, yet, as father of the Irish bar, regarded by his profession with feelings of affectionate veneration and pride.

The very circumstances in his history which imparted to his temper a ruggedness and a determination which constituted the excellence of his character, produced almost of necessity its faults. If they made him stern and unyielding, they closed up, at least for practical purposes, many of the softer emotions of the heart; if they taught him self-reliance, they made him isolated. Inaccessible himself to the seductions of patronage, there were few whom he admitted to call him friend. His memory brooded over the fond recollections of the past, until he almost forgot the tenderness of the present. If he had all the virtues, he had many of the unamiabilities of the stoic. Yet, after all, his virtues, and they are many, are his own—his faults, and they

are not those of meanness, belong to his education and his fate.

To such a man, at the age of well-nigh eighty years, John Mitchel had confided his defence. Age, however, upon this occasion had not "dimmed his eye, neither was his natural force abated." The terse and purely classic eloquence which distinguished the efforts of his manhood was never more condensed or more powerful, than when in this singular defence he denounced the policy of England to this country. His eye is said to have kindled with fire when he announced that a total separation from England was just. In vain the judges endeavoured to interpose. There was, after all, but little to do mischief in his speech. If there was something grand in the display, it yet was aloof from the passions of this generation. It was the flashing of the fire of other days. The purely national patriotism to which he appealed had died with the last survivor of the Volunteers.

The character of the speech may be judged by the few sentences we can extract:—

"You cannot have Repeal, it is said, without its leading to a separation," exclaimed the veteran enthusiast, his eye kindling with fire as he spoke; "the consequence of that will be the erection of Ireland into a separate and independent state. Suppose it does, who is to blame for that?—England. What right has England—has any country—to build or peril its greatness upon the slavery, the degradation, and the wretchedness of another country? Where is the right? Strip this case of the disguise which ambition, and pride, and love of power, and love of wealth—which the corrupt passions of the human breast—which the sophistry of conquerors, and princes, and statesmen, and courtiers, and lawyers have cast around it, and what is it? It is this—a strong man, because he is strong, enslaves his brother man because he is weak; the slave struggles to be free, and the enslaver kills him—kills him, because he struggles to be free. A brother's blood—

" 'It smells to Heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it—
A brother's murder.'

"Yet that is British invasion in Ireland; that is British conquest in Ireland; that is British dominion in Ireland; that is British civilisation in Ireland; that is British legislation in Ireland; that is the Act of Union. Pass the Act of Union in violation of every principle of justice, in violation of every principle of honour, in violation of solemn pledges; pass the Act of Union by terror, by deceit, by violation of faith, by bribery, by corruption; pass the Act of Union, and

declare that to attempt to repeal that Act of Union shall be rebellion, and then kill, kill, kill the Irishman.

Should the battle thus provoked by England come; in that struggle to the death Ireland may perish, the noise of her song may cease, and the sound of her harp no more be heard; her cities may be wasted, and her habitations left without men; her fruitful valleys may be laid desolate, and her green fields may be crimsoned with blood; but should the victory belong to England, so will the guilt. The actions of men are not to be judged of by the event; the actions of men are not to be judged of by success or by defeat. Had the liberties of Greece perished with Leonidas, at Thermopylae, Spartan glory would have been the same. Had the days of Marathon, Salamis and Pharsalia been days of defeat, instead of victory to Greece, orators might still have spoke, and patriots sworn by the sacred memory of the dead. He who dies in battle for liberty and his country, dies the death of a soldier, and sleeps in a hero's grave.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I speak not here merely for my client, I speak for you and your children, and your children's children; I speak not here for myself—my lamp of life is flickering, and soon must be extinguished; but were I now standing on the brink of the grave, and uttering the last words of expiring nature, I would say, 'may Ireland be happy, may Ireland be free.'"

These, our English readers may believe us, are not the appeals that were dangerous, as calculated to stir the treasonable passions of an Irish populace. Perhaps it will be thought they were not those best calculated to sway the judgment of a jury.

For the moment, however, the effect of the speech was not the less. Those who were present describe it as electrical. It is not, indeed, difficult to conceive the sensation that must have been produced in a court of justice by such sentiments falling from the lips of an old man—one who had won a reputation the highest among the legal profession, and who, but for his unyielding anti-Anglicanism, would at that very moment have been seated on the bench, from which the Judges were then reluctantly listening to his impeachment of English rule. Estimated as a piece of advocacy calculated to suggest doubts to a conscientious jury, really investigating the matter which they were sworn to try, there was not one word in the defence that could lead them to doubt the guilt which the indictment imputed. It was, nevertheless, a bold, and after all, a telling appeal to topics to which the miserable

condition of the country gave but too much power even over a Protestant and Conservative jury. It was, perhaps, well for the Government that the duty of replying to it fell upon the advocate whom, although without official rank or station, every man at the Irish bar would have named as the one best calculated to do so with dignity and effect. The absence of the Solicitor-General had left the duty of replying to others. Upon the trial of Mitchel the Government insisted on the services of JONATHAN HENN, one of her Majesty's Counsel, wholly unconnected with them by office, by party ties, or even sympathy of political feeling. It would be impossible in a few sentences to do justice to the character and the intellect of one, who we believe has done as much as any man of the present day to sustain in its highest and best sense, the reputation of the Irish bar. Massiveness of intellect, perfect mastery of the principles of the law, and extensive general information, were not his only nor even his best qualifications for the task that was assigned him. Severely chaste in his style of eloquence, Mr. Henn throws into his addresses to a jury a tranquil, and yet a most powerful earnestness both of language and feeling, the effect of which is often far beyond that produced by the most brilliant declamation, or the most intense passion. With reasoning powers of the highest order—with language varied, and yet select—with a delivery graceful and dignified—and perhaps, above all, with an utter absence of self-display that wins the sympathy—and an elevation of moral sentiment that commands the admiration of his hearers; upon occasions that demand the exercise of high and yet controlled powers, few speakers of the present day can rise to a higher excellence. His reply in Mitchel's case was a master-piece. Respectful to the prisoner's advocate, he yet gently rebuked the dangerous doctrines he had propounded, vindicated the majesty of the law, and without one word of bitterness, or even zeal against the accused, he temperately, but firmly, recalled the attention of the jury to the question they had to try. This speech may serve in eloquence, in dignity, and in temper, for a model of the address of a prosecutor in a State trial.

The morning after his conviction, the prisoner was brought to the bar to receive his sentence; it was one

of transportation for fourteen years. He exhibited, unquestionably, under the unexpected conviction—for by him it was unexpected—both firmness and courage. After his sentence he asked permission to address a few words to the Court. The eminent Judge who pronounced the sentence appears to have dealt too leniently in permitting him then to speak. It was plain that he was unprepared for the account to which the privilege was to be turned. In the few words which the prisoner was permitted to address to the Court, he attempted to impeach the construction of his jury, and he was stopped—

"No man in this court," he passionately exclaimed, "presumes to imagine that it is a criminal who stands in this dock. . . . I have acted in all this business, from the first, under a strong sense of duty. I do not repent of anything I have done; and I believe that the course which I have opened is only commenced. The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant, promised that three hundred should follow his enterprise. Can I not promise for one—for two—for three—ay, for hundreds?—"

As he uttered the last words, and elevated his frame to an attitude of defiance, numbers of his friends sprung forward to the dock to grasp his hand before his gaolers could remove their prisoner to the door of the passage which led under ground from the back of the dock to the prison. Murmurs rose in the crowd that filled the Court-house. Vows, both "loud and deep," were heard in response to his exciting appeal. Some of the most vehement of his sympathisers leaped upon the table underneath the bench. The efforts of the officials to still the commotion, as is generally the case, but added to the tumult. For some minutes the presence of the judges was forgotten, and the convict himself seemed the only person in Court who was unmoved. In a temporary lull of this tumultuous sensation the calm but stern voice of Baron Lefroy was heard commanding the Sheriff to take one or two of the more prominent of the disturbers into custody. The gaoler hurried the steps of his prisoner along the dark passage that was to guide him, perhaps for ever, from his home. To give time for the perfect restoration of order, the judges retired for a few minutes from the bench; on their return the quiet of the Court was restored, and the arrested offenders left to make their peace, as best they could,

with the offended majesty of the law. The excitement of the moment and an apology, were accepted by the Judges as an excuse and atonement, and in a few minutes the Court was quietly proceeding in its ordinary routine.*

The convict did not long continue an inmate of Newgate. Before the sentence was pronounced, a steamer had been brought into the Liffey, and was waiting, with her steam up. After a hurried interview with his wife and family, he was arrayed in the convict dress, and the prison van was driven to the gaol door. Under the escort of one troop of dragoons, it drove rapidly to the quay, and before the evening sun, the formidable enemy of the British Government was placed on board one of her Majesty's war steamers, which instantly set her paddle-wheels in motion, and carried him at once to the convict dépôt in the harbour of Cork.

Soon after the pronouncing of the sentence, the police proceeded to the office of his journal, where all the property was, by the effect of that sentence, forfeited to the Crown. The papers intended for that day's publication were seized, the types and printing-presses broken up, and the terrible *United Irishman* was no more.

That journal had, however, existed long enough to do its work. It had familiarised the people with treason, and taught their minds to dwell upon insurrection and pikes. There was an earnestness, a downrightness, and a sincerity about its articles, that made them tell. The very paper for which he was prosecuted suggested the idea of that which afterwards caused the only real danger—the plan of a general insurrection to prevent the exportation of the harvest. It suggested, too, to the people of Ulster those very notions of the land question, the propagation of which have since produced such disastrous effects. There was a reality about his words. He left behind him

a testament of insurrection, of which, however, he left no man capable of being executor.

His last words made it a point of honour with his associates to be as violent and as treasonable as himself. Even those who had expelled him from the Confederation, and had, a short month before, expressed detestation of his principles, now bowed at the shrine of the martyr. One of the most warm-hearted of his followers, who two months before had been preaching peace, started a journal to succeed the *United Irishman*, to which he boldly gave the name of the "*Felon*." It was openly proclaimed that "authority must squealch felony, or felony would squealch authority." Even the *Felon* was outdone by a new journal called the *Tribune*, started for the express purpose of inciting an insurrection to keep the harvest at home. Mr. Meagher, in the loftiest strain of poetic eloquence, described the black speck upon the southern seas the convict-ship that bore John Mitchel from his home, and prophesied the shouts that would welcome back the illustrious exile the first and most honoured citizen of a free republic. Open incitements to armed insurrection were uttered and printed with apparent impunity, while Lord Clarendon contented himself with maintaining his military redoubts and protecting still more effectually the Castle of Dublin against surprise. The newspaper which succeeded the *United Irishman* took up the lesson of its last numbers. The necessity of retaining the harvest to feed the people, whom, it was alleged, the exportation of that harvest would consign to starvation, became the catch-word of the contemplated, we can hardly say projected, insurrection. Nearly allied to this topic was the question of the land tenure—the right of the occupiers in opposition to that of the owners of the soil. For these

* This occurrence in the Court was eagerly seized upon by some of those who seem to take a malicious pleasure in calumniating everything Irish, as "a scene in an Irish court of justice." Nothing could be more unjust or unfair than to use it for the purposes of depreciating the proceedings in our courts—proceedings as orderly and decorous as those of English tribunals. The passions of men are the same in all times and countries, and in seasons of excitement men sometimes forget the solemnities even of courts of justice. The proceedings at Mitchel's sentence were decorum itself, compared with the tumult which occurred in the court at Maidstone at the close of the trial of Arthur O'Connor, for high treason, in 1799. Their conduct upon that occasion subjected an English earl (the Earl of Thanet), an English barrister (Mr. Ferguson), and some others, to an information and conviction in the Queen's Bench for a very serious riot and assault in the presence of the Queen's judges, sitting at a special commission for the trial of prisoners accused of high treason.

purposes the people were incited to arms—for these purposes they were openly advised to retain their muskets and their pikes. The annals of revolutionary eloquence, perhaps, supply nothing to exceed in vigour, in force of language, and passionate reasoning the letters on the question of land-tenure in the *Felon*, signed "J. F. Lalor." Lord Clarendon still forbore to exercise the powers at his command. With a law that enabled him to arrest and commit to prison, for *an offence not bailable*, any one who, by publication, or even by advised speaking, manifested a design to effect any political object by force, he permitted speeches and publications to be carried through the country, openly recommending a preparation for force, as if the purpose of the law had been satisfied when he transported the journalist who had challenged his Excellency to a conflict that might almost be called a personal one.

In a country even less disposed to treason than Ireland, such conduct could hardly have failed to foster the elements of a rebellion; and by the middle of June Lord Clarendon has certainly the merit of having diplomatised a large portion of the population into an insurrectionary fever.

Even then, however, it is now plain, no plan of insurrection had been arranged. The nearest approach to it was the project of rising when the harvest was ripe, and, in the meantime, stimulating the country to an excitement that would make the people ready to strike the blow. The clubs were advised to get arms, to prepare themselves to take part in the grand national movement. But plan or organisation, with reference to it, there was none. No treasury was prepared, no arms were provided, no munitions of war arranged. The very project was proclaimed in the columns of their papers, and the Executive distinctly warned, that in the harvest an attempt at insurrection would be made. The leaders of this intended movement calculated, that the moment they gave the signal, the people of the country would rise in a mass. To excite public feeling to this pitch they fancied was all which they wanted to overturn the State. Arms, discipline, money, organisation, arrangements of insurrectionary movements, were vulgar considerations unworthy of the leaders of a rising nation. Like Minerva from the head of Jove,

the Irish revolution was to spring from their brains, full grown and full armed, and awe at once upon its appearance into submission all opposing powers.

In such incitements to treason the month of June passed away. Its close was marked by an attempt to reunite the broken fragments of the old Repeal party in a confederation upon the principle of "moral force." At last the Irish Government appeared to awake from their dream. On the 7th of July, Mr. Martin of the *Felon* newspaper was arrested.

The same day Mr. Duffy of the *Nation* was committed to Newgate. This was instantly followed by the arrest of the proprietors of the *Tribune*. The papers, however, were permitted to go on; and from the cells of Newgate were written the most exciting and treasonable articles that appeared. The jury that convicted Mr. Martin actually recommended him to mercy, on the ground that the article on which they committed him was written while he was a prisoner in gaol!

On the 19th, Dublin was at last proclaimed; on the 22nd, the House of Commons sat specially on Saturday, for the purpose of passing through all its stages in one day the Act authorising the Lord Lieutenant to seize and detain suspected persons. It passed through all its stages in the House of Lords on Monday; and on Tuesday the House met early in the day, to enable her Majesty to give it the royal assent. It seemed as if the safety of the kingdom depended upon its passing without the delay of an hour.

Let us pause, and even at the hazard of repetition, endeavour calmly to review the proceedings which we think we have truthfully detailed. The more, we confess, we reflect upon the conduct of Lord Clarendon, the less are we able to reconcile it with any sense of his duty to his Sovereign or to this country; nay, even with any intelligible policy at all. The difficulty becomes greater when we contrast the precipitate vigour with which he hurried the Act, authorising him to arrest, through both Houses of Parliament, with the dilatoriness with which for nearly five months he had postponed the exercise of powers with which the law had already entrusted him. We need not now do more than glance at the statement of these powers. An Act of Parliament, passed by his own Government, had enabled him to pro-

hibit arms in any district which he thought proper to proclaim. This power he might have exercised at any time during the months of March or April, without one particle of inconvenience to any well-disposed person in the city of Dublin. Yet while he professed to believe that pikes were hourly manufacturing, with which rebels were to imbrue their hands in blood of peaceful citizens, while he shuddered in his fastness at the distant report of the rifles with which he fancied the Confederate marksmen were practising to take him down, while he raved of sanguinary conspiracies, and terrified the timid by tales of horror—personifying almost the “Castle Spectre” of hideous revelations—whispering dark hints—and supping each night upon horrors—while he crowded his protecting artillery in the Castle, doubled his guards, and piled one behind another his ball-proof barriers: all this time he never proclaimed the city of Dublin, so as to deprive the disaffected of the power of possessing or procuring arms! !

Let us ask, if it was necessary to proclaim the City of Dublin on the 19th of July, was it not equally necessary in the month of March? If an Act enabling the Lord Lieutenant to arrest suspected persons was so essential to the safety of the country in July, that, contrary to all precedent, it was hurried through both Houses of Parliament, without a single document or even despatch of the Lord Lieutenant to justify it, how comes it to pass that it was not requisite in March and April? If the Lord Lieutenant had not at this period information of suspected persons, whom the public safety required to be apprehended—these midnight alarms—these rapid closing of the Castle gates—all this

“Pomp and circumstance of war,”

which invested, as in a net-work, our beleagured city, was a solemn and a not very reputable cheat. If he had that information and could not arrest them without an Act of Parliament, that Act was surely as requisite on the 20th of April, when the rocket from the Castle at midnight called the garrison to arms, as on the 25th of July, when it appeared only needed to drive Smith O'Brien and Meagher into the mockery of revolt.

The Act of April contained a provision limited in its operation for two

years, which subjected to the penalties of “treason-felony” “open and advised speaking” which manifested any insurrectionary design. The effect of this was to enable the Government to arrest and commit to gaol, *upon a charge of felony*, any person who delivered a speech which might fairly bear the construction made criminal as felony by the terms of the Act. During the month of June there was hardly a day upon which speeches were not spoken which exposed the speakers to arrest for an offence against the provisions of the Act. Upon such an arrest the parties would certainly not have been admitted to bail. Upon the trials of both Meagher and O'Brien, for high treason, speeches were given in evidence against them, any one of which would have justified their arrest and imprisonment under this Act. Lord Clarendon wanted no special statute to arrest them. Even at the last moment, when they left Dublin to escape arrest under the *Habeas Corpus* Suspension Act, an information of any policeman, or Government reporter, and the warrant of a magistrate would have effectually detained them from proceeding upon a journey which, Lord Clarendon professed to believe, was a mission to head the outbreak of a formidable rebellion.

The permission given by Lord Clarendon to the leaders of the disaffected party to leave Dublin on the evening of Saturday, the 22nd of July, is among the most inexplicable of his acts. We say the permission given—for we hold that the Governor who omitted to prevent, permitted. On that Saturday Smith O'Brien was walking openly through the City of Dublin. On that Saturday it was in the power of Government to have arrested him on a charge of “open and advised speaking.” On that very Saturday the Prime Minister was hurrying through the House of Commons a statute, abridging the liberty of the subject, for the purpose of enabling the Lord Lieutenant to detain him; and yet, on that very Saturday evening, the Irish Government permitted him to leave the capital without an attempt to arrest his departure.

If, in truth, the parties whom it was deemed desirable to arrest, had made themselves obnoxious, at least to arrest without the intervention of the statute at all—what are we to think of the precipitate haste with which that statute was forced through the Legislature

Was all this hurry and all this display of despatch but a part of the system by which, from the very commencement, while he forbore to exercise the most ordinary precautions which the laws placed at his disposal, he engaged and terrified the public mind with preparations that were absurd, unless directed to meet some formidable emergency, and protect us from unseen and therefore more terrible danger?

The act authorising the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act was, as we have said, introduced on Saturday, the 22nd. On Friday, the 21st, the Earl of Glengall in the House of Lords, brought forward a motion, the object of which was to take the Government to task for not using the powers with which they were already armed. The motion of the noble Earl was met by an announcement from the Lord President, that at that very moment the Prime Minister was announcing the intended measure in the Lower House.

It is, we have said, very difficult to reconcile the conduct of Government throughout these five months with any intelligible system, even were we to accept as the solution of it the adoption of a policy that every right-minded man must condemn. We place on the one hand the military terrorism of the Government—on the other the omission either to use the powers which the law gave them, or, if they thought these insufficient, to apply for new ones; and we puzzle ourselves in vain to know by what possible hypothesis they can be explained.

It may be said that Lord Clarendon did not himself believe in the dangers, against which he took such extraordinary precautions to guard. It was, no doubt, his interest to terrify the Conservative portion of the community into an adherence to his Government, by impressing them with the belief that he was their protector against a sanguinary foe. It was his interest, too, to represent himself to England, his Sovereign, and the nation, as the successful queller of a formidable rebellion. The terrors of a Socialist insurrection have made the French people vote Louis Napoleon their absolute dictator, to escape it. It may be suggested that Lord Clarendon adopted the same policy to avail himself of an artificially created alarm, for a somewhat similar purpose. If we are to take the maxim, "*cui bono?*" Lord Clarendon is the only person who won either profit or

reputation by the belief in the reality of the Irish insurrection of 1848. The Irish nation has immeasurably sunk in character by that belief; the Irish gentry have certainly gained nothing; the people are not bettered. For a time Lord Clarendon acquired a reputation, which, however unfounded in fact, we believe that but for the light thrown upon his true character by other transactions, it would even now be impossible for any reasoning to shake. It may, perhaps, be added to the probabilities of such a solution, that his organs industriously charged his opponents—in one instance, we know by the Birch correspondence, by his direction—with entertaining designs of massacre and pillage: accusations which, whatever may have been their faults, WERE MOST UNQUESTIONABLY UNTRUE.

We cannot, we confess, bring ourselves to believe that Lord Clarendon deliberately designed that which it would be a mild term to designate, as a fraud upon the best feelings of the nation. One supposition still remains, but it is one which we confess we willingly and instantly reject. Lord Clarendon may have wished and intended a break-out of the sanguinary struggle in which he so elaborately prepared himself to be bloodily victorious. He might be supposed to have contemplated a grand *battue* of the disaffected, and designedly permitted the conspiracy to go on until it would include them all; permitting the strongest incitements to be addressed to them, until there was not a latent spark of disaffection in any breast that was not fanned into a flame; terrifying and dispiriting the well-disposed, until he had driven every person whose allegiance was wavering, from the ranks; and, like Jehu with the worshippers of Baal, prepared to extirpate, by one terrible act of severity, all traitors, and even possible traitors from our soil.

Such a policy, however consistent with all the external indications of his motive, we say at once Lord Clarendon no more deliberately entertained than he did that of fabricating his military terrors for the mere purpose of imposing upon the loyal by alarms which he knew to be unfounded. We may not, perhaps, attempt a perfect explanation of conduct which it is impossible to refer to any one principle or motive, or reduce by any process of reasoning to any systematic plan. The motives which influence all human actions are

mixed. Few of them can be reduced to a single origin. Multitudes of different, nay contradictory, motives must have had their share in producing a course of action so variable, so unsteady, and so anomalous, as that of Lord Clarendon, from the beginning of February to the end of July.

The great fault of Lord Clarendon's political character appears to be a desire to effect every object by "*management*," combined, unhappily, with the belief that there is nothing too difficult for the dexterity of his own. This trait of his character amounts actually to a restless craving for occupation for those peculiar abilities on the possession of which he prides himself; and it is said he is never satisfied except when personally interfering in every department of the administration of affairs, even in those which could be much better entrusted to inferior hands. To this propensity, one most dangerous in a Chief Governor, it would not be difficult to trace many of the entanglements into which, by his passion for "*meddling with consummate tact*" in everything,—he has been betrayed.

His overweening confidence in these peculiar abilities made him yield a ready credence to the existence of a crisis which offered so tempting a field for their display. The very same confidence indisposed him to the exercise of those common-place powers of repression with which the law armed him, but which probably he would have regarded as the clumsy instruments of a policy less scientific than his own. Dazzled by the prospect of "*managing*" an Irish rebellion, he forgot that his first duty was to prevent it. He was encouraged to permit the violence of the disaffected to proceed, when its effect was to rally round him the educated classes and the property of the country. The confidence and support which were so generously tendered to him was not merely a tribute pleasing to his self-esteem; in the small policy he contemplated, it was success. He yielded with the more readiness to those alarms which ministered at once to his ambition and gratified his vanity. While we sincerely acquit him of the intention of promoting a rebellion, that he might quell it in blood, we can readily conceive that the prospect of extinguishing disaffection by exhibiting its hopelessness, influenced his judgment, as the hopes of reputation from a successful issue induced him naturally to

magnify the dangers which surrounded him.

In the presence of these dangers he had brought himself really to believe. If he deceived others, as is the case with most persons, he had first imposed upon himself. Trained in embassies, and not in camps or cabinets, he looked upon matters with the eye of a diplomatist, and not that of a soldier or statesman; he exaggerated everything upon paper, and accustomed to believe angry protocols to be formidable, he was duped by the *United Irishman's* declarations of war. Yet, even in these alarms, he could not give up his passion for managing matters by tact, and wrote letters, and paid newspaper editors, and sent his household upon cumbrous negotiations, when he ought to have proclaimed the city, and put the inciters to insurrection in gaol. In his military preparations, he made provision enough for safety, while the direction of them gratified his restless disposition; for, like all men of active temper and weak resolve, he mistook bustle for vigour, and fancied he must necessarily be prudent and energetic if he could only contrive to be busy and indirect. He had none of that tranquil vigilance which makes no parade of its preparations, because it feels no alarm, nor of that self-assured courage which resorts to no underhand practices, because it reposes in the confidence of strength. Even in his arrangements to crush the outbreak, his ruling passion prevailed. Every thing private was an intrigue—every thing public a display. With just knowledge enough of Ireland to lead him astray (even in these matters a little learning is a dangerous thing) he the more easily mistook for realities the suggestions of his own caprice or his waywardness, and exhibited in his policy, inconsistent and at first sight unaccountable as it was, the perplexities of his vanities, his ambitions, his irresolution, and his fears.

To whatever motives the conduct of the Irish Executive is to be traced, the disastrous effects upon the Irish nation are the same. The follies of rulers are, at least, as fatal to their subjects as their crimes. The evil passions of mankind are a portion of the lot of our nature; it is for the absurdities of governors that nations pay dearest—

"*Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.*

Quicquid delirant reges plectantur Achini."

We believe the events of 1848 mos

disastrous to Ireland. With those who can see cause for congratulation in the extinction of the Repeal agitation, by such means as were then employed, we honestly confess we have no sympathy. Even the riddance of that agitation may be purchased at too dear a rate. It has been extinguished with the depression of the manhood and the spirit of the nation. We have peace, but it is the peace of the desert—“ *Solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant* ;” and, alas, even across that desert we hear borne the howl of the hyæna,—evil beasts still haunt the ruins of our land. The events of that dismal period, in which his Excellency the Earl of Clarendon played at the making of giants and then killing them, have done more to destroy the public spirit of the country, foster our worst dissensions, and nurture the seeds of yet unrealised calamities, than years of mischief, not fomented by such strange influences, could have accomplished.

With the passing of the Act authorising the detention of suspected persons, we may perhaps say that an era arose when the duty of the Lord Lieutenant was simple and plain. He had permitted the elements of disturbance to reach the point at which any bold man might appeal to them with at least the certainty of some response. He had provoked such men as Smith O'Brien and Meagher to become rebels, lest they might appear to be cowards. He had by his toleration of sedition entrapped them into the use of language which committed them to violent expressions, and he had hardly left them an alternative to recede. He then passed the measures which he intended for their apprehension, and he drove them to the mad attempt at Ballygarry.

We repeat again, that with those who could approve of such a policy we have no sympathy whatever. Men whom enthusiasm, or youth, or the strong sense of present suffering and misery, might lead in unguarded moments to the field of rebellious insurrection, might, under happier circumstances, be useful citizens. The very enthusiasm which would make them risk their lives in an attempt to overthrow a government, rightly regulated might lead them to defend the nation. Ireland might now need, against many influences that oppress and deaden her nationality, the services of those whom Lord Clarendon, by driving into re-

billion, disqualified we fear for ever from serving their country and their Queen.

In truth, as far as insurrection was contemplated, the whole policy of the leaders was simply to apply to a rebellion the tactics of agitation. They had, after all, been taught in the school of “moral force;” they remembered the giant meetings of 1843, when they dreamed that a wave of O'Connell's hand could have flung assembled myriads upon the British army; and they fancied that if they could work up popular enthusiasm to the same pitch, the revolution was accomplished. Hence, while common prudence dictated that they ought to have matured their plans in secrecy, they obviously believed that the more openly they proclaimed them the better. While men of business would have been drilling rebels in regiments, they were exciting them in the Confederation; and while they might, by Lord Clarendon's neglect, have been importing arms and ammunition, they fancied they were better preparing for the conflict by speeches to the people in the Music Hall.

The news of the intended suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act reached Dublin by electric telegraph, on the 22nd of July. Those who have followed us in the history of the insurrectionary movement will not have much difficulty in understanding what followed. O'Brien and Meagher instantly quitted Dublin, without one particle of preparation made—without arms, without money, without even determining on the part of the country on which they were to make their descent. They went, in fact, to speculate on the insurrectionary dispositions of the people—a speculation which, however secure or profitable for the purposes of a political agitation, was hardly within the range of sane calculation, as offering the chance of a successful issue of a rebellion. As they passed through the towns, the mobs cheered their appeals; occasionally Roman Catholic clergymen joined them in their councils, and represented to them the total want of organisation of their friends. On, however, they went, the police attending and taking notes of their speeches, to be used against them on their trials. To the last they played the game which they had learned partly from the meetings of 1843, and partly from their studies of the French Revolution of 1789.

Speeches and popular excitement supplied the place of arms, of commissariat, and even of men.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 25th of July, Smith O'Brien made his way to the district of the collieries, in the neighbourhood of Ballingarry. He came there unexpected, and with a five-pound note in his pocket. The chapel bell was rung, and the peasantry assembled at the sound. He addressed them on the necessity of preventing his own arrest, and was responded to by cheers. The crowds of persons ready to enlist in the revolution increased during the night, and passed before him in martial array; and in the morning he went to the police-barracks to demand of five policemen, that garrisoned it, to surrender their arms—and they refused! He was armed with a brace of pistols, one of his three companions with a gun. This was, perhaps, the first overt act of "levying war against the Queen." Next day a proclamation was issued, offering a reward of £500 for his arrest, as a traitor who had appeared in arms against his Sovereign. The rebellion had actually begun.

The next few days were passed in moving from one village to another, with followers who were rudely armed. Government, in the meantime, began to concentrate troops round the district, the movement of whom, had there been the slightest rebel organisation, the breaking up of one of the railway bridges would effectually have stopped. No rebel hosts assembled round the chief. Smith O'Brien had believed that the whole Irish nation would, upon the first signal of insurrection, rise as one man, and, by a display of overwhelming force, inaugurate without striking a blow—he knew not what. Like Pompey, he thought he had but to stamp his foot and that legions would arise—he went to Ballingarry and stamped his foot, and found himself alone.

Nearly a week passed over, and still no warlike armament had flocked to the standard of rebellion which had then been unequivocally displayed. Meantime the proclamation for his arrest arrived, and on the morning of Saturday, the 29th, a small body of police moved from the town of Callan towards a village called Farrinrory, in the neighbourhood of which Smith O'Brien was then known to be. They numbered about forty, and were under the

command of a Sub-Inspector named Trant. On approaching the place where Mr. O'Brien was, they were met by thousands of the populace who were assembled to protect him. The police took possession of a house which offered them the most convenient shelter. It was proposed by some of the confederates of O'Brien to blow down the walls with gunpowder; and no doubt had the advice been followed, there would have been a massacre of that party of the police. He refused—it is said, because he was appealed to by the mothers of some children whom the police had carried as hostages into the house. Be this as it may, instead of blowing up the house with gunpowder, which the rebel zeal of some of the miners brought him from the blasting operations at the mines, he ran forward to the windows, and invited the police to surrender their arms and join the revolution!! That he behaved with any want of personal courage is utterly untrue. It was proved upon his trial that he exposed himself with the most reckless indifference to the fire which their officer directed the police to pour from the windows upon the crowd. That fire was ineffectually returned by some among the populace, who would at any time have been ready to join in a second Carrickshock. On the arrival of a fresh party of police the country people dispersed. Smith O'Brien, who had seized a policeman's horse, rode off from the scene of the encounter, and the great rebellion of 1848 was at an end.

The delusion was gone. Smith O'Brien retreated from the widow Cormack's house, having learned the lesson that armaments of rebels do not rise even in Ireland at the waiving of a wand. Like Louis Napoleon, in his descent upon Boulogne, he had imagined that such would be the influence of his name, that the moment he appeared myriads would rally round him, and the Irish Government fall almost without a blow. More absurd than even the attempt of Prince Louis, was the appearance of Smith O'Brien at Mullinahone. The descendant of the Irish kings went without even an armed party of ten men that could have protected him from the arrest of the first patrol of police. Arms, to give his followers, he had none; with money he was wholly unprovided; provisions he had not the most remote idea of how to procure.

The ruling idea that had taken possession of his mind was, that the whole Irish nation was so disaffected to the Government that he had but to raise his hand to make a revolution. Before the rising majesty of Young Ireland the English Government was to yield a national independence, as the Ministry of 1782 had done to the armed demands of the Protestant Volunteers. This was his only plan of insurrection. He believed that the police and the Irish regiments would join him. When he found himself surrounded by a mere unarmed and undisciplined rabble, he awoke from the delusion of three months—the leader of a revolution without a revolution—the champion of a nation, without even a handful of men to follow him—the dictator to sovereigns, without the power of securing the services of twenty armed men!

The result is well known. All his followers left him, and for a week he wandered from house to house, a fugitive among the hills. A few days of this life broke, though it could not bend, the proud and generous spirit, that had been cast down, in the stern realities of a band of forty policemen, from its high and its lofty imaginations. The Irish revolution was a dream. "He had called the spirits from the vasty deep," and he never thought on the possibility that they might not come. The splendid phantom was in the cloud, and, like the searcher after the ends of the rainbow, he could not understand why it had vanished from his grasp. A few days of concealment, during which he was closely pressed by his pursuers, wore down his mental and his bodily frame. Unwilling to expose any of his entertainers to the risk of the penalties of high treason, he walked, on the evening of Saturday, the 7th of August, into the populous town of Thurles. Pale, haggard, and unshaven, he passed through it unrecognised, except by one person—That person was an aged woman who earned a precarious, and it may be believed a scanty subsistence by selling apples at a stall. She knew that £500 was within her reach for mentioning his name to some policemen who stood near; but she breathed a prayer for his safety, and he walked on. At the railway station he was recognised and arrested. A special train was despatched with the important prisoner to Dublin,

and before the next morning he was enjoying within the walls of Kilmainslieh prison the slumber which for many nights he had not known.

Unquestionably there did exist, in July, an amount of insurrectionary spirit in the country, which presented a most formidable danger, and which would have justified every precaution the Government could take. That danger, we think, was produced by the neglect of the Government to take proper steps in the beginning. If we are to trace its origin further back, it is in no small degree to be attributed to the encouragement which had long been given by the party whom Lord Clarendon represented, to every seditious agitation which for years had taught the people that the Saxon Government were their natural enemies. If Smith O'Brien stood among a people ready to rebel, it was because they had learned their lessons years before. Had any one in July formed a secret conspiracy, and seriously and in good earnest set about the work of a rebel armament—had he engaged as his recruiting depôts the secret societies, and prepared organised bands for the work of insurrection, it is probable that in a dangerous and sanguinary rebellion Ireland might long have had cause to mourn the government of Lord Clarendon.

There was, however, nothing of the kind. The leaders of the rebellion disclaimed all secrecy—denounced all conspiracy, and disdained all preparations. Nay, even at the last moment, had Smith O'Brien been a bold or a bad man, blood might have been shed. Had the small party of police that took shelter in the Widow Cormack's, been destroyed, as a much larger party had been, when there was no rebellion at all, at Carrickshock, it is probable that in the insurrectionary fever to which Lord Clarendon had wrought up the public mind, desultory acts of insurrection might have followed, which it would have cost many valuable lives to suppress. That these attempts could have been methodised into a general rebellion, in the absence of any head or any organisation, we do not believe. Our escape from these perils, we do not owe to any foresight of our governors, but to the fact, that from beginning to end, the rebellion was an unreal delusion, a thing of newspaper paragraphs and tribune speeches—not of the secret council, the

unseen organisation, and the undetected armament. It could hardly have been among the calculations of his Excellency, that the leader of the rebels would shrink, with a sensitiveness worthy of a lady from cutting off the first detachment of police that came to capture him! It was well for the country that it was with such amiable and high-minded enthusiasts Lord Clarendon had to deal. Estimated in the manner in which we believe it ought to be judged, as the conduct of men who had worked themselves into the belief that they could see a repetition of 1782; that the whole country would rise in a strength that would make negotiation take the place of arms—and *this certainly was the calculation of their chief*; estimated even in this way, it admits of hardly a rational excuse. If we are to judge of it as a serious attempt to rebel—this rushing to a chance part of the country, and summoning troops by the ringing of a chapel bell, not even the descent of the Prince President upon France, to which we have ventured to compare it, presents anything

so little formidable, so aimless, or so wild.

We have still, however, much to say upon this abortive attempt at an insurrection, and something upon the characters of those who were engaged in it. For the present, we must have done.

If the severity of historic truth will refuse to the Earl of Clarendon the merit of having wisely, and successfully dealt with formidable dangers which his flatterers have so lavishly attributed to him, it is not our fault. On his policy of 1848 we have expressed the judgment which we have dispassionately and deliberately formed. Upon the facts as we have reviewed them, the British public must form their own. In Irish history we have been accustomed to associate the name of the *great* Lord Clarendon with a "*great* rebellion." It is a singular coincidence that, after the lapse of two centuries, the name of another Lord Clarendon should connect itself on the page of our history with the tale of **A VERY LITTLE REBELLION INDEED.**

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CONTENTS.

	Page
SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.—A REVERIE FOR APRIL. BY JONATHAN FREEK SLINGSBY	403
LEAVES FROM THE PORTUGUESE OLIVE.—No. II. CHRISTOVAM FALCAM—MACIAS	411
MORE LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER. MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES, AND NOTITIA DRAMATICA—DAVID GARRICK AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS	423
TORY ISLAND	434
CHESNEY ON ARTILLERY AND FIRE-ARMS.—THE NATIONAL DEFENCES .	447
SIR JOHN RICHARDSON'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION	458
RECOLLECTIONS OF MOORE	477
A LAMENT FOR THOMAS MOORE	494
THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY. CHAPTER X.—THE TRAITOR'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH. CHAPTER XI.—A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS. CHAPTER XII.—HUMAN SYMPATHY BEGINS TO WORK	496
THE RATH OF BADAMAR; OR, THE ENCHANTMENT.—PART II.	513
STRAY LEAVES FROM GREECE. PART II.—ASCENT OF PENTELICUS—BRIGAND GUIDE—THE QUARRIES—MARATHON—DESCENT AND REFRESHMENT—LIFE AT ATHENS—SKETCHING ADVENTURE—EXCURSION TO NAUPLIA—TYRINS—MYCENÆ —GATE OF THE LIONS—ARGOS—SPORT MANQUE—BEGINNING OF TROUBLES .	518
A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS AT THE COMING ELECTIONS	528
THE LATE WILLIAM THOMPSON, ESQ., OF BELFAST	531

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SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.—A REVERIE FOR APRIL.

Carrigbawn, March 29th, 1852.

MY DEAR ANTHONY,—Another month has passed away since last I addressed you. The moon has weaved one coil more of her chain of light round our own planet, and the earth herself has journeyed forward another stage in her annual course. Speeding onward through the star-thronged universe, she treads, sure and unfalteringly, her way amid the bright maze—held ever in her appointed orbit by that subtle and mysterious power that makes it at once her necessity and her delight to keep within the prescribed limit, whence she may always look upon the sun, and feel the gladdening influences of him who is her light and her life. And now that subtle, attractive power—simple, grand, and elementary, as science has proved it to be—conferred, by the Creator, as its birth-right on all matter, whereby the myriad denizens of the republic of space intercommunicate and affect each other in the universal polity of God's illimitable creation—that *material sense*, which is to them what sympathy is to intellectual life—that power, my dear Anthony, has led, with loving assent, our fair earth along her starry circuit, till she has passed by the vernal constellation, the bright Aries. And, lo! the sun shines down upon her, with rays no longer aslant; Light has established a divided dominion with Darkness over the world, and Day releases one-half of the joyous hours from the thrall of gloomy Night. Now begins the true year to the astronomer and the poet—to him who loves nature, and ponders upon her mystic movements, as did, in ancient times, the sacred year to the Jews; and, if the old legend speaks truly, did the earth at this very season first set forth upon her course—

“The New-come of the Year is born to-day,
With a strong, lusty laugh, and joyous shout.
Uprising with its mother, it, in play,
Throws flowers on her; pulls hard buds about,
To open them for blossoms; and its voice,
Pealing o'er dells, plains, uplands, and high groves,
Startles all living things, till they rejoice
In re-creation of themselves; each loves
And blesses each; and man's intelligence,
In musings grateful, thanks All-wise Beneficence.”

Spring is indisputably come. We feel that it has at length conquered in the struggle which, for weeks past, it has maintained with the retreating winter. We feel its empire in the genial airs, the heightened temperature, the misty vapours of morn and evening—in the bright sunbursts, the flying clouds, the showers that weep down their tears, and the fresh breezes that dry them up even as they fall. We see its presence in the flowers that chequer the fields and paint the gardens with a thousand beautiful hues, till the parterre glitters like the rich carpet of an Eastern prince. We see it in the sheen of the streams that now

glitter in the sunflash, and dimple to the soft plashing bubble of the fish, as he rises to seize the fly that the unaccustomed warmth has tempted forth. We see it in the deepening of the forest shades, as their leaves are spreading. Above all, we know that it is here present with us, triumphant, jubilant, for we hear the pæans that celebrate its praise:—

“ Behold the merry minstrels of the morn—
 The swarming songsters of the careless grove—
 Ten thousand throats, that from the flow’ring thorn,
 Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love.”

And now March, blustering in his advent but gentle in his exit, is just passing away from us. Let us bid him God speed, for he has done us some kindly offices. His keen and healthy breath has swept over the marsh and the saturated lowlands that lay plashy and reeking from the rains of February; and the floods have now shrunk back into their old time-used channels. The little rushy islets have again raised their heads in the narrowing lakes, and the grass has everywhere peeped up through the pastures by the river side; the plough and the harrow have broken the dried glebe; the seeds are sown—the roots are planted—and, as April steals in upon us, we begin to think that a soft shower by day, or a dew by night, will not come amiss, after the dry breeze and the bright sunshine. Yes, April steals in upon us; and the thoughts which I am now penning shall have scarcely met the eyes of those to whom you are wont so confidentially to communicate them, before the first morning of that pleasant month shall have dawned upon us.

Pleasant April!—wayward and fickle; now radiant with smiles, now pouting and tearful—now all sunshine, anon all shadow; then again sunshine and shadow alternating in quick succession, or rather blending the one with the other, till the sunburst that rends the cloud is scarce more bright and beautiful than the broken edges of the vapour which, with celestial alchemy, it has turned to gold, and the rain-drops glisten like jewels on the tree-leaves and grass-blades, ere they have time to sink or evaporate. And loveliest, most marvellous, and most touching of all sights, when at morn or eventide the winds are hushed and the birds for a space suspend their singing; then the dark swollen cloud sinks lower and lower down towards earth, with a gentle, silent motion, till at last its edges break into vapoury fringes, and the big drops burst out from the surcharged volume. But lo! the slant sunlight has caught the tiny globules ere they fall pattering on the dimpling pool, or rustling on the shrubs and grass-leaves; and oh, wonder more strange than aught which ancient poets have fabled, see instant springs from the elemental congress an offspring, in shape the most perfect and graceful that the mind can conceive, in features the most exquisite that the eye ever looked upon—the beautiful Iris—

“ The airy child of vapour and the sun:”

her rounded form arching the heavens and reclining upon the earth, decked in hues that melt and blend away from the most gorgeous crimson to the softest violet. Who can marvel, thou fairest of the airy fantasies that people our wonder-thronged world—who can marvel that thou hast been ever to all eyes “a beauty and a mystery”—to all hearts a joy undefinable; to the simple, a delight; to the sage, a problem; to the poet, one of the brightest pages in the most glorious volume which day and night he reads—“the poetry of heaven;” to the heathen, a fable;—but to those to whom in all ages the councils of God have been revealed, a “mild arch of promise” for the future, as well as a memorial of wrath in the past? The philosopher, when he examines thy luminous colours, may discourse with self-complacent wisdom upon Nature’s laws of reflection and refraction; but the Christian who has been permitted to read the laws of Him who made Nature herself, will proclaim the more glorious laws which thou dost attest—the divine laws of mercy and of faithfulness; and he hears thee preaching to him in thy eloquent splendour, as God erst spake to Noah—“I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God

and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." And so may I apostrophise thee, as did one of our own poets two hundred years ago:—

"Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distinct and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and One."

Pleasant April! She is the mother of the beautiful May; and though she shall never look upon the joyous face of the infant—for she shall die in giving her birth—yet, with the solicitude of maternal love, she is busy in preparation for the coming one. She weaves a garment of the purest green to swathe her infant limbs, and she keeps it ever bright with sunshine and ever fresh with showers, till the child's advent. And then, what a coronal of lustrous gems is she storing up for those infant brows. Nature's flower-jewels—the sapphire violet—the diamond thorn-blossom—the ruby carnation—the topaz crocus; and ornaments for her zone, more precious than gold or silver, and fashioned with a wondrous and elaborate workmanship, that puts to shame the cunning of the goldsmith. Kindly April! when we would murmur, as we sometimes do, at thy glooms, and thy dark, cold showers, let us remember that they will repay us tenfold in the flowers of May. And so when we have not thy sunshine to live in, we can look hopefully forward for the sunshine that is still not far distant.

Pleasant April! Mirthful and changeful, what an epitome art thou of human life. Light and shadow, warmth and chill, sunshine and shower; each in their turn, in rapid and unforeseen succession. Well said poor White—

"What is this passing scene?—
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away;
Man (soon discussed)
Yields up his trust
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust."

It is a rare sight, indeed, to see an April day without a cloud; but none have ever seen human life without its shadows. And well for us that it is so. If no cloud were to cross the sunshine of life, no showers temper its warmth, no gloom mar its brightness, if all were light—light from the first ray of morning till the close of day, how terrible would be the coming night of the grave—a night of whose darkness we could form no idea, for whose coming we should be unprepared. But lives there be—and who has not known such?—whose mornings were bright, and sweet, and fresh; whose noonday clouds were light and transient, just chequering their joys for a brief season; whose darkest hours were from the showers that refreshed them, and whose twilight eves sank imperceptibly into night. But those are the few, the privileged, the heaven-beloved, the early-dead—for such rarely run through man's allotted course. And lives, too, there be, all dark—dark evermore. In the dawn of the morning, the clouds gathered around them; and so—as one sometimes, though but rarely, sees a day in April, when the shadows never pass away from the mountain tops, nor the mists rise from the valleys—their whole course was chill, and gloomy, and cheerless. But these, also, are few, thank Heaven; and who shall say what comfort or what illumination God may have vouchsafed to their inner life—the life lived in his presence, even as the sun shines on those surfaces of the clouds that face heavenward, while their earth-turned sides are dark? But for the mass of mankind, God has intermingled joy and sorrow, trial and success, pleasure and pain, good and evil, through their lives, with the same inscrutable adjustment of his wisdom, as he has mingled sunshine and shadow in an April day. Let us confidently rely on the wisdom which we cannot understand, as we do, year by year, on that whose issues are made manifest. As the glooms and the showers of April are the source of the loveliness and the glory of May, so might Nature well teach us, if we had not a

surer voice than hers to guide us, that the tears shed upon earth nourish those flowers that will bloom for us in heaven, and our clouds of trial here will be turned into a more lustrous glory, when lit up with the sunshine that shines without ceasing.

And now, my dear Anthony, it is time I should give you a few rhymes, as is my wont, lest you may be weary of my *prosing*. You remember, do you not, the stream that flows at the foot of the lawn? Standing at my door, you can see its source high up in the mountain, and you may trace its course, with a few interruptions of ravine and grove, breaking it up into stretches, until you lose it in the sea. It is at all times a subject of favourite contemplation with me. Thus have I seen it in the grey light of breaking morning:—

DAWN UPON THE RIVER.

'Twas when the gray
Of dawning day
First crept upon the gloaming,
And flashes bright
Of pearly light
Proclaimed that morn was coming,

From out the hill
A tiny rill
Leapt up, as if from sleeping;
And wild and fleet
Its noiseless feet
Through moss and heath went creeping.

Half down the mount
Hath tripped the fount,
With devious current straying,
'Till in a dell
Its waters fell,
Their course awhile delaying:

Where, spreading wide
From side to side,
They fill the basin's margent;
And calm and still
Now see the rill,
A limpid lake of argent.

Awhile they rest
Upon the breast
Of that sweet dell, abiding,
Till swelling o'er
Its grassy shore
A plenteous stream is gliding.

O'er shingles piled,
Abrupt and wild,
The waters now are dashing:
Adown the steep,
With headlong leap,
They plunge, with roar and plashing.

Through meads and groves
Now calmly roves
The stream, with many a bending;
In rippling song,
Through rushes long,
And pendent willows wending.

But groves, at last,
And meads are passed,
And still, with ceaseless motion,
The water glides,
To pour its tides
Into the trackless ocean.

And when I viewed
That changeful flood,
As fount, and lake, and river,
I cried, "So life,
Half peace, half strife,
Flows on to death for ever.

"Howe'er it flow,
Or swift or slow,
Down hill, through vale, o'er meadow,
'Twill reach the grave
Of Ocean's wave,
In sunlight or in shadow."

Come, now, with me in the flush of a cloudless noontide, such as we are sometimes favoured with on an April day. What bright and beautiful pictures does the sunlight disclose along the stream whose course we traced in the misty morning's light? How forcibly does it portray to the eye of fancy man's life in its earthly transit—its merry infancy, its dreamy childhood, its impetuous youth, bounding over or struggling through every obstacle, its thoughtful progress in maturity, its sobered passage to the Ocean of Eternity. Ah, if life could always secure for its current the sunlight from above, to illuminate its wanderings and its struggles—to light up its passage to the grave!

SUNLIGHT ON THE RIVER.

The noon-day light,
Serene and bright,
Upon the world is streaming;
There's not a cloud
In heaven to shroud
The sunshine in its beaming.

Upon the hill
That tiny rill
Is like a diamond glowing;
Like emeralds green,
The moss is seen
To glisten where 'tis flowing.

And stealing down
The mountain brown,
Behold the streamlet shining—
A silver snake,
From brake to brake
Its glittering folds entwining.

What wizard's spell
Within the dell
Hath touched the lake while dreaming?—
'Tis lake no more,
For spreading o'er—
A sapphire sky 'tis beaming:

And deep within
That sky serene
Shines up, with mimic splendour,
A sun that beams,
As seen in dreams,
With light subdued and tender.

The waves now brim
 Above the rim,
 And glittering, then go o'er it ;
 As when the cup,
 Too high filled up,
 The sparkling drops flow o'er it.

Then down the rock,
 With roar and shock,
 A pearly shower is dashing—
 As meteors bright
 Shoot down by night,
 In broken radiance flashing.

And now the sun
 Shines down upon
 That calm and plenteous river ;
 And as it flows,
 Each glad wave glows,
 Where rippling sun-rays quiver.

And o'er it float
 With warbling note
 Gay birds in aery motion—
 In light and song
 It glides along,
 And smiling, blends in ocean.

And as I viewed
 That sunlit flood,
 As fount, and lake, and river,
 " May life," I cried,
 " Whate'er betide,
 For me have sunshine ever !

" Though swift or slow,
 Or chafed, it flow,
 In joy 'twill journey ever,
 If still from heaven
 A light be given,
 Like sunshine on the river."

But is the picture thus always bright ? Shall the sunshine play ever on the water ? Ah, no ! Oftener shall we see it in shadow, as we see man's life. And then how changed is the scene—how the gloom saddens the stream ! Then we hear the gliding of the current, the turmoil and roar of the water, and the moan of its surges ; but we see no light on its source, no sparkle on its spray, no smile upon its ripples, no brightness upon its broad flow. Come, then, once more with me, when the light of the setting sun is hidden by the thick black clouds that come up with the night, and let us meditate upon my mountain stream, and upon life in its gloomier aspect :—

SHADOWS ON THE RIVER.

'Tis evening's hour—
 The shadows lower,
 The earth in gloom enshrouding—
 Dense clouds and dun
 Around the sun
 Up from the west are crowding ;
 And dull and chill,
 Adown the hill,
 The fount is sadly creeping,
 Along the ground,
 With wailing sound,
 As if of spirits weeping.

The lake is dark—
There's not a spark
Of light upon it playing:
The shadows rest
Upon its breast,
The chill breeze o'er it straying.

No more within
The wave is seen
The lustrous sky reposing,
And deep in shade
Lie dell and glade,
Around the waters closing.

Now dimly o'er
The margin pour
The dark waves, joyless gliding;
Upon the stream
No pleasant beam
Has left one smile abiding.

With sullen sound
And darkling bound,
O'er crag and ledge 'tis dashing;
Through mist and gloom,
As from the tomb,
Is heard a mournful plashing.

Now winding slow,
With cheerless flow,
Through grove and mead 'tis wending;
Now rippling by,
Where rushes sigh,
Or willow-boughs are bending.

And song of bird
No more is heard
In liquid music thrilling;
The shadow flings
Its dusky wings,
The saddened waters chilling.

And dark and lone
The flood moves on
In mute and solemn motion—
Mid shades profound,
That close around,
It sinks into the ocean.

And as I viewed
That gloomy flood
As fount, and lake, and river,
I cried "Alas!
May life ne'er pass
Mid shadows thus for ever."

Then Ocean lone
With awful moan
Upon my ear fell booming,
And to my sighs
A voice replies,
From out the shadows coming:—

“Man’s life is made
Of light and shade,
Of joys and griefs together.
Now sun, now shower,
Now shadows lower,
Like fitful April weather.

“From source to sea—
’Tis God’s decree—
Man’s flood is full of changes;
Now calm its waves,
Now vex it raves,
Now glad, now sad it ranges.

“But He whose might
Made cloud and light,
In wisdom each dispenses;
And still in vain
Doth man complain
Of laws above his senses.”

Rebuked I stood
Beside the flood,
And answered, bending lowly—
“Lord, I resign
My will to thine;
Thy ways are just and holy.

“In joy or woe
Let life’s stream flow
As Thou ordainest ever;
But grant one gleam
At last to beam
As graveward sinks the river!”

There is a well-known yet a most affecting phenomenon that marks many a death-bed. The dying, true to the instincts of that nature which, amid all its depravation, still loves the pure and holy light, desire to be raised up, that their eyes may gaze upon the glory of the sunset ere they close them for ever in the night of the grave. An instinct more profound, more craving, more awful, makes the sinking soul struggle to lift itself up and catch the light of the great Spiritual Sun—happy if a ray reach it, if cloud and darkness do not shut out that light at the hour of death. For myself, were I so far the arbiter of my own fate that I might distribute over my whole life, in such a manner as I should think fit, those spiritual illuminations from the unseen world, which Heaven may have designed to vouchsafe me, I almost think that I would hoard them all up, with the self-denying jealousy of a miser, for that last unspeakably momentous hour, when the soul faints and falters in the darkness of its unknown journey—that so I might see the clouds breaking above me, and disclosing the deep, bright vistas into the glorious fields of the inner heaven. Whatever shadows may overcast my life, I would die in a spiritual, as in a material sunshine.

Ever, my dear Anthony, thine,
In sunshine and in shadow,
JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTUGUESE OLIVE.—NO. II.

CHRISTOVAM FALCAM.—MACIAS.

CONTEMPORARY with Bernardim Ribeyro* was Christovam Falcam, whose name, according to the present Portuguese fashion, should be written *Christovaõ Falcaõ* : but lest that form should seem uncouth to such of our readers as are not conversant with Portuguese, we adopt, for their satisfaction, the more antiquated but more familiar-looking style of *Christovam Falcam*. The terminations *aõ* and *am* are equivalent, and are pronounced in the vernacular of Portugal with a peculiar nasal obtuse sound, something like the pronunciation of French nouns ending in *n* : but English readers, for their greater ease, may pronounce "*Christovon Falcon*."

This poet, who flourished in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and the beginning of the sixteenth, was born at Portalegre, a handsome Episcopal City, in the Province of Alemtejo, beautifully situated at the foot of well-wooded mountains. He was the son of John Vaz de Almeida Falcam, Commandant of the Fort of Mina,† and his wife Donna Brites Pereira. The family appellation of Falcam was highly respectable, and well known at the Portuguese Court, where John Falcam was an especial favourite with King John II. But the name of Pereira was pre-eminently above the paternal appellation of Falcam. It was endeared to the Portuguese by the memory of the Grand Constable of the Kingdom, Nuno Alvarez Pereira, beloved and revered in Portugal as the Cid was in Spain. When King Ferdinand died he left an only child, Beatrix, married to John I., King of Castile, who claimed the crown of Portugal in right of his wife. But the Portuguese, in general, who detested the Castilians (so nearly allied to them in language and position) with all the

irreconcilable rancour of near relations, were determined not to merge their nationality in vassalage to Castile, and elected for their king, as John I., the Grand Master of the Order of Avis, a natural brother of the deceased Ferdinand. The Castilians invaded Portugal, where they had some adherents, and among them the brothers of Nuno Alvarez Pereira; and others there were who remained undecided, dreading the power of Castile. But Pereira, in a grand council, won over the majority, by his eloquence, to the cause of nationality, and induced the new King to give battle to the Spaniards, notwithstanding the greatly superior force of the latter, urging that the ardour of his countrymen would make up for their deficiency in numbers. Accordingly the rival armies met at Aljubarrota (in Estramadura), on the 14th August, 1383: the Portuguese amounted only to 6600: the Castilians numbered 30,000. Pereira commanded the van (the King took his station in the centre), and the former with a small force sustained the brunt of the dreadful charges of the Castilians, vigorously led against him by his own brothers. By his valour Portugal gained a decisive victory, and secured her freedom: 10,000 Castilians were slain; and the Portuguese monarch founded, in the vicinity of the field, the beautiful Dominican Abbey of Batalha (*i. e.*, the Battle), as William the Conqueror of England founded Battle Abbey to celebrate his victory at Hastings. But our "Battle" Abbey commemorates the victory of the foreigner; that of the Portuguese more appropriately signalled the defeat of the alien. The valiant Pereira pursued the retreating enemies, and carried the war into their own country; defeated and killed the Grand Master of St. James; took Se-

* See No. I. in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, No. CCXIX., for March, 1851.

† On the coast of Guinea, a few miles west of Cape Coast Castle. It is the oldest European fortification on the coast, having been erected by the Portuguese, in 1411, under the name of "St. George da Mina." The Dutch took it from Portugal in the seventeenth century. It is now usually called Elmina.

ville, and dictated terms of peace to Castile. The King of Portugal created him Count of Ourem, and gave him large grants, which afterwards, with an ingratitude too common in history, he revoked at the instance of his Chancellor. Pereira was at first disgusted, and prepared to quit the kingdom which he had preserved for John: but the good patriot was prevailed on by the King to forget his just resentment, and be reconciled. The Great Constable has always been esteemed by the Portuguese as the saviour of their independence: his acts are immortalised by Camoens in the *Lusiad*; and he has been the theme of verse with various other native poets,

Of the favour enjoyed by the Pereira family in succeeding years there are many traces in the annals of the Court of Lisbon. About the era of Christovam Falcam, we find *John Rodriguez Pereira*, the favourite of Isabella of Castile, first wife of Emanuel of Portugal; *John de Mello Pereira*, and *Antonio Pereira*, selected by Emanuel to accompany his daughter Beatrix to Savoy, and included by the Chronicler Resende in his catalogue of "very noble and principal persons;" and especially a Pereira bearing the historical name of *Nuno*, a particular favourite of John II. Of this Nuno Pereira we shall speak in another place.

With the advantages of a great historical family name, and of connexions at Court, the two sons of Donna Brites Pereira and John Falcam dedicated themselves to the profession of arms—the elder by sea, the younger by land. Damian de Sousa Falcam became an officer in the army of Portugal, and is mentioned by the Historian Barros, in his "*Asia*," as holding a command at Salsette, in the East Indies, in 1571, when the town was attacked, unsuccessfully, by the native chiefs. His brother, Christovam Falcam, at an early age entered the Portuguese navy, which was then in a flourishing state: and from the rank he subsequently attained in the service it appears that his conduct and professional abilities were every way laudable: but the notices of him by Portuguese chroniclers are so scanty, that we are unable to give any account of his naval career. In the "*Asia*" of Barros and Couto, he is merely alluded to incidentally, as the brother of Captain Damian Falcam, and "celebrated for his love verses."

His poems are not included in the collection called the "*Fenix Renascida*" (the renovated Phoenix); he is not mentioned by the biographer Cardoso, and the record by Barbosa Machado, in his *Biblioteca Lusitana*, is as meagre as possible, and without the advantage of a single date. It is only from a few scattered gleanings, and from the half revealings in his own writings, that we are enabled to trace the shadowy outlines of his obscure but romantic story.

We cannot tell what years of his youth he had completed when he commenced his life of feeling—his existence of Poetry and Love. Like his cotemporary, Ribeyro, it was love that gave inspiration to his muse; like Ribeyro, he fixed his affections on a person superior to himself in rank, wealth, and position. But here the parallel ceases. The passion of Ribeyro, a married man, for the daughter of his sovereign, was absurd and reprehensible in the extreme; but the single-minded, pure, and ennobling attachment of Falcam, was only romantic, not blameable; it was elevated, not audacious; it had only difficulties, not impossibilities, to contend with. The object of Christovam's tender and devoted love was the young and beautiful Donna Maria Brandam, one of the brightest ornaments of the Court; celebrated for her surpassing attractions, and honoured for her high birth, as the daughter of one of the most illustrious houses among the Fidalgos of Portugal. At the time of which we write, Diogo Brandam, a near relative of Donna Maria, filled the office of Royal Treasurer, and was one of the "very noble and principal persons" who escorted the Infanta Beatrix to Savoy. He was a poet of reputation, and ere we conclude we shall give a few specimens of his versification.

More happy than Ribeyro dared ever hope to be, Falcam's love was returned: his talents and accomplishments, and, doubtless, the romantic traits in his character, made a deep and lasting impression on the beautiful Maria, and they interchanged their vows of fidelity. Their interviews were among the exquisite scenes of "*Cintra's Glorious Eden*," that "variegated maze of mount and glen," eulogised by Byron in verse in "*Childe Harold*," and in prose in his letters to his mother, as uniting in itself "all

the wildness of the Western Highlands with the verdure of the south of France:" scenes well calculated to elevate the tenderness of the lovers, and to give refinement to the poet's inspirations. The shores of the Tagus and of the Mondego are celebrated by Falcam in his poetry, as also consecrated to him by the associations of his love. Along those same shores had Bernardim Ribeyro wandered in his despair, and sung the lays of his insane, but not the less earnest and ardent love.

The family of Donna Maria Brandom at length discovered the attachment subsisting between her and Falcam; and, enraged at what they termed the presumption of the young sailor, and the imprudence of Donna Maria, from whose charms they had expected some brilliant conquest, pronounced a violent and inflexible hostility to the hopes of the lovers. But they found Maria's affections too firmly plighted to be recalled at their decree; and judging absence to be the "best cure for love," they resolved on hurrying her away from scenes with which the memory of her lover was too strongly associated, and from a place where there might still be a danger of their meeting. But, before the separation, Christovam and Maria, using the stratagems of lovers, stole one last interview; the deep feeling of which, the tears, the reiterated farewells, the partings and returnings, the sorrow and the tenderness, Falcam afterwards embalmed in his memory by his verse. The lovers parted, and Christovam was left to seek solace in the effusions of his muse.

His poetry is like that of Ribeyro*—pastoral and lyric—and bears such a strong resemblance to Ribeyro's, that the verses of both might be supposed to be the offspring of one mind. Like Ribeyro's, Falcam's verse is simple almost to meagreness: not a word, not an epithet, more than is absolutely necessary. His simplicity is like the nakedness of a Grecian statue, equally unclad, but equally chaste and pure. Were we to translate quite as simply as he wrote, our translation would be not only bald and meagre, but often unintelligible. Falcam is, to the full, as earnest and as deeply feeling as Ri-

beyro, but more tender, more quaint, and more original; and there is a melody, a musical sweetness in the Portuguese, to which we dare not flatter ourselves we can do justice, whatever may be the fidelity of our translation in other respects. An artist may imitate a rose, leaf for leaf and tint for tint; but can he give to the copy the native perfume of the original? Like Ribeyro, Falcam was imbued with a taste for plays on words and repetitions of one expression or idea in a variety of involutions and evolutions, resemblances and contrasts, oppositions and agreements. But such taste was prevalent among other European writers beside the Portuguese, and it continued even to a later date than that of which we now speak; and examples of it may be found in our own early poets. For instance, Giles Fletcher, who died 1623, writes thus:—

"The birth of Him that no beginning knew,
Yet gives beginning to all that are born;
And how the Infinite far greater grew
By growing less: and how the rising morn,
That shot from heaven, did unto heaven return;
The obsequies of Him that could not die,
The death of life and of eternity,
How worthily *He* died that died unworthily."

Similar specimens of antithesis abound in Petrarch (who, however, wrote long before Falcam's time), as in his 90th sonnet:—

"Pace non trovo, non ho da far guerra;
E temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son un ghiaccio:
E volo sopra'l cielo, e giaccio in terra:
E nulla stringo, e tutto 'l mondo abbraccio."

"I have no peace, yet have no means of war;
I fear, and hope, and burn, and turn to ice;
I fly to heaven, yet grovel on the earth;
I nothing clasp, yet all the world embrace."

To return to Falcam. The principal, and longest, and probably the first of his compositions, is an eclogue, consisting of ninety decimas, or stanzas, of ten lines each, interspersed with some cantigas in shorter stanzas. It is called "The Loves of Crisfal," "*Los Amores de Crisfal*," and is the history of the love-passages between the poet and his mistress. Bouterwek ("History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature")

* Of which we gave specimens in our former Number.

says, "The rural scenery described in this eclogue, like that in the poems of Ribeyro, is all national: the Tagus, the Mondego, and the Rocks of Cintra are introduced here, as in Ribeyro's romance. The story is simple. Two lovers are separated by the severity of their parents. The shepherd relates his sorrows, and calls to mind his past days of happiness. This reminiscence gives birth to a kind of tale, which is interwoven with the complaints of the shepherd." But there is an important difference between this eclogue and Ribeyro's poems: the latter was obliged to baffle curiosity as to the object of his daring and unpardonable love—to conceal the truth under mysterious disguises, and to assume false, or unrecognisably altered names. But Falcam's pure devotion needed not the concealment of conscious guilt; on the *real* name of his beloved he dwells with affectionate fidelity. She is the Maria of his eclogue; his own name he barely modifies into Crisfal, and *that*, apparently, but to suit his rhythm. We shall attempt a translation of some passages at the close of the poem, descriptive of the parting between Crisfal and Maria; but we shall compress the *decimas* into the more familiar eight-line stanza:—

ECLOGUE.—FRAGMENT.

She knew me then, her sad eyes raising;
And tears, like rain, I saw her shed:
She turn'd not from her steadfast gazing,
But still no word to me she said.
I spake to *her* so deeply grieving,
"My heart's desire, my ever dear.
Which shall I trust? In which believing?
Or what I *see*, or what I *fear*?"

Thus to my joyless love replying,
With trembling voice she said, "In me
What seest thou, Crisfal—what desiring
That cannot be believed by thee?"
"I fear," cried I, "grief's fullest measure,
To see thee not for years again;
I see thee now; but fear the pleasure
Is but illusion brief and vain."

"Ah, wretched maid! unblest, unblesting,
How can such cruel heart be thine?"
She said; then clasp'd me closely, pressing
My cheek to hers, her lip to mine.
Fast flow'd her tears, like torrents seeming;
Salt tears a mourner weeps, they say,
But sweet were hers, though sadly streaming,
My fond lips caught and kiss'd away.

Then I too wept; and, broken-hearted,
Exclaim'd, with many a plaint and sigh,
"Why have not soul and body parted—
Have I not now good cause to die?"

To see my heavy teardrops rolling
But made her own the faster flow;
And thus she sought with words consoling,
And tender voice to soothe my woe:—

"My gentle Crisfal, loved so dearly!
Weep not! I know thy loyalty;
'Tis solace sweet to speak sincerely,
And thus I feel thou speak'st to me;
For falsehood's words can never borrow
Of soul-felt truth the earnest tone.
My Crisfal, wouldst thou cheer my sorrow,
First let me see *thee* soothe *thine* own."

At the conclusion of the poem, Falcam veils the fate of Crisfal in obscurity, simply (as we must infer) because at that time he was himself ignorant of what that fate would, in all probability, be. He says:—

When came the end of Crisfal's sadness,
Or what his fate no man can tell;
But late, and long-delayed, does gladness
Reach him on whom such anguish fell.

In Falcam's eclogue there is an idea so pretty, so fresh, and so delicate, that it makes in itself a pleasing little *morceau*, in the style of the old Greek epigrams; and as such we have extracted and translated it:—

The shepherd sang his sad farewell.
A wood-nymph, list'ning to his vow,
Caught up the fond words as they fell,
And carv'd them on a poplar bough.
It was a young and growing tree;
And there she wrote the words of love,
That, rising with it, they might be
Plac'd high this sordid earth above—
Where no low thought could e'er attain
To desecrate the poet's strain!

On reading this in the original, something redolent of the fragrance of the terse Greek epigrams seemed to float across our senses. To help our reminiscences, we took up the "Anthology" of Constantine Cephalus, and turning over its leaves, we have found an epigram which has the same turn of thought as Falcam's, but certainly less tender, less ingenious than the idea of our Lusitanian. It is the epigram by Constantine Siculus on his chair, beginning *Εἰ μὴ τις σέβας εἴη*,

Here is our translation of it:—

THE POET'S CHAIR.

Art thou the Muses' vot'ry? Stay!
Sit freely down!—but if thy mind
Doth scarcely own their classic sway,
Go hence another seat to find.
Never shall man uncultur'd dare
To rest him in this hallow'd chair.

The family of Donna Maria Brandom placed her in the Cistercian Convent of Lorvao, not with any idea of her ultimately taking the veil, but as a boarder, with the view of more effectually securing her against any attempt of Falcam to see or correspond with her, while under the vigilant *surveillance* of the abbess. The convent of Lorvao had been, from early times, a fashionable retreat. There devotees of high rank immured themselves. About two centuries before the time of which we write, it had reckoned among its veiled denizens two royal sisters of Portugal, daughters of King Sancho I. One of them, Sancha, who ruled there as abbess, had become a nun from choice; but her elder sister, Teresa, had been forced into the cloister by the severity of her fate. She had been married to Alfonso IX., King of Leon, to whom she was strongly attached; and he reciprocated her feelings. But, alas, for them! the Pope denounced their marriage. They were first-cousins; the mother of Teresa (Urraca, Queen of Portugal) and the father of Alfonso (Ferdinand II., of Castile and Leon) were sister and brother; and the Pope commanded the divorce of Teresa from her beloved husband, their affinity being within the prohibited degrees, though they had been united long enough to be the parents of a son and two daughters. In vain did the Kings of Portugal and Castile support the cause of their unhappy children, remonstrating with the Pope on the arbitrary nature of his decree, as the marriage of first-cousins had been so frequently sanctioned by the occupants of St. Peter's chair. Innocent III. was the most self-willed of pontiffs. Regardless of the claims of poor Teresa's guiltless offspring, he excommunicated the royal pair and their kingly fathers, for their opposition to his will, and laid Portugal under an interdict. King Sancho, touched with compassion for his subjects, on whom this terrible measure of ecclesiastical power so heavily pressed, gave way at length, and consented to the divorce of his innocent and unfortunate daughter, who, torn away from her young children and her husband, took refuge in the convent of Lorvao, to hide herself from the world in her unnatural state of widowhood; widowed and childless, yet with a husband and children still living, to be nothing

thenceforth to her but a bitter memory, the existing monuments of a connexion that was virtuous and happy, till construed into a crime, and turned into a sorrow without hope. Reasons of state induced Alfonso to marry again (with Berengera of Castile), but Teresa had bade adieu for ever to the world, to love, and hope; and only strove to solace her wretchedness by such intense zeal for religious observances, that she came to be regarded as a saint, and died in the odour of sanctity, in 1290. Royalty has been often accused of trampling on the hearts of subjects; but royalty has often itself, in turn, suffered severely in its own lacerated feelings.

The story of the royal nun, so unfortunate in her once-hallowed love, was a depressing theme for Donna Maria's meditations, when sequestered herself within the cloisters where the discrowned Queen of Leon had been immured; and where the conventual traditions of her sorrows and her self-inflicted austerities were still prevalent. The fair Brandom must have despondingly reflected, that since the protection of a kingly father and husband had failed to secure Teresa in the enjoyment of wedded love, what hope could Maria have for the happy issue of *her* attachment, opposed by all her family; and her lover bound to her by no tie save his own inclinations?—and *of their* constancy how could she be secure, cut off as she was from all intercourse with him? It seems to have been during this painful separation that Crisfal addressed to his absent love the following cantiga, or glossed motto:—

CANTIGA.

MOTTO:

Live-long nights I watch and weep—
Live-long nights unblest by sleep.

GLOSS.

Since my eyes their joy and sorrow
Saw, at Love's first glance, in thee,
They some rest from sleep might borrow,
But no rest remains for me.
Nights still come, and days still flee;
Yet to see and hear thee never
Keeps my pillow sleepless ever.

Busy Thought, incessant musing,
Ponders all that Mem'ry shows;
Wakeful Care a cure refusing,
Cares not to forget its woes.
Nights that ought to bring repose
But as *days* my sorrow numbers—
Weary nights, unblest by slumbers!

Where's my happy Past?—departed;
 Chang'd, alas! to present pain!
 Discontented, broken-hearted,
 Now nor rest nor peace I gain.
 How can he, whose aching brain
 Truly feels such griefs oppress him,
 Hope at night for sleep to bless him?

All I fain would see, desiring
 Only with my fond heart's eyes,
 I lie down with anxious sighing,
 And with passion's throb arise.
 Day to me thy form denies—
 Night brings not thy voice to cheer me;
 How can sleep, sweet sleep, come near me!

But Falcam's feelings did not evaporate in complaints; his chivalrous love prompted him to strive for the liberation of his mistress, and his active energy enabled him to succeed. *How* he accomplished his enterprise we know not; perhaps, in the most approved fashion of romance, with a ladder of ropes, under the friendly protection of night. He *did* succeed in freeing his Maria; they eloped together, and safely reached Elvas, a town not far from Falcam's native Portalegre; and there they were solemnly, though privately married, with all the rites of their Church. But *their* romance, unlike most others, did not end with marriage, nor did their union tend to unite them; on the contrary, it occasioned them a more prolonged and more painful separation, and inflicted on them new sorrows and trials. Falcam had drawn on himself, not only the enmity of the proud and powerful family whose daughter he had married in their despite, but had incurred the anger of the Church, by eloping with the inhabitant of a convent. He was denounced, arrested, torn away from his newly-married wife, and hurried to a gloomy prison, where he remained incarcerated for five years. Five long years the young, active sailor was confined to one narrow space: five years, and the free air of heaven never breathed on the cheek that was wont to be saluted by the ocean breeze: five years, and he never once beheld *her* for whose sake he had exposed himself to so much suffering. In their former separation he was at liberty, and could make efforts for their mutual happiness. But now he was powerless, "cribbed, cabined, and confined," in a small dim cell, where the light of day scarce dared peep between the bars. Yet, the iron did not enter the captive's soul; his mind never sank either

into stupidity, listlessness, or misanthropy, nor did his heart degenerate into hardness: for in his heart there was a well-spring of ever-gushing tenderness; and in his mind an elasticity, a religious patience, a quiet trust and hope that preserved him in a healthy state of moral feeling during his most cruel and unjust imprisonment.

From his dungeon he addressed to his Maria a long poetic epistle, which is a sort of romance, descriptive of his history and feelings. It is superscribed, "A letter of Crisfal, which, while a prisoner, he addressed to a lady whom he had privately married, contrary to the will of her relatives." The following are its opening lines, as we translate them:—

CARTA.

Pris'ners tell all their hours: for them each day

Counts as a thousand years ere pass'd away.
 But, ah! what reck'ning shall my heart employ

To count *my* days, so destitute of joy?
 My own true love! whom it was bliss to know.

Whom not to see is grief—think on my woe,
 My bitter fate, prison, and absence long;
 And penance that, without committed wrong,
 Behind these bars I bend to as my doom;
 My eyes can nought discern amid the gloom—
 Blind, dead they seem; but what have they to see?

What seeks their gaze, since thus depriv'd of thee?

Yet 'mid my sorrows can I see full clear
 That five sad years I have been captive here:
 How many more may I yet feel pass by
 In solitude and dull vacuity.

From among the various cantigas that Falcam wrote in his captivity, we shall translate a few of the shortest. We must naturally find in them some occasional fluctuations of feeling; for, though never conquered by despair, yet there must have been times when he suffered from nervous depression, and doubted the reasonableness of hope:—

CANTIGA.

'Mid all my fitful feelings,
 Which shall the surest be?
 Hope's, like a dream's revealings?
 Or grief's reality?

My long delusions taught me
 Sad truths when at their close;
 Time and long years have brought me
 But fruitless cares and woes.

Better is certain sorrow,
 Than varying feeling's sway:
 He risks much for to-morrow
 Who trusts vain hope to-day.

The following is in a still more desponding strain :—

CANTIGA.

To what extreme can I be tending ?
 How rig'rous is my destiny !
 Of perils o'er my path impending,
 The greatest to myself am I.
 Much have I fear'd ; but, ah ! too truly
 May heart that loves me fear for me,
 Lest *from myself* I heed not duly
 My own protector still to be.
 Not as I ought myself defending,
 I've welcomed ill as it drew nigh :
 Of perils on my fate attending,
 Thus to myself the worst am I.

Here, however, is an antidote to the two foregoing :—

CANTIGA.

E'en yet, despite of all my care,
 Hope doth not disavow me :
 I will not, may not yet despair,
 Nor will my heart allow me—
 My heart, that not one hour could live,
 Unless in hope abiding :
 But its own high deservings give
 Strength to its high confiding.
 Who merits much, hopes much and long ;
 Did I *my* hope surrender,
 'Twould be, I feel, a grievous wrong
 To heart so true and tender.

One of Falcam's little poems is such an odd specimen of antithesis, and of endless repetitions, that we present it to the reader as an example of a taste once very prevalent, though we find great difficulty in rendering it into English with tolerable fidelity, as in the original it consists almost wholly of the perpetual recurrence of the words "begin" and "end."

CANTIGA.

I saw the end at the beginning ;
 Th' beginning at the end I see :
 What is this web my fate is spinning ?
Where can end or beginning be ?

When first this grief began, 'twas gladness
 Methought I then from fate had won :
 I looked for bliss ; but ah ! in sadness
 Hope ended when 'twas scarce begun.

Where it began it briefly ended,
 Then at the end began again ;
 So that I know not if suspended,
 Or still renewing be my pain.

When ills began, I, hopeful ever,
 Did in their end my weal divine ;
 But so that weal hath pass'd, that never
 Can joyous ending now be mine.

VOL. XXXIX.—NO. CCXXXII.

Then let the end begin its ending,
 Since end commencement works within ;
 I know not how my fate is tending—
 Whether to end or to begin.

Similar specimens of repetitions occur in the Italian poets of early times, especially in Petrarch ; we may point in particular to his *canzone*, commencing—

" Chi è fermato di menar sua vita
 Su per l'onde fallaci, o per gli scogli," &c.

The six words, *vita*, *fine*, *scogli*, *legno*, *porto*, and *vela* are perpetually recurring in a regular and artificial arrangement throughout thirty-nine lines.

The examples we have given of Falcam's poems are not, perhaps, the very best that might be selected, but brevity is a material consideration in a paper of this kind. His works are very rare ; we are not aware of their ever having been published collectively in a separate book ; we believe they are only to be found as an appendix to the old Lisbon edition of the writings of Bernardim Ribeyro ; and strange as it may seem, there is no specimen of them given in the " Lusitanian Parnassus," though Ribeyro finds a place therein.

To resume. The hour of Christovam Falcam's freedom at length arrived. *How* he was liberated we have not read ; whether the Pereiras interested themselves on his behalf ; whether the Brandams became wearied or ashamed of their malice ; or whether the set term of his imprisonment had expired. He came forth from his cell unbroken in spirit, uncrushed in heart : he had suffered deeply, yet he neither fled from, nor hated the world, for the sake of a few ; but resumed his station in the ranks of mankind, ready to act bravely and faithfully the part allotted to him from Heaven. We must not doubt (though records are silent) that his beloved wife was restored to him, living and loving, to share his rising fortunes, and to rejoice with the pride of affection in the honours to which he was, ere long, advanced : for he returned to his profession with a frame still strong, a spirit still fresh. " Once more upon the waters " was his feeling, like that of Byron ; yet with a far different view : the wayward Englishman, to fly from his nation ; the long-enduring Portuguese, to serve his country. " Once more upon the waters ! " the sea-breeze brought back health to

the captive's sallow cheek; the waves wafted the sailor to fortune. He became an admiral, was appointed Governor of Madeira, and was invested with the Order of Christ—an order of knighthood instituted by King Diniz, in 1320, and which was long esteemed highly honourable, though in later times it has fallen considerably, owing to the indiscriminate manner in which it has been bestowed.

Falcam's story vindicates the ways of Providence. Though he seemed, at one time, abandoned to his enemies, he was lifted above them by a strong hand; he suffered injustice patiently, and was rewarded abundantly. This is all we are able to relate of him. We know not the particulars of his career; what years he numbered, nor the date of his death; whether his Maria survived him, nor what posterity they left. But if it were ever possible to collect materials for a memoir of him, the following lines of Scott would furnish an appropriate motto:—

"Grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace, and trouble;
For He who honour last bestows
Can give thee double."
Marmion, Canto vi.

Having concluded our slight sketch of Christovam Falcam's story, we may now revert to two persons before mentioned,* Nuno Pereira, and Diogo Brandam, who are connected with him, not merely as cotemporaries and brother poets, but also, the first as a relative of his mother's family, the other of his wife's. Nuno Pereira was an *habitué* of the Court from an early age. He was the companion of John II. in his boyhood, when Prince of Portugal, and continued a particular favourite with the monarch throughout life, though, at one time, he nearly forfeited the royal favour by playing too deep a game for his own elevation. He sighed to attain the same rank as his great namesake the Constable, created Count of Ouren; and one day, when alone with the boy-Prince, he prevailed on John to give him a written promise to create him Count, as soon as he succeeded to the throne. This paper the designing favourite kept secret, never afterwards alluding to it. Years elapsed; the Prince became King; and then Pereira suddenly pre-

sented the document, which had wholly escaped from Don John's memory, and claimed the forgotten promise. The King, displeased at the advantage taken of his youthful partiality, and at the uncandid silence so long preserved by Pereira, referred the matter to his council, who unanimously condemned the claim; upon which John tore the paper, telling Pereira that he thought he should confer on him a greater benefit by punishing him, than by granting his unreasonable wish. The favourite's fall might have been predicted; but he was a clever courtier, an agreeable man, humorous and witty, and a ready versifier; and he speedily reinstated himself in his Sovereign's good graces, and received from him many marks of kindness.

The poems of Nuno Pereira are rare; they have not been published, except in the old Cancionero, or Book of Songs, collected in the sixteenth century by Garcia de Resende, which is extremely scarce, only a few copies of it being extant in Portugal. We shall offer as a specimen, a translation of the *trovas*, or stanzas, he addressed to Henrique d'Almeyda, on his return from Castile, where he had resided some time in the suite of the Duke of Viseu (brother-in-law of John II.). Almeyda, full of enthusiasm for the Castilians, affected their language and manners, depreciating those of Portugal, and boasted of the patronage and intimacy of the Spanish nobles. The national zeal of Pereira (who hated the Castilians like a true Portuguese) was irritated; and he rallied the degenerate Lusitanian in a little poem, which is applicable to many a foreign-smitten traveller in our own day. Its light and playfully satirical strain forms a variety, after the *penseroso* and *amorous* style of the preceding translations:—

TROVAS.

Welcome! whate'er you are,
Portuguese or Castilian Don:
You shine out like a star,
Proud, that afar
Rambling beyond our realm you've gone.
You bring new style and state,
To scorn the manners of our nation:
On graces you dilate,
And deem you great.
But sink, instead, in estimation.

* Neither of these persons is mentioned either by Heuterwck or Sismondi.

Nought of Granada's plain,
Nor exploits of the war I'll hear;
Your embassy in vain,
You strive amain
To force on my unwilling ear.
Of ladies' loves say nought;
Nor of rich lords with well-paid rents;
Nor of the knights who fought,
And glory bought
In tented fields and tournaments.

Of Spanish King or Queen
Not e'en one word I'll hear from you;
I know you well, I ween,
And so I mean
To teach you what you ought to do.
Refrain from all degrees
Of boastful talk when I am present;
Speak native Portuguese,
Nor ever tease
Me with your Spanish tongue unpleasant.

Count not your chicks ere yet
They have been hatch'd: when you recite
All from your friends, high set,
You hope to get,
You make us smile—nay, laugh outright;
I wish my luck gave *me*
Half what you boast will be *your* prizes;
But that your thoughts *thus* be,
In verity,
I form some contrary surmises.

You talk of wool; nor spare
Of your inventions all to tell;
And then Castile you swear,
Beyond compare,
All other countries doth excel.
The dear and private friend
Of men of rank you feign to be;
And sighing, you pretend
To condescend—
I know your little tricks, you see.

POSTSCRIPT.

Your temper has been crost
By John De Mena's* verse, I wis;
Dost, with vast things engross'd,
Great man, you're lost
Here in a kingdom small as this.

Diogo Brandam was born at Oporto, and lived in the reigns of John II., Emanuel, and John III. He held the post of the King's Treasurer, and was esteemed as a graceful and pathetic poet; but his poems, like those of Nuno Pereira, are preserved only in the scarce "Cancionero" of Resende. He died 1530. We shall translate from him a *cantiga*, a vil-

lancete, or pastoral lay, and an *esparsa*, or overflowing of the heart. They are in the usual style of their age, characterised by conceits and plays on words; but soft, tender, and earnest:—

CANTIGA.

And is it, then, thy joy to know
Thy charms to death betray me?
Well, give me life; for even so
The oftener shalt thou slay me.

A thousand deaths I shall receive
In life thus of thy giving;
But one sole death will me bereave
The life of my own living.

Then take thy will, and smile to see
Thy charms to death betray me;
To grant me life will only be
The more and more to slay me.

VILLANCETE.

If aught of bliss my eyes obtain,
Gazing on thee the bliss is vain,
Lost in redoubled pangs again.

Alas! the false delusive pleasure
That from each glance I thought to gain;
I pay it back in double measure
Of love increas'd, increasing pain.

So when my gazing eyes would fain
Catch bliss from thine, the bliss is bane—
I only feel redoubled pain.

It will be observed that the *villancete* is marked not only by a repetition of the idea with which it commences, but by an unvarying recurrence of the initiative rhymes. This we must suppose is intended to characterise pastoral plainness and simplicity.

ESPARSA.

Think not, deceiv'd, thou'rt undeceiving
Thy lover's heart by cold disdain.
Love grows the more, no peace retrieving;
Love grows the more, tho' deeper grieving
The hapless one who loves in vain.

But, lady, wouldst thou free for ever
Thine ear from my unwelcome sigh,
One sole remede is thine—to sever
Life's thread at once, and let me die.

We know nothing, not even the name of the lady to whom Diogo Brandam addressed his verses; but let us hope they were the breathings of a pas-

* A Spanish poet of this name flourished in Castile, in the middle of the fifteenth century. It would seem that some verses of his had been applied to Almelda, to the annoyance of the latter.

sion not less worthy than was that pure affection for which Christovam Falcam was so much persecuted by the Brandam family.

There was another early Portuguese poet, Macias, surnamed the Enamoured, one point in whose story resembles the main incident in Falcam's tale, imprisonment for love, but unlike Falcam's in other respects, for Macias's passion was wild and lawless like Ribeyro's, though less presumptuous. Macias was born at the beginning of the fifteenth century, in the province of Galicia, but was attracted into Spain by the brilliant reputation of Henrique, Marquis of Villena, Grand Master of the Order of Calatrava—a poet, a philosopher, and a warrior, and the able Governor of Castile and Arragon, during the minority of their respective Kings, to both of whom this noble was related. The young Gallician, poetic, enthusiastic, and brave, was eager to serve under such a chief; and he obtained the post of *Escudero*, or Squire-at-arms, to the accomplished Villena, the atmosphere of whose Viceregal Court was congenial to a romantic temperament: for the Marquis was not only a valiant soldier and an admired poet, but had also acquired the fame of a magician, from his researches into the natural sciences, in which he followed Arabian guides. He was a munificent patron of poetry; in Arragon he prevailed on the King to found an Academy for Troubadours, with prizes on the plan of the famous Floral Games at Toulouse; and in Castile he established an institution called the Consistory of the Gay Science, for which he wrote an Art of Poetry, still extant, though imperfect. He composed the first allegorical drama known in Spain (the origin of the subsequent moralities and mysteries), and caused it to be represented at Saragossa before King Ferdinand I., on the occasion of his marriage. And, besides his minor poems, he made a translation of the *Æneid* (now lost), and wrote a mythological and moral piece, called "The Labours of Hercules."

The residence of Villena was near the frontiers of the Moors; and in the frequent wars between them and the Spaniards, Macias enjoyed opportuni-

ties of signalling his bravery, and of studying the art of war as well as the art of poetry under his distinguished master. A stout soldier in the field, Macias was a lover and a troubadour in the castle. "A knight without a mistress," says Don Quixote, "is like a tree without leaves;" so is a poet. The mistress of the troubadour's heart and lute was a young lady in the same household, a ward of Villena's, and he loved her with all the ardour of his enthusiastic Gallician temperament. Their attachment was concealed for some time; but the Marquis on discovering it was extremely displeased, as he had previously destined the lady's hand for a Hidalgo of Porcuna,* to whom he now speedily united her, in order to annihilate the hopes and the passion of her forbidden lover. But her marriage only increased the wayward, and no longer justifiable flame of Macias, who persisted in his homage to the bride, and continued to pour out in verse his complaints, and his vows of never-dying love. Though residing in Spain, as his adopted country, he was still national enough to write in his native Gallician dialect; and the fervour of his strains won for him the appellation of *The Enamoured*, among the Spaniards and the Portuguese, who sympathised with everything warm and romantic, without inquiring very scrupulously whether it were deserving of sympathy.

It would appear, however, that the lady, after her marriage, abstained from countenancing his passion; for in the following *esparsa* he complains that the madness of his love has prevented her from showing him the courtesy (*i.e.*, encouragement) which he so fondly sought. We confess we discover less of poetic merit than of love in this short effusion:—

ESPARSA.

My love kind courtesy has sought:

Though courtesy should ne'er expire,
Yet, for my woe, my madness wrought
A hindrance to my fond desire.

Henceforth, with care, that every day
Increases in my troubled thought,
Thus shall I sing my plaintive lay:

"My heart is sad—is sad for ever:
When hath it cause for gladness?—Never."

* A town of Andalusia, between Cordova and Jaen, on the top of a hill, and encompassed by rocks. The name is derived from *Porcus*, a pig, because a Roman Proconsul erected there a statue to a sow that farrowed thirty pigs.

The Hidalgo of Porcuna was justly irritated at the pertinacity of the Gallician's passion for his bride: and the Marquis of Villena, displeased with Macias's improper conduct towards the wife of another, frequently remonstrated with him, exhorting him to abandon, at least, the demonstrations of his hopeless and perverse pursuit; but all was in vain: and the Marquis, incensed at his Squire's obstinate disregard of his wishes, sent him to prison in the Castle of Arjonilla, a town in the then kingdom of Jaen, belonging to the order of Calatrava. But even this decisive measure failed of its intended effect: Macias, overlooking the true aspect of his captivity, spent his time in composing verses on the misfortune of absence from his beloved. He found some messenger about his prison to whom he ventured to entrust the commission of carrying to his lady-love the following poem, the last he ever wrote:—

THE LAST LAY OF MACIAS.

Those who behold the captive's anguish,
 Mov'd to compassion, fain would know
 Why doth he ever sigh and languish—
 From what deep source his sorrows flow:
 In all the world friend have I none,
 Not one, to whom my secret woe
 I dare reveal, save thee alone.
 I feel I may not nurse my sadness
 With thoughts that only tend to madness.

A happier lot to gain, aspiring
 Too high, I fell—so low my fall
 That now I lie, like one expiring,
 Poor, helpless, and forsook by all.
 With love and grief I tell it thee;
 I, the ill-starr'd, the prison's thrall;
 But what I am too well I see—
 When falls the fool, the higher ever
 He tries to climb, with vain endeavour.

Ah, my poor madness never ceases,
 Though pain its guerdon ever gave:
 Nay, my unreason so increases,
 Ambition goads me to the grave.
 Th' ungranted wish, to see again
 Thy face, is all on earth I crave—
 Then thus I sing my joyless strain:—
 "The man who is in prison lying,
 In prison is already dying."

My wayward sorrow still impels me
 To perilous and dubious strait;
 For ever (thus my heart foretells me)
 Shall disappointment be my fate.
 But vainly men from me shall seek
 More of my sad and hopeless state—
 Thus let them deem, thus let them speak:
 "The hound attacks in madness blindly
 The master-hand that rul'd him kindly."

The reader will perceive the allusions to the prohibition of the Marquis against the declaration of Macias's love. The two concluding lines have a double meaning: that the world would say the blindness of his passion had made him ungrateful to his master; but that *he* felt the affection he had fostered was preying on his own heart, as the rabid hound bites the hand that caressed him. This was the death-song of the Swan. The messenger charged with the ill-omened missive was met, and the paper intercepted by the jealous Hidalgo, who, incensed beyond endurance, mounted his horse, and rode off, on the instant, to Arjonilla, probably with the intention of having the offender confined in a more rigorous imprisonment. Macias, meanwhile, had seated himself at his open, but barred window, looking out anxiously for the return of his messenger, half hoping, perhaps, some word of pity from her for whom he was suffering so keenly. The Hidalgo, riding up to the castle, saw him in the window, and, transported with fury at the appearance of his would-be rival, hurled at him a lance with which he was armed. The weapon struck the unfortunate captive with fatal force, and laid him dead on the spot.

Thus perished miserably in his youth the victim of a wrong and perversely-indulged passion—one whose valour and accomplishments might have led him to happiness and honour, had his feelings been duly regulated. Yet his singular and unhappy end created a general feeling of pity and regret. His body was interred, with great solemnity, in the Church of St. Catherine, at Arjonilla, and a monument erected to his memory, bearing an inscription in Spanish:—

"HERE LIES MACIAS THE ENAMOURED."

Over the tomb was suspended the blood-stained lance, on which some anonymous poet wrote in Spanish the simple and pleasing *trovas*, quoted by Argote de Molina in his "Nobility of Andalusia," of which the following is our translation. (Macias is supposed to speak):—

TROVAS.

From hand unerring sped
 This fatal lance;
 Not from the leaguer'd tower o'er head,
 Not from the field of battle red,
 In direful chance.

No! perjur'd love, from thee
 Too sure it came :
 Instant it struck, and mortally—
 Sad was the fate it brought to me,
 With cruel aim.

The slayer of Macias would have been slain in his turn by the people of Arjonilla, with whom the luckless troubadour was a great favourite, had he not instantly put spurs to his horse, and escaped into the neighbouring kingdom of Granada, where he was protected by the Moors.

Strange as it may seem to us, Macias had a host of admirers: his name was placed on a par with Leander and Pyramus, and the most celebrated lovers of history, and he is constantly alluded to in terms of eulogy in the poems of the old Spanish *Cancioneros* and *Romanceros*. But those were the days when romance and enthusiasm, of whatever character, were a surpassing merit; when poetry was the life of life, and love was not merely devotion, but a religion (often, indeed, a false one, a blind idolatry), and when there were "parliaments of love," and "courts of love," at which ladies presided, before whom were investigated and decided love affairs and questions of gallantry: and the judgments were often such as would astonish, but not edify, our more sober and right-minded generation.

The poems of Macias, numerous and popular as they were, seem to have

been only orally communicated among his admirers and imitators, as they were lost not long after his death. The Marquis of Santillana, the friend and pupil of the Marquis de Villena, was only able to obtain, and commit to writing, four of them, among which are the *esparsa*, and the "Last Lay," that we have translated. The latter was copied, but incorrectly, by the Spanish historian Sanchez, and taken from him by Sismondi. Dr. Bellerman, of Berlin, has published it in its integrity, from the scarce old Portuguese *Cancionero*. This lay and the *esparsa* are the only two, out of the four poems, that we have been able to see.

We are not informed of the date of Macias's death; but the Marquis de Villena, who survived him, died at Madrid in 1434, after a life of vicissitude. He had been the favourite of the Kings of Castile and of Arragon, and often their dictator; he had been viceroy over them: subsequently he was disgraced and impoverished by them. After his decease, a monk of Salamanca gaining access to his library, burned his papers, and a hundred of his books, as magical, by which unfortunate *auto da fe* the greater part of Villena's own poems perished, besides many curious and valuable works of other authors. Thus of Macias and his master little but the names remain.

M. E. M.

MORE LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES, AND NOTITIA DRAMATICA.

THE manager's avocation is extinct. He has performed his last act as a theatrical autocrat, and his professional career, with all its ephemeral glories, its anxieties, responsibilities, and vicissitudes, is now numbered among the things that were.

"Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus
Dardaniæ. Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum."

The partnership so long subsisting between the late manager and the public is dissolved by mutual consent, and he feels that he has already advanced a good step on the way towards "dusty" oblivion. Yet it may not be unbecoming, before his reign is entirely forgotten, to address a few words, as a parting "*Envoy*," to his former friends and patrons, in perfect good-will, and adopting the appropriate language of Hamlet to say—

"I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
Each as his business and desire may point him."

The ex-potentate subsides, after many years of active toil, not as the superannuated veterans do in the law courts and civil government offices, on a snug retiring pension, "loaded with wealth and honours bravely won;" but, alas! with an attenuated exchequer, a constitution a little the worse for wear, a well replenished budget of reminiscences, and an overflowing stock of experience. Of all human possessions or acquirements, the last-named commodity is perhaps the least marketable. It would fetch but a low price in the Incumbered Estates Court, and may as well voluntarily consign itself to the half-pay list, as certain never again to be called into active service. Experience is a useless superfluity, whistled off as an unprofitable waste of time, in an age so fast as the present, when the veriest tyro in every craft springs forth at once in the perfection of a master, without the fatigue of apprenticeship; as Minerva issued from the head of Jupiter, in complete

panoply, and in full maturity of wisdom.

The dramatic monarch abdicates his uneasy throne, and lays down for ever the mimic sceptre, after a chequered reign of twenty-one years; but the leaves of his portfolio are not exhausted, and he still retains enough of tediousness to bestow on such indulgent readers as may be disposed to bear with the same. After this brief explanatory exordium, let us, then, in compliance with the Horatian precept, plunge at once "*in medias res*." The "*facundia*," or superabundance, which the poet promises under particular conditions, may be easily inflicted, while the "*lucidus ordo*," or connected series, will perhaps scarcely be looked for in a mere desultory compilation.

Anecdotes are always popular and entertaining, but seldom authentic. Your professed anecdote-hunter is a dangerous individual to depend on, or quote from. Half of what he writes is usually invention, and the other half embellishment. He is, in fact, a clap-trap actor, ready at any time to yield up the sense for the applause, or to set aside the sober truth for a brilliant period or an epigrammatic point. Let us look for a few instances, by way of illustration. How often have we read that when the great Duke of Marlborough was observed to shed tears at the imaginary woes of Indiana, in Sir Richard Steele's *comédie larmoyante* of *The Conscious Lovers*, it was remarked by the bystanders "that he would fight none the worse for that." Now, how stands the fact? The case breaks down on the most conclusive of all evidences, when proved—an *alibi*. The illustrious warrior died a few months before the play was produced, and was thus clearly otherwise engaged, added to which, his fighting days were over long before his death, and the last years of his existence passed in strict domestic privacy, and were clouded by mental prostration.*

* "From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow."—*Dr. Johnson*. This is, to a considerable extent, a poetic exaggeration. His mind was shaken at intervals by the effects

Voltaire, in his "Universal History" (a farrago of lies), records gravely that the French knights of the army of Philip Augustus, after the taking of Ptolemais, gave a grand ball, to which the captive Saracen ladies were all invited. When remonstrated with on the outrageous absurdity of this anecdote, he replied, "Bah! who can contradict it? And, besides, all the world knows that the French dance everywhere." "Dailleurs, tout le monde connoit que les Français dansent partout." Another time a friend took home a volume of the "Universal History," corrected a single chapter, and detected more than twenty gross misstatements. He showed it to Voltaire, who admitted the charge, but said coolly, "Which reads best, yours or mine?" His pretended histories are mere tales of imagination, more fanciful than "Zadig," "the Princess of Babylon," or "The White Bull."

This same unscrupulous wit, in describing the Battle of Fontenoy, says that "in the heat of the action, when the smoke of the artillery cleared away for a few moments, the English guards, commanded by Lord Mark Kerr, found themselves opposed to the French Guards, and within a few paces. Lord Mark stepped out from the ranks, and politely saluting the French Colonel, said, 'Messieurs des Gardes Francais, tirez!' 'C'est impossible,' replied the French commandant, with a shrug and a profound bow, 'nous ne tirons jamais les premiers!' 'Allons donc,' rejoined Lord Mark, 'il faut donner ensemble!' Both parties poured in a deadly volley, and down went some scores of the bravest soldiers in the world. All this is sheer romance and ultra-fabulism. As well might we believe a chronicler of Waterloo, who should tell us that when the French cavalry attempted to break the English squares in a desperate charge, and were foiled, the English opposed nothing but passive resistance, and said with all possible civility, "Gentlemen Cuirassiers, don't come this way again, or we shall be compelled to fire on

you." The following is the true version of Fontenoy:—The French Guards were out of the thick of the combat, protecting the person of the King, who was on the ground, but assumed no command. When the English column of 12,000 men made their desperate advance against the centre of an army of 120,000, Marshal Saxe despaired of the victory, and sent advice to the King to leave the field. The gallantry of the Irish Brigade in the French service wrested the laurel from the obstinate valour of the English, who were finally compelled to retire. The bad generalship of the Duke of Cumberland, the cowardice of the Dutch, who ran away, and the tardy advance of the Austrians, completed the disaster. The Lord Mark Kerr here mentioned was a good, but eccentric officer, and a terrible duellist. His *debut* was very remarkable. He was a lad of slight, effeminate appearance, and apparently void of spirit. His father, the Marquis of Lothian, when he brought him up to London to join his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, requested the Colonel, who was his particular friend, to watch over him, to see that he submitted to no improper liberties, and to instruct him in the way he should go, in case he had the misfortune to be insulted. Those were the days of hard drinking, "prodigious swearing," according to my Uncle Toby, and much brutality of manners. The pacific young scion of nobility soon became a butt at the mess, a stock-peg to hang their practical jokes on, until, at last, a captain of some year's standing, actually threw a glass of wine in his face. He still said nothing, but quietly wiped his face with his pocket-handkerchief, and took no further notice. The Colonel thought it was high time to interfere, and invited him to breakfast, *tête-à-tête*, on the following morning, at nine o'clock. Lord Mark arrived punctually, ate his breakfast with perfect composure, and spoke but little. At length the Commanding Officer broke ground:—

"Lord Mark," said he, "I must

of palsy; but he was not a drivelling dotard. He was only seventy-two when he died. It is a remarkable contrast that Marlborough had attained the ripe age of fifty-two before he won his first great victory, Blenheim; while Wellington terminated his unmatched career, with the crowning glory of Waterloo, at the vigorous manhood of forty-six. Napoleon, the Marquis of Anglesea, and Marshal Soult, were also of the same age; all four born in the year 1769. Caesar wept at thirty-five, to think that he had done nothing at an age, prior to which Alexander had conquered half the world.

speak to you on rather a delicate subject, but as your father's friend, I am compelled to waive ceremony. Captain L——, yesterday evening, publicly passed an affront on you, which both your own honour and the credit of the regiment require you to notice."

"What do you think, Sir, I ought to do?" quietly inquired Lord Mark.

"Call on him for an explanation," rejoined the Colonel.

"It is, I fear, rather too late for that," replied the young Ensign; "I shot him at eight this morning, and if you will take the trouble of looking out of the front window, you will see him on a shutter!"

"A thousand pardons, my dear young friend," said the Colonel. "I shall never again presume to meddle in your private affairs; I see you understand thoroughly how to regulate them."

Lord Byron sings in "Childe Harold," in imperishable verse, how the so-called Convention of Cintra was negotiated in the palace of the Marquis of Marialva, at that place; and the ingenious author of the "Diary of an Invalid," improving on the story, detected on the table the stains of ink, spilt by Junot on the occasion. The accurate Napier ("Peninsular War") destroys both fables, by showing to a demonstration, that the preliminaries, details, and all particulars connected with the treaty, were discussed and arranged at a distance of twenty miles from Cintra, and had no more connection with the abode of the Marquis of Marialva, than with the imaginary Promontory of Noses, to which the traveller on the dun-coloured mule, with the huge proboscis, was bound, in Sterne's indecent rhapsody.

Bernard, in his "Retrospections of the Stage," informs us, that the Earl Conyngham of his time, a highly-accomplished nobleman, an enthusiastic admirer of theatricals, and one of his most distinguished patrons, told him, in conversation, that he remembered, in his early days, seeing Garrick and Quin play Cassius and Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*, and described the

effect of the quarrel scene, by this powerful image:—"Quin resembled a solid three-decker, lying quiet, and scorning to fire; but with the evident power, if put forth, of sending its antagonist to the bottom. Garrick, a frigate running round it, attempting to grapple, and every moment threatening an explosion that would destroy both." The description is graphic; distinguishing well the characteristic styles of the two great theatrical leviathans; and the anecdote is too racy to be lost. Accordingly, Galt in his "Life of Quin," reiterates it on the faith of Bernard. But the whole story is imaginary. Bernard compiled his "Reminiscences" at seventy, and Lord Conyngham probably prattled to him when equally ancient. Age excuses and accounts for lapses of memory and confusion of incidents. Garrick and Quin, during the only season when they appeared together (at Covent-garden in 1746, 1747), never performed in *Julius Cæsar*, nor did Garrick ever enact Cassius in his life. He once thought of doing so, had the part copied by the prompter, and transcribed the character from Bayle, with his own hand. But he gave up the idea, and abandoned the production of the play. Perhaps he threw away an opportunity. Cassius would have well suited his fiery, expressive, animated style; his habitual rapidity and vehemence of action in scenes of passion. He never willingly assumed the Roman costume, for which his figure wanted altitude, and he was but coldly received in *Virginius*,* in a new tragedy by Crisp, and also in *Mark Antony*, in his own and Capell's adaptation of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. Crisp's tragedy of *Virginia* was repeated eleven times, and *Antony and Cleopatra* only six.

Galt's "Lives of the Players" are well supplied with errors and misapplied anecdotes, evidently compiled in a hurry, and from insufficient materials. Splenetic and opinionative, without much original thought, or elegance of diction, he says ("Life of Garrick"), that in 1748, Garrick

* Murphy says that Garrick carried the play through by one overpowering point, and electrified the audience by the intense manner in which he replied to Appius, in these two simple words, "Thou traitor!" Similar effects are of rare occurrence with modern audiences; but it is true, we have few Garricks. Murphy's *Life* is not to be received as an authority. Crisp, in his tragedy, makes Appius propose to marry Virginia.

brought out *Venice Preserved* at Drury-lane, with the advantage of Quin in Pierre; but he falling ill, Barry became his substitute, and did not equal him in the character. Where did he pick up this information? Quin was never engaged under Garrick's management at Drury-lane, neither did they ever appear together in *Venice Preserved*. They were going to do so, during the rivalry at Covent-garden, for Quin's benefit, but Garrick then declined undertaking Jaffier, on the score of ill-health. Davies ("Life of Garrick") says Garrick refused to act Pierre with Barry in 1748. "I will not," says Roscius, "bully the monument." The anecdote dies of itself, as Barry did not act Jaffier in London for several years after, when Garrick had long given up the part of Pierre. All these facts, as I have corrected them, are tested by the series of play-bills preserved in the British Museum, and corroborated by Genest, in an extremely correct account of the English Stage, from 1660 to 1830, collected almost entirely from authentic files of printed bills. Murphy is even careless enough to assert that in the *Orphan* Quin acted Sciolto, and Garrick, Chamont. They never acted in this play together, neither does it contain any such character as Sciolto, which belongs to the *Fair Penitent*. It is necessary to be as cautious in swallowing light literary food, as in physical diet. All these voluntary errors, we have here selected from a host of others, are unpardonable. A mere joke, or a table-story, may sometimes pass muster on doubtful authority. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*, as the Italian proverb reconciles apocryphal witticisms; but where matters of fact are concerned, "there is no reason" (says Genest) "why the history of the stage should not be written with the same accuracy as the history of England." Certainly, none whatever; and when compared with some histories of England, of average reputation, neither may bear more semblance to truth than the horrible deceptions usually retailed as port and sherry, bear to the produce of the noble vintages they so foully misrepresent.

Galt gravely asserts that Henderson and Miss Farren appeared at the Hay-market in *Shylock*, and Miss Hardcastle, on the 10th of June, 1776—

two long comedies on the same evening. They appeared successively on the 10th and 11th of June in that year. He retails, too, some very stale anecdotes of Quin, which have figured by prescription in many jest-books. Among others, the well-known story of how he and Garrick were only able to get one chair between them on a wet night. "Give me the chair," growled Apemantus, "and thrust little Davy into the lantern." But he halts there, and omits the ready rejoinder of Garrick, which forms the point and climax—"I shall be proud to give Mr. Quin light in anything." He also fathers on Quin a pungent repartee of much later date, undoubtedly belonging to Dr. Johnson, and which loses all its character when taken from the rightful owner:—"Come, old gentleman," said a gay and flippant red-coat, "lay aside your gravity and ponderous wisdom for once, and say, what would you give to be as young and as merry as I am?" "Sir," replied the sage, "I would almost consent to be as foolish." As we have abstracted from Quin's budget a sample which does not belong to him, let us square accounts, by giving him one in place of it, really his own, and which we believe has never before appeared in print. During one of his annual visits to Devonshire, for the double purpose of relaxation, and gorging on John Dory, he stopped at an inn where he had no expectation of being bled unmercifully. With this idea, he gave them *carte blanche*, and fed full on the fat of the land. But when he called for his bill, the exorbitance of the charges deprived him of his breath and temper together. He, however, paid it with a heavy growl, and stepped into his chaise. In those days it was next to impossible to travel a hundred miles in England, on any high-road, without being laid under contribution by the gentlemen of the pad. Just as the postillions were driving off, Quin called to them to stop—let down the window, and beckoned the landlord over to him, who was standing at his door, bowing and cringing with profound servility. "You may as well," said Quin, "give me the pass-word, before I start!" "The pass-word, Sir! what pass-word?" "Why the pass-word, to be sure, that in case I should be stopped on the road, they may know I have been robbed already!"

Sir John Hawkins, in a "Life of

Dr. Johnson," which nobody reads now, a collection of heavy anecdotes, carelessly strung together, says, that when Garrick was proposed a member, on the formation of "the Club," the Doctor objected, saying, "the fellow will disturb us by his buffooneries;" and quoted Pope's line, let us enjoy ourselves, "unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player." According to this authority Garrick was never elected. Now, although there is some foundation for the story as to Dr. Johnson making the objection named at first, he afterwards withdrew it, and warmly seconded the nomination of Garrick, who remained for many years, until his death, one of their most brilliant members. We could multiply these "errata" until they become interminable as a suit in Chancery in the last century; but we have already tired the patience of our readers, and hear more than one exclaim, "my worthy ex-manager, you are perpetrating *felo de se*. You promise us an olio of anecdotes, and preludise by invalidating their currency." Gently! most indulgent public! Remember there are exceptions to every general rule, and we hope to form a brilliant one in the present instance. As old Verdun, the butler, in *Lovers' Vows*, when asked if he has not some *true* verses, replies indignantly, "all my verses are true;" so are we prepared to show, that all our forthcoming "notitia" have an authentic pedigree, and may be genealogically traced.

The Italian historian, Gregorio Leti, who came to reside in England during the reign of Charles II., soon began to employ himself in collecting materials for an Anecdotal History of the Court of the Merry Monarch. The subject was fertile in incident, but likely to be very objectionable in substance. The King, observing him one day at a levee, asked him how his book went on; "for," said his Majesty, "I understand you intend to deal largely in anecdotes of the English Court; take care there be no offence." "Sire," answered the Italian, "I will do what I can, and will be as careful as possible; but if a man were as wise as Solomon, he could hardly publish historical anecdotes without giving *some* offence." "Why,

then," retorted Charles, "do you be as wise as Solomon; write proverbs, and leave history and anecdotes alone." It would have been well for Leti had he followed this sound advice from one of whom it is recorded, in a well-known epigram, that "he never *said* a foolish thing." But he followed his own bent instead, and published his book under the title of "Teatro Britannico." It gave very outrageous offence, and raised such a clamour about his ears, that he was ordered to quit the kingdom, which he forthwith did, and betook himself to Amsterdam, where he died in 1701. This same Gregorio Leti, however defective as a chronicler, is entitled to the praise of a most industrious labourer, in more fields than one. He boasted that for twenty consecutive years, without intermission, he presented the world annually with a child and a volume. As a writer of history, his authority is nought. His works of this class are too much overloaded with error and fiction to rank above ingenious romances. But many of his anecdotes are infinitely *piquant* and amusing; in all probability they are founded on truth, which may account for their being so ill-received. All compilers and retailers of anecdotes, particularly personal "Ana," should continually keep an eye on the caution which Leti neglected.

In Voltaire's Tragedy of *Merope*, the successful soldier and usurping monarch, Poliphonte, justifies his position and pretensions in the following emphatic sentences:—

"Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux—
Qui sert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin d'aïeux;
Je crois valoir au moins les rois que j'ai vaincus!"*

Napoleon was very fond of quoting these lines in direct application to his own career. The Parisian pit adopted the same view, and whenever the passage was repeated on the stage, more particularly if he happened to be present, they rose *en masse*, and acknowledged the identification with tumultuous wavings of hats and handkerchiefs, and reiterated shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" The Emperor bowed again and again, and all abandoned themselves to a *furor* of excitement for several minutes. A sober Englishman

* The first monarch was a successful soldier. He who serves his country well has no need of ancestors; and I think, at least, I am as good as the kings I have conquered.

cannot conceive the frenzy of a French parterre, under such circumstances. In 1814, soon after the abdication of Fontainebleau, and during the first occupation of Paris by the Allies, while Louis XVIII. was yet "le désiré," and before he had merged into "l'inévitable," he came in full state, on one particular evening, to the Theatre Français. The play commanded happened to be *Merope*. The director recollected the inappropriate passage. The actor of Poliphonte (it was either Lafont or St. Prix) was instructed to cut the lines out altogether. He felt himself in "a fix," as Jonathan phrases it. It was more than probable the audience would perceive the omission, and insist on the speech. He had been a pensioner and favourite of the ex-Emperor, so he determined to have his fling, let the consequences be what they might. He kept his own counsel, and when the time arrived, instead of obeying orders, he advanced boldly to the footlights, looked the pit full in the face, and enunciated the interdicted sentiments with unusual point and emphasis. There was a momentary pause. The house was crowded by a heterogeneous mass—Royalists and Imperialists, French, Austrians, Russians, Prussians, and English travellers, who had rushed madly over, on the first opening of the Continent. All appeared taken by surprise. They drew a long breath, and then, in another moment, there arose, not a shout, but a yell of "Vive l'Empereur," in which the greater portion of the house joined, as if carried away headlong by an impulse they could not resist. The English, and some of the other foreigners present, stared at one another, and wondered what would come next. In the meantime, Louis the Unwieldy, and suite, scuttled out of the royal box, and retired to an ante-room. The manager ordered the curtain to be dropped, and the performance was suspended. In less than five minutes a formidable posse of *gens d'armes* cleared the pit, who were the greatest offenders, and closed the doors. About ten minutes' interval elapsed, when they were opened again, and a fresh audience admitted. The Royal party returned, a little crest-fallen; the curtain drew up a second time, the offending Poliphonte was escorted to the Conciergerie, his place supplied by a substitute, and all went on to the end

as if no interruption had occurred. The next day none of the journals ventured to mention the circumstance, which passed off without comment or consequence, apparently unknown to all except the audience then and there assembled, of which total the writer formed an insignificant unit. They certainly do, or did, get over exciting incidents in France, with wonderful ease and *nonchalance*. Take, for example, a public execution, which drives the usually placid Bull into a state of intoxicating curiosity, which unfits him for rational business for at least twenty-four hours. In France, a guillotine is quietly erected in the market-place over night. Nobody takes much notice of it in the morning. The usual frequenters are there, preparing for their ordinary avocations. The patient, as they call the criminal, is brought out, a few minutes suffice for all preliminaries, the ceremony is gone through, a little sawdust is sprinkled, the cart drives away, the ill-looking machine disappears, and in a quarter of an hour the proceedings of the day go on as if nothing had interfered.

Not long after the occurrence of the incident above related, when Louis XVIII. happened to be again at the theatre, an orange was thrown on the stage from the pit, apparently hollow, with a folded paper appearing from the inside. The actor near whom it fell was vociferously called on to take up the orange, and read the paper. He did so, opened the paper, which contained a louis d'or, and read aloud the following inscription, "Prenez le Louis, et jetez L'ecorce." Keep the *Louis*, and throw away the *rind*, or *Corsican*, as applied to Napoleon. On this occasion the Bourbon fever was in the ascendant; the audience took the allusion, and cheered with all becoming loyalty. The French are much happier, quicker, and neater than we are in such pointed, epigrammatic sentences, to which their easy language adapts itself with more grace than the unbending Saxon will permit. A new actor from Brussels was making a wearisome *debut* in Paris to a yawning audience, when he paused in a soliloquy, on this unlucky line, "Dans cet embarras, quel parti dois-je prendre?" A wag in the pit settled the question, by answering, before he could proceed, "Prenez la Poste, et retournez en Flandre." Another time, Le Kain, the great tragic actor, in one

of his favourite characters, addressed his confidant (who, in the memory of the oldest play-goer, had never appeared in a change of costume), as follows, in the language of the author :—

“ Enfin, apres dix ans d'absence je te revois, Arbate ! ”

Here he was interrupted by a voice, from the front of the house, which exclaimed :—

“ Dans le même habit, et avec la même cravate.”

When the English Company gave their first representation of *Macbeth*, in Paris, the pit listened in wonder and profound attention to the acknowledged masterpiece of “ Le divin Shakspeare.” In the cauldron scene, when the witches wind up their diabolical *olla podrida* with the following climax—

“ Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron,”

an enthusiastic listener, who was following every line, and every successive component of the “ hell broth ” with intense attention, exclaimed, audibly, “ Oh ! ciel ! quel melange ! ” Heavens ! what a mixture !

The humour of the Dublin galleries was long proverbial. It went out with the whiskey, and has been superseded by the police, by propriety, politics, and poverty—poverty of wit, engendered by vacuity of purse. Nothing checks the play of imagination more effectually than empty pockets. The present generation has witnessed few specimens of this rich national exuberance, which, though sometimes a little overcharged, was irresistibly characteristic and amusing. In twenty-seven years, many a tough contest I have held with those merry Olympians, but we never parted except on good terms, and in their wildest moods, a well-timed joke always ensured the victory. No man ever understood this principle, in addressing a mixed audience, more profoundly than the late Daniel O'Connell. He invariably threw in a laugh, as soon as possible, which smoothed the road for all subsequent arguments. Prosy matter-of-fact orators of the Hume and Cobden school, lose much by not following this plan of tactics.

When Charles Kean appeared in Dublin, as a mere stripling, on the 21st of April, 1828, soon after his first essay at Drury Lane, he was, as might have been expected, enthusiastically received. At the end of the play

(*Douglas*) he was unanimously called for, and being accustomed in London to bow in silence and retire, he naturally thought the same pantomimic acknowledgment would suffice elsewhere. Most unexpectedly he was greeted by a general demand for “ a speech.” Completely taken by surprise, he hemmed and hawed for a little, then looked gratitude, placed his hand on his breast, and stammered out some sentences, nearly as intelligible as the following :— “ Ladies and gentlemen, I am deeply sensible of your being—that is, of my being quite unprepared—overwhelming kindness—incapable of thanks—totally unmerited—never to be effaced.” Here a friendly auditor cried out, “ That will do, Charley, go home to your mother,” which produced universal applause, during which he bowed himself off. As he disappeared at the wing, and the applause was dying away, a stentorian shout arose of “ Three cheers for Charles Kean's speech,” which was responded to with overpowering effect.

On an occasion when the galleries were overcrowded on a benefit night, a loud clamour arose for relief or more accommodation. After becoming diplomatic delay, the tardy manager appeared, and addressed them with the usual formula, “ What is your pleasure ? ” “ None at all,” shouted a dozen at once, “ but a d—d sight of pain, for we're all smothering here ! ” Different audiences have their peculiar modes of expressing satisfaction or disgust, the usual symbols being applause or hissing, and sometimes general somnolency. “ You see they don't hiss,” said a disciple of Voltaire, who had accompanied his pupil to witness the expected damnation of his first tragedy, which the cynical wit had confidently predicted ; “ you are mistaken, there is not a single hiss.” “ Not at present,” replied Voltaire, “ for they are all asleep.” An intimate friend of mine, whom I knew to be decidedly untheatrical, once surprised me by occupying a snug corner in a stage-box for several successive months. He was seldom absent, no matter how often the same performances were repeated, always alone, and appeared to be entirely absorbed in attending to the business of the scene. I met him one day, and congratulated him on his improved taste, and on his having become so good a customer. “ Oh ! ” said he, “ I don't lay claim to much merit on either score,

for you never see my money, and I seldom see or hear much of the performance. The fact is, I have had a debenture ticket given to me for the season, and I never enjoyed a sound nap as I do in that delightful corner of the stage-box. Your theatre is admirably conducted, and ought to succeed."

I once had a troublesome customer removed from a thin pit, who had amused himself, and disturbed the rest of the audience for some time, by lying nearly at full length, and hissing and applauding every speech from every actor at the same time. When interrogated the next day by the magistrate at the local office, as to why he had thus interrupted the performance, he said, "he didn't know; he meant no offence; but he had always understood any one who paid his money in a theatre had a right to hiss or applaud according as he pleased; and he thought the fairest way of exercising his privilege was to keep on doing both together."

Tyrone Power was, perhaps, the most universal favourite who ever trod the Dublin boards, but he once fell out with the galleries for refusing to give them the "Groves of Blarney," which not being in the bill, was contrary to rule. They submitted with a bad grace, but renewed the call on his first appearance fifteen months after, during which interval he had traversed the

entire extent of the United States. The never-yielded-to cry for "Garryowen" has been persevered in, within my own personal experience, for twenty-seven years, and had been a bone of contention for a quarter of a century before I first became acquainted with their humours.

A new piece by Power had not made a very successful impression; however, as usual, he was vociferously called for at the close, and announced it for repetition, with the customary plaudits. An anxious friend in the gallery called out, in a confidential tone, as he was retiring, "Tyrone! a word in private—don't take that for your benefit." In those days they had an indirect mode of *hinting* opinions which they considered less offensive than overt hostility. As thus, if Cobham was acting one of Warde's characters, after what he thought a great effect, they would cry, "a clap for Warde" in that particular speech, and *vice versa*. If a new piece bored them, we should soon hear, "a groan for the performance *generally*," or "cut it short," or "adjourn the debate *sine die*." But all this is over, and now they either husband their facetiousness for other purposes, or have exhausted the store entirely, or stay away altogether, or sit in dull indifference, or indulge in unintelligible clamour, for "lack of argument." But changed they are, and the change is not for the better as regards the vitality of the drama.

DAVID GARRICK AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

OF a man who lived so entirely for effect as Garrick did—whose private life was as much professional as his public one—who, in fact, was never happy without an attentive and applauding audience, whether at his own table, the table of his friends, or in Drury-lane Theatre—we might have expected a more complete, and much more entertaining biography than has yet been given to us. Some years since his correspondence was published in a voluminous and expensive form. It scarcely brings the price of waste paper, and disappointed the public as much as it did the publisher. Dr. Johnson, who, although he delighted in teasing Garrick, by undervaluing the art he was justly proud of, and spoke slightly of him, never would suffer any one else to do so in his pre-

sence. "If I choose to decry David, Sir, is that any reason why I should suffer you to do so?" This was his stern rebuke to more than one "triton of the minnows," who thought to curry favour with the leviathan by echoing his sentiments. When Garrick died Dr. Johnson caused it to be conveyed to his widow that, if she expressed a wish to that effect, he would edit the works, and write the life of his deceased friend. The lady, from whatever cause, remained silent, and the biography which, in beauty of composition, and literary value, might have rivalled the life of Savage, or Dryden, or Milton, fell to be executed into the hands of Davies and Murphy. The following anecdote has escaped the diligence of Boswell, and may be found in a note to Sir W. Forbes's "Life of Beattie." At Gar-

rick's funeral, which moved in ostentatious display, attended by all that was dignified, in rank, wealth, and literature, from his residence in the Adelphi to Westminster Abbey, Dr. Johnson rode in the same coach with Sir William Jones, to whom, and the rest of his companions, he talked incessantly, as was his wont, his theme being an uninterrupted eulogium on the departed actor, both in his private and public capacity. "Garrick," said he, "to my knowledge, gave away more money than any man in England, with the same means. He was proud of his profession, and he had a right to be so. Each owed much to the other. His profession made him rich, and he made his profession respectable."

Garrick's character was admirably sketched by Goldsmith in "Retaliation," and his prevailing weakness particularly so in these two lines:—

"On the stage he was powerful, natural, affecting—
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting!"

There are three biographies of Garrick, independent of notices in dictionaries, annuals, and epistolary correspondence. A life by Davies, published in 1786, reprinted with additional notes in 1808, and considered, for want of a better, the standard authority, although supplied with rather more than the usual average of misstatements. A second by Murphy, in 1801, good-for-nothing; and a third by Galt, in his "Lives of the Players," in 1831—a meagre sketch, if possible of less value than that of Murphy. Cooke, in his "Life of Macklin," says, "when Garrick first undertook to play Bayes (which character he made a vehicle for imitations), he proposed to Giffard (the manager) to let him begin with him. Giffard, supposing that Garrick would just glance at him to countenance his mimicry of the rest, consented; but Garrick hit him off so truly, and made him so completely ridiculous, that Giffard, in a rage, sent him a challenge, which Garrick accepted. They met the next morning, when the latter was wounded in the sword-arm; the *Rehearsal* was advertised for the ensuing Saturday, but the duel intervening (which none but the parties and their seconds knew at that time, and very few ever since), the play was put off for a *fortnight* on account of the sudden indisposition of a principal performer. At the end of that interval it came out with imita-

tions of some of the other actors, but Giffard was totally omitted." Cooke gives his anecdote without reference to the source from whence he derived it. Some part of it is certainly untrue, and the whole carries internal evidence of improbability. Little David, although petulant and irritable, was no Drawcansir, and would at any time have "explained," rather than betake himself to his tools. Those pestilent witnesses, the playbills of the seasons, are extant to show that the *Rehearsal* never was put off for a fortnight from the indisposition of a principal performer, nor is it likely that Giffard, whose falling fortunes depended on the attraction of Garrick, would in a moment of pique call out, and disable the young phenomenon who was nightly drawing the fashionable world in crowds to Goodman's Fields, from the larger and until then more frequented houses at the west end. If so, managers were more personally sensitive a century ago than they are now, in this degenerate age; they cannot afford to go through the farce of calling out attractive stars. Garrick's imitation seriously injured Delane, Hale, and Ryan, actors who, until turned into ridicule, had stood high in the estimation of the public. Some years after Garrick gave up this practice, but was keenly alive to its injurious effects, when Foote threatened to give him to the public at second hand at the Haymarket, and Henderson indulged him with his own Benedick at a private breakfast. Imitation of the most perfect kind is a poor and spurious exercise of genius, and has generally prevented those who indulge in it habitually from becoming first-rate actors. It is at best an exaggerated representation of excellence or infirmity. A highly-coloured copy of the sepulchral asthma of John Kemble, the shrill, piercing tone of Cooke, the peculiar mannerism of Macready, or the husky passion of Edmund Kean, may take an audience by surprise, and cause them to laugh or applaud, but the represented caricature is injurious to the dignity of art, and scarcely less sacrilegious than a travesty of Shakspeare's noblest dramas.

Davies, the first biographer of Garrick, was a bookseller, with some slender pretensions to scholarship. He was also an actor in Garrick's company, belonging to the numerous species consigned as respectable—a class

who weary the public, without exciting or, satisfying them,* and might have been included in Horace's anathema against tolerable poets, as not to be permitted by gods, men, or newspapers:—

"Mediocribus esse poetis (vel actoribus)
Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ."

Davies, in evil hour, took up the additional trade of politics, with which an actor has no more occasion to meddle than a highlander with a knee-buckle; and this drew on him the vengeance of Churchill, who perpetuated his insignificance as an actor in this pungent couplet of the *Rosciad*:—

"Next came Tom Davies—and, upon my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife."

Even as Theodore Hook extinguished poor Alexander Lee in one of his after-dinner improvisations, when characterising by some peculiarity the whole company:—

"As to that gentleman there
My memory cannot carry more,
Only to say, that he sits
Next to the Earl of Barrymore."

Davies' "Life" is little more than a dull register—a mere record of performances unenlivened by striking incident or adventure. The most interesting portion is the appendix, which contains a copy of Garrick's will, and a list of the characters in which he appeared. Much might be written now, touching the great actor, his contemporaries, and the stage during the thirty years that he held the dramatic truncheon of command; but such a voluminous compilation would assuredly not pay, and would prove *cariare* to the million. Theatrical biographies are usually dull and monotonous, especially those of Frederick Reynolds and George Colman, which might have been expected to overflow with fun and anecdote. Actors, particularly the comic ones, are not remarkable (with some few exceptions) for conversational brilliancy. Their lives are generally barren of incident, passed in an unvarying routine; almost entirely engrossed between rehearsal in the morning, and performing at night. Their talk is too exclusively professional to be generally edifying or entertaining, and their campaigns are not much more eventful than the

marchings and countermarchings of Major Sturgeon from Ealing to Acton, and from Acton to Ealing back again. Their vanity is also as peculiar as it is harmless. They fancy the world is incessantly occupied with them and their doings—that their most trifling proceedings are watched with intense anxiety, and that the planet sometimes actually pauses on its axis in wonder at their importance. I think it was Baron, the great French tragedian, who said, a tragic actor "ought to be born among princes, and nursed on the laps of queens." Of him the following grand hyperbole is gravely recorded. In pronouncing the two lines—

"Et dans le même moment par une action severe,
Je l'ai vu rougir de honte, et pallir de colère,"

his panegyrist tells us that as he uttered the two words *rougir* and *pallir* his face alternately grew red and white. This was suiting "the action to the word" to an extent that Shakspeare never dreamed of—a muscular trickery quite impossible, and utterly absurd if it could be contrived. It may stand side by side with the still higher flight of a celebrated modern theatrical critic†, who, in a well-known essay, mentions, that Garrick so studiously copied nature, that he acted *King Lear* on *crutches*, but threw them away to give more complete effect to the *great scene*. Where on earth did the ingenious essayist find his authority for this extravagance? Garrick used a stick in acting *Lear*, such as is carried to this day by Shylock, and Sir Giles Overreach, and other elderly characters, and for which Edmund Kean, and afterwards Macready, substituted a Saxon sceptre, or hunting spear. When he came to the curse, which I suppose is what is implied by the *great scene*, he dashed down this stick, with his cap, and clasped his hands convulsively together, as he fell on his knees in the agony of passion. Henderson, John Kemble, and Young, who followed in succession, adopted the same stage business, as it is technically called, and which appears to have descended lineally from Garrick.

Garrick's life, on the whole, must

* His "Dramatic Miscellanies," in 3 vols. 8vo. 1784–5, consisting principally of critical notes and annotations of the most popular acting plays of Shakspeare, are not without passages of merit and acute observation.

† Alison.

have been exceedingly agreeable. He suffered much in his latter days from painful infirmities, and his retirement in affluence and credit was cut short by the hand of death in three years, and at by no means an advanced age. He began to accumulate a fortune at an early period, and it went on continually increasing. His favour with the public never declined; and though he was always in dread of a rival, none ever shook his acknowledged supremacy. His labour was comparatively light, and his performances far less numerous than the drudgery of the modern stage imposes on a leading actor. He made two professional visits to Dublin before he became manager of Drury-lane; but, with the exception of the Irish metropolis, after his fame was once established, he never appeared in any theatre out of London. He was happy in his domestic life, although not blessed with children. He had enemies, and detractors, and waspish critics, who annoyed him more than he should have permitted. Macklin both spoke and wrote of him disparagingly. Tate Wilkinson records a specimen of his colloquial conversation, too coarse and vulgar for the pages of an otherwise respectable book; and Kenrick, whose hand, like Ishmael's, was against everybody, provoked him by groundless insinuations, which were unworthy of notice. He had one or two riots in the theatre during a management of twenty-eight years, and sundry squabbles with the Clive and the Cib-

ber. But his term of existence was nearly all sunshine, darkened only by passing clouds. Few professional men have been so uniformly fortunate. That he deserved his good fortune is equally certain. With many trifling faults, such as vanity, and love of adulation, inseparable from his position, Garrick was a good and charitable man, a firm friend, and, by no means, an implacable enemy. As an actor, he stands unrivalled from his commanding versatility. Others may have equalled or exceeded him in particular characters or passages, but his range was more extensive than that of any individual who either went before or came after him. He originated a school which had many accomplished disciples. He was, perhaps, greater even in comedy than in tragedy; but of the two grand divisions of the dramatic art, it is easier to obtain a high degree in the College of Thalia than in that of Melpomene. In a severe classification of merit, Apollo might decide that the annals of the British stage present but three names which are entitled to stand in the very foremost rank as founders of schools, heirs of genius, and illustrators of Shakspeare—David Garrick, John Kemble, and Edmund Kean. Others have preceded and followed, *haud passibus inæquis*, who are worthy to stand beside them in a procession to the temple of fame; but we shall scarcely be accused of undue partiality, or an error in judgment, in according to these three niches of pre-eminence.

T O R Y I S L A N D.

CHAPTER I.

Passage across the Sound—Smaller Islands by the way—The *Unde derivatur* of Tory—Its Dimensions, Round Towers, and Monastery—Crosses, Graveyard, and “Church of the Seven”—The Soldier who Sacked the Houses, and the Saint that Drowned the Beast—King Bonnor’s Castle and Batteries; Daughter and Wives.

OF all the islands that strew the Irish coast, perhaps none is more interesting in itself, and less generally known, than the subject of this paper.

On the shores of the wild, but beautiful county of Donegal, is the little town of the Cross-roads,—and close by it is the bay of Ballyness, an inlet of the Atlantic, that communicates with Tory Sound, by which the island is washed on the south. The latter is distant about three leagues from the main, and lies to the north-west of the bay; the smaller ones of Inisholin, Inisdooey, and Inisbeg, being introductory to it. There is also a “Packet” on the station; not a steam-packet, however, nor anything of the sort either, for Tory has not advanced so far as yet; but a good sailing boat, that serves its Lighthouse when circumstances require, and the weather permits.

Here, therefore, is the best chance of a passage, should you venture upon a visit to the island: but remember, you have only a chance; since such is the fury with which the tide generally runs, and so violent are the gales, in the intermediate Sound, you may be prevented crossing for days together, or be delayed at Tory just as often, and quite as long. One person whom I met had been detained at the Cross-roads for a fortnight at a time, and was nearly drowned in the end; while a worthy Doctor and reverend Priest were held in durance by contrary winds, from the morning before, to that succeeding my arrival, when they insisted upon setting out and making direct for the land; but their boat was driven from its course, and beaten about for hours, till at last they reached the shore drenched to the skin, and numbed with cold; the Doctor protesting Tory must have been the last

place which God made; and his Reverence holding it could not, for the future, belong to his parish at least.

On the morning of the 22nd August, 1849, I found myself on the little quay at Ballyness, awaiting the equipment of the “Packet,” for a run to the island. This had been previously arranged, should matters promise well; and now the owner and his men were preparing for the trip, shipping the proper ballast, and loosening the sheets; for the sky was clear, the clouds firm, and the breeze favourable. Soon, therefore, were we under sail; and as the boat went bounding on, the harbour faded away, the mountains rose behind, and Inisholin was on our left, a considerable island, well cultivated, and supporting some twenty families; then Inisdooey, which is smaller, but also cultivated, and inhabited by two brothers; followed by Inisbeg, which is the least of the three, and used for grazing only. But scarce had the first of these been passed, when we entered upon a region of big, and swelling waves, that formed at our very side, or came rolling on in curving lines; the boat now rising into the air, as they heaved it up; now sinking deep, as they glided from below. And as we approached what is called the “point of Tory,” the canvas filled to the uttermost, and the masts bent to the wind like rods; the sea threw itself into wilder heaps, and frequently excluded every trace of the Bloody Foreland—ay, of Erigal itself.* However, we reached our destination in about an hour and a-half. It was full tide at the time, and we ran ashore at the usual landing, which is close by the Round Tower.

Our voyage being accomplished, let me speak of Tory itself, with all its wonders; and first as to its name, for what is an Irish island without a name,

* The principal mountains in the neighbourhood.

about which the Antiquarians will never agree. Accordingly, in the preface to the twelfth number of that famous tome, *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, General Vallancey affirms—"The Hebrew and Chaldee טור Tur, was a circular building, a tower, from the origin of languages;" and he requests us to observe "the ancient history of the Irish in this respect. 'African sea-champions landed in Ireland, conquered the country, introduced their language, and taught the inhabitants to build with lime and stone;'—"to build what?" [Listen, ye logicians]—"round towers undoubtedly, for no other buildings were erected in Ireland of lime and stone for many centuries afterwards." Again, we are given to understand—"The ancient Irish Seanchas say, that Gan, Geanan, Conuing, and Taovar were African generals, who drove the Nemedians out of Ireland; that they first settled at Toirinis, which was called Tor-Conuing, from the tower he built there: this is the first Round Tower mentioned in Irish history." Thus, reader, if the learned Vallancey be correct, not merely may the blood of the Hannibals be flowing in your own veins, but the Round Tower at Tory was the work of brother Conuing himself. Heaven forbid, however, that we should be bound by the authority of any one Antiquarian; the point is a nice one, and we must also consult the accomplished author of "The Ecclesiastical History of Ireland," although he should slaughter both the sea-champions and the General, with our old chroniclers to boot.

What, then, does Doctor Petrie say of the statements which Vallancey has thus attributed to our annalists, as to their fathers having been taught by the Fomorians to build with lime and stone, and the deduction sought to be drawn? This—"they make *no such statement*;" and "the story of Tor-Conuing, or Tory island, appears to be a legend originating in the natural formation of the island, which presents at a distance the appearance of a number of towers; and hence, in the authentic Irish annals, and the lives of Columbkille, the patron saint of the place, it is called Torach, or the towery island, and Latinised *Torachia*, and *Toracha insula*. It is true, indeed, there is a Round Tower still remaining in Tory Island; but it would require a more than ordinary share of

credulity, to enable one to believe that is the Tor-Conuing of the Africans; or that its age is anterior to that of St. Columb, to whom its erection is attributed by the common tradition of the islanders, and the inhabitants of the opposite coasts." So that, according to the Doctor, Tory has its style neither from the Hebrew nor the Chaldee, but from its fancied resemblance to a number of towers; and its Round Tower is claimed as the work of the Christian St. Columb, and not of the heathen Conuing.

But while the ashes of the Seanchas, the General, and the dead languages are thus disposed of, I must confess, when seen from a distance, the island has always presented to my mind the idea of a mailed warrior, stretched at full length on his back; the lower part of his vizor off, his breastplate rising suddenly from the neck, and falling towards his knees. It may be said, however, even this account of its formation is not inconsistent with the title of Torach; but it is rather strange that tradition, similar to that alluded to, should also refer its name to a very different source. In other words, both the islanders and the people of the adjacent coast will tell you—in olden times there lived a certain king of Danish descent, called Bonnor, or Balor, who was the last chief of his race banished from our Northern main; and having an only daughter of whom he was most careful, he considered Tory a discreet refuge, chose it for his abode, and termed it in Irish *Tor a Riogh*, which means, the King's pinnacle, bush, or hiding-place. And if this be so, the Torach doctrine should yield to the royal exile, and the latter win the day.

The island is the property of Mr. Woodhouse of Portadown. Its extreme length from east to west, or rather from south-east to north-west, is about a league; and its width three quarters of a mile. It contains upwards of 700 acres of arable, pasture-ground, and waste; including what is covered by the loughs Ahoey, Ayes, and Aher. Huge rocks and castellated cliffs line the shores to the north, north-west, and north-east; their height above the sea ranges from 80 to 280 feet; and the endless dash of the Atlantic has hewn them asunder at a hundred points. But from these eminences, the land descends with a gentle

sweep to the water at the south. The whole is divided into three townships, each of which has its own town or collection of cabins, viz., the east, the middle, and the west; although the surveyors have omitted to notice the second one, and treated it as part of the west.

The Round Tower stands upon the middle township; it is seventy feet high, and still very perfect; save that a small portion of the roof has fallen in. It is built of rough, brown stone; and Dr. Petrie's book contains a beautiful sketch of its arched door-way. The same author states, it was connected with a monastery, founded in the island by St. Columbkille, in the sixth century; and the statement, if well authenticated, goes to support his theory—that our Round Towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries. It is due to him, therefore, to mention, the remains of this monastery are but a very short distance from the Tower; a similar description of stone was employed in the building of each; and they have the same look of age. I should observe, too, that several scientific gentlemen, who fancied Round Towers were only so many sepulchres, visited Tory a few years ago; and, after having dug to the foundations of its Tower, could not discover a single bone for their pains. It is recorded in the *Monasticon Hibernicum*, that St. Ernan, the son of Colman, was abbot of the monastery about the year 650; it resembles a cross in shape, and seems to have preserved a vigorous existence until the close of the sixteenth century, when it was sacked; but most of its walls are still standing.

In the immediate vicinity, is a large stone cross, which rests on a block of the same material, and is the most perfect specimen I could see; there is a smaller and broken one within a few yards of it; and a third is given in the map as lying a good way to the right. There is also a flat oblong slab, close to the second of these crosses, and known as "St. John's Altar,"—but between it and the first, is the general graveyard. It is a square tract, covered with grass and loose stones; the latter are ranged between the graves as if to preserve the boundaries, and a tiny wooden cross is placed at the top of nearly every mound. I discovered an

inscription only upon one of them; the others seemed to have none; and but a single grave appeared to have the ordinary slab at the head of it; that was a proper exception, however, as it belonged to a stone-cutter, who had died when working at the Lighthouse, and whose last prayer was, that he should have a decent headstone. There is another spot, in which a few shipwrecked strangers have been huddled; it is nearer to the Tower, and strewn with stones, black earth, and sea-weed; both are swept by the waves in stormy weather.

Still further to the left, and in the west township, are the ruins of the little "Church of the Seven,"—or, as it is commonly called, "The Seven Churches," although there is a broad distinction between the two phrases; but the former is the correct one; and the tradition of the islanders assigns its erection to the following circumstance. "In the days that were," the wreck of a Norwegian galley was driven on the rocks, bearing the dead bodies of six royal princes, and their lovely sister. The inhabitants, touched by their common fate, resolved upon burying them in one grave; and accordingly did so. But on the morning after the interment, the corpse of the lady was found stretched on the surface; whereupon, the good people wondered much, and restored it to the earth. To their amazement, however, by the next dawn, the body had resumed its solitary position, and on being deposited once more, it acted the like part; and again, and again. It was then resolved, in a general council, the princess must have been sensitively chaste in her feelings; since even in death she could not rest with her own brothers. Her remains were therefore removed to a separate abode, where she lies in peace; "the Church of the Seven" was erected in her honour at the same time; and to this hour the second grave is shown. It is beside the ruins of the church; but much of the upper soil has been carried away, as it is believed to possess miraculous powers, and to have wrought many a cure.

Nor does the celebrity of Tory, in a religious aspect, depend upon its edifices wholly; for it is conceded to have been an early and important Christian settlement; and, as an old chronicler tells us, was "a place blessed by the holy Columba." Yet its character could

not preserve it from the Christian marauder—it only excited his cupidity; since it appears that one George Bingham, who commanded for Queen Elizabeth at the castle of Sligo, in the year 1595, after having destroyed the village of Rathmullan, on the shores of Lough Swilly, and the cloisters of its Carmelites, in an expedition undertaken for that purpose, landed at Tory; which, according to a vigorous writer, was “illustrious then for its *seven* churches, and the glebe of the saint; and,” as he relates, “the terrible Saxon burned and ruined both houses and churches; plundered everything; carried off the flocks and herds, and left no four-footed beast on the whole island.” The same author adds, “it never recovered from that hideous wreck. It is now a *bare* and *dismal* rock, lashed by the howling Atlantic, and inhabited by a few *wretched* fishermen; but still, by the *ruins* of a Round Tower, by its stone crosses, and the mouldering walls of its many churches, attests the piety of the holy men who in the days of old, made a sanctuary of that lonely isle.” But it will be perceived from some of the particulars already given, and others which follow, this description of the present state of Tory is far from faithful. It is certain, however, one feels, from the moment of landing, that his step is upon sacred ground; the graves and the monastery; the crosses, the Tower, and the church, are ever about him; he breathes their spirit, and his soul is filled; imagination reigns, and the past comes back again—the graves are few and fair; the monks are wandering in the cloisters, or praying in their cells; the pilgrim clasps his cross; the Tower sends forth its solemn peal; and the church resounds in holy praise.

I may here observe, St. Columb is reported to have been the first man whom Tory saw; and that previously it was inhabited by furious, poisonous beasts. Tradition further saith, that when the holy father was in the act of landing, a rabid greyhound rushed upon him; and points to a rock for the prints of its fore-feet, as it lighted at his side. He was too many for it, however, as well as for the other monsters; for having driven it off, he laid a cloth on the spot, which gradually

expanded, both in height and length, over the entire island, until at last they were all forced into the sea, and there drowned. Their final stand is still called “the Devil’s rock;” and a very devilish-looking one it is. But from that time to the present, not even a rat or frog has been found in the realm, so thoroughly purged was it; and it is asserted, although there have been several importations of these interesting families, they died as quickly, and as if choked by the atmosphere.

Towards the eastern point of Tory, you will yet be shown where the castle of King Bonnor stood. It is in the immediate neighbourhood of Port-Doon, and not many years ago, there remained a part of it; it appears, however, that the then lord of the soil, being about to build a “Cottage” hard by,* had the venerable remnants levelled to the earth, and the other constructed with the stones—which ought to have fallen upon the Goth himself, rather than been thus desecrated. But the groundwork of “the batteries” is still very distinct. They rise in tiers behind the site of the castle, and are composed of long mounds of clay and rubble; were so disposed as to command the greater portion of the island, and well protected by high and precipitous cliffs. His Majesty’s gunners had therefore a good range, and were pretty secure themselves; which are the great secrets of a successful fight.

It was not, however, of open foes alone the old King was afraid; for I have said, he had an only daughter of whom he was most careful; nor was it strange he should, since there ran a prophecy that he would be killed by a grandson, to be born of this girl. He therefore resolved to save himself by secluding her. Wherefore, he had a prison made, adjoining the castle, and sent her to it; and to prevent the access of any male body, he placed seven virgins as a guard upon her. Neither was this all; for, being gifted with witchcraft, he caused the entrance to be lined with the most delicate flowers, so that if any gentleman should elude the dungeon-keepers, the crushed stems would tell the tale; and then the charmer was to die. But it happened that a Mr. Cain M’Kendry, who belonged to the mainland, was ena-

* The unpretending residence of the present proprietor, when he visits the island.

moured of the damsel, and considered the lament of Jephtha's child was quite sufficient of the kind. He therefore selected a dark night, and landed at Port-Doon, in spite of "the batteries," for Leander could not hold a candle to him—except that he had a boat, and Leander had none; but then, the Hellespont is a small affair compared with Tory Sound; and being a better wizard than the King, he had scarcely trod upon the flowers, when up they sprang again, and every trace of his footsteps vanished; the door opened at his touch; and the virgins' eyes were closed. It is believed, too, the happy conjuror frequently returned to the place, and with equal success; until at last he carried off the princess and her dozing maids. The latter, however, chanced to awake during the passage, and were so frightened at their situation, that they sprang into the sea, and perished miserably; as faithless guardians often do. Still, they were "sinned against more than sinning;" and if they are to be thanked for the rapidity of the tides, and the violence of the gales, of which I have already spoken, it would seem that in death they are making amends for the misfortune of their lives; and that a Tory lass will never again be tempted by the stranger, if they can help it. But the princess remained perfectly safe all the while; and a youthful Cain soon gladdened her heart—ay, and grew to be a fine fellow, though reared in a secret and humble way, lest his grandfather would discover him.

I should have previously mentioned, although King Bonnor was driven from the main, he must have retained some authority there, and have exercised a privilege similar to that enjoyed by feudal lords, on the nuptials of their vassals' daughters—except that the

latter seems to have been personal to the seigneur, while his Majesty was in the habit of enforcing his by deputy; at least we are informed that, after his grandson had grown up, the old Sovereign despatched two of his officers in order to preserve his prerogative at a country wedding; and as one of them was proceeding to obey his instructions, the young man, who was present at the ceremony, caused him to be seized, and had his tongue cut out by the roots; the eyes of the other were plucked from his head in like manner; so that he who could speak, could not see, and he who could see, could not speak; and in this state they were returned to Tory. But his Highness was not to be mocked in that way; and he hastened towards the scene, burning for vengeance. Before he could reach it, however, he had the misfortune to enter a smithy, where he insulted one of the helpers, who, in return, felled him with his hammer; and as the blow was dealt by his own grandson, the prophecy was fulfilled at last. It is therefore idle to strive against prophecy of any sort. And it was particularly wrong in the King to imprison his daughter, if the fact be, that he kept a harem of his own, and report says he did; but having once resolved upon that step, it was no more than prudent to surround her with the seven virgins, and the tender flowers. Certainly, it is added by the same authority, the apartment of his *chère amies* was merely guarded by a few coatings of sand strewn about the door; and that one of the McSwines shared their society at pleasure, by removing the grains as he entered, and replacing them when he retired. Unhappy Bonnor!! to have had a frail daughter was bad enough; but purgatory would have been a trifle to twelve inconstant wives.

CHAPTER II.

The Agricultural State of Tory—System of Rundale—The Headfall—Men of the place—How they Fish, and what they Catch—Kelp-burning—The Women, Girls, and Chief Musicians—Potteen-making—Marriage and Baptism—Towns, Cabins, and Lighthouse.

Now that we have disposed of ancient Tory, let us see what the present is like. About a fourth of the island, then, is under labour; corn, barley, rye, and potatoes are the principal crops, and are in general very productive: for it has been long and justly celebrated for its fertility, and spade-

labour is the order of the day; rents moderate, and a fair tenant-right admitted. But the cultivated tracts are chiefly confined to the south or lower side; and although the whole might be reclaimed, the northern parts are so exposed as to render the attempt of little use; and when a hurricane blows

from this quarter, as is the case occasionally, the drifted spray "burns everything before it." Still, there is a sign upon which the people rely, as indicating the nature of the season they may expect; if the ravens that frequent the shores build on the north side, there is no anticipation of danger for that year, as these birds will not expose their brood to the storm; but if the nest be discovered in any other direction, as little seed is sown as well can be, and only in the most sheltered corners—a marked tribute indeed to the wisdom of the raven. It is rather singular, however, that, during the prevalence of the potato-disease, the villainous "lumper" of Tory was not at all affected; perhaps, the saltiness of the air, and the sea-weed, which is used as manure, had something to say to this; or it may be the converse of the maxim, "Whom the gods love die young," applies alike to mortals and potatoes. I could perceive no other vegetables, and it was hinted a few light-fingered folk—for these are found even here—had plied their trade on former occasions, and that the experiment of raising them was considered a hazardous one. Yet, there is very little crime amongst the inhabitants; and if the nimble gentry have escaped punishment so far, it is because of the difficulty of bringing them to the shore, and there establishing their misdeeds; since, I need scarcely say, there is no regular and local magistrate, although King Bonnor has still a successor, as will be shortly seen, and a right good one too.

Until lately, however, there was a constant source of dispute in what was called "the land question,"—not the serious one that has distracted the brains of so many politicians, but one that was sufficiently hard for the wisest heads in Tory. It arose out of the system which is styled "Rundale," and is a total defiance of prudent occupancy. In other words, the holding of nearly every landowner was divided into several lots; and these were scattered like plums in a pudding, except that the latter are usually of the same quality; whereas, there was a good spot of the farm here, an indifferent one there, and a bad one yonder. And as the number of occupiers was very great in proportion to the quantity of arable land, and their holdings pretty equal, of course the different lots were ex-

ceedingly small; so much so, that it was not thought worth while to build a fence round the biggest of them. But the consequences were, the pigs and geese had free scope for their sports, and shared most of the crops; boundaries became confused; trespasses followed; and a civil war was threatened. What was then to be done? Abandon the rundale, and square the plots, you may think. Certainly not; "it was an ancient and an honourable custom; their fathers had followed it, and why should not they?" another remedy must therefore be applied; and this remedy was resolved upon—that *all the pigs and geese should be banished*, as was actually done; so that, for several years past, there has been neither one nor other of these at Tory; although smaller fowls and larger animals are numerous enough.

But, I rejoice to add, that Mr. Woodhouse has lately induced the people to forego their prejudices, and give up the rundale. It is true, he experienced great opposition at first; I believe they even talked of resisting him with their lives; but when it was seen he was resolved upon the change, as well as on doing the fullest justice to all, both in the measurement of their old lots, and the apportionment of the new, the point was gradually yielded. The result is, each man has now his separate holding, compact in itself and well fenced; and those who were loudest in condemning the proposed alterations, cheerfully admit how much they have been benefited by their completion, and that their landlord was their best friend. This should encourage others who may be disposed to pursue a similar course; for it clearly shows that the Irish peasant, however attached to his past habits, is amenable to reason, and, if fairly dealt with, is far from ungrateful; he is not to be bullied, but he may be won; he will not swallow nostrums, but enjoys a plain draught. I hope, at least, pigs and geese will again flourish at Tory, and that soon. There is only one road or path of any width in the island; it stretches from the Lighthouse to the Cottage, is in a very unfinished state, and presents many a gap—though perfect enough as drawn on the Government map; but there are only two carts to run upon it; the other conveyances are in the nature of slide-cars, which can travel anywhere.

In the year 1847 the population amounted to about 420; but it is now rather less, owing to emigration and deaths. There are still some eighty-four families, however; of these not more than fourteen are cottiers,—the rest are holders of land,—and I question if there be a single beggar. But of late years, the number of the inhabitants has been kept in check by a singular malady, that visits nearly all the children. It is called “the Headfall,” and I have the best authority for stating, the proportion of deaths from this disease solely to that of births, is about eight to nine. In fact, the rearing of a child is a mere chance; and a person who had lived amongst them for a considerable period assured me, during his time not one escaped. They are usually attacked on the fifth or sixth day; but if they manage to pass the tenth in safety, they are then secure. I inquired into the symptoms of this complaint, and was informed:—Soon after it appears, the head begins to swell, the eyes glare, and the whole frame is convulsed; prostration succeeds; the skull softens; and all is over on the second day. What the cause of it is I do not pretend to know, nor did I meet with those who were much wiser; though it was once supposed, the constant use of fish by the women might occasion it; accordingly, some of them entirely abstained from that species of diet during pregnancy, but with no good result, for their children were carried away with the others. As there is no medical aid at hand, however, it is probable the number of deaths is much larger than it otherwise would be; for the natives think the case hopeless, and may therefore neglect all remedies.

But if the Headfall could be excluded from consideration, I should say, Tory is in general very healthful, and enjoys what the geographers call “a salubrious clime.” In truth, the air is as pure and bracing as could well be wished, and the people themselves will swear by it; nor do I believe any of them would willingly reside on the mainland, and some have never put foot upon it. Neither have the greatest travellers been shaken in their love of home: one man, when very young, had been convicted of smuggling, and served for several years in a ship-of-war, seen the world, and realised money—circumstances that

might have estranged him from the island; but he had returned at the earliest moment, and means to die there. And I doubt whether he ever lighted upon a finer-looking race than his own; assuredly, I had never before met with so many tall and noble forms amid the same number of persons: six feet appears to be the ordinary height of the grown males; and for strength and agility, I would match a Tory fisher against any other. The old men are also very hale; and the juniors have handsome and intelligent countenances, dark complexions, and a Spanish cast. Their dress usually consists either of cloth coats of a blueish shade, or of striped jackets, and oilcloth hats; waistcoats of drugget, and trousers of cord or home fabric; but the neck is commonly adorned with a richly-coloured handkerchief of the sailor rig.

They are mostly employed in field labour, or fishing, cutting wreck, or making kelp; but fishing is the favorite pursuit; and turbot and cod, ling, haddock and plaice, braziers, herrings and gurnets, eels and breyans, graylards, lobsters and crabs, are caught in great abundance. Such of these as are not required for immediate use upon the island, are generally brought for sale to the Cross-roads—as the Tory people are not in the habit of salting any quantity of fish, or saving it at all, they prefer selling as much of it as they can at the time, no matter at what price; and so liberal is the supply, and so slight the demand, a turbot, weighing from 15 to 20lbs., may be bought there for 2s.; a cod of 10lbs., for 6d.; and a dozen of these, or of cod and ling intermixed, from 3s. to 4s.; haddock, from the familiar size to several pounds, from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. per ditto; a conger of some 30lbs. for 6d.; and a huge lobster for 3d. However, large lots of turbot, cod, and ling are annually carried away in boats, which come from a distance for the purpose; and as their operations last for weeks, and are conducted with much energy, they are exceedingly successful. The islanders fish from a species of *corragh* that has no seat, and is propelled thus—a man kneels in the bow, with his back towards the stern, and grasping a paddle, which he thrusts into the sea at a short distance before him, draws it to either side as may be necessary

for the guidance of the boat, or the ease of his arms; and if there be a second hand, he sits in the stern tailor-wise, and looks in the same direction as the other; and while *he* is delving at the right side, number two scoops at the left, and *vice versâ*. From its lightness, the corragh passes through the water very rapidly, and it is infinitely preferred to an ordinary boat when the weather is rough, or the waves short; for it rises more readily to the latter, and does not attempt to cut them; and, shell though it be, two men will take a cow or horse to the mainland in it, or even venture upon a couple of these. St. Columb has the merit of having introduced it, as he is reported to have landed in one; but, there, he gets credit for everything.

Although, as I have said, fishing is the favorite pursuit of the islanders, it is not so remunerative as the making of kelp—which is manufactured either from the short soft weed that grows on the rocks between high and low water-mark; the *lagh* or tangle that is driven to the land by the spring and summer gales; or the long, fine, and stringy weed that is still oftener washed on shore, or is obtained from the more distant rocks. When the article was in great demand for bleaching, the best was thought to be extracted from the first of these; but, now that other ends are mainly looked to, the *lagh* or stringy weed is used. In any case, after the material has been gathered into heaps, it is spread on the ground, turned from time to time, and dried in the sun for three or four days; a pit is then dug in the sand, or a “kiln” formed from stones; live coals or burning straws are placed within the shape, and the weed is strewn upon them as fast as it can be reduced to a liquid. This lasts about six hours, during which men are working the glowing mass with poles, so as to ensure a thorough burning, and render the product crisp. It is afterwards allowed to harden, broken into squares, and sent to market, where the average price in 1848 was about £2 12s. per ton; but three years before, it exceeded £7; and the makers themselves are partly to blame for the fallen rate: the commodity being sold by weight, it occurred to some of them it would be a rare plan to mix it with stones, and charge for both—an ex-

pedient which succeeded so admirably, it was pretty generally adopted; but in due course the trick was discovered, and purchasers have since retorted, by paying for all kelp *as if* it contained stones. Another reason for the decrease in price is, its comparative disuse in bleaching, to which large quantities were formerly applied, but have now been superseded; and at present it is chiefly devoted to the production of Iodine. Yet I have reason to believe, a single manufacturer of that drug expended nearly £2,000 among the Tory men alone, in the summer of 1848.

On the whole it will not seem strange that certain of “the wretched fishermen who inhabit this bare and desolate rock,” are worth several hundred pounds each, not to speak of land or stock.

The women are also tall, dark featured, and well-formed, though not so good-looking as the men; at least, that was the impression left on my mind, and I rather admire a dark beauty. The camlet petticoat, drugget gown, and white head-dress are worn in full force; but most of the children are arrayed in red flannel, which has an admirable effect at a distance, and at hand it becomes them well enough. All these, and many of the articles of male attire, are made by the wearers themselves—for even Tory has manufactures of this sort—and every one of them is decently clad. Pending my stay, some of the girls were occupied, for hours together, in filling creels with sea-weed, and tending the horses that bore it from the shore to the drying-ground; and as the different loads were discharged, the ladies sprang to the cruppers; and, holding simply by the ropes with which their chargers were directed, away they went—their feet dangling at the side, and their garments floating in the wind—graceful in carriage, and fearless in mien. It was hinted, too, they sometimes assumed a more manly posture still; and there is a story of a poor gentleman, who, having made his way to the island, was startled out of his wits by an unexpected charge of these light dragoons.

Nor is this the only accomplishment of which the Tory girls can boast—they are admirable at jigs, reels, and hornpipes; as are the men, women, and boys: and I would not advise a visiter to disparage the performances of its

chief musician, who is a very paragon in his way ; but as his history affords an amusing instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, I cannot omit it. It appears, he had always a taste for this department, and years ago managed to construct an instrument from a few reeds, which produced music of an original description. He was proud of his success, however, and did not fail to astonish the natives upon every occasion ; his fame soon reached the main, and a lady having heard of his deeds, presented him with a flute. Subsequently, he received some instruction and mastered two or three tunes, but these did not content his soul ; he panted for a *cremona*, and endeavoured to make one, by converting a piece of wood into the neck of the loved object, or something like it ; strings were now placed upon this ; a bridge was inserted between ; and beneath the entire a wooden bowl was closely attached, in order to deepen the sound. The second instrument was then completed, and from it there came a flood of sound that was the delight of Tory. Still he was dissatisfied, until a score of luck befel him : a workman who had come to repair the Lighthouse, chanced to bring a violin with him, and gave it to the musician at parting—ever since has the happy owner led the island festivals.

And when there is a dance, they moisten it with the best of generous liquor ; for a considerable bulk of their grain is bestowed on *poteen*. Nor is this to be wondered at, if we consider that only a small part of it can be grown on any of the lots of ground, and that every owner would have trouble in removing his share to a profitable market ; while it can be easily turned into a portable spirit, for which there is a ready demand both at Tory and on shore. Besides, the venture hath a charm for many, especially as there is neither a coastguard nor policeman of any kind amongst them : and so sharp is the look out for revenue boats, it would be almost impossible to take them by surprise ; even if they did not select, as they do, the very stormiest weather for distillation—a period at which no one could venture to sea without the most serious risk ; and they can choose their own time for landing elsewhere what they do not dispose of at home.

As they intermarry to a large extent,

the most of them are related to each other in many degrees ; it has been seen, however, the vigour of the race has not been diminished on this account. But as there is no priest or clergyman of any sort in the island, such of its sons and daughters as mean to be duly united in the first instance, must go ashore for the purpose ; and, it will be remembered, this is more easily said than done. Accordingly, when the weather is rough, the contract is merely civil, and the religious bonds superadded as the gale abates. Thus, during my own visit, it was stated a young couple had arranged matters, by entering into the required promises. Had the reverend gentleman who was then on the island, been furnished with certain indispensables, all the ceremonies would have been perfected at once ; these were unfortunately wanting, however, and the more solemn part was deferred. Yet whatever may be the laxity of the islanders in this respect, their devotion to the baptismal rite is unquestionable : for they hold, with others, that a child will not be saved unless baptized before death ; and to guard against this, they will fly to the nearest priest under circumstances of the utmost danger. And be our opinion as to that belief what it may, the act to which it leads is both touching and grand ; as will be admitted, if we conjure to the mind a struggling boat, that carries but a shred of sail, and quivers at the stroke of every wave, as the sky is rent and the ocean dashed on high by the howling gust ; while the wild crew are gathered round the mast ; the face of the father black as the storm through which he steers, and the crouching mother bent o'er their dying child. O ! what a theme for the poet ; what a subject for the painter !—and all, that a poor infant may be sprinkled with a few drops of water, ere it falls into the great stream, and floats away for ever.

They are very hospitable and kindly in their feelings towards strangers : unless you be familiar with Irish, however, you must take their expressions for granted, as they speak the vernacular to a man, and so far as I could collect, there are not half-a-dozen who understand the Saxon. I fear, also, that few of them can read in any tongue ; but a National schoolhouse, on a large scale, has been recently founded in the middle township, and may

effect much good. With the exception of the present King, they are Roman Catholics wholly; his Majesty is a Protestant; feeling bound, I suppose, by the analogy of the Act of Settlement.

Until lately, the Cottage and Lighthouse were the only buildings in Tory that did not form an immediate part of one of the three towns; and although the interiors of the others are pretty comfortable, their outward appearance is by no means ornamental; constructed of mud as they mostly are, and surrounded by filth of every hue. Nor can anything be more striking than the insignificance of the west and middle towns, when weighed with the remnants of the mighty age that lie around;* the genius of the past looking in pity upon the features of to-day: but those features are sufficiently old at the same time—and Mr. Woodhouse is doing his best to recast them, by inducing the owners of land to adorn their different sections with houses of lime and stone. Some of these have been already built; and as the number increases, the towns will be pulled down. In the meanwhile, and although doors, window-frames, and glass were offered to all who would follow a fixed plan, several declined the terms, and adhered to their old

systems of architecture. Others have set themselves in the very teeth of the breeze; and as to taking a common line of frontage, where that was practicable, “it was quite out of the question.”

The Lighthouse, which is of the first class, is in the same township as the Church of the Seven, and to the north-west. It stands upon an eminence nigh to the sea, and is a remarkably fine edifice; was erected about twenty years ago, and much needed; for, independently of the exposed situation of the island itself, there is a dangerous bar in the neighbourhood; shipwrecks were very numerous, and the loss of life proportionate. There was, therefore, an easy mode of growing rich in those days; and logs of timber, planks, casks, &c., are still driven on shore in numbers. I suspect, in fact, nearly all the woodwork of the houses has been obtained in this manner; and many a beam that has swept the ocean now props a roof, or binds a doorway: for the game of “Finders keepers, and losers seekers,” is played by more than children; and as to the Admiralty!! “What is it at all at all?” The light is a fixed one, reflected from a lantern one hundred and twenty-five feet above high-water mark, and visible at a distance of sixteen miles in clear weather.

CHAPTER III.

The Beasts and Birds of Tory—Its King—His Chambers of Audience, Hospitality, and Style of Shaving—The Wishing-Stone—How the Evening went, and the Night came—My Departure; and a Word of Application.

THE domestic animals are the ordinary ones, save as aforesaid; but they are all small. The sheep and cows herd in flocks; such as belong to the east and middle townships composing one drove, and those of the west another. As to the wild classes, there are some rabbits, although no hares; but it is well known the latter are familiars of the Dark Gentleman,—their race must therefore have been settled for at the Devil's Rock; and to prevent its return, St. Columb appears to have cursed the furze—if such a holy man could do the like; for there is not a tree or shrub of any species on the island; and in this respect it is as bleak

as it can be. Otters and seals are very numerous, especially the latter. They frequent the caves and shores; and in sunny weather you may discover the seal basking on the low rocks, or resting its head and paws against them. The juveniles are mostly of a cream colour; but as they advance in age, the shade deepens, and usually ends in black; sometimes they are speckled. Both descriptions of seal are found here; that is, the fur one, which is the size of a dog, and has a thinnish skin; and the hair seal, that rejoices in a far thicker hide, and grows to an amazing bulk: so much so, that I was assured by several and credible persons, one

* The east town is little better, though spared a contrast with similar antiquities.

had been killed a few years ago, whose body was as big as that of their largest cow; that it took a pair of the island horses to draw it upon a slide-car; and that its skin was sufficient to make a surtout. But as the seal waxes old, the thinner becomes its covering; and the reason assigned is, it falls into years and vermin about the same time, and the constant rubbing on the rocks removes the hair. If this be so, the softest posts should at once be sunk for the ancient heroes. The young fellows are mainly esteemed for their thick and glossy coats; and are represented in proud waistcoats, caps, &c.—the old ones, for the quantity of oil which they yield, as their bodies are very fat; but on the same account, they can disregard a common blow in the ribs. They resemble the most of us, however, in having a weak point, and that is the head; which, perhaps, strengthens the resemblance. Accordingly, a sharp stroke in that region will overpower the best of them; though it will be well to avoid closer quarters, since they have an awkward habit of breaking bones, when they are driven to bay, and get a fair snap at the enemy.

I should add, the whale is a visiter at Tory, and affords vast delight to the people, his spouting particularly; for that is the only kind *they* are troubled with: and the shore-men assert, for an entire week in the year 1848, the boldest fisher dare not venture in his corragh, lest both should be devoured by an unknown monster that prowled about; but the others maintain this is a mere myth, and that the beast which would keep them at home never swam.

The birds are very numerous—gulls of various breeds, seapies, scarfs, and “all sorts of sea-fowl,” pigeons, curlews, and ravens, peregrine falcons, kestrels, and eagles. But it is affirmed, of the last four, there are never more than a full grown brace of each, that their offspring are banished when able to provide for themselves, and interlopers at once expelled; though the fact of the young being in general stolen from the nest better explains the paucity of their numbers.

I have now spoken of the passage to the island, its ancient and modern traits, its murdered King, his loved daughter, and inconstant wives; its legends, products and people; habits

and customs; beasts and birds: but an important topic still remains, and I have purposely reserved it. Learn, therefore, that Tory has, at this moment, a resident Sovereign, and that no state in Europe can boast of a more singular one. Let me properly describe him, however. I had been recommended by a friend to call upon his Majesty immediately on landing, and request he would show me the *lions*. But I found that a sickness had driven him from the east-town, where he usually lives, and that he had taken shelter at the Cottage along with others. I therefore hastened there, that I might pay my respects, and open the embassy. It was about nine o'clock when I arrived at the Royal abode; and after a variety of passes with a youthful character, who had not a word of English, succeeded in acquainting him I wished to see the King—on which he ushered me to a kitchen crowded with men, women, and children. My best bow followed, and he explained what had passed between us; at least I think so, for there was a general rush to provide me with a chair, while a dialogue was opened with some person above. This being concluded, it was intimated I should ascend to that quarter, and that I would there find his Highness. I therefore clambered up, as I best could, by means of stairs formed from planks laid sidewise, with a ladder resting against them as a hold for the feet; and at the furthest corner of the landing room, there was a very little man seated on a bed, his legs under the clothes, and his body erect. Having heard, however, that the object of my search, though large enough in his own way, was something less than Goliath in *his*, I ventured to inquire, if I had the honour to address the King of Tory, and received for answer—“Yes, sir, I *am* the King, and you are entirely welcome.” An apology for my intrusion at such an unseasonable hour and place was next offered, and the circumstances mentioned. But he told me there was no occasion for any apology; “He knew my friend right well, and would take me under his protection so long as I remained on the island; in the meantime, as he was sure I was cold, I must have a mouthful of whiskey, and he would put on his breeches; he had been tending the sick the night before, and that was the reason he was still in

bed." I thanked him for his kindness, but suggested we had better keep the whiskey, and I would stay with him while he was dressing. He assented to this, and I had a fair opportunity of examining the outward man. Paddy Heraghty, then, *alias* Harrison, for that is his name, is about forty years of age and four feet high; his head is well shaped, his features intelligent, and adorned by an abundant supply of black, curling hair; but his arms and legs are his frailest points—the former being about eighteen inches long, and the latter little more; neither can his weight exceed eighty pounds. By the time my survey was completed he had partly rigged himself, and we descended to the kitchen, his Majesty bearing his coat under his arm, and ensconcing me beside the fire. Nor was it difficult to perceive he was treated with the utmost respect by all present, and that the stoutest among them patiently obeyed him; for his manner is as firm as it is winning—he has the learning, too, having acquired a fair education, though born in Tory, and was a school-master in Rathlin. He is also the under agent, and as such has considerable authority over the tribe. This was one of the inducements to their dubbing him "King;" another was presented in his size, as contrasted with that of his subjects, and the doctrine of *lucus a non*. Yet there never was a Sovereign who enjoyed his title more, or abused it less.

Having been pretty well toasted, and all the household had a fair view of me, his Mightiness proposed I should begin breakfast with a round of potatoes, milk, and butter, that had been served in the adjoining room—to which we retired; but as the apartment was almost filled with timber, there was merely space for the table on which the feast was spread, with one or two chairs: and Paddy urged, that although King of the realm, "he was not company for any gentleman until after he had shaved," and sought to retire. That, however, I could not permit, and we discussed the potatoes together; his sister, the Princess Nelly, a dark-eyed and merry lass of some fifteen years or more, being the maid in waiting. When the course was finished, the host suggested I should reseek the fire, that he would shave himself, and the tea be drawn in style, as we had only half breakfasted. I confess, we

had done pretty well as it was, and ventured to say so; but he would not listen to the idea—"There was a pound of tea in the house, and three of sugar, and it would never be said I had been to Tory without tasting both." Submission was accordingly a duty; and soon I beheld his Majesty seated upon a low stool, with a diminutive looking-glass, a bowlful of warm water, and a lump of soap, spread before him on a form; he then lathered his face from the nose to the chin, and seizing a huge razor, made a vigorous attack upon the stubble; while the children gazed in wonder—and no wonder they did: for the process of shaving is at best a curious one, and does not improve the appearance of any one during the operation, whatever be the future effects; but in Paddy's case, while the razor went its rounds, every muscle was distorted, his eyes rolled, the mouth pursed, and an awful grin reigned supreme; still, as the performance was a Regal one, neither man, woman, nor child dared even to smile, until a fresh relay of the cheering element restored the whole, and "Richard was himself again." By this time the tea was fully distilled, and the oaten cake done to a nicety; what justice we could was therefore dealt to each.

There succeeded a State procession over the entire island; but as the pace was rather fast for the little man, he slipped another leaf from the book of the English monarch, by "calling for a horse," when returning; and the recollection of this cases my mind on that score. During our tour, he showed me the antiquities, and other objects of interest; amongst them, the "Wishing-stone," which projects over the edge of a cliff on the north side; and, as the common rumour goes, if you walk round it three times, you have only to express the desire of your heart, no matter what, and it will be accomplished. But when I asked my companion if he believed in this, he said, "It was well enough for the superstitious; it might be seen by any one who had half an eye, that nothing except a goat could make the circuit in safety—and he would be a goat who tried it;" which the ledge itself abundantly proved. He related, however, as a second solution of its name, "That old Bonnor, though a bit of a pirate, occasion offering, was far from a low thief; and when he had taken a rich

captive, instead of robbing him in the vulgar fashion, put him on the rock, and not only *wished* him at the bottom, but lent a shove to hasten matters; whereupon, his goods and chattels went to the King, as there was no other claimant within the dominion." The present representative was content with selecting the finest views of the opposite coast; which are truly magnificent, as you stand on the high grounds of Tory, and gaze upon a panorama of loughs and bays, cliffs, mountains, and strands, that run from Malin Head to the Bloody Foreland; the ocean sparkling between, or its waves thundering to the main, like white coursers springing to the lea.

On reaching the Cottage again, we feasted off a fish dinner, seasoning the repast with many a joke: and never will I forget the evening that ensued, while the rush-lights flickered on the hob, the hearth-tone glowed, and the story went its rounds. They told, for instance, how two of their fishers had lately surprised a seal, when endeavouring to kill an enormous conger, which it had just caught, and brought to the rocks; the seal biting the eel at the throat, and the latter writhing in its grasp, and lashing wildly about; but the men gave the conger a chance by chasing its captor into the sea, and pursuing it in their corragh; still, the seal had care to carry the eel along with it, and every now and then rose to the surface in order to breathe more freely; and though the victim continued its struggle, the other literally flayed it, tearing off its skin in stripes, and staining the water with its blood; as often, however, as the seal came to the top, the pursuers rushed upon it, and finding it could not master the eel with impunity, it was obliged to drop the booty—which the umpires immediately seized, "as in such cases usual." But it was not every one who would even attempt to destroy a seal; on the contrary, he must be either a bold spirit, or have no cows; since it was gravely stated by a conscript father, that the loss of his cattle was the certain consequence of such an act: however, the King, who had an admirable skin on the shelf, would not stand that, and wished to know, "If there were no cows in Newfoundland,

where the slaughter of seals was a constant practice—ay, and a very good one"—which led the other to observe, "He could not leave a hole, but the King would drive a nail into it." These and similar tales being ended, I was shown several specimens of native manufacture, such as flannels, cloths, and camlet; the men and boys producing their best webs, &c., and the women and girls displaying their finest gowns; assuring me, moreover, "That my wife, for of course I was married, might have an entire dress of whatever I liked best, if she would but wear it;" a proposal which forced me to protest I had come to Tory to look for a wife, and could not accept the one without the other. And so, the hours passed away, until tea was served; and a jug of punch sent us merrily to bed—the King stretched on his accustomed couch, and his guest at the opposite side of the loft. An adjacent chamber had also its complement; the Princess Nelly occupied a corner of the kitchen, and three rudely children held the other.

On the following day, I had a second ramble, and bade my Cottage friends adieu: the kind-hearted inmates hoping "I could come and see them next summer;" and the King waving his cap in the air, as the boat was shoved off, and the wind bore it away. Permit me to add, I was far from insensible to all this; and even now, my thoughts will often wander to the "Towery Isle," and its lone people, and never without a feeling of gratitude and of pleasure.

Irish Reader!! Have you ever felt there is something about our own shores which is worth seeing, something worth knowing? that there are scenes, and places, manners, traditions, and races which concern us intimately, and lie at our very doors, but of which we are sadly negligent? that strange islands line the coast, varied birds skim the sea, or float on high, and countless swarms are darting through the deep? that here is the home of the fearless man and noble woman—of man, whose spirit is as buoyant as the wave on which he rides—of woman, in whom the mould of Nature hath been regained?

A. M.F.

CHESNEY ON ARTILLERY AND FIRE-ARMS.—THE NATIONAL DEFENCES.*

COLONEL CHESNEY, the explorer of the Euphrates, has just published a work on the state of our artillery service, which would at any time merit serious attention, and now demands it. The work makes no pretension to brilliancy, but it claims credit for practical good advice in recommending reforms calculated to increase the efficiency of our national defences, and in a considerable measure to do so without any augmentation of cost. Colonel Chesney insists that our artillery service labours under three grand defects—first, in being inadequate in proportion to our other forces; secondly, in being officered by men too aged for active service; and thirdly, in being under the separate management of the Master-General of the Ordnance, instead of being under the control, in time of peace as well as in war, of the Commander-in-Chief. The first defect, of course, cannot be remedied without increased expenditure. The two latter are palpable evils, and, Colonel Chesney thinks, and we agree with him, can be remedied with gain in every way.

In no other country does a separate ordnance department exist, independent of the general military executive. The want of unity of action, arising from their separation in our service, and the cost of two establishments, where one might serve all the purposes, are manifest mischiefs. The cure seems evident; and we can only wonder at the strength and tenacity of the influences which have so long stood in the way of a change which seems to be dictated by every motive of prudence and economy. Every preparation for active service in organisation, discipline, and equipment, must now be made under the directions of the Master-General. The Duke of Wellington cannot interfere to order a linchpin till the forces are in the field, and then they come into action under an entire change of masters. It is as

if there were two Admiralty Boards—one for the sailing, and another for the steam navy. Plainly nothing can result from such a system but confusion and comparative inefficiency. The details of the proposed changes are matter of financial and statistical economy, which would be of no interest for the general reader. We therefore pass by this branch of the subject, without doing more than indicating the general character of Colonel Chesney's proposition, which the professional man and legislator would do well to examine in detail in the volume itself.

On the second point, the evil is equally glaring, and the remedy also at hand. In the army or navy, an officer enjoying moderate promotion arrives at a command while he is in the prime of life. In the British artillery service the average age at which an officer attains the rank of full colonel is sixty-three. This evil, too, is on the increase. In 1841, the ages of the twenty senior colonels of the service ranged from fifty-eight to sixty-three, and their periods of service from forty-two to forty-four years. The ages of the twenty senior colonels in the service now range from sixty-five to seventy, and their periods of service from forty-eight to fifty-four years. Forty-seven years of service are, it appears, the shortest term of probation of the artillery officer for his rank of full colonel. He thus attains to an effective command when in mind and body he is becoming inefficient. This slowness of promotion arises from the constitution of the regiment; for our artillery at present constitutes but a single regiment of 11,000 men, divided into 96 companies. In the proposed reorganisation, a system of battalions would be substituted for that of companies. The total number of officers would remain the same, but the superior ranks would be increased by a diminution of those under the rank of

* "Observations on the Past and Present State of Fire-Arms, and on the probable Effects in War of the New Muskets; with a Proposition for Re-organising the Royal Regiment of Artillery," &c. By Colonel Chesney, D.C.L. and F.R.S., Royal Artillery. London: Longmans. 1852.

captain. Here, again, the details are of no interest for the general reader, and we must refer the military reformer and member of parliament, whose business it ought to be to understand these particulars, to the tabulated exposition of his views given by Colonel Chesney in his appendix. The result which Colonel Chesney proposes to attain would be that officers should obtain the rank of colonel when about fifty, and that of lieutenant-colonel between the ages of thirty-five and forty. The difference in cost, on an expenditure of nearly half-a-million a-year, would not amount to more than a few hundred pounds—a loss much more than counter-balanced by the saving which would result from a consolidation of the two departments under one war minister.

Taking leave of this technical and economic department of Colonel Chesney's work, we approach the general subject of artillery and fire-arms, with a pretty confident expectation of securing the interest of our readers. And first, we are sure a feeling of painful surprise will be excited by our announcement of the fact, that our total artillery force at present, horsed and ready for the field, amounts to just fifty-two guns. We speak, of course, of field-guns, and of those only which are ready for immediate service. Hundreds of additional field pieces are in our ordnance depots; but to horse and man them would require at least a year's preparation and training. But with reserves exceeding ours in the same proportion, France has at present upwards of four hundred field-pieces, horsed and ready for action; Austria has 960; Russia, 720; and Prussia no less than 1,080.

This disparity exists not alone in the actual number of guns, but in the proportion which they bear to the other arms of the service. Thus, if our field artillery bore to the rest of our force the same proportion which the French field artillery bears to theirs, we should have 1,000 guns, and 10,000 men, instead of 52 guns, and 5,000 men. The disproportion is, therefore, in the ratio of 1 to 20.

England, one of the corps in these countries being allotted for the coast defences, and another kept in reserve, to be assembled by railway at some central point in the country. The smallest number with which the protection of Great Britain and Ireland could be undertaken, would, according to the Duke of Wellington, be a force, including militia, of 150,000 men; which, allowing three guns to every 1,000, would require 450 guns, or at the low estimate of the Artillery Committee, 333 guns to be brought into the field. To horse such a number, in order to provide against a possible contingency, is scarcely to be thought of, more particularly as, in case of emergency, large assistance in point of untrained animals would be at command. As in the case of the rest of the army, a numerical force of artillery is in these times greatly increased by the means of rapid locomotion, since a short time would suffice to concentrate it, not only at any one particular place, but even at several points in succession. The available force, however, could not be beyond the actual number of guns and troops that ought to be assembled at any one point of attack. It is true that by means of railways the guns could be sent to occupy certain positions, and thus to act, though less efficiently, with a small proportion of hired horses, or even without any at all; but it is evident that in this case it would be absolutely necessary to send experienced gunners to serve them. Horses, that would be useful to a certain extent, could be obtained and hastily trained; but this is absolutely out of the question with regard to the gunners. If it be true, as has been stated, that something may be done with inferior cavalry or infantry, but that bad artillery is worse than useless, the possibility of providing a sufficient number of well-trained artillerymen for field service, on such an emergency, becomes an object of paramount necessity. And the force estimated by the illustrious Commander-in-Chief to be requisite for the protection of the country would call for 9,718 artillerymen, or about 8,000 men in addition to what we now have, supposing every gunner to be taken into the field for this purpose, thus leaving the garrisons and sea-artillery to be manned by the Coast Guard and volunteers. An increase of 2,000 men to the service, therefore, to be indispensable, on the supposition that though there might possibly be some militia and raised volunteers, the militia and raised volunteers would be given in the proportion of 1 to 10, and that the deficiency would be 8,000 men.

ments in the musket, however, to which we shall presently advert, render it very questionable whether the great gun will not, to some extent, be superseded by the smaller fire-arm. Up to the present there can be no doubt that battles have been becoming more and more combats of artillery. In the last great action in which we were engaged, the final struggle with the Sikhs at Goojerat, the fight was one of great guns on both sides. The musket and bayonet hardly enter into the account of that day's work. We brought into the field ninety-six guns, including ten eighteen-pounders, against fifty-nine pieces of the enemy, among which was but one eighteen-pounder, the rest being of various smaller calibres. The effect of such a preponderance, both in quantity of shot and length of range, was such as might have been expected. The Sikh guns were silenced, and their masses thrown into confusion by shot from cannon which their own fire could not reach in return: our columns moved in safety to within musket range; and the enemy, seeing us arrive in perfect order at the point of attack, fled without further debate. It was altogether an affair of round shot and sabres; and so, probably, would every other pitched battle in these times have become, but for the recent improvements in the musket, which have again placed that fire-arm at the head of offensive weapons. Before we proceed to speak of the improved musket, however, let us observe that none of the artillery which did us such good service at Goojerat was, properly speaking, British. This arm in India is exclusively provided by the East India Company, and bears a much more adequate proportion to the rest of their force than the Royal Regiment of Artillery here does to the Queen's army. The Company's artillery is, in fact, a very formidable force, consisting of no less than 450 pieces of field ordnance—of which 148 are horse-artillery, fully equipped, and ready for active service at any moment. Notwithstanding the great efficiency of the Indian artillery, Colonel Chesney suggests improvements might still be made, in effecting a uniformity of organisation for the three

already, as having its origin in connexion with our most important colonial possession.

"Independently of the limited proportion of both services which has hitherto prevailed in the British empire, no artillery or engineers whatever are maintained for the Queen's troops serving in India: for, either owing to the exclusive nature of the Ordnance service, or from some other cause, the British army has been employed in that part of the world without any portion of the Queen's artillery. Had the latter been an integral part of the British army, it may fairly be presumed that the cavalry and infantry would not have been sent to serve in the East, or indeed anywhere else, without a due proportion of the artillery; in which case the East India Company would only have been obliged to raise and maintain a due proportion of this arm for the native service, since the Queen's troops would have had their own artillery.

"The additional patronage arising from the present system offers a serious bar to obtaining this boon for the corps, which suffers in consequence; and as long as it exists, the East India Directors will naturally continue to provide the proportion of artillery required for the Queen's troops serving in India, although it is attended with some disadvantages to the empire which they govern so judiciously.

"It is well known that the artillery of Europe gains much by the constant attention to the progressive improvement of this branch of military service in the different continental armies; and of such advantage the East India artillery is in a great measure deprived. It cannot, therefore, be any disparagement to those who have performed their duties in the field so admirably, to express the belief that the Ordnance corps in the East would gain as much by the emulation which would be the consequence of the presence of a proportion of European artillery and engineers, as the cavalry and infantry of India undoubtedly do, from having among them a portion of these arms belonging to the Queen's service.

"The East India Company's artillery has not escaped those differences as to details at the three Presidencies, which, as regards the other two arms, have gradually been giving way to a general system applicable to the whole force. Even the strength of the troops and companies varies in some degree. . . . Essential differences still exist, not only as to the extent, but also as to the nature of the equipments. For instance, poles, instead of shafts, are used with the gun and limber carriages in Bengal, in which Presidency, instead of mounted detachments, the gunners of the horse artillery are, from motives of economy chiefly, carried on the off-horses of the guns and waggons; thus placing a troop of horse artillery nearly on the footing of an ordinary field battery. It is besides, the practice of the artillery belonging to this

of the
artillery

XXII.

Presidency, to come into action with the limbers facing the rear, instead of the more rapid system of unlimbering the guns as they advance; which, be it observed, has the advantage of keeping the men nearer to the gun at this particular moment, so that the latter is ready to open its fire by the time the horses have wheeled round. Thus it would appear that the artillery at the seat of Government is in a more backward state than that of the other two Presidencies; moreover, as stated by Captain Oakes, each government adopts a separate system of drill, differing, too, so widely, that an officer of one establishment would scarcely be able to command and manœuvre a battery according to the practice of either of the other Presidencies, nor would he be able to act with them.

"The proposal of Captain Oakes, if adopted, will bring about one general system of drills, manœuvres, and organisation, for the artillery of India; so that the 450 pieces of ordnance (188 being horse-artillery), fully equipped, as well as the 800 pieces in reserve, and the 15,719 Europeans and gun lascars to man them, may be alike at the three Presidencies in every respect."—pp. 245-47.

Uniformity and simplicity of organisation, and unity of command, are the chief sources of military success. Centralisation in political institutions may easily be carried too far; but we can hardly have centralisation in excess in the machinery of war. The difference of a few men in the organisation of a company; of a few grains in the weight of bullets; of a slight degree of greater or less explosive force in ammunition; of an inch, or even less, in the diameter of artillery carriage-wheels;—differences in these, and a thousand other details of seemingly little consequence, might impede and even paralyse the most important military combinations. It is one of the traits of mind in Prince Louis Napoleon that indicates a very formidable species of ability, that he has already, in a masterly way, exposed the points of discrepancy in the organisation of the French artillery; and projected a uniform system, by which, instead of four calibres, and nine species of projectiles, a single gun, of uniform calibre, and four species of projectile, would be all that would be required for field service. Colonel Chesney has given in great detail the tabular statement of

netrative force, recoil, and durability of carriages, &c., as compared with the ordnance hitherto in use; and it appears that, on a balance of advantages and disadvantages, the preponderance of advantage leans decidedly in favour of the President's model. The gun he proposes is a twelve-pounder howitzer, or short cannon, capable of throwing shells as well as solid shot. It seems, for some reason that we do not profess to explain, that shot may be as effectually thrown from a gun of this description with a charge of one-fourth of its weight, as from an ordinary gun with a charge of one-third of its weight. The howitzer, consequently, can be made so much lighter than a twelve-pounder gun, as to be carried with facility on the carriage of an eight-pounder. The model howitzer, with its carriage, thus weighs 3,800 lbs. only; when the twelve-pounder gun, mounted, weighs 4,410—giving a great superiority in mobility, as well as in the power of transporting ammunition, to the former. The reader may easily form an idea of the advantage which a force, provided with a weapon so simple and serviceable, would have over an enemy, encumbered as we were in the Peninsula, where "One of our troops of horse-artillery had three kinds of guns, viz., three-pounders, light six-pounders, and five-and-a-half inch howitzers, and where, besides these varieties of calibre and of ammunition, six kinds of small-arm cartridges were also carried into the field."

It is somewhat singular that the howitzer, or short light cannon of wide bore, which thus seems destined to become the principal piece of field ordnance in European warfare, is originally of an Indian pattern, and has been derived to us through the Turks:—

"The howitzer gun which now forms such an important part of the British as well as the continental field equipments, appears in its earliest state to go back to A.D. 1400, when shells were fired into the palace of the rajah of Chacopantec, possibly by such piece as those seen by the writer at Benhampton.

"The colossal Indian gun, which has long attracted attention in front of the 'Alte Reich' at Munich, seems to belong to the 15th century, and does not differ in principle from the howitzer.

In Germany it is called a 'Königsgeschütz,' and was used by the Emperor Maximilian in 1550.

size were used by the Emperor Ferdinand against the Turks in 1656, and by the King of Poland in the campaign of 1657. A little later (1605) hollow shot appear in 'L'Instruction sur le fait de l'artillerie dressée, par le Duc de Sully.'

"European powers appear to have made the mistake of adopting the short in preference to the long howitzers, with the exception of the Turks, from whom General Osmolski, of the Polish army, captured one of the longer and more efficient weapons in 1745. It is understood that Tomanowicz, a Hungarian general, used one of these pieces about 1765; and during the struggle previous to the partition of Poland in 1772 the Russians took some howitzer guns, which they adopted under the name of unicorns. A Turkish piece in the Repository at Woolwich, nearly corresponding with our 24-pounder howitzers, bears the date of 1805, when many others were cast by order of Sultan Selim.

"A battery of unicorns was taken from the Russians by the French, after it had done good service at the battle of Smolensko. Napoleon, on seeing the captured guns next morning, is said to have exclaimed, 'Ce sont ces diables-là qui nous ont attrapés de si loin hier.' An improved instrument of this kind was the consequence of their attracting Napoleon's attention; and the celebrated Paixhans gun, which now takes a prominent place both by land and sea, subsequently appeared. On one of these, and that almost the smallest calibre, has been based the new system of field artillery by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, according to which a 12-pounder howitzer gun is hereafter to serve for every purpose in the field."—pp. 318-20.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the advantages attending Prince Louis Napoleon's proposal, we should be sorry to see an excessive love of uniformity deprive our service of those long-reaching eighteen-pounder guns, which overthrew the Sikh ordnance at Goojerat; and we hope that, if ever the forces of the President should be brought in contact with ours, we may have an opportunity of trying the effect of round shot at 1,500 or 2,000 paces for a few minutes, at least, before the model howitzer and Minie musket are brought into play.

This brings us, at length, to the improved musket, a weapon destined to exercise vast influence on all its operations, whether of off-
A ball shot from

a flight are these: the ball, not fitting accurately to the bore, admits of some escape of the elastic gases at its sides, and, when liberated from the barrel, it rolls through the air on varying axes of rotation, like a stone thrown from the hand: and, as it never is a perfect sphere, opposes varying degrees of resistance to the atmosphere, causing not only a retardation in its progress, but deviations from the direct path of projection. The ordinary rifle to a certain extent cures these defects of the musket. A spiral groove in the barrel communicates a rotatory motion on a constant axis to the ball, which, instead of rolling loosely forward as above described, cleaves the air with something of the motion of an arrow; and the ball being made a tight fit for the bore, in order to take the form of the groove, there is considerably less lateral escape of the explosive forces. The consequence is, that the bullet, getting more fully the benefit of the expanding gases, and cutting the air with a more direct flight, is effective at distances of 400 or 500 yards. But the ramming down of so tight a ball as is required for the purpose of taking the shape of the grooved barrel, is attended with some delay, and also with the disadvantage of compressing the powder into a too-closely packed condition to admit of its complete ignition, and the full development of its explosive forces. The rifle, therefore, remained to be improved in two particulars—viz., in the easier introduction of the ball, and the looser disposition of the power. These results have been attained to with great success in the Minie musket. The Minie bullet goes into the barrel loose, and comes out tight; it takes the form of the rifled groove in its exit; and the powder, unbruised by its introduction, inflames through all its particles, and gives all its expansive force to the bullet at the moment of its expulsion. These effects are brought about by introducing along with the bullet a piece of iron, the size of a small button, lying loosely in a conical hollow, scooped out in the bottom of the ball. This iron capsule being forced forward at the first moment of the explosion, wedges itself in the hollow of the bullet, and distends the lead on every side, which thus fills up every portion of the bore, and suffers no escape of the explosive gases. Furthermore, as the bullet, if it were

a sphere, would not have substance enough to admit of being so hollowed, it is made in the form of a short conical-headed cylinder—in fact, a condensed arrow, or leaden bolt with an iron core. Hence an additional ingredient in its increased range, the displacement of air being only in proportion to its diameter, while the weight and impetus of the missile are in proportion to its length. Hence, also, an increased accuracy in aim, as the longer the axis of rotation the more direct and arrow-like is the flight of the missile. The result of these combined improvements is, that the Minie musket, while capable of being loaded as rapidly as a common fusée, throws its shot fully twice as far as the ordinary rifle, and with considerably greater accuracy:—

“Paixhans, in his ‘*Constitution Militaire de la France*,’ gives the following as the result of extensive experiments with the new rifled carbine, which only requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ grains, instead of 9, of powder to propel a ball nearly double the weight formerly used.

“At a distance of $218\frac{1}{3}$ yards, it was found that a target of rather more than two yards square was struck 100 times in succession with the new musket, and only 44 times by the old weapon, out of the same number of shots.

Again, at $655\frac{1}{3}$ yards, which the common musket did not reach, the same target was struck 25 out of 100 shots by the new musket, whilst a field-piece firing the same number only struck it six times.

“And at 1,093 yards, when a field-piece usually diverged six or eight yards from the target, the new musket struck it six times out of 100 shots; and even at this enormous distance, it was found in the case of an experienced marksman that three of his shots out of four took effect on a moderate-sized target; so that in this case art did more than nature, for at 1,000 yards none but a good sight could distinguish the object which the musket hit so accurately.”—pp. 269, 270.

But we are not yet done with improvements in the musket. The Minie gun, it will have been observed, loads from the muzzle about as expeditiously as the ordinary fusée; and its charge is ignited through a touch-hole at the breech. Three shots a minute with such a weapon would be very quick firing; and at every discharge a little powder is wasted, owing to the ignition taking place at the end of the cartridge remote from the bullet. The Prussian *Zündnadelgewehr*, or needle-igniting musket, professes to unite a

greater facility in loading, with a more effectual combustion of the charge. The needle-gun, as we may for convenience sake, designate it, loads from the breech: that is, the charge is deposited at the bottom of the bore, through an opening in the barrel, which at each discharge is closed by a sliding cover. So rapidly can this evolution be prepared, that the needle-gun may be charged and fired six times in a minute. This makes one needle-gun, for a short time at least, effectively equal to two Minies. But the superiority does not cease here. The bullet, not having to be introduced by the muzzle, is made somewhat larger than the bore of the forward part of the barrel, so that in its expulsion it fills the grooves, if possible, more completely than the expanding Minie ball, and without the drawback of any additional apparatus. But it is in the mode of igniting the charge that the chief peculiarity of the weapon consists. A portion of detonating powder is placed in the head of the cartridge, immediately behind the bullet. In a chamber behind that which contains the cartridge is a powerful spiral spring, carrying at its extremity a sharp-pointed steel wire, or *needle*. In discharging the weapon, this spring being let go, darts the needle through an aperture communicating with the anterior chamber, and pushes it through the body of the cartridge, until it reaches the fulminating composition, which it explodes by its contact. The cartridge is thus ignited from the anterior end, and the elastic gases act at once, and with cumulative effect on the base of the bullet. A single motion of the hand retracts the needle into the spring-chamber, and opens the charge-chamber for the reception of another cartridge. The superiority in point of rapidity of fire is indisputable; and, owing, perhaps, to the more favourable circumstances under which the charge is exploded, the range of the needle-gun appears to exceed even that of the Minie rifle. So that it is averred, execution may be done with it even at the astounding distance of 1,200 yards, or two-thirds of a statute mile.

It is with weapons of these extraordinary powers that considerable sections of the armies of France and Prussia are now, and have for some years back been provided. We, in the

meantime, while improving in all the apparatus of peaceful production, continue to entrust our defence to troops, armed for the most part with the old smooth-barrelled musket, or at best with the ordinary rifle. Conceding everything that is claimed for the British soldier, we may doubt whether any difference of physique could re-establish the odds in favour of a man, however valiant, working with a weapon effective only at 240 yards, and dischargeable thrice in a minute, against a French workman in the same department, whose weapon, dischargeable as frequently, is effective at 1,000 yards; or against a Prussian or Norwegian—for the Norwegians even are before us in this department of mechanics—whose weapon is dischargeable twice as frequently, and effective at three times the distance. In such a contest, we should play the part of the Sikhs at Goojerat—be silenced, namely, and defeated by an enemy who had never come within range of our guns. Twenty thousand muskets of the new pattern have, however, we understand, been lately ordered by our Government; a school of practice has been established at Woolwich; and we may hope that the year after the Great Industrial Exhibition will see the United Kingdom on a par, at least, with the nations of the Continent, in the arts of protecting its population in the enjoyment of their industrial products.

The effect of this increased range of the musket on military field combinations must depend very much on the still unsolved problem of whether the range and efficiency of cannon—which are but muskets of a large size—cannot be increased by similar means in a like proportion. The idea of loading cannon at the breech is as old as the first construction of artillery; and the suggestion of rifling great guns followed close on the first introduction of the spiral groove in the musket barrel. Colonel Chesney apprises us that something has, in fact, been already done towards carrying these ideas into practice, and, as it would appear, with considerable success:—

“A project for loading great guns at the breech was brought forward a few years ago, after the plan of a Piedmontese officer, M. Cavalli, with a certain degree of success, having gained an increase of one-quarter in the range; with, as a matter of course, the

advantage of being loaded without exposing the men so much as at present, whether at the port-hole of a ship or the embrasure of a battery. To the plain bore used on this occasion, one that was rifled, the invention of Baron Wahrendorf, succeeded, and was applied to a 68-pounder. The ball is cylindro-conical, with projecting wings, something like the rifle-ball invented by Mr. Lovell, in 1844; and being introduced at the breech, it is kept in its place by means of a transverse iron wedge. Considerable accuracy of firing appears to have been attained, with a greater range, by about 1,200 yards, than that of an ordinary gun.

“Another great gun is being brought forward by Mr. Lancaster, who, by changing the usual construction, with a view to increased accuracy of flight, has adopted an elliptical bore, and an elastic wrought-iron cylindrical shell, with the advantage of possessing the principles of concussion, as well as percussion, and at the same time accuracy of fire. It is understood that the merits of this invention are about to be tested by order of the Master-General of the Ordnance.”—pp. 306, 307.

The use of the hard cast-iron shot, which we employ for our cannon balls, is incompatible with the effectual use of a rifled bore. We dare say, however, we shall have something analogous to the Minie bullet ere long adapted to rifled field-pieces: such as an iron cannon ball in a leaden envelope, capable of taking the impression of the grooved bore. There seems to be no difficulty in adapting such an envelope to a round shot, and that in such a way as to effect an expansion of the softer metal in its exit, and a consequent security against windage or loss by the escape of the explosive forces. If this be practicable, we might expect to see the relative ranges of the great gun and musket still preserved, and battles fought still more at a distance than ever; but, in the meantime, and at least for some years to come, we must be prepared to witness new species of strategy adapted to the novel disproportion in projectile power that has sprung up between great and small fire-arms.

On this subject Colonel Chesney enters into a speculative discussion, of great interest, we have no doubt, for military men; but we question if our readers would care to know whether the change is more likely to lead to formations on the flank or the centre, or into two instead of three ranks. We may, however, venture some less technical remarks on the constitution of

armies and the nature of battles generally.

A regularly organised army consists of three species of force—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The part taken by each of those arms in action varies, of course, with the great variety of combinations presented by local circumstances and the strategy of the enemy. But the tactics of attack are generally these:—A fire of artillery breaks up the more dense formations of the enemy: as these deploy into more exposed formations, they are charged by cavalry, and, under cover of the cloud of horsemen, the infantry advance in elongated columns to the point of attack; there deploy, and either open a fire of musketry, or charge with the bayonet. Should the advance be successful, and the enemy be broken, their rout is followed up, and the victory completed by renewed excursions of cavalry. The course of victory, however, is liable to many impediments. An equally powerful artillery on the other side may neutralise the fire on which you rely for preparing the enemy's formations for the action of your cavalry: or, the position of the enemy may be such as to afford his squares or columns shelter from your shot. This was the case at Waterloo, where, partly owing to the fire of 156 guns on the side of the British, and partly owing to the shelter of the ground, Napoleon, with his 246 pieces of field ordnance, was unable to force us into formations assailable by cavalry; and had to cover the advance of his columns with clouds of horse, diffused about the field to no purpose, since everywhere they found unassailable squares. Then again, as also at Waterloo, it may happen that when the heads of your columns have reached the point for deploying, your adversary's force may still have suffered so little from the earlier applications of shot and sabre, as to be able to concentrate such a fire upon the advancing masses as may stagger them in the act of deployment. At this critical moment a counter-charge of cavalry is ruinous, and your columns once broken, the enemy advances, and the tide of victory sets in, in the reverse direction. Such was the scene on the evening of the day of Waterloo. Another hour's cannonade and a few more charges of cavalry might, perhaps, have cleared a way for the advance and deployment

of the young-guard: as it was, the preliminary operations were insufficient, and the mass of French valour which was destined to have pierced our position, scorched by an intolerable fire, fell to pieces almost at our feet.

These methods of attack have been adopted in consequence both of the difference of range and difference of destructive power of great and small fire-arms. If the range were equalised by the general employment of the new musket, some difference in tactics would certainly follow. Dense formations, such as the square and column, would have less to dread from artillery: extended formations would be safer from the assaults of cavalry, inasmuch as horsemen should run the gauntlet of their fire through a space of 1,000 instead of 200 or 300 yards. The result, probably, would be a greater dependence on infantry, and the employment of these in more open formations for defence, and more in masses for the purposes of attack. Still, even though artillery should undergo no corresponding improvement, the effect of heavier shot on dense formations is so much more destructive than that of musket bullets, that great guns must continue to be employed against squares and columns, in a greater or less degree, and the entire disappearance of cannon from the battle field, as prophesied by some, is not by any means to be expected.

Colonel Chesney's conclusion goes farther. He thinks that artillery, even though it should receive no corresponding improvement, is not likely to be at all less serviceable than formerly, and that the chief proximate change to be expected from the introduction of the new musket will be a pretty general conversion of our heavy dragoons into mounted infantry. The dragoon now is, in some measure, the representative of the knight of the times of chivalry. It seems destined, that war, with every improvement, is to become more and more unpicturesque. As the graceful frigate must give way to the unsightly steamer at sea, so the representative knight on land will, probably, have to dismount, and perform the most important of his functions on foot. The speculations of the Prussian military writers tend in the same direction. "We should endeavour," says Captain Wittich, in his memoir quoted by Colonel Chesney—

"To render the adoption of the new musket more complete, by arming a considerable portion of the cavalry with this weapon, and converting them into *mounted infantry*, the horse being simply the means of rapid locomotion. Such a force would be of inestimable value; for instance, in the case of the advanced guard reaching a certain post before the enemy, which might be occupied with marksmen, and thus be enabled to oppose an approaching battery at a greater distance, and for a longer time, in consequence of having the power of retreating quickly. For the same reason, the artillery ought to have the protection of mounted infantry, which would give it a high degree of confidence, even when opposed by infantry armed with the new musket, more especially as infantry coverers cannot follow up the movements of the artillery when the gunners are mounted for the sake of rapidity."—p. 293.

The mounted infantry man is not to retain any of the equestrian spirit of the dragoon:—

"We do not, however, conceal from ourselves the technical difficulties which such a body as mounted infantry would have to overcome, and we would especially avoid giving the impression that we contemplate something like an hermaphrodite troop, such as dragoons are at present constituted, or even flanker-platoons. Dragoons prefer being called cavalry to infantry, and their discipline bears more relation to the former than to the latter service; and still less do flankers answer our idea of mounted infantry; for in the same way that the cavalry soldier relies, under all circumstances, upon his sabre or lance, the mounted infantry man ought always to trust to his musket. In fact, the horse is only to carry him rapidly to the particular spot where he may dismount and use his musket with most advantage, leaving for the time to the horse-holders the charge of his means of making a rapid retreat when necessary. The services of these troops must, therefore, be exclusively confined to those purposes which are incontestably necessary and may be accomplished by them, for the real object would be lost sight of if the love for cavalry, in preference to infantry service, were infused into such a corps. It is a different thing to form a horseman who is fit for cavalry service, and to train a soldier, to whom the horse is nothing more than the means of transport.

"The numerous improvements in fire-arms lead us to conclude that the art of war, which since the discovery of powder has assigned the decision of battles chiefly to the infantry and artillery, will go still farther, and shake of this remnant of the ancient combats of knights; and that military tactics will eventually set aside that part of their system which the cavalry mode of combat

has hitherto imposed; for, owing to the increased efficiency of the weapon to be used, combats, although carried on from a distance, will become more murderous, and will therefore be more quickly decided."—pp. 294, 295.

Paixhans, the leading French authority, thinks the new musket will drive artillery wholly out of the field. From this theory, as we have said, Colonel Chesney dissents. He thinks that even at 800 paces, the fire of case-shot from a field battery would be more destructive to a line of *tirailleurs* than their reply from their rifles. Case-shot, we may observe, is, as against bodies of men or horses, one of the most devastating forms of projectile in use. A thin shell is filled with musket balls, and charged with just enough of gunpowder to cause the explosion of the shell, or dropping off of the case from the bullets, at a given distance, regulated by the length of a graduated fuse. It is astonishing with what accuracy the explosion can be secured to take place at such and such distances from the point of projection. The metal envelope falling away in fragments from around the bullets, the latter, retaining the velocity of the whole mass at the moment of explosion, fly onward, diverging as they go, and scattering destruction over a wide space in front. It is as if the gun itself were advanced to where the case falls off, and a discharge of grape from that point were directed against the enemy. The following are our author's views on this part of the subject:—

"Should the new musket realise the expectations even of its most moderate partisans, its use will doubtless become general throughout Europe, and it will no longer be possible for one army to throw out clouds either of mounted or ordinary light infantry, much less of single companies of these, as has been imagined by the preceding authorities, without being opposed by similar means. But even if we suppose for a moment that in some cases it could be otherwise, and that the forces receiving an attack should be unprovided with light or other troops armed with this weapon, it is not to be imagined that an enemy would be permitted to retain such positions as would enable him to pick off at leisure the artillerymen serving their guns, and the officers belonging to the rest of the troops. Such an unequal contest could not be allowed to continue; for if one side had neither cavalry nor light infantry to drive in such marksmen as might be about to give this annoyance, he would still have the re-

source of advancing *coute qui coute* to bring on a general action.

"Presuming, however, that similar offensive and defensive means would be at command on both sides, the contest in the first instance would resolve itself into one of light troops, whose attacks, being mutually supported, would (agrecably to the supposition that the new arm must supersede personal contact) be succeeded by a continuous fire from two extended hostile lines, till greater destruction on one side should lead to victory on the other.

"Tactics of this kind, with two long extended lines, are not, however, likely to follow the introduction of a more powerful engine, nor is an incessant fire of musketry more likely to become the sole means of gaining a battle in these days than it was when the greatest of all changes in warfare occurred by the use of gunpowder as a propellant. We all know that the substitution of the matchlock for the arrow did not by any means put an end to close attacks, although, comparatively, a much greater range was the consequence than that now under consideration.

"This, indeed, does not appear to be sufficiently great to enable light troops to act in the manner contemplated; since, unless closely supported, they would in turn be exposed to a rapid attack of cavalry or mounted infantry. But it must not be forgotten that spherical case-shot from 9-pounders would take full effect on the enemy's musketeers at a distance beyond the range of his muskets; so that a few rounds of the former, with some rockets and rolling shot, must drive such parties in before they could take their intended position, and of course previously to the action becoming general. Except, therefore, in the supposed case of a battle to be decided entirely by musketry, an attack must, although attended with much heavier loss, be made, as heretofore, by infantry or cavalry, under the protection of a concentrated fire of artillery playing upon some part of the enemy's line. Therefore, beyond ceasing to expose dense columns, which even under ordinary circumstances have frequently failed in Spain and elsewhere, a modification of the tactics of the different arms will probably be the only changes caused by the introduction of the new musket."—pp. 801–8.

But the new musket is destined to exercise an important influence on defensive as well as offensive combinations. All our present fortresses of the bastioned kind are constructed with a view to combine the range of the ordinary musket, say 240 paces, with the fire of great artillery. A fortification on the modern model consists of a polygon of a greater or less number of sides, having projections at the external angles. These projections

or bastions are so formed as mutually to command one another, and protect the intervening front, or curtain; and this protection being afforded by the conjoint fire of cannon and musketry, the range of the latter prescribes the limit of each front, and the necessary number of bastions: we have, consequently, hitherto been obliged to set up a bastion (a very costly erection) at every 200 or 250 yards of the rampart. The extended range of the new musket will enable engineers to double the length of their curtains, and reduce the number of their bastions by at least one half. On this subject Colonel Portlock has communicated an interesting memorandum to our author (p. 281). He considers that 600 yards will be about the limit of the future line of defence. Any one who has inspected the enormous earth-works, cuttings, and embankments of a regular modern fortification, Lille, for example, Arras, or Valenciennes, can easily conceive what a diminution of complexity and expense would follow such an extension of the faces of the polygon. The same simplification would extend to field works, now likely to become a more formidable obstacle to the march of a hostile force than at any time hitherto. When it is considered that our whole system of armament, tactics, and fortification, is likely to be so largely affected by these changes in the musket, we will not, we trust, be thought too technical or particular in the account which we have endeavoured to give of these improvements.

It remains to say something of another projectile, the rocket. Against bodies of troops this is even a more formidable weapon than cannon shot; for it is seen in its approach, and does execution as well by the alarm which the sight of it occasions, as by its destructive momentum, which is continued by a series of leaps nearly parallel to the surface, and not in a parabolic curve, like a round shot. It has a flight and penetrative power equal to a 12-pounder cannon ball; and if capable of equally certain direction, would undoubtedly be one of the most terrible of warlike weapons. The difficulty of directing it, however, has hitherto prevented its extensive employment in our armies. But the Austrians and Americans have bestowed great attention on its improve-

ment; and it is understood the American Government have purchased from a Mr. Hales a method of firing it very effectually without a stick. On this subject Colonel Chesney states:—

“The serious objection of the tail, or stick, in the case of this weapon is understood to have been overcome by Mr. Hale’s invention, who has, it appears, by some means (unknown to the writer) succeeded in placing inside the case, not only the materials which give impetus to the projectile, but also, combined with the means of propulsion, the power of giving the missile a spiral motion, commencing at the instant the rocket begins to pass along the tube through which it is fired.

“The federative Government of Switzerland caused extensive experiments of the power and advantages of this weapon to be made, under the superintendence of a committee of artillery officers; and a number of rockets were fired from a stand at 5, 10, 15, 25, and 27 degrees of elevation. A target was placed at 1,200 paces, and the rockets used on this occasion were 10-pounders, the smallest of Mr. Hale’s invention, his largest being 100-pounders. One fired at 5 degrees went on like a serpent, and never rose above 6 feet from the ground. Another, at 10 degrees, made its first graze at 500, the second at 1,300, the third at 1,900 paces, and without rising more than 9 feet from the ground during its flight. One discharged at 15 degrees first struck the ground at 1,200 paces, the second time at 2,200 paces, and when rising again the shell exploded; its greatest lateral deviation was about 50 paces. A single 10-pounder rocket was fired at Woolwich by Mr. Hale, in the presence of some of his friends, on the 30th of March, 1849. A wrought-iron tube, moving on a cast-iron stand, was used on this occasion, and the rocket, being discharged at an angle of 20 degrees, without previously grazing, penetrated $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet into wet, close, loamy soil, at the distance of 5,200 feet, which is scarcely less than the effect of the 12-pounder shot at the same distance.

“It is understood that the Government of the United States, after testing the efficiency of Hale’s rockets by a series of experiments made under the direction of a committee of artillery officers, purchased the secret, and used this instrument with the greatest advantage during the late Mexican war. It is believed that the Russian government has also acquired the secret.”—pp. 308–10.

It must be admitted, that while foreign Governments have been thus active in perfecting their means of ag-

gression and resistance, we have not kept pace with their improvements in any department of our land service. But we have no doubt of our ability to overtake and surpass them all in whatever relates to the improvement of war-like machines, as we have already done in those of peaceful production. Notwithstanding all that has been said of the perverted ingenuity of men in devising instruments for their mutual destruction, we have not the slightest doubt that war, so far as it depends on machines, is, of all the mechanical sciences, at the present day, the most imperfect. If any turn of affairs should now direct the constructive genius of the British to improvements in offensive weapons, we have the strongest conviction, that before the lapse of a year, war within our borders would be rendered almost impossible, in presence of the tremendous agencies capable of being evoked by the chemist and the pyrotechnist. We cannot, perhaps, look forward to the time when the certainty of mutual destruction will deter all armies from conflict; but we do indulge the hope that the certainty of being exposed to the most destructive agencies that physical science can devise, and courageous skill put in operation, will at no distant period deter any invading army from setting foot on the soil of the United Kingdom. We have at the head of industrial production, a Prince, who has justly won the title of a master-workman in all the arts of peace; but unless we can preserve what we produce, our industry is labour lost. We hope his Royal Highness may never have occasion to exercise his authority as a chief in battle; but nothing could add a nobler renown to the name he has already won, than to be known hereafter as the perfecter of those arts of defence which are still essential to secure us the enjoyment of the fruits of our industry.

We observe, as a token of good omen, that Colonel Chesney has been permitted to dedicate his work to Prince Albert. Whatever effect the book may have in promoting the reforms it proposes, we shall be well satisfied if it induce his Royal Highness to direct the intellects of the able men who surround him to the application of physical science to improved methods of defensive warfare.

SIR JOHN RICHARDSON'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.*

Arctic America, chiefly through the abundant and well-authenticated information contained in the work before us, is about to be as well and as generally known as some of the countries of central Europe. Its physical geography, natural history, botany, and climatology; the nations which haunt its ice-bound shores and snow-clad plains, with their routine of existence and present condition; the aspects of the leading localities, the manner of voyaging, and the incidents of life there, are so fully and so graphically given, that we, for the first time, feel that we are acquainted with this long-forbidden, most extensive, and remotest territory. There is, we suspect, a prevailing impression that the races of such a winter-world, are at once so barbarous and so wretched, as to be beyond the pale of hope. This, as a little reflection might lead one to suppose, is a grave mistake. Although, in general, they have not passed that primary stage of manners, the hunter state, they exhibit, as amongst themselves, many favourable traits, and the rigours which they encounter are the circumstances which move our pity most. These are, indeed, sufficiently appalling, yet they are not without resources which enable them to withstand them. The Esquimaux, for example—or, as the name is always written in these volumes, the Eskimos—possess the surprising art of building houses of ice and snow, they also frame furniture of the same ever-present and light materials, and add out-houses, stores, and kitchens, with even, and very commonly, the luxuries of vapour-baths. Thus, aided by the nature of their diet, are they enabled to exist where others would be sure to perish. Their difficulties, in fact, arise less from the severity of the climate than from those ordinary attributes of savage life, improvidence and the passion for the chase. Accordingly, as they are provided with some regulated industry—whether as fur-hunters, or, in their probable hereafter, as min-

ers—they may attain to more settled habits, and missionary efforts may advance their character. We already discern the small beginnings of such better times. Throughout the wide realm of the Hudson's Bay Company, a certain amount of order now prevails, and Christianity is making progress amongst a few of the tribes, especially amongst the Cree Indians.

We have said so much, to bespeak the attention of our readers to the intrinsic interest and substantial merits of the books before us. There are, besides, topics connected with the fate of Franklin to which it is needless to allude, as everybody knows that the sympathies of the public, as well as those of the whole civilised world, are deeply engaged in it. There is another feature in the undertaking of Sir John Richardson, but never once referred to in his pages, which we think it good to notice. He had, as our readers are aware, his share of adventure, hazard, and fatigue. He had settled at home, married, and was in the enjoyment of a well-deserved appointment. These advantages he resigned, to seek, at an advanced period of life, and amidst perils which he had before experienced, and could therefore perfectly appreciate, his missing friend. This is one more of the many fine traits which have been elicited by the case of Sir John Franklin.

For the masses of fresh information in the natural sciences collected by Sir John Richardson, we must refer to the record of his labours. It would be impracticable for us to give any systematic or compact account of them. We shall content ourselves with endeavouring to outline his boat voyage to the mouth of the Mackenzie—glancing at his winter residence within the Arctic circle, noticing his observations on the snow-tribes, and concluding with a short statement of the several expeditions now engaged in the search for Sir John Franklin, their hopes, and apprehensions.

The expedition under the command

of Sir John Franklin, having for its object the accomplishment of a north-west passage by sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific, sailed from England on the 19th of May, 1845. It consisted of two ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, whose crews amounted in all to 130 souls. On the 26th of July, the two ships were seen by the *Prince of Wales* whaler, Captain Dannett, moored to an iceberg, in latitude $74^{\circ} 48'$ North, longitude $66^{\circ} 13'$ West, waiting for a favourable opportunity of entering or rounding the "middle-ice," and crossing to Lancaster Sound, distant, in a direct westerly line, about 220 geographical miles. A boat from the ships, manned by seven officers, boarded the whaler, and Captain Dannett was to have dined with them on the next day, but a breeze springing up, he separated from them.

In January, 1847, Sir John Ross addressed a letter to the Admiralty, stating his impression that the ships were frozen up at the western end of Melville Island, and that, unless relieved, their return would be for ever prevented by the accumulation of ice behind them. He also made known his apprehensions to the Royal and Geographical Societies, and the attention of the public was directed to the subject.

The Lords of the Admiralty conceived that the second winter was too early a period of Franklin's voyage to afford ground for alarm; still, with a promptness which does them credit, they called for the opinions and advice of the officers who had been engaged in Arctic navigation. The result was, that they determined to send out three searching expeditions—the first to Lancaster Sound, under the command of Sir James Clark Ross; the second to Bearing's Straits, to be entrusted to Captain Kellett, who was at that time engaged in surveying the Pacific coasts of America; and the third down the Mackenzie, under the superintendence of Sir John Richardson.

The object of the last, with which we are most concerned, was to explore the coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers, as well as the shores of Victoria and Wollaston Land, between which Sir John Richardson was much disposed to believe was a narrow strait, and that it runs in

tween Cape Walker and Banks's Land, into which Sir John Franklin was expressly ordered to take his ships. Had he done so, and, supposing that his return was barred by the closing in of the ice behind him, it seemed highly probable that the annual progression of the ice southward would carry him into Coronation Gulf—the Bay of Biscaï of the line of coast between the Mackenzie and the Coppermine, and into which the latter river flows. If, however, the ships had been abandoned before they reached Coronation Gulf, it was thought likely that the crews would be found in that direction on their way to the continent. These observations, with a look at a polar map, may enable our readers to understand the precise purpose of the expedition.

There are two routes to Cumberland House, beyond Lake Winnipeg, one of the advanced stations of the Hudson's Bay Company, hitherto regarded as the *Ultima Thule* of travellers in America, and to which only a few have reached, but which was fixed on as the starting point of the present expedition. The first is from Montreal, by lake and river canoe navigation to Lake Winnipeg; and this, on account of the badness of the portage roads between some of the lakes, and the labour and consequent expense attending the carriage of goods, is now but little used by the Hudson's Bay Company for trading purposes. The other, and less costly course is, from York Factory, in Hudson's Bay, to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of little more than three hundred miles; and though the navigation is interrupted by rapids and cascades, it admits, in most seasons, of boats carrying much larger cargoes than could be transported by the canoe route. The company's ships, two in number, sail annually from the Thames, on the first Saturday in June, bearing supplies—the one for Moose Factory, at the bottom of St. James's Bay; the other for York Factory, on the west coast of Hudson's Bay. The crews, boats, and stores, destined for Sir John Richardson's expedition were embarked on board these ships, and sailed from the Thames on the 15th June, 1847; and arrangements having been made for their wintering, Sir John, coming by Montreal, was to join them as early as he could in the following year.

The boats were four in number, and

had each a crew of five men, besides a bowman and steersman skilled in running rapids. Five seamen and fifteen sappers and miners had been selected from a number who offered. The proportion of the former was small, because, as Sir John states, he knew from experience that, as a class, they march badly, particularly when carrying a load; and the latter were intelligent artisans, six of them joiners, four blacksmiths, armourers, or engineers.

We may mention as an evidence of the public feeling, that while Sir John was waiting for the proper time to leave, he was daily receiving letters from officers of various ranks in the army and navy, and from civilians of different grades in life, expressing their eager wishes to be employed in the expedition. "It may," he says, "interest the reader to know that among the applicants there were two clergymen, one justice of peace for a Welsh county, several country gentlemen, and some scientific foreigners, all evidently imbued with a generous love of enterprise, and a humane desire to be the means of carrying relief to a large body of their fellow-creatures."

Spring having at length arrived, Sir John Richardson sailed from Liverpool on the 25th of March, 1848, in the *Hibernia* steamer, and landed at New York on the 10th of the following month. He was accompanied by that fearless traveller Mr. Rae, chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, and who proved to be an invaluable assistant. They were, it seems, in advance of the season. They had to wait one day for the disruption of the ice on Lake Champlain, and so did not reach Montreal until the fourth day after leaving New York. Again they embarked on the *St. Lawrence*, on the 19th, the steamer having commenced running the day before, and reaching Saut Ste. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior, on the 29th, found the lake covered with drift ice, and were obliged to wait for its breaking up until the 4th of May. Embarking that day, they completed the navigation of Lake Superior on the 12th, and, on attaining Dog Lake, near the summit of the water-shed which separates the *St. Lawrence* and *Winnipeg* valleys, they learned that an Indian crossed it on the ice the day before, and that it had only broken up that evening. They reached the mouth of the river *Winni-*

peg on the 29th of May, but their passage through the lake of that name was much impeded by the ice, from which they could not disengage themselves until the 9th of June. On the 13th of June they arrived at Cumberland House, on the river *Saskatchewan*, the head-quarters of their crews: thus accomplishing a journey from New York of two thousand eight hundred and eighty miles, amidst the difficulties of the season, in two months and three days. The delays incident to such a journey may be estimated by the fact that at every portage, canoes and lading have to be carried on men's shoulders, and that the portages are frequent. Thus the ascent to the summit of the water-shed between Lakes Superior and *Winnipeg*, by a river with an unattainable Indian name, is made by about forty portages; and a still greater number occur in the descent to the *Winnipeg*.

We pause for a moment to give our readers a sketch of the physiognomy of the shores of Lake Superior, which are assuming a nearer interest to us in consequence of their mining prospects:—

"On the bluff granitic promontories and bold acclivities which form the northern shore of Lake Superior, the forest is composed of the white spruce, balsam fir, *Weymouth* pine, American larch, and canoe birch, with, near the edge of the lake and on the banks of streams, that pleasant intermixture of mountain maple and dogwood which imparts such a varied and rich gradation of orange and red tints to the autumnal landscape. Other trees exist, but not in sufficient numbers to give a character to the scenery. Oaks are scarce, and beech disappears to the south of the lake. The American yew, which does not rise into a tree like its European namesake, is the common underwood of the more fertile spots, where it grows under the shade to the height of three or four feet, in slender bush-like twigs. On the low sandstone islands, deciduous trees, such as the poplars and maples, abound, with the nine-bark *spiræa*, cockspur thorns, willows, plums, cherries, and mountain-ash. When we entered the lake on the 4th of May, large accumulations of drift snow on the beaches, showed the lateness of the season; none of the deciduous trees had as yet budded; and the precocious catkins of a silvery willow (*Salix candida*), with the humble flowers of a few *Saxifragæ* and *Uvulariæ*, gave the only promises of spring."—vol. i., pp. 55–57.

An Arctic summer is well calculated to teach the value of time, and our

travellers felt this. They arrived at Cumberland House, as we have seen, on the 13th of June, and left it next morning, at four o'clock, proceeding by lake and river, down rapids and over portages, in the direction of the far off Mackenzie. Their route lay through Beaver Lake, and they passed the locality where Sir John Richardson, in 1820, found the *Eutoca Franklinii*, now a well-known ornament of our gardens. In this neighbourhood they met the schoolmaster of Lac La Rouge district, who, with his wife and four children, were on their way to pass some time with a Protestant clergyman. They were lively, active, and intelligent half-breeds, voyaging in a small canoe, which the husband paddled on the water, and carried over the portages, with their little luggage. For food they trusted to such fish and wild-fowl as they could kill; and their children bore the attacks of the musquitoes with Indian stoicism. In the silent land of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, the meeting with even a man and his wife is a noticeable circumstance, and schoolmasters and clergymen are rare indeed. The districts which we have partly passed, and through which we are still travelling, extending from Saut Ste. Marie to the banks of Churchill River, are inhabited by a people who call themselves *In-ningu-week*, or *Ey-thingu-week*. That portion of this nation which occupies the northern shore of Lake Huron, the borders of Lake Superior, and the country between it and Lake Winnipeg calls itself *Ochipewa*, written also *Ojibbeway*, or *Chippeway*; while their more northerly division, named *Natheyw-within-gu*, are the *Crees* of the free-traders, and the *Knistenaux* of the French writers. The circumstances in which these two tribes of the same nation have been for some time placed have effected a striking change in their characters. The *Crees* have been for more than twenty-six years under the good government of the Hudson's Bay Company, on whom they are dependant for ammunition, clothing, and other things. Schoolmasters and missionaries are aided, or provided for them. No spirituous liquors are allowed. War is now unknown amongst them, and it is from them that the servants of the Fur Company usually take their wives. Few of them ever marry a Chippeway or Eskimo girl.

The Chippeways, on the other hand, who live near the United States Fur Company's establishments, suffer much from the competition which is going on between these and the Hudson's Bay Company, both parties supplying them with spirituous liquors, while the *Folle avoine* which they find near Rainy River and the Winnipeg, with a good supply of sturgeon, render them independent. Spirituous liquors are the Indian's bane; and the consequence of easy access to them in the case of the Chippeways has been, that neither Protestant nor Roman Catholic missionaries have made any impression on them, and that the rival companies have been alike unable to restrain their war parties.

Half-Moon, Pelican, and Woody Lakes, now passed by the expedition, are full of fish, and groups of pelicans and of white-headed eagles (*Haliaeetus albicilla*) were hovering near them. The last-mentioned animal is an appropriate feature in any picture of Rupert's Land:—

“This fishing eagle abounds in the watery districts of Rupert's Land; and a nest may be looked for within every twenty or thirty miles. Each pair of birds seems to appropriate a certain range of country, on which they suffer no intruders of their own species to encroach; but the nest of the osprey is often placed at no great distance from that of the eagle, which has no disinclination to avail itself of the greater activity of the smaller bird, though of itself it is by no means a bad fisher. The eagle may be known from afar, as it sits in a peculiarly erect position, motionless, on the dead top of a lofty fir, overhanging some rapid abounding in fish. Not unfrequently a raven looks quietly on from a neighbouring tree, hoping that some crumb may escape from the claws of the tyrant of the waters. Some of our voyagers had the curiosity to visit an eagle's nest, which was built, on the cleft summit of a balsam poplar, of sticks, many of them as thick as a man's wrist. It contained two young birds, well fledged, with a good store of fish, in a very odoriferous condition. While the men were climbing the tree the female parent hovered close round, and threatened an attack on the invaders; but the male, who is of much smaller size, kept aloof, making circles high in the air. The heads and tails of both were white.”—vol. i., p. 85.

On the 18th of June our parties encamped on the banks of the Missinipi, or Churchill River, near Fort Churchill, a small outpost of the Hudson's

Bay Company. The Indian name, *Missinipi*, means "much water," resembling that of the better-known Mississippi, which signifies "great river;" "nipi" being water, and "sipi" river. The Missinipi, or Churchill River, is the boundary between the Chepewyan and Cree Indians, and has, according to Captain Lefroy, whose measurements are often cited by Sir John Richardson, a course, from Isle à la Crosse Fort, and, independent of its flexures, of five hundred and twenty-five geographical miles to the sea. The country about Fort Churchill is hilly, and bears a strong resemblance to that in the neighbourhood of the river Winnipeg, as well as to the northern shores of Lake Superior.

The whole country between Lake Winnipeg and the Arctic Sea, passed through by Sir John Richardson, may be divided into three districts, distinguished by their water systems. The valley of the Saskatchewan, extending from that river to the Missinipi or Churchill; the valley of the Missinipi, reaching to the Mackenzie; and the valley of the Mackenzie, extending to the Arctic Sea. We have crossed the first, and are now entering the second of these great divisions. On the 22nd of June, the expedition passed through Serpent Lake, so called from the occurrence of a small snake, the *coluber*, or *Tropidionotus Sirtalis*, on its shores. Sir John Richardson remarks that he was not able to learn that this or any other snake was found further to the north; but in a note in a subsequent part of his work, made while it was passing through the press, he mentions that he has had a letter from Mr. Murray, dated on the river Yukon,* which flows from the western side of the Rocky Mountains into Beering's Sea, saying that "a frog" and a "grass snake" had been killed near his encampment, and that another snake had been killed on the ninth bend of the Porcupine River, far within the Arctic circle. On the 28th they reached

Methy Portage, the dividing line between the Missinipi and Mackenzie valleys. It, with the lake and river of the same name, are so called from the Burbot (*Lota Maculosa*), which abounds in these waters, and affords a welcome though indifferent food to exhausted hunters. The roe, with the addition of a little flour, makes a palatable and very nourishing bread. According to Captain Lefroy, Methy Lake is 1,540 feet above the sea, and Sir John Richardson ascertained the summit of the Portage road to be 188 feet higher than the lake, while the Clearwater River is 500 feet below the lake, and 910 feet above the level of the sea. From Methy Portage westwards the country, though well wooded and furrowed by rivers and ravines, partakes so much of a prairie character, that horsemen may ride across it to the banks of the Saskatchewan. At this station our voyagers experienced a very sore disappointment. They had counted on the aid of horses for the rapid transport of their boats and baggage, but learned from an Indian who had built a house there, and whose business it had been to hire out from fifteen to twenty horses to the Company's servants, that all his horses, as well as some that belonged to the Company, had died of murrain, and that although others had been ordered up, they would not arrive until the season was well advanced. This calamity, as Sir John calls it, and sorely felt it to be, threatened a delay of a week longer than he had expected, and a consequent reduction of the little time calculated on for their sea voyage. "I had used," as he says, and as his journal shows, "every exertion to reach the sea-coast some days before the appointed time, expecting to be able to examine Wollaston's Land this season. This hope was now almost extinguished." Nor was this his only disappointment. He had to encounter another, connected with a detachment

* Sir John Richardson's volumes have made valuable accessions to our geographical knowledge. For instance, his account of the river Yukon, a river of great magnitude, issuing from the Rocky Mountains, is the only accurate one now before the public. This was long thought to be identical with the Colville, but it has been ascertained by Mr. Murray, one of the fur-traders now resident on the banks of the Yukon, that the Colville is a small river, and falls into the Arctic Sea 120 miles east of Point Barrow, while the magnificent Yukon flows into Beering's Strait. One of the officers of the *Enterprise* states that the Russians have established the identity of the Yukon with the Kuichpak, which falls into Beering's Strait between Cape Stephens and Romanzoff.

of the expedition which, pursuant to arrangement, joined him here. This the following extract shows, and it will at the same time exhibit the trouble attending portages:—

"Mr. Bell was encamped at the landing-place, having arrived on the previous day, which he had spent in preparing and distributing the loads, and the party had advanced one stage of different lengths, according to the carrying powers of the individuals, which were very unequal. On visiting the men, I found two of the sappers and miners lame, from the fatigue of crossing the numerous carrying-places on Churchill River, and unfit for any labour on this long portage. Several others appeared feeble; and, judging from the first day's work of the party, I could not estimate the time that would be occupied, should they receive no help in transporting the boats and stores, at less than a fortnight, which would leave us with little prospect of completing our sea-voyage this season. In the equal distribution of the baggage each man had five pieces of ninety pounds' weight each, exclusive of his own bedding and clothing, and of the boats, with their masts, sails, oars, anchors, &c., which could not be transported in fewer than two journeys of the whole party. The Canadian voyagers carry two pieces, of the standard weight of ninety pounds, at each trip on long portages such as this, and, in shorter ones, often a greater load. Several of our Europeans carried only one piece at a time, and had, consequently, to make five trips with their share of the baggage, besides two with the boats; hence they were unable to make good the ordinary day's journey of two miles, being, at seven trips with the return, twenty-six miles of walking, fourteen of them with a load. The practised voyager, on the contrary, by carrying greater loads, can reduce the walking by one-third, and some of them by fully one-half."

On the 8th of July, they embarked on the Clearwater, having passed nine laborious days in effecting a portage, which, with the assistance of horses, might have been easily made in three.

It was the cardinal misfortune of the expedition, which, we must add, did not attain all its objects,

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North America, and we, therefore, make it a part of our panorama:—

"The valley of the Clearwater River, or Washakummow, as it is termed by the Cree, is not excelled, or indeed equalled, by any that I have seen in America for beauty; and the reader may obtain a correct notion of its general character, by turning to an engraving in the narrative of Sir John Franklin's second Overland Journal, executed from a drawing of Sir George Back's. The view from the Cockscomb extends thirty or forty miles, and discloses, in beautiful perspective, a succession of steep, well-wooded ridges, descending on each side from the lofty brows of the valley to the borders of the clear stream which meanders along the bottom. Cliffs of light-coloured sand occasionally show themselves, and near the water, limestone rocks are almost everywhere discoverable. The *Pinus banksiana* occupies most of the dry sandy levels; the white spruce, balsam fir, larch, poplar, and birch are also abundant; and, among the shrubs, the *Amelanchier*, several cherries, the silver-foliated *Eleagnus argentea*, and rusty leaved *Hippophae canadensis* are the most conspicuous.

"At the portage, the immediate borders of the stream are formed of alluvial sand; but six or seven miles below, limestone in thin slaty beds crops out on both sides of the river, and, to the left, forms cliffs twenty feet high. A short way further down, an isolated pillar of limestone in the same thin layers, rises out of the water; and soon after passing it, we come to the White Mud Portage (*Portage de terre blanche*), of six hundred and seventy paces, where the stream flows over beds of an impure siliceous limestone, in some parts meriting the appellation of a calcareous sandstone, and, for the most part, having a yellowish grey colour. On the portage, and on the neighbouring islands and flats, the limestone stands up in mural precipices and thin partitions, like the walls of a ruined city; and the beholder cannot help believing that the rock once formed a barrier at this strait, when the upper part of the river must have been one long lake. The steep sandy slopes, as they project from the high sides of the valley, appear as if they had not only been sculptured by torrents of melted snow pouring from the plateau above, in more recent times, but that they had been previously subject to the currents and eddies of a lake. If such was the case, we must admit that other barriers, further down, were also then or subsequently carried away, as the sides of the valley retain their peculiar forms nearly to the junction of the stream with the Elk River. I have been informed that the country extending from the high bank of the river towards Athabasca Lake is a wooded, sandy plain, abounding in deer and other game.

"In the evening we encamped on the Pine Portage (*Portage des Pins*), which is one thousand paces long. The name would indicate that the *Pinus resinosa* grows there; but, if so, I did not observe it, the chief tree near the path being the *Pinus banksiana*, named *Cyprès* by the voyagers. A very dwarf cherry grows at the same place; it resembles a decumbent willow, and is probably the *Cerasus pumila* of Michaux. This is the most northern locality in which it, and the *Hudsonia ericoides*, which was flowering freely at this time, were observed. The *Lonicera parviflora* was also showing a profusion of fragrant, rich, yellow flowers, tinged with red on the ends of the petals, especially before they expand; and on this day we gathered ripe strawberries for the first time in the season."—Vol. i., pp. 116–119.

After three days' boating, they entered the Elk, or Athabasca River, which is described as a majestic stream, about a mile and a-half broad, with a considerable current, but without rapids. The current carried them on at the rate of six geographical miles an hour. They passed some lofty bituminous cliffs, and in some localities, the country, for miles around, is so full of the mineral, that if a hole be dug but a few feet below the surface, it flows into it.

The Athabasca bears the English name of the Elk River, which is not distinctive, as the moose grazes also on the Mackenzie, down to the sea. It is but a confused rendering of the Canadian title, "*Rivière la Biche*," given it because the American red deer, or Wapiti, haunts its banks. The Athabasca rises at the foot of Mount Brown, one of the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, said to be 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. The Athabasca is the most southern branch of the Mackenzie, and being farther from the mouth of that great river than any of its other feeders, may be considered as its source. It is joined near the Lake of the Hills, by the Peace River, which drains the Rocky Mountains for four degrees of latitude further north, and their united waters are thence called Slave River; until passing Slave Lake, they take the name of Mackenzie River. The Mackenzie is further supplied by the River of the Mountains, and other affluents, and after flowing north over about sixteen degrees of latitude, falls into the sea within the Arctic circle. The forts and out-posts in these remote

districts are supplied with stores once a-year by boat brigades, from York Factory, on Hudson's Bay. To some of these the stores have to be carried on to distances of four or five weeks' travelling; and as the parties bearing them are not unfrequently arrested by frost, it happens at times, that the outposts suffer severely, even to the extent of actual starvation, an instance of which occurred while Sir John Richardson was in the country.

On the 13th of July they passed the mouth of the Peace River, or Unjugah, which bears more water to the Mackenzie than either the Athabasca or the River of the Mountains. Oaks, elms, ashes, the Weymouth and pitch pines, which reach the valley of the Saskatchewan, now disappear. The white spruce is the predominating tree in dry soils, while the black spruce skirts the marshes, and the balsam poplar and aspen fringe the streams. The canoe birch is more rare. Willows, dwarf birches, alders, roses, brambles, gooseberries, white cornel and mooseberry, form the summer drapery of the margins of the woods; but there is nothing to replace the heath, and gorse, and broom of England, save in the barren lands, where the Lapland rhododendron, the Azalea, Kalmia, and *Andromeda tetragona* thrive; "but these," as our author adds, "are almost buried among the *Coniculariæ* and *Cetrariæ nivalis* of the drier spots, or the *Cetrariæ islandicæ* and mosses of the moister places, and scarcely enrich the colours of the distant hills." They were now on Slave River, and on the 14th of July, Richardson records in his journal, that the power of the sun in a cloudless sky was so great, that he and Mr. Rae were glad to seek shelter in the water while the crews were engaged on the portage. The irritability of the human body is, as he conceives, either greater in these latitudes, or the sun acts more powerfully upon it than near the equator, as he never found its direct rays so oppressive within the tropics. The pleasures of bathing, however, are not without alloy. Leeches at all times infest the waters: the *Tubani* at mid-day assails you with his formidable lancets in the water; and if you choose morning or evening, clouds of mosquitoes are prompt in their attacks. In the neighbourhood, as they neared Salt River, Sir John Richardson met an old acquaintance—

Beaulieu, who had been guide and hunter to Sir John Franklin on his second overland journey, and who has built a house at the mouth of Salt River. The residence was well-selected. His sons easily get deer and bison meat on the Salt Plains, which these animals frequent from a liking for the mineral, and Slave River yields abundance of fish.

On the 22d of July they reached Fort Simpson, built on the banks of the Mackenzie, where that river is joined by the River of the Mountains. The river-banks at this place are precipitous, and about thirty feet high, yet in the spring floods they are often overflowed; the Mackenzie, like the Siberian rivers, being subject to floods, from its lower course remaining frozen for several hundred miles, after the upper part is thawed, and thus the water, finding no outlet, overflows the ice, and rising above the banks, inundates the plains. At Fort Simpson they found barley, which had been sown seventy-five days previously, in full ear. It usually takes three months to ripen on the Mackenzie. At Fort Simpson it is generally sown from the 20th to the 25th of May, and is expected to ripen by the 20th of August. Oats require more time, and therefore do not grow well so far north, and wheat does not answer. Potatoes yield well, and at the date we speak of, no disease had affected them. At Fort Norman, further down the river, potatoes also grow well, and barley in favourable seasons. Fort Norman, in the 65th parallel of latitude, is accordingly regarded as the northern limit of the *Cerealia* in this meridian. In Siberia no corn grows north of 60°; but in Norway, barley, the hardiest of the corn tribes, ripens in certain districts, under the 70th parallel. Wheat grows well on the banks of the Saskatchewan, and in the Red River colony, touching the 49th parallel of latitude, and at an elevation of about 1,000 feet above the sea it is luxuriant.* It is, however, exposed to the ravages of grasshoppers. A plague resembling this, and which occurred in the district of Rainy River the very year before the visit of the expedition, is so remarkable as to deserve attention:—

“At Fort Francis, situated on the banks of Rainy River in lat. 48° 36' north, long. 93° 28½' west, wheat is generally sown about the 1st of May, and is reaped in the latter end of August, after an interval of about 120 days. In 1847 multitudes of caterpillars spread like locusts over the neighbourhood. They travelled in a straight line, crawling over houses, across rivers, and into large fires kindled to arrest them. Throughout the whole length of Rainy River, on the Lake of the Woods, and on the River Winnipeg, they stripped the leaves from the trees, and ate up the herbage. They destroyed the *folle avoine* on Rainy Lake, but left untouched some wheat that was just coming into ear. This was the first time that Fort Francis had experienced such a visitation. When we passed that way in 1848, the still leafless trees were covered with the cocoons of last year, in each of which there remained the hairy skin of a caterpillar.”—vol. ii., p. 268.

The expedition halted one day at Fort Simpson to make repairs, and was again on the Mackenzie on the 24th of July, on which day they had their first view of the Rocky Mountains. These were seen at a distance of some eight miles, and presented an assemblage of conical peaks, rising apparently above two thousand feet above the valley. Heights, however, and distances, when estimated by the eye, are, as our author observes, in this climate, extremely deceptive. The summit of the ridge which they saw, was, they thought, from two thousand to two thousand eight hundred feet high. The valleys pervade the chain transversely; and as they passed their gorges, their eastern faces rose abruptly, like walls, while the western were more shelving. Traders who have crossed these mountains say that there are fourteen or fifteen ranges of hills, and that when seen from a peak, their tops seemed crowded together, in confusion, like a sea of conical billows. On the 26th they arrived at Fort Norman, near which, between the mouth of Bear River and the fort, there occurs a very remarkable coal formation, first noticed by the traveller from whom this river takes its name, but we believe never so well described as in the following extract:—

“The coal, when recently extracted from the beds, is massive, and most generally

* For some valuable information on the subject of the *Cerealia*, we refer to the paper in the Appendix, on the Geographical Distribution of Plants, in our author's second volume.

shows the woody structure distinctly, the beds appearing to be composed of pretty large trunks of trees lying horizontally, and having their woody fibres and layers much twisted and contorted, similar to the white spruce now growing in exposed situations in the same latitude. Specimens of this coal examined by Mr. Bowerbank, were pronounced by him to be decidedly of coniferous origin, and the structure of the wood to be more like that of *Pinus* than *Araucaria*; but on this latter point he was not so certain. It is probable that the examination of a greater variety of specimens would detect several kinds of wood in the coal, as a bed of fossil leaves connected with the formation reveals the existence at the time of various dicotyledonous trees, probably *Acerineæ*, and of one which I am inclined to consider as belonging to the yew tribe. To these I shall refer again.

"When exposed for even a short time to the atmosphere, the coal splits into rhomboidal fragments, which again separate into thin layers, so that it is difficult to preserve a piece large enough to show the woody structure in perfection. Much of it falls eventually into a coarse powder; and if exposed to the action of moist air in the mass it takes fire, and burns with a fetid smell, and little smoke or flame, leaving a brownish-red ash, not one-tenth of the original bulk of coal taken from the purer beds, for some contain much more earthy matter.

"Different beds, and even different parts of the same bed, when traced to the distance of a few hundred yards, present examples of 'fibrous brown coal,' 'earth-coal,' 'conchoidal brown-coal,' and 'trapezoidal brown coal.' Some beds have the external characters of 'compact bitumen;' but they generally exhibit in the cross fracture concentric layers, although from their jet-like composition the nature of the woody fibres cannot be detected by the microscope. Some pieces have a strong resemblance to charcoal in structure, colour, and lustre. Very frequently the coal may be named a 'bituminous slate,' of which it has many of the lithological characters, but on examination with a lens it is seen to be composed of comminuted woody matter, mixed with clay and small imbedded fragments resembling charred wood. Crystals of selenite occur in this slate, and also minute portions of resin, or perhaps of amber. When this shaly coal is burnt, it leaves light, whitish-coloured ashes. The shape of the stems and branches of the trees is best preserved when they contain siliceous matter or iron-stone; and in this case, the bark of the tree is often highly bituminised, and falls off from the specimen.

"From the readiness with which the coal takes fire spontaneously, the beds are destroyed as they become exposed to the atmosphere; and the bank is constantly crumbling down, so that it is only when the debris have been washed away by the river,

that good sections are exposed. The beds were on fire near Bear River, when Sir Alexander Mackenzie discovered them, in 1785, and the smoke, with flame visible by night, has been present in some part or other of the formation ever since."—vol. I, pp. 186–189.

The coal-beds above the river are from one to four in number, the thickest exceeding three yards. They are only visible in autumn, the Mackenzie being at that time several feet below its spring level. With these coal-beds there is often found an edible clay, a pipe-clay, which, when masticated, has a nutty flavour, and which the Indians, like some of the tribes of the Orinoco mentioned by Humboldt, use as food in times of scarcity. The residents at the fur posts employ it in the more familiar process of whitening their houses, and, when soap is scarce, of washing their clothes.

Throughout the vast journey which we have now nearly made from Red River to the mouth of the Mackenzie, nothing has impressed us so much as the utter solitude of the land. We have only met a half-breed and his wife, and a few wandering Indians. It is true that it has been a voyage through a labyrinth of lakes and rivers. But the expedition was constantly encamping, or engaged in making laborious portages, and they saw no one, for a reason analogous to that suggested by Mr. Puff respecting the Spanish fleet, that there was no one to be seen. We therefore record it as a matter of interest that near a fur post, called Fort Good Hope, the expedition met a large body of Hare Indians, who live all the year on the banks of the Mackenzie, and who depend for subsistence chiefly on the fisheries, and on the hare (*Lepus Americanus*), from which they take their name. These last-mentioned animals, of which they kill great numbers, disappear every six or seven years, and not one is to be found, dead or alive. In the following year they are seen again, and in three years are as plenty as ever. The Canadian lynx, which preys on the hare, disappears with it. It is from these facts inferred that the hares are economical philosophers, and migrate when their numbers become excessive. The Hare Indians are Chippewaya. As the expedition proceeded, they, in a day or two afterwards, saw some parties of a different Indian nation,

distinct from the Chippeways and the Eskimos. These call themselves Kutchin, and frequent the country from the region of the Mackenzie to the Rocky Mountains westward, extending to Peel's River and the banks of the Yukon. They are the *Loucheuse* of Sir Alexander Mackenzie; and the only authentic account of them, and some of their singular customs, is to be found in the book before us, derived from the information of Mr. Murray, one of the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, who is now living amongst them on the hitherto unknown Yukon. The contributions of that gentleman add greatly to the rich stock of geographical information collected in Sir John Richardson's work.

Our travellers had now entered the delta of the Mackenzie, and perceived that they were watched by the bold and active Eskimos. They observed a line of six or eight signal smokes raised in succession along the hills, and as speedily extinguished. As the Indians use but little wood for cooking, and only burn dry wood, which emits but little vapour, they at once knew that the smokes were signals, and that they might soon expect to be assailed by numbers. This was near Point Encounter, mentioned in Franklin's "Second Overland Journey" as the spot where the Eskimos attempted to drag his boats on shore in order to plunder them. They were seen on the Arctic Sea, and next morning, the 3rd of August, as they were standing out to make their exploring voyage along the shore, they perceived about two-hundred Eskimos in their kayaks, advancing towards them. Their object was to come alongside, cling to the boats, and, no doubt, to gain possession of them; but the determination of the expedition in presenting their muskets and keeping them off, had its good effect, and the meeting ended in bartering and making presents. They all denied having ever seen white men before, or of having heard of their vessels being on their coast. They either knew nothing of the meetings of their people with Franklin and his party in 1826, or, what is more likely, did not choose to acknowledge that they were the relatives of those who assailed him.

The Eskimos possess, at this moment, a high degree of interest, in connexion with the Arctic Expedition, and we are therefore glad to glean

whatever information we can about them. There will be found a good deal in the short compass of this single extract:—

"The Eskimos are essentially a littoral people, and inhabit nearly five-thousand miles of sea-board, from the Straits of Belleisle to the Peninsula of Alaska; not taking into the measurement the various indentations of the coast-line, nor including west and east Greenland, in which latter locality they make their nearest approach to the western coasts of the old world. Throughout the great linear range here indicated, there is no material change in their language, nor any variation beyond what would be esteemed in England a mere provincialism. Albert, who was born on the East Main, or western shore of James's Bay, had no great difficulty in understanding and making himself understood by the Eskimos of the estuary of the Mackenzie, though by the nearest coast-line the distance between the two localities is at least two thousand five hundred miles. Traces of their encampments have been discovered as far north in the new world as Europeans have hitherto penetrated; and their capability of inhabiting these hyperborean regions is essentially owing to their consuming blubber for food and fuel, and their invention of the use of ice and snow as building materials. Though they employ drift-timber when it is available, they can do without it, and can supply its place in the formation of their weapons, sledges, and boat-frames, wholly by the teeth and bones of whales, morses, and other sea animals. The habit of associating in numbers for the chase of the whale has sown among them the elements of civilisation; and such of them as have been taken into the Company's service at the fur posts fall readily into the ways of their white associates, and are more industrious, handy, and intelligent than the Indians. The few interpreters of the nation that I have been acquainted with (four in all) were strictly honest, and adhered rigidly to the truth; and I have every reason to believe, that within their own community the rights of property are held in great respect, even the hunting-grounds of families being kept sacred. Yet their covetousness of the property of strangers and their dexterity in thieving are remarkable, and they seem to have most of the vices as well as the virtues of the Norwegian Vikings. Their personal bravery is conspicuous, and they are the only native nation on the North American continent who oppose their enemies face to face in open fight. Instead of flying, like the Northern Indians, on the sight of a stranger, they did not scruple in parties of two or three to come off to our boats and enter into barter, and never on any occasion showed the least disposition to yield anything

belonging to them through fear."—Vol. i., pp. 242–244.

Although our author says that he always found the Eskimos interpreters he had to do with strictly truthful, he describes their nation, as well as the Hare and Dog-rib Indians, as habitual liars, even in their familiar intercourse with each other, and without shame on being detected in falsehood. The name "Eskimos"—or as the French write it, "Esquimaux"—is probably of Canadian origin, and descriptive—*Ceux qui miaux* (miaulent)—of the shouts of *Tey-mo* proceeding from their boat-fleets. It does not belong to their own language, for they uniformly call themselves *Inu-it* (pronounced *Ee-noo-cet*), or "the people," from *i-neek*, "a man." They are the only uncivilised people who are found on both the old and new continents. In aspect they resemble the Tartars and Chinese; and Dr. Pickering, on philological grounds, conceives that they and most of the other American nations, are of the Mongolian stock. But Dr. Latham remarks, that while their language is in its grammatical structure similar to that of the other North American nations, they are quite unlike them in their persons. Thus, as he observes, "the dissociation of the Eskimos from the neighbouring nations on account of their physical dissimilarity, is met by an argument for their mutual affinity, deduced from philological coincidences."

Unlike the Indians of the interior, they are provident, laying up in summer for their winter use. This difference of habit, which, no doubt, influences their characters, arises probably from the circumstances in which these nations are respectively placed. The Eskimos living on the coast are in darkness in mid-winter; the reindeer and musk oxen have disappeared; and at that season they cannot get fish. They are, therefore, compelled to be provident. Inland, on the contrary, the fisheries are productive, and animals are not scarce; but they require to be followed in their movements. Food, if placed *en cache*, is unsafe from wolverens, as well as from hungry men. The Tinnè, consequently, and other tribe, prefer their tents, and enjoy the present. "Were they," as Sir John Richardson observes, "content with the product of

their fisheries, they might build villages, and live easily and well, so productive are the boundless waters of the north; but they like variety of diet, and prefer the chase, with the hazard of occasional starvation which follows in its train." The circumstance, then, that the Eskimos live in villages, distinguishes them from the other Indians; and, as the association of families is rendered necessary for the pursuit of the whale, this animal must be regarded as the promovent of civilisation amongst them. Their winter houses are framed of drift timber, well covered with earth. When spring returns, the seal becomes the great object of the chase, the winter villages are abandoned, and the Eskimos go seaward on the ice. This they could not do but for an art peculiar to themselves, that of constructing snow houses:—

"Then comes into use a marvellous system of architecture, unknown among the rest of the American nations. The fine, pure snow, has by that time acquired, under the action of strong winds and hard frosts, sufficient coherence to form an admirable light building material, with which the Eskimo master-mason erects most comfortable dome-shaped houses. A circle is first traced on the smooth surface of the snow, and the slabs for raising the walls are cut from within, so as to clear a space down to the ice, which is to form the floor of the dwelling, and whose evenness was previously ascertained by probing. The slabs requisite to complete the dome, after the interior of the circle is exhausted, are cut from some neighbouring spot. Each slab is neatly fitted to its place by running a flenching-knife along the joint, when it instantly freezes to the wall, the cold atmosphere forming a most excellent cement. Crevices are plugged up, and seams are accurately closed, by throwing a few shovelfuls of loose snow over the fabric. Two men generally work together in raising a house, and the one who is stationed within cuts a low door, and creeps out when his task is over. The walls, being only three or four inches thick, are sufficiently translucent to admit a very agreeable light, which serves for ordinary domestic purposes; but, if more be required, a window is cut, and the aperture fitted with a piece of transparent ice. The proper thickness of the walls is of some importance. A few inches excludes the wind, yet keeps down the temperature, so as to prevent dripping from the interior. The furniture—such as seats, tables, and sleeping-places—is also formed of snow, and a covering of folded rein-deer skin, or seal skin, renders them comfortable to the inmates. By means

of antechambers and porches in form of long, low galleries, with their openings turned to leeward, warmth is insured in the interior; and social intercourse is promoted by building the houses contiguously, and cutting doors of communication between them, or by erecting covered passages. Store-houses, kitchens, and other accessory buildings, may be constructed in the same manner, and a degree of convenience gained which would be attempted in vain with a less plastic material. These houses are durable; the wind has little effect on them, and they resist the thaw until the sun acquires very considerable power."—Vol. i., pp. 349-50.

The Eskimos recognise rights of property. The head of each village has a right to the land on which the houses stand, and to the hunting grounds about them. It occurred, too, at many places along the coast, that these people declined selling articles to officers of the Expedition, although offered prices far beyond what they regarded as their value, because the actual owners happened to be absent. "We also," says Sir John Richardson, "saw on the coast stages on which provisions, furs, lamps, and other articles, were placed, while the owners had gone inland; and hoards of blubber, secured from animals by stone walls, but without any attempt at concealment." Their neighbours, the Tinnè Indians, are, on the other hand, Communists, and socialism has had amongst them its natural effect of preventing progress. "With proper management," observes our author, speaking of the district in which he wintered, "the natural resources of the country would support a population ten times as great; but as long as all the drones of the community claim a right to appropriate to their own use the produce of the exertions of an industrious hunter or fisherman, no certain provision for the future will be made." The Kutchin tribes have hereditary deer-pounds, which are held by a sort of tenancy in common by the families who erected them. This acknowledgment of the right of property is the consequence of their perception of its tendency to the public weal. The deer-pounds are erected on the hilly downs frequented by reindeer, "towards which the animals are conducted by two rows of stakes, or trunks of trees, extending for miles. The rows converge, and, as the space between them narrows, they are converted into a regular fence by the addition

of strong horizontal bars." The extremity of the avenue is closed by stakes; so that the deer, when urged on, are impaled. These singular structures can only be formed with great labour, as the timber has to be carried into the open country from a distance. The simple politics of these primitive tribes are not without their interest for more advanced nations.

The Expedition continued its examination of the coast from the mouth of the Mackenzie to Cape Kendall, in Coronation Bay, and at least ascertained that there were none of their countrymen lingering amongst the Eskimos in that direction. It was daily becoming more and more evident that the season was near its close. The progress of the boats was slow, laborious, dangerous, and attended with much suffering to the men. On the 19th of August they had to pass through much drift ice, at the hazard of the boats being crushed.

On the 24th, "no lanes of open water could be discerned from the eminences near the coast;" and they tried to make way by handing the boats over the flats where the water was too shallow for heavy ice. On the 26th, they carried cargo and boats for about a mile, and spent the rest of the day "in cutting through tongues of ice, dragging the boats over the floes, and resorting to every expedient we could devise to gain a little advance." That day, however, they only travelled five miles, and the next, with greater labour, three. The ice-cold water chilled the men as they waded through it. At times they could find no drift timber to make fires, and passed the cold night in their open boats. On the 1st of September, the new ice formed on a foundation of snow, although but an inch thick, was hard enough to cut the planks of the boats through, rendering them scarcely seaworthy, although they had been strengthened by sheets of tin beat out of the pemican cases. The boats were also much shattered by being dragged over the floes. These entries show that they kept sea as long as it was practicable. Sir John's immediate object was to gain the mouth of the Coppermine, but he was obliged to abandon the boats and terminate his voyage about eight miles from Cape Kendall, a head-land in that bay—Coronation Bay—into which the Coppermine Ri-

ver flows. The boats were abandoned because it was thought that any further attempt to pull them on would probably shatter them, and hazard the loss of stores and provisions. This resolution was adopted, after consultation with Mr. Rae, on the 1st of September:—

“The unusual tardiness of the spring (observes Sir John), and our unexpected delay on Methy Portage for want of horses, caused our arrival on the Arctic coast to be considerably later than I had in secret anticipated, though it differed little from the date I had thought it prudent to mention when asked to fix a probable time. Even a few days, so unimportant in a year's voyage elsewhere, are of vital consequence in a boat navigation to the eastward of Cape Parry, where six weeks of summer is all that can be reckoned upon. Short, however, as the summer proved to be, neither that nor our tardy commencement of the sea voyage would have prevented me from coasting the south shore of Wollaston Land, and examining it carefully, could I have reached it, for the distance to be performed would have been but little increased by doing so. The sole hindrance to my crossing Dolphin and Union Straits was the impracticable condition of the close packed drift-ice. In wider seas, where fields and large floes exist, these offer a pretty safe retreat for a boat-party in times of pressure, and progress may be made by dragging light boats like ours over them; but the ice that obstructed our way was composed of hummocky pieces, of irregular shape, and consequently ready to revolve if carelessly loaded or trod upon. At certain times of the tide, moreover, they were hustled to and fro with much force.

“As only small packs of ice and few in number were seen off the Coppermine by Sir John Franklin in 1820, by myself in 1826, and by Dease and Simpson in 1836 and 1837, being four several summers, the sight of the sea entirely covered so late in August was wholly unexpected, and I attributed so untoward an event to the north-west winds having driven the ice down from the north in the first instance, and to the easterly gales, which afterwards set in, pressing it into that bight of Coronation Gulf: but Mr. Rae's experience in the summer of 1849, shows that in unfavourable seasons, the boat navigation is closed for the entire summer, and we learned from a party of Eskimos, whom we met in Back's Inlet, as I shall have occasion to mention hereafter, that the pressure of the ice on the coast this summer was relieved only for a very short time.”—
Vol. i. pp. 800–2.

Sir John Richardson is not disposed to despair of the missing ships; but we regret to say that the condition of the

Dolphin and Union Straits impressed on him the conviction that a party, even though provided with boats, might be detained on Wollaston Land—near to, and facing Coronation Gulf—and yet be unable to cross to the main.

It occurred to Sir John Richardson that the reason why Arctic mariners were, at some seasons, enabled to enter sounds and straits which subsequent navigators could not approach, might be found in the meteorological problem of cycles of good and bad seasons. He was not, however, in possession of facts sufficient to enable him to form a conclusion upon the subject. The point has, as he finds, been since established and in coincidence with his impression, by Mr. Glaisher, who in a paper published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1850, shows, from a series of eighty years' observations made at London and Greenwich, that “groups of warm years alternate with groups of cold ones, in such a way as to render it most probable that the mean annual temperatures rise and fall in a series of elliptical curves, which correspond to periods of about fourteen years, though local or casual disturbing forces cause the means of particular years to rise above the curve, or fall below it:”—

“The same laws doubtless operate in North America, producing a similar gradual increase and subsequent decrease of mean heat. in a series of years, though the summits of the curves are not likely to be coincident with, and are very probably opposed to, those of Europe; since the atmospherical currents from the south, which for a period raise the annual temperature of England, must be counterbalanced by currents from the north on other meridians. The annual heat has been diminished in London ever since 1844, according to Mr. Glaisher's diagram, and will reach its minimum in 1851.

“It can be stated only as a conjecture, though by no means an improbable one, that Sir John Franklin entered Lancaster Sound at the close of a group of warm years, when the ice was in the most favourable diminution, and that since then the annual heat has attained its minimum, probably in 1847 or 1848, and may now be increasing again. At all events, it is conceivable that, having pushed on boldly in one of the last of the favourable years of the cycle, the ice produced in the unfavourable ones which followed, has shut him in, and been found insurmountable; but there remains the hope that if this be the period of rise of the mean heat in that quarter, the zealous and enterprising officers

now on his track, will not encounter obstructions equal to those which prevented their skilful and no less enterprising and zealous predecessor in the search, from carrying his ships beyond Cape Leopold."—Vol. i. pp. 303–4.

On the 3rd of September, they commenced their march for their winter-station on Dease River, which they reached on the 15th, but not without some hard work. At starting they had, between arms, instruments, provisions, Halkatt's portable boat, cooking utensils, &c., to carry a load of between sixty and seventy pounds a man. At one time they slept all night on a bare rock; and more than once forded rivers up to their arms, until every person was benumbed. On the third day they reached the Coppermine, where, in 1826, Richardson and Franklin saw a vein with malachite and other copper ores, and the native metal in detached pieces. It appears that the Indians find copper on both sides of the river, in a district which it takes some days to traverse. The country about the Coppermine resembles the barren *tundras* of Arctic Siberia. In parts the ground is covered with the lichens which rein-deer and musk-oxen love, and most of all in spring, when the melting snow makes them tender. In this neighbourhood, on one of their evening halts, Mr. Rae, accompanied by an Eskimo interpreter, went out to hunt, and saw, for the first time, one of the most important of the Arctic animals, the musk-oxen. They roam the districts between the Welcome and the Copper Mountains, from the sixty-third or sixty-fourth parallel to the Arctic Sea, and northwards as far as European search has reached; but are not found in Labrador, or in the regions with which Mr. Rae had been previously acquainted. He fell in with a herd of them, and describes them as nearly equal in size to the smallest Highland kyloes. The musk-ox has the peculiarity of wanting a tail, for which, it appears, it has no occasion, as in its elevated summer haunts, muschetoos and other winged pests are comparatively few; while its close, woolly, and shaggy hair furnishes its body with sufficient protection from their assaults.

On their arrival at Dease River, they found a building erected for them, which they named Fort Confidence, and which, with the aid of their

sappers and miners, was soon made sufficiently habitable. They, at once, made their arrangements for an eight-months' halt; but for many details of their experience in this long winter we must refer to the work itself. On the 1st of December the sun was just visible for an instant at noon. In December the lowest temperature was 65 deg. F.; in January, 50 deg. F. On the 1st of February the sun rose at nine, and set at three:—

"The moon in the long nights was a most beautiful object, that satellite being constantly above the horizon for nearly a fortnight together in the middle of the lunar month. Venus also shone with a brilliancy which is never witnessed in a sky loaded with vapours; and unless in snowy weather, our nights were always enlivened by the beams of the Aurora."—Vol. ii, p. 103.

The rapid evaporation of snow and ice, long before the slightest thaw or appearance of moisture, was exhibited by familiar facts, as in the drying of linen. A shirt when washed, and exposed in the open air to a temperature of 40° or 50° below zero, was instantly frozen, and might be broken. "If agitated when in this condition by a strong wind, it makes a rustling noise, like theatrical thunder. In an hour or two, however, or nearly as quickly as it would do if exposed to the sun in the moist climate of England, it dries, and becomes limber." Some other effects are noticed in the few lines which follow:—

"In consequence of the extreme dryness of the atmosphere in winter, most articles of English manufacture made of wood, horn, or ivory, brought to Rupert's Land, are shrivelled, bent, and broken. The handles of razors and knives, combs, ivory scales, and various other things kept in the warm rooms, are damaged in this way. The human body also becomes visibly electric, from the dryness of the skin. One cold night I rose from my bed, and, having lighted a lantern, was going out to observe the thermometer, with no other clothing than my flannel night-dress, when, on approaching my hand to the iron latch of the door, a distinct spark was elicited. Friction of the skin at almost all times in winter produced the electric odour."—Vol. ii. p. 101.

On the 7th of May, Sir John Richardson commenced his journey home, crossing to Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie, and thence taking the same water-route by which he had come from

Canada. He made his return voyage with a brigade of three canoes; and after having been a good deal detained at some stations by the unexpected lateness of the season, he passed on by Montreal, and embarking at Boston, landed at Liverpool, on the 6th of November, 1849, "after an absence of nineteen months, twelve of them passed in incessant travelling."

The vastness of the territory belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, now called Rupert's Land, is sufficiently indicated by the direct distances between the following well-marked points:—"The distance, as the crow flies," says our author, "between Fort Vancouver, on the Oregon, and Fort Confidence, exceeds 1,350 geographical miles; and the space between the Company's posts on the Labrador coast, or on Lake Huron, and their advanced station on the Porcupine, measures about 2,500 miles. This Arctic region of our dominions being unknown, or but little known, we were glad to avail ourselves of the travels there of so rarely-qualified an observer as Sir John Richardson, to realise for our readers fractions of his account of its facts and features. In examining so extensive a work with this object, we have easily approached the extreme limits of a magazine paper; yet we cannot conclude without referring to the most interesting of all its topics—the history and present condition of the search for Sir John Franklin.

Franklin's expedition, as is well known, consisted of two ships, which had each a story. The *Erebus*, of 370 tons, was built for a bomb-vessel, and therefore strongly framed. She was further strengthened in 1839, with double exterior planking, and diagonal bracing within, for Sir James C. Ross's Antarctic voyage; and in an ocean of icebergs, and amidst masses of moving ice, stood the trial of one of the most terrific storms which has ever been described. On her return from that memorable expedition, in 1843, she was refitted, made as strong as the re-

sources of the most skilful shipwright could devise, and commissioned for Sir John Franklin. The *Terror*, of 340 tons, had also been a bomb-vessel, and had been in like manner strengthened for Sir George Back, in his voyage to Repulse Bay, in 1836–7. She was in that voyage beset for more than eleven months in drifting floes of ice, pressed at times out of the water, or thrown on one side, and exposed to every form of danger. All the damage, however, which she had sustained was made good, when she was refitted for Captain Crozier and the Antarctic expedition. On her return, she was well examined, and recommissioned for Captain Crozier, in 1845. We have thus the consolation of knowing that Franklin and Crozier, with their gallant crews, amounting in all to 130 souls, had tried ships, the best for their purpose, and the best formed which our dock-yards could afford.

We may here, too, state a reasonable ground for believing that these ships could not have been both wrecked by some fatal disaster, and gone down with all their crews.* It appears from the records of the Davis's Straits whale fishery, that of the several vessels which have been crushed in ice or lost, for some centuries back, the whole or greater part of the crews have got off in boats. It is, therefore, exceedingly improbable that, in the event of shipwreck, part of such well prepared and disciplined crews should not have escaped.

Franklin and his crews sailed from England, as we have seen, on the 19th of May, 1845, and on the 26th of the following July, were spoken with by Captain Dannett, of the *Prince of Wales* whaler, in Baffin's Bay. "This," says Sir John Richardson, "was the last sight that was obtained of Franklin's ships." It appears, however, that a letter from Captain Penny, which appeared in the *Times* newspaper† on the 23d of December, 1851, that Captain Martin, who had long commanded a whaler, and who is now living at Peter-

* We may add, that the Russian Government has expressed its opinion that Franklin has not been wrecked in the seas bordering on their territory, as the authorities would have heard of such a fatality through the natives, and reported it.

† The deposition of Captain Martin, made before a magistrate at Peterhead, has been since published. It says nothing of Melville Island, but states that he met Franklin's ship in a littler higher latitude than that given by Captain Dannett, and affirms the statements relative to his stock of provisions, and his salting down birds.

head, conversed with Sir John Franklin at Melville Island, in the month of August, 1845. This letter, besides the interest of giving us the last sight of Franklin, ascertains the important point that he had, pursuant to his instructions, and according to the conviction of Sir John Richardson that he would, passed by Cape Walker. It also apprises us of the assuring fact that Franklin told Martin that he was at that time provisioned for five years, but that his provisions would hold out for seven. He added that he was then engaged in salting down birds—that he had already some tierces of them done, and that he had twelve of his men daily out shooting.

Franklin, then, was last seen in August, 1845. In January, 1847, Sir John Ross made statements to the Admiralty and to the Royal and Geographical Societies, regarding his impressions of the position of Sir John Franklin, which resulted in the determination of the Government to send out three several searching expeditions, if there should be no news of the missing ships by the close of the autumn of 1847. These three expeditions were accordingly prepared—one for Lancaster Sound, one for the Mackenzie River, and the third for Beering's Straits. The first, consisting of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, was entrusted to Sir James Clark Ross, and his directions were to pursue the supposed track of Franklin, and take him out relief. He sailed from England at the close of the spring of 1848, and passed the summer in a careful examination of part of the coast of Baffin's Bay and of Barrow's Straits. He was prevented by a barrier of ice from approaching Cape Riley, at the entrance of Wellington Channel; neither could he penetrate farther west, but was closed in for the season at Leopold Island, on the 11th of October. From what we have read of the details of these several expeditions, we have good reason to believe that nothing practicable was forgotten. During the winter the crews in Leopold's Island took many white foxes in traps, and fixing on them copper collars, inscribed with notices of the situation of the vessels, and of the depots of provisions, let them free again.

In the month of May, 1849, Sir James Ross and Lieutenant M'Clin-
tock explore on foot the west coast of

North Somerset, down to a point where it is separated by a very narrow isthmus from Prince Regent's Inlet. In this journey they were engaged until the 23rd of June. In the meantime other officers, Lieutenant Robinson, Bowen, and Bernard, had in a similar manner severally explored part of Prince Regent's Inlet, and other coasts. The result of these excursions, taken in conjunction with the expedition of Mr. Rae, in 1847, is that the whole of Prince Regent's Inlet, and the Gulf of Boothia, may be regarded as examined. On the 28th of August, 1849, Sir James Ross cut his way out through the ice, and crossed over towards Wellington Channel, but found it unapproachable, the land ice being still fast. After vainly attempting to advance westward, he, no doubt, most unwillingly, gave the signal to bear up for England.

While Sir James Ross was iced-up to the west of Baffin's Bay, Mr. James Saunders, master and commander of the *North Star*, who had been sent out with supplies in the spring of 1849, was working up its eastern side, and getting caught in a pack of ice, he drifted with it during the whole of September, until on the last day of that month he happily drifted into Wolstenholme Sound, where, there being some open water, he was, at length, extricated. There he was compelled to anchor in lat. 76 deg. 33 min. N., long 68 deg. 56½ min. W., "being," we are told, "the most northerly position in which any vessel has been known to have been iced-up. February was the coldest month, and the thermometer on two occasions marked 63½ deg., and once 64½ deg. of Fahrenheit below zero."

The main object of the expedition to the mouth of the Mackenzie was to examine the coast between that point and the Coppermine River, with a view of discovering any traces of Franklin or his parties. These shores were carefully searched, but, as we have seen, the condition of the ice rendered it impossible for Sir John Richardson to complete the purpose of the expedition by also searching the shores of Victoria and Wollaston Lands.

The Beering's Straits Expedition consisted of the *Herald*, Captain Kellet, and the *Plover*, Commander Moore. They were directed to proceed along the American Coast as far as possible, and to send two whale-boats from within

the straits eastward, to search the shores as far as the Mackenzie. The *Herald* passed the straits in the summer of 1848, but returned to winter in the Pacific. In the following summer she again passed the straits; and standing along the margin of the ice, discovered a group of high islands on the Asiatic coast in lat. $71^{\circ} 20'$ N., long. $175^{\circ} 10'$ W., with extensive and very high land to the north of them, deeply seated in the ice. Captain Kellet had, on the 25th of July, despatched Lieutenant Pullen with two boats to the mouth of the Mackenzie. He was convoyed past Cape Barrow by the *Herald's* pinnace, and by the Royal Thames Yacht Club schooner the *Nancy Dawson*.

"The latter, (says Sir John Richardson) giving us a rare instance of generous devotion, was owned and commanded by Mr. Shedden, a Mate of the Royal Navy, who had come thus far with his small craft, solely at his own expense, to prosecute the search for the discovery ships; and who, though he was in the last stage of consumption, was not prevented by the languor of the disease, which carried him off two months afterwards, from giving most efficient aid to Lieutenant Pullen."—Vol. ii. p. 150.

The *Plover* was unable to start in time to pass Beering's Straits in 1848. This she effected in the summer after, and having made ineffectual attempts to penetrate to the eastward, she returned and wintered in Moreton Sound.

This is the record of the first exploratory movement in favour of the missing ships. On the return of Sir Jas. C. Ross, the Admiralty, truly representing the feeling of the country, determined on making another, which, like the last, was to combine expeditions by Beering's Straits and by Lancaster Sound. For the former the *Enterprise* and the *Investigator* were again fitted out; the *Enterprise*, with the command of the expedition, being entrusted to Captain Collinson, C.B., while Commander M'Clure was appointed to the other vessel. The *Investigator* was last seen, after having passed Cape Barrow, in August, 1850. The *Enterprise*, having failed in getting through the barrier of ice, went to Hong Hong to winter, and was to have made another attempt in the summer of 1851.

The new expedition for Lancaster Sound was composed of the *Resolute*, Captain Horatio T. Austen, and the *Assistance*, Captain Erasmus Ommaney,

together with the *Pioneer* and *Intrepid*, steam-tenders. Captain Wm. Penny, an experienced whale-fisher, was also engaged by the Admiralty, and placed in command of the *Lady Franklin* and the *Sophia*. In addition to these preparations, others were made from private sources, exhibiting a zeal worthy of the two great maritime nations of the world. Admiral Sir John Ross, advanced in years, and long tried in Arctic dangers, sailed in the *Felix* schooner. The United States sent out the *Advance* and *Rescue*, supplied by the munificence of Mr. Henry Grinnell, a merchant of New York; and *Lady Franklin* herself despatched the *Prince Albert*, under the order of Commander Forsyth. This squadron assembled in Lancaster Sound in August, 1850, forming, with the *North Star*, which was there at the time, a fleet of ten vessels. At the close of that month both sides of Lancaster Sound had been searched as far as Cape Riley on the north, and Port Leopold on the south side. Prince Regent's Inlet had also been examined. Clear traces too of Franklin's Expedition were found at Cape Riley, and on Beechey Island, both at the entrance of Wellington Channel. These were first found by Captain Ommaney, who erected a flag-post at Cape Riley, and left a note to make known his discovery to the ship which should follow him. Mr. Snow, of the *Prince Albert*, found the note, and brought home to England the first precious relics of Franklin's parties. We detail them now, more especially for the purpose of showing the attention with which every apparent trifle was examined, and of comparing the inferences made with our later knowledge.

"Mr. Snow, (says Sir John Richardson) gathered and brought off five pieces of beef, mutton, and pork bones, together with a bit of rope, a small rag of canvas, and a chip of wood cut by an axe. From a careful examination of the beef bones, I came to the conclusion that they had belonged to pieces of salt-beef ordinarily supplied to the Navy, and that probably they and the other bones had been exposed to the atmosphere and to friction in rivulets of melted snow for four or five summers. The rope was proved by the ropemaker who examined it to have been made at Chatham of Hungarian hemp, subsequent to 1841. The fragment of canvas which seemed to have been part of a boat's swab, had the Queen's broad arrow painted on it; and the chip of wood was of ash, a

tree which does not grow on the banks of any river that falls into the Arctic Sea."—Vol. ii., pp. 153, 154.

It was further ascertained that the bones and rope were not left by any other ships of the Navy that had visited Barrow's Straits. Mr. Snow also saw, at Cape Riley, five rings of stones, with two or three slabs in the centre of each circle, which he supposed to be fire-places, but on which he found no trace of smoke or remains of burnt wood. On these it was observed:—

"As tent-pegs could not be driven into the shingly beach, the stones had been evidently used in the erection of as many tents as there were circles, and the slabs in the centre were likely to have served as stands for magnetic instruments. Colonel Sabine remarked that four tents would be needed in using the instruments supplied to Sir John Franklin's expedition, and a fifth for the protection of the observers. If the ships were stopped in that locality about the time of the monthly term-day, the officers would almost certainly make the term observations, which last for twenty-four hours, and in that case each ship would select a separate place of observation. The term-day in August, 1845, was the 29th; and we may conclude, from the information which we at present possess, that on that day, or about a month after they were last seen, the discovery ships were off Cape Riley."—Vol. ii. pp. 154, 155.

Captain Ommaney discovered on Beechy Island the tombs of three men,* one belonging to the *Terror*, the other two to the *Erebus*, showing the presence of both ships. The latest death supplies the date taken from the head-board, of April 3, 1846. An armourer's forge, an observatory, a store-house, and other enclosures were found there; also seven hundred meat-cans, which, as we are happy to find, "formed but a small proportion of the 24,000 canisters with which the ships were supplied." Captain Penny, who also examined the locality, is of opinion that Franklin did not quit his winter anchorage at Beechy Island until the end of August, or the beginning of September, 1846, founding his impression on the lateness at which the ice breaks up, and also on circumstances indicat-

ing that much of the summer was passed there—deep sledge-ruts in the shingle, which must have been made after the snow had partially disappeared, and "small patches of garden ground, bordered with purple sassafrage, and planted in compartments with the native plants." Captain Penny also found a watch-tent upon a height about four miles north of the position of the ships, erected, no doubt, to observe any move in the channel. Captain Austin, with his two ships and their tenders, wintered at the south-west end of Cornwallis Island, from whence, in the spring, he sent out well-organised travelling parties, who carefully searched very extensive coasts. Lieutenant M'Clintock, who made the longest of these pedestrian journeys, rounded the western end of Melville Island, and, passing over the farthest discoveries of Parry, saw distant land beyond the 116th meridian. Captain Ommaney, with Lieutenant Osborne, and other officers, traced the coasts of Cape Walker, and the adjoining districts; Lieutenant Osborne proceeding to nearly the 72nd parallel on 104th meridian, being the most southerly point attained.

Captains Penny and Stewart, in company with Sir John Ross of the *Felix*, wintered in Assistance Harbour. Their spring journeys, and those of their officers, were directed to the examination of Wellington Sound, and with important results. Wellington Strait, closed to the eastward and northward, opens into a westerly passage, from which they saw "a navigable sea extending northward and westward to the utmost limits of their vision." Captain Penny, in a letter addressed to the Geographical Society, and dated the 3rd of December, 1851, states that he saw this cheering sight on the 3rd of May, 1851, and adds his strong impression that Franklin passed this way in open water, and along Prince Albert's Land, which he is disposed to think extends 500 miles north-west. This route has yet to be pursued.

Such are the results of the second exploratory movement so far as they are yet known, for Collinson and

* Captain Ommaney observes that the men were young, and hence infers the unwholesomeness of their provisions. Had, however, the deaths been caused by the use of badly-prepared meats, they would, in all probability, have been far more numerous, especially when we consider that the crews, as appears from the text, must have remained there for many months.

M'Clure are still out, and we wait for tidings of them with the greatest interest. Perhaps they may find the hoped-for outlet of Victoria Channel, or, possibly, discover a north-eastern opening, and—far more joyful news—meet the missing crews.

From all the information which we have been enabled to collect, we have become persuaded that the track of Franklin is already found, but must be further followed into that unknown ocean to which we trace him. It would seem that having, pursuant to his instructions, looked for an opening by Cape Walker and failed, he, consistently with his determination when he left England, resolved to try a northern route. We trace him in that route up Wellington Channel to the passage leading to the open sea. Nobody can doubt that he made himself well acquainted with that passage by his spring excursions. It is, moreover, known that his companion, Commander Fitzjames, was strongly of opinion that the north-west passage was to be made by going "far north," "north of Parry's group." This he expressed in a letter to Mr. J. Barrow before the Expedition sailed.

The remarkable fact that the sea, north and west, was found open, while the more southern waters were frozen, appears to accord with the published opinion of Baron Wrangel, that the Polar Sea was at all times open, as well as with the convictions of several of the Arctic voyagers, and of many of the most experienced whale fishers.

It is at all events clear, that by the well-performed services of previous expeditions, the points of search have been narrowed, at least on the Barrow's Straits' side of the northern terminus of America, to almost the single track by Wellington Channel. We say "almost," because a further examination for a south-westerly opening by Cape Walker may possibly be thought desirable. On the Beering's Straits' side, however, there remains a wide, unknown region. The universal feeling of the public calls for another search, and we look with confidence to the Admiralty for sending the new expeditions so far as will be most successful.

for some time in type, but owing to the pages of our magazines being engaged, we were unable to bring it forward sooner. In the meantime the new expedition destined to follow Franklin through Wellington Channel has been decided on, and the command assigned to Sir Edward Belcher. Captain Kellett, who has but lately returned from Beering's Straits, goes out as second captain. Commander M'Clintock, styled in our text "Lieutenant," but who has since gained his well-earned advancement, has charge of a steamer, while another is entrusted to Lieutenant Osborne. The Beering Straits expedition, under Captain Collinson and Commander M'Clure, is, as we have observed, still out. The former wintered at Hong Kong in 1850-1, but early in last July went north again. The latter has not been heard of since August, 1850. We are not at this moment of our writing aware whether the Admiralty propose sending out another expedition in this direction, or whether they contemplate acting on what are, apparently, the highly important suggestions of Mr. Augustus Petermann, relative to an attempt by opening between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, as detailed in his letter given in the *Athenæum* of the 17th of January, last. These questions may be left with confidence to the determination of the naval authorities. We know, however, that we speak the feeling of the public when we say, that an exhaustive search, if such be practicable, by means of expeditions through the separate routes of Wellington Channel, Beering's Straits, and the new one near Nova Zembla, should be at once attempted. The searches in the direction of Barrow's Straits have established that Franklin is not there, and have almost demonstrated the more satisfactory result, that he did pass north through Wellington Channel into an open sea. These searches were made with an energy, and at the same time with a carefulness, which do our readers honour; but vast as was the area which they embraced, it is but small when

RECOLLECTIONS OF MOORE.

THE incidents in the career of men of genius are rarely of sufficient novelty or variety to give dramatic effect to the mere stories of their lives. True, they are interesting and instructive; because the character of man is more fully developed in the daily details of life, in the petty skirmishes of everyday occurrence, than even in the great battles which sometimes meet him on his way, and which, by the very magnitude of either the gain or loss at issue, call up an unusual amount of mettle or philosophy.

What manner of man was he?—where was he born?—how old was he?—whom did he marry?—was he rich or poor? Such are the ordinary questions of biographical curiosity; yet what light do those facts throw on the character of the man, unless we can trace how he deported himself under circumstances the most ordinary? It is with the sentiments of men of genius we desire to become familiar—their habits of thought rather than of action—their sensations of pleasure, pride, or sadness. We would, if we could, observe the gifted being in those unsocial aggregations of our species called society; see how he expanded or shrunk up in the crowd—how he stood aloof in haughtiness or shyness, or drew, by the magic of his words, a listening throng about him. We would observe him in the unreserve of home; and, above all, would be anxious, unseen, to feel the pulse of his sensations, and sound the well-source of his inspirations in the solitude of his study. It is as indications or illustrations of the bent of genius that anecdotes—the merest trifles of recollection—obtain their real value. It is in this spirit that I am tempted to record some recollections of Tom Moore, “the poet of all circles and idol of his own.”

Of all the poets of his day, the recollections of others regarding him were necessary as the means of a radical justice than, perhaps, for, pre-eminently gifted with a fine temperamental, vivacious wit, and eloquence, such light—under the

Moore possessed, in a remarkable degree, the qualification not unfrequent to Irishmen—of shining in society. A buoyant spirit, a ready wit, the wish to please, and the aptitude to be pleased; a musical voice, and a clear, ringing laugh—hearty, not loud; a mind richly stored with varied lore and anecdote; above all, an innate love of fun, without a taint of low or gross humour, won for Moore the universal tribute of admiration in social reunions. It was impossible to meet him at dinner or in the drawing-room without a pleasurable sensation dwelling on the memory ever after, unless to some cynic, like N. P. Willis, whose “impressions” were anything but favourable, and refer one to some twist in his own mind, or to his viewing our poet through a dark medium, as boys do an eclipse through a piece of smoked glass. One of his oldest friends, one distinguished by his own social qualities, and, by admixture with all classes of society, well qualified to pronounce an opinion, has often said—“I have mixed with all grades of society, from the peer to the commoner, from the duke to the middle-classman—with wits, poets, actors, orators, and every sort of social spirit; but of all, Tom Moore was the best *table companion* I ever met.”

Another Irish quality was, his facility of making friends, which was, however, backed by one, it is to be feared, rather un-*Irish*—the power of keeping them. The cordial friendship between him and Byron was a remarkable illustration of this; for, though the attachment was alike honourable to both, there can be but little doubt that the ardour and *bonhomie* of the man of many friends, as well as his genius, gained on the passive temperament, whether shy or callous, of him to whom but few adhered, and who, in most cases, repelled rather than courted the friendship of his fellows. Yet this very friendship showed there was a warm tide of life-blood under the cold and somewhat cynic philosophy of Byron; whilst, no doubt, the high-led independence, which was a discharacteristic of Moore, in Byron's respect, was the best to qualities which won him, Byron, the eccentric, py, and, if not the misan-

thropic, at least the anti-social, evidently clung to Moore as a link with the world, which he shunned, through pride or dislike.

Reflecting on Moore's social qualities, and looking back to the period and circumstances of his birth, we cannot help regarding him as a type, not of a class, but of a period.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, that Tom Moore was born in Aungier-street, Dublin, on the 30th May, 1780.* Anybody may see the house in which he was born, and which will ever be regarded amongst the remarkable houses of Dublin. It is No. 12; facing Great Longford-street: there Moore first saw the light, blessed, as he himself has said, with "a most amiable father, and a mother such as, in heart and head, has rarely been equalled." Not a little of his history hinges on this mother, worthy in every way of his love. From her he inherited that gushing kindness of nature, as well as the more spiritual gift of intellect. Married a very young girl, she was a mother ere her twentieth year, and her woman's heart had an almost girlish pride in her first-born, who, from the dawn of life, almost precociously intelligent, grew up her companion as well as her fond son. Often have I heard from her lips, in advanced life, the story of her pride and care of this cherished first-born, of whose future, with maternal propheticness, she foresaw bright things. How often do those fond foreshadowings end in disappointment! how rarely are they fulfilled with an equal measure of abundance as were Mrs. Moore's! Her anxious care, from the earliest period, was his education, and no sacrifice was too great; and for trading citizens, as the Moores were, many must have been the sacrifices made to defray the expenses. The citizens of Dublin have ever been remarked for their social and convivial habits, and the young mother, from an early period, took delight in bringing

out her "prodigy." Thus from infancy Moore was habituated to society, and, though nervous and sensitive to a degree, shyness, the concomitant of many a gifted mind, was unknown to him.

There are those who think that men inherit generally their best, sometimes their worst, qualities from their mothers; that at least good men, and men of genius, are almost always the offspring of good and gifted mothers. To their care, of us in our tenderest years, assuredly, and therefore to their appreciation of what is high, noble, and true, we almost ever owe that training which mainly tends to the strength of our character in after lives. To men who think thus, the mothers of distinguished men are always particularly interesting; and thus to the writer Moore's mother was a person of note and of study, from the earliest period of an acquaintance which ripened into respect and friendship. It was impossible to know Mrs. Moore even slightly, without being pleased with her urbanity, kindness, humour, and with her intelligent conversation; still more did intimate acquaintance lead to the conviction that she was a superior woman: one who, born in a different sphere of society, and under different circumstances, would have been remarkable in her day.

Perhaps it was as well that her passage through life should have been quiet, and comparatively unnoticed; but that to her son descended those elements of character which might have made her distinguished, but which made him great.

Her love for him was the great charm of her life; and in advanced years the endless theme of her thoughts and talk was "Tom." Nor apart from the interest of the subject were her tales and anecdotes, told with freshness and point, and with all the *naïveté* of a mother's love, without a pleasing interest. She loved to recite all his childish and boyish triumphs; his achievements at Mr. Whyte's school, when "Tom"

* It is stated that the 28th May, 1779, was the date inscribed on Moore's coffin. The year 1780 is given as the year always assigned by Moore's mother.

† In a recent article in the *Times*, in most respects admirably written, compiled, we presume, from the "Longman" Edition of Moore's Works, one or two errors occur. Mr. Moore's father is described as a "small trader, and afterwards a quartermaster." He was a very respectable grocer, and many have described him as at one time largely embarked in trade. Subsequently he was a barrack-master. After the family left Aungier-street, they resided in a small but snug country lodge near Kilmainham. For a portrait and memoir of Moore, see DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for April, 1842, Vol. XIX., No. 112, p. 476.

was called up as the first speaker; his private theatricals and juvenile parties in the old house in Aungier-street. She would tell, too, of the many motherly stratagems to keep his wardrobe on a par with his own and her taste, and "as good as his companions," whose circumstances were more affluent than his—stratagems rendered necessary by the Spartan simplicity of his father, who thought his clothes were always remarkably nice, and that one suit in the year was quite enough. Little knowing, good easy man, that the mother always got two suits *precisely alike*, that the vigilance of the father might not be aroused by difference of cut or colour, nor his comfortable satisfaction with the "well enough" of the wardrobe be disturbed, nor any violence done to his notions of economy.

Nor was the care of the mother less dictated by affection than guided by wisdom. Ever she sought to make home attractive and safe to the young genius—courted by his fellows, and naturally clinging to social enjoyment. His friends were always welcome; the little supper was prepared, and the cordial reception always ready for his companions, after the evening stroll or the theatre. We have Moore's own record of the value of this watchful care, when the troubled times before '98 brought him into danger of sharing the fate of his chivalrous comrades—of Emmet, Hudson, and other victims of patriotic daring and zeal.

The mother's care of Moore's early years and unabated love through her advanced age, were truly beautiful. They were requited, too, with the fullest measure of grateful affection and undying respect by the son. When Mr. Moore (the father) died, having held for years a Government appointment of Barrack-master, friends sought to secure for his widow a pension; but Moore claimed the privilege of her support, and declined the kind agency which would have debarred him of a son's greatest pleasure.

His habit was to write twice a week, at least, to his mother; and the postman's knock at the expected period was an anxiously-watched moment in the old woman's fleeting hours. Any visitor could tell, on entering her drawing-room, as she sat in winter by the fire, or in summer at her window, whether the bi-weekly want was supplied. A shade upon her aged brow told either

that the letter had not come, or the news was not good; whilst a radiant smile proclaimed that she had got "Tom's letter."

These letters, short though they might be, often but a line, were the cherished treasures of her old age. How beautiful—and the more beautiful because true—are the lines which he wrote in her pocket-book in 1822:—

"They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom, wide and high:

"Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

"'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!"

With what fond pride were those lines exhibited to those who had won the mother's confidence! A willing listener, one who did not soon tire of "Tom's" repeated praises, was sure of such a mark of favour.

At the period of the last century, to which we have alluded, society in our Irish metropolis was at its climax of convivial intercourse. There was greater freedom of manner and heartiness of sociality than we can boast of now; there was a more natural gradation of classes and less cliqueism. It was not the eternal putting up to be better than they were, but a determination to enjoy themselves as they were. There was more of the Continental freedom of tone—intellectual enjoyment, with heartiness of purpose—and much Irish jollity.

If a man went to sleep in those days of high-bred courtesy, bag-wigs, family coaches, sedan-chairs, and citizen noddies, and awoke in this year of grace, he might find that we had improved our ways—at least our streets—cut off our pig-tails, and substituted the sporting jaunting-car for the jingle; but we question if he would not look in vain for that reality of existence that pervaded every class of society seventy or eighty years ago. At that time all Dublin had not "gone out of town;" hence the country was enjoyed occasionally with the greater zest, whilst small parties, social meetings, private theatricals, and reunions of every kind, were universal. Dublin was a gay city then.

Such a state of society was exactly that in which a bright young spirit like Moore's must rise into notice. True, he was born, as he says himself, "with the slave's yoke" around his neck. The disastrous political circumstances of the period shook society to its centre ere he had reached manhood, and precluded a total change, social and political. Yet he had run an honourable career through College; and by his social qualities, his turn for acting and music, had made his way in society. He was the pet of Moira house; and when circumstances sent him, in his nineteenth year, to London, the head of that noble family opened the way for him into the best society.

He went to London in 1799, for the two-fold purpose of keeping his law terms, and publishing his "Anacreon." With his temperament, and even then undeveloped genius, it would not have been difficult to predict whether the genius of law or the muses would carry the day. Besides, even if he had not so remarkably the poet's mission, the chances of advancement at the bar were then so precarious, if not altogether hopeless, to the young Irish Catholic, as to give but little impetus to the necessary course of study, while the *res angustæ domi* rendered the exercise of his brains immediately imperative.

Fresh and joyous, too, he launched into society, and anecdotes relating to that period, which in after years he told with marvellous raciness, showed through what ordeals of temptation and dissipation on the one hand, and necessity to toil, on the other, the young poet ran.

One, which will certainly lose in the telling, as compared with his mode, may interest the reader.

He had contracted, of course, late hours, for whilst endeavouring to test the truth of his own poetic theorem—

"The best of all ways

To lengthen our days,

Is to steal a few hours from night, my love,"

he found a few extra hours in bed in the morning were necessary to compensate for the few stolen from night. One morning, about eleven o'clock, the servant disturbed him by the announce-

ment that a gentleman wanted to see him on business. "Show him up, by all means;" and Mr. C——, his publisher, entered with that gravity of air that imported business, and rather disturbed the nerves of the poet; for he had been drawing on his publisher for money, without having gone into any nice calculation on which side the balance lay.

"Well, Mr. C——, to what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?"

"Why, the book* is out this morning; I have drawn out your account; perhaps it would be well to have a settlement. You have drawn ——"

"Yes, yes, I know—but have I *overdrawn*? Am I in your debt—and how much?"

"As I make it out, I have advanced sixty pounds over your account; here, you see, are the particulars."

"Good God! sixty pounds!" said the affrighted author, bouncing up in bed; and as he said, in narrating the anecdote, "at that time sixty pounds seemed to me like the national debt—as vast, or at least as difficult to pay."

"Sixty pounds, Mr. C——! how *can* I ever pay such a sum?"

"Why," said his visitor, "I have thought of that. You are a young man; there is some risk in the matter; but I will cancel the debt for the copyright."

"My dear Sir, I am so much obliged to you," said Moore; and the copyright was sold for sixty pounds.

The transaction was certainly in favour of the publisher; for the copyright, thus purchased, brought for years an income of £300 to £400 per annum to the firm; but it is only fair to state that, subsequently, I believe, Mr. C—— mended the bargain by the presentation of a handsome sum.

It is also worthy of note, as an evidence of the precariousness of value in the wares which the poet brings to market, that the first two numbers of the "Irish Melodies" were sold for fifty pounds each; whilst so rapidly did they bring their author into fame, that Mr. Power, the publisher, paid Mr. Moore for many years £500 per annum for the exclusive right of publication of the "Melodies."† It will easily

* "Little's Poems."

† It is right to mention that this compact included the copyright of all Moore's lyrical productions during the term of agreement; even of the songs—as songs—of Lalla Rookh.

be supposed, too, that condensations of harmony, feeling, and beauty as they are, they represent much time, thought, and many happy moments of inspiration.

Nor is it uninteresting, as, *per contra*, in balancing merits and rewards, to mark the amount, 3000 guineas, paid for "Lalla Rookh;" in which transaction, the amount, although considerable, is not the most pleasing or remarkable feature, but rather the liberal conduct of the Messrs. Longman in acceding to the price, without seeing a line of the poem; adhering to it although it was published at an inauspicious period; and the honourable generosity of Moore himself, in offering to Messrs. Longman to reconsider the terms of their agreement—"leaving them free to postpone, modify, or even if such should be their wish, relinquish it altogether," so fearful was he that the state of the times, 1816, would cause a loss to the publisher. To this offer of Moore's Longman replied:—

"We shall be most happy in the pleasure of seeing you in February. We agree with you, indeed, that the times are most inauspicious for 'poetry and thousands;' but we believe that your poetry would do more than that of any other living poet at the present moment."

The records of such passages of life are delightful and ennobling. How they dash to the ground the cynic bitterness that would attribute all the motives of human action to mere selfish worldliness!

It is gratifying, too, to reflect that the difficulties of the youthful author once overcome, Moore experienced, with the exception of the embarrassment of the Bermuda business, in which a faithless agent involved him, none of those alternations in life, or pecuniary troubles, with which the records of authors so abound. Whilst it is no infringement of the delicacy which sanctifies domestic ties to record, as he himself delighted to admit, that he owed his exemption from such cares to the right-mindedness, prudence, and watchful love which presided in his home, more than to any thrifty management of his own. Indeed he had so little care for money, *as such*, and was so full of generous impulse, as to render this best of safeguards a real blessing.

Throughout life Moore bore the stamp

VOL. XXXIX.—NO. CCXXXII.

of the social mint in which he was coined. He had none of the stiff courtesy of the old school; such could never have suited his mercurial temperament; but he had all the well-bred polish of manner, with all the heartiness of enjoyment. He seemed as if he could not help enjoying.

Occasionally, even in society a shade almost of sadness was perceptible; but it was more the shade of thought than of sorrow—like a cloud shadow upon a sunny landscape—and passed away in a meteor of wit, or a luminous smile, as he joined in converse with those around him.

His countenance was remarkable for mobility. When the writer first saw Moore, in the year 1830, the luxuriant curls that had clustered on his brow had thinned under the action of fifty summers and as many winters. But the atonement for this loss was the development of a forehead of very eloquent interest. It was high, prominent, and compact rather than capacious, the imaginative faculties sufficiently developed; whilst the organ, so called, of comparison, and the frontal sinuses over the brow, were remarkable.

No two faces could be more different than Moore's in repose or in action. The features drooped, the eye was dimmed, or seemed to gaze into remotest space, when Moore was silent or reflective; the up-drawn brow gave an anxious expression to the countenance, whilst the dilating nostril alone gave animation to it. Curiously enough, even when the whole countenance was lighted up, the eye often had the same dimness, which gave a look of absence; it seemed often that whilst wit, fancy, and humour were there, and played about his lips or inspired his tongue, the soul of the poet was far away. It was a difficult expression to describe, but all who studied him have remarked it. It might be, perhaps, in some degree accounted for by his being near-sighted.

From this endless variety of expression and play of feature it arose that Moore's countenance was a perfect puzzle to painter or sculptor, and that no man could portray him faithfully who attempted to copy him accurately as he sat, or to embody any single phase. Every effort to paint Moore as the poet was a failure, for his *personnel* was by no means the represen-

tative of the ideal; and though traits of the inner genius occasionally played over his countenance, like sunbeams over rippling waters, they were too evanescent even for the instantaneousness of the daguerreotype. Indeed a faithful daguerreotype would have been the worst possible likeness of Moore; and the only chance for the artist was to study him when not sitting for his portrait, and not to be put out by him when he was. So conscious was he of the difficulty of the task, perhaps from the repetition of failures, that when a young countryman of his own, in whom he took a friendly interest, requested him to sit for his picture, he said with energy, "Ask me anything but that; so many experienced men have failed, I should be sorry you, a young artist, should attempt anything so difficult, if not hopeless."

Peculiarly small of stature, he had always an up-look, which seemed as if he would lose nothing of his height, or that it was actually necessary to keep his range of vision *au courant* of his neighbours. No one was more amused at his diminutiveness in height than himself. Meeting a very tall friend one day, the weather, as usual, was the first topic. "Do you find the day cold, Moore?" said his friend. "Why, rather so," said Moore; "how is it up *there* with you?"

Whether his height, or a restlessness of nervous system, originated the habit or not, it is certain he scarcely ever sat down. He composed walking about; and in society, save at the dinner or supper table, he rarely sat down. So necessary was movement to him, that most probably had he been tied to a chair, with the added doom of a prosy companion, he would have exploded and gone off like a rocket, or a bottle of sparkling champagne. Standing in a circle chatting, his vivacity of manner, his elevated look, and *empressment* of delivery, movement, and action, cheated one out of the idea of his size; and wherever Moore's voice was heard a knot of listeners eagerly gathered round.

Generally his conversation was more brilliant than profound, but it was full of point and observation, and had always the charm of unreserve and natural flow—the outwelling of thought. Nor, master as he was of the light artillery of satire, did he ever indulge in sarcasm or ill-natured remark, although

he could see the ridiculous points of human character, and describe them with happy humour.

He was peculiarly good-humoured in conversation, and, by the absence of anything of the "lion," often drew upon himself a friendly familiarity, which would have tried an author of more touchy self-esteem. Sitting after dinner one evening at his own table at Sloperton, enjoying a glass of good old port, his favourite "Salernian," the conversation turned on the Irish aptitude to "bulls."

"By the way, Mr. Moore," said a not very imaginative young Englishman, full of literality, if not of letters, "I've found you out in an Irish bull."

"Indeed!" said the guilty poet; "pray what is it?"

"Oh," said young Literal, "in that song of '*The Watchman*,' you say in the last verse—

"And see the sky, 'tis morning—
So now, indeed, good night;"

"Now, of course, 'good night' in the morning is a blunder."

"Upon my word," said an old gentleman of the same school, "I never observed that bull before."

"Nor I either," said Moore, gravely; whilst a glance of his laughing eye showed how entirely he appreciated the young gentleman's acumen.

To do justice to both parties, we shall give the verse of the song in question, which is arranged as a *trio*, and is, both in music and sentiment, very charming. The watchman, having successively bawled out "past twelve," "past one," "past two," and startled the lovers by the flight of time, at length calls—"past three o'clock—past three," and the startled lover sings—

"Again, that fearful warning!
Had ever time such flight?
And see the sky, 'tis morning—
So now, indeed, good night."

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock—past three;
Good night—good night."

On another occasion, his temper, which certainly was such as to prove, by exception, the rule of the genus *irritabile natum*, was tried more heavily by a musical gentleman, who undertook to sing in his company that glorious

song of his—"Oh, the sight entrancing!" In singing, he altered the arrangement of the air, and sang the first part of each verse twice over at the beginning instead of as a refrain at the end. I think this was the change made, but the coolness of the *reformer* was in observing to Moore.—"You perceive the improvement I've made."

"At least," said the poet, quietly, "I perceive the alteration."

Apropos of that song, Moore's own singing of it was a matchless treat. With head upraised, he seemed almost to revel in the fresh morning light, as he gazed on the "sight entrancing," and his eye sparkled as "files arrayed with helm and blade" seemed to pass before him; whilst a deeper feeling awoke as the passion of the song came upon him; an almost stern defiance knitted his brow, and his voice, one of infinite modulation, but of small compass, rose clear and thrilling to its highest pitch as he sang—

"Go ask yon despot whether
His armed bands could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together."

Indeed, when singing, Moore was the impersonation of all we could imagine of poet and musician combined in the Bard. His song was an inspired recitative, rather than a musical performance. He seemed to *improvise* as he ran his fingers over the notes; and as the tide of thought came over him, it was poured forth in harmonious cadences of exquisite variety; the low-breathed whisper, or the highest note, told home to the ear, and found an echo in the heart of every listener. A low, sad tone occasionally broke through his gayest song, like the distant moan of the wind through a sunlit forest. This peculiarity of voice rendered his singing of an Irish melody touching and appropriate; for one characteristic of the true Irish music is its capability of slow or quick time, and an almost melancholy sweetness pervading. Moore, alluding to this in his admirable letter to the Marchioness of Donegal, on music, says—"Perhaps we may look no farther than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy airs, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body, *decantare loca dolentia*."

Elsewhere he says, "the language of sorrow, however, is best adapted to our music;" and, indeed, whether this be or not the prevailing character of music, the sad tone we have alluded to gave a charm to Moore's singing—a touch of pathos and feeling even to what was playful and light.

Applause was necessary to elicit his full power and pleasure in singing; for without the latter he had little of the former. He would not sing merely for singing's sake, to fulfil a *devoir* in society, or conform to usage. It was no motive of vanity which made him desire applause; it was, perhaps, partly the leaven of his younger days, and the habit which had grown from it; partly the nervousness of temperament, and that diffidence of his own powers, for which even his friend Byron often rated him. But, above everything, it arose from this—he felt what he sung. His songs were pre-eminently those of passion and thought; he sought to give to music—to the sensations which it had excited in his own breast—a voice, an utterance. He could only judge of the effect upon his audience by their excited interest; which, despite conventionalism, when aroused, always found expression in applause.

Thus encouraged—thus satisfied that his listeners were with him, his bardic pride and spirit were aroused, and his habit was to sing many songs consecutively; changing from grave to gay, from sad and low to spirited, wild, and martial, as some fair prompter would dictate. For, truth to tell, he loved to be surrounded at the piano by the young and lovely of that sex to which his earliest and warmest effusions had been devoted. And if he had a particle of the coxcomb in his nature, their crowding zeal, their devoted admiration of the poet, must have touched the weak point in the man. It was not the fault of his fair admirers if he were not thoroughly spoiled.

Occasionally he could sing for the pleasure of the sterner sex. One evening he turned from his fair circle to an old Spanish priest—a hearty old man, who relished beauty and beautiful music, as well as the most mundane amongst us. "What do you wish me to sing, Monsignor?"

"Oh," said the delighted priest, losing in the esthetic all idea of the mere *morale*, or the 'forbidden fruit,'

“do sing, ‘This earth is the planet for you, love, and me.’”

And Moore delighted not only him, but the whole circle with his happy song—“They may rail at this life.”

The following lines, however imperfect as specimens of rhythmic art, have at least the crude merit of the sketch from nature; which, in fact, they were, being meant to fix the impression of Moore when singing:—

The bard has touched the notes;
The crowd stand mute around;
Whilst soft enchantment floats
On aerial waves of sound.
With brow upraised, his eyes emit
Quick-flashing harbingers of wit!
Or now, he pours of love his song,
And transport thrills the list’ning throng.

Well may he sing of love,
Whose pathway love hath lit;
And beauty well may prove
The lodestar of his wit.
Yet, as his strains her charms portray,
Though pleas’d, coy beauty turns away,
As in the limpid bath, some fair
Starts at her own sweet image there!

But love’s soft murmuring
And wit like flow’rets grow,
Veiling the hidden spring
That gives them life below.
By zephyr’s breath disclosed to view,
The bubbling spring reflects each hue
Of heaven; and so gleams forth in song,
The poet’s soul, sweet flowers among!

It would obviously be as far beyond the object of these “Recollections” to enter into any disquisition of Moore’s poetical merits as it would be impertinent on the part of any but a master in the art itself. Indeed, it would be equally unnecessary. Wherever the English language is spoken Moore’s “Melodies” are as “familiar in men’s mouths as household words.” There is not a modern European language into which some or other of them have not been translated; and parts of “Lalla Rookh,” we are told, clothed in the Persian tongue, are chaunted along the streets of Ispahan. What all love it is idle to criticise.

Neither is it necessary here to discuss the peculiar merits of his varied literary productions, or to detail the vast amount of his labours. The “Memoirs” he has himself given have rendered the public sufficiently familiar with these; and he has left further interesting memoranda, which, with his pri-

vate correspondence, will be anxiously looked for in their proper form.

The object has been rather to throw such light upon the *personnel* of Moore as an observer only could well do—to daguerreotype, if possible, those lights and shades of character, fleeting, but not evanescent, which owe not a little of their value to the unconsciousness of the individual. Thus I have sought to sketch Moore in society—Moore as the bard: there is yet another phase in which the observer’s recollection may be of value, in describing Moore as an orator.

Whether the term oratory is properly applicable to Moore’s speaking in public may be doubtful. The occasions on which he has done so have not been numerous, and the style of his speaking was, perhaps, more epigrammatic than oratorical: yet his action was winning; and despite the smallness of his figure, as he warmed with his subject, dignified and impressive. His enunciation was distinct and musical, whilst his countenance varied rapidly and sympathetically with the sentiments he sought to express.

In 1818, on the 7th of June, an entertainment was given to Moore in Morrison’s Great Rooms, in Dawson-street. Whether we regard the object, to do honour to the poet, whose fame was world-wide, and whose verse and name were linked immortally with his country—or the constellation of rank, genius, and warm-heartedness, there assembled—it was an occasion of rare occurrence, and one of which Irishmen may feel proud. At that period, politics ran high; as at what period of our disastrous history have they not? But then, eighteen years after the Act of Union—three after the general peace—up to which period our metropolis had not exhibited the entire evils of the exhaustive process, society was in its worst transition phase. Still, to do honour to the National Bard, for that day politics were laid aside, and men of every shade of party assembled in harmony of purpose.

The chair was taken by Lord Charlemont, the personal friend, indeed, of Moore, but also the hereditary representative of national feeling and literary taste. Lord Cloncurry, Lord Allen, Mr. Burrowes, Sir Capel Molyneux, Sheil, Maturin, Charles Phillips, O’Connell, the sons of Curran and Plunket, and a host of men of lesser

fame, but not of lesser worth, were there. The Poet and his father sat on either side of the noble chairman. It was a scene to fill the bosoms of both with legitimate pride. It was the first and brightest *reunion* of its kind that Dublin had witnessed in this century, and, now that we have entered the second half of that cycle of time, may safely be pronounced to have remained unsurpassed.

In speaking in return to the "toast of the night," Moore thus alluded to that phase of the tribute which he seemed most to prize:—

"The presence of the nobleman in the chair is a gratifying proof that there are still some feelings in this country superior to party feelings; and the liberality with which he, as well as the meeting, has distinguished between the poet and the politician, imparts additional value to this national tribute, and is an anticipation of the judgment of posterity which will separate the gold of the poet from the dross of the times in which he lived. My fame, whatever it is, has been acquired by touching the harp of my country, and is, in fact, no more than the echo of the harp."

This last beautiful passage, modest, yet truthful as it is, should be graven on the base of Moore's statue, and may not inaptly suggest to the sculptor the idea to be embodied.

That Moore's ambition, then in the prime of manhood, and the hour of richest triumph, was to live as the poet, is well enforced in those few words; and that it was the master thought of his mind on that evening is evident, for he again predicts that such would be the case, "when," as he beautifully observed, "all distinctions but those of genius shall have died away; when the thunder-drops that fell in the heated atmosphere of politics have rolled away from the plumage of the Aonian swan, without staining, or even wetting a feather over which they had passed."

Perhaps his happiest effusion that evening was when returning thanks for his father. It was brief; characterised alike by elegance of thought and truth of feeling:—

"My Lord Charlemont and gentlemen, I am deputed by my father to thank you, and must say that I feel this kindness more deeply even than that which was conferred directly on myself.

"We have read of a dumb youth, in an-

cient times, to whom the sight of a sword uplifted over his father's head gave the power of utterance; and he spoke and saved him. What fear effected in that instance, gratitude would, I feel, produce in the present; and though I had been dumb all my life, words would, I think, have burst forth to thank you. In the name of that venerable father and myself, I offer you, gentlemen, my most deep-felt acknowledgments. And, allow me to add, that on this day of cordial recollections, there is no one who deserves to be remembered more ardently than he. As, if I deserve (which I cannot persuade myself) one-half of the honours you have heaped upon me, to him and to the education which he struggled hard to give me, I owe it all. Yes, gentlemen, to him and an admirable mother, one of the warmest ever this land of warm hearts produced; whose highest ambition for her son has been that independent and unbought approbation of his countrymen which, thank God, she lives this day to witness."

Nor should we omit his few words when Mrs. T. Moore's health was drank; because they delicately exhibit, through a veil as it were, the picture of domestic happiness, the faithfulness of which all who had the pleasure of intimacy can attest, though none other, perhaps, might with good taste attempt it:—

"Domestic happiness is of that quiet nature which the heart enjoys, but the tongue boasts not; it is like that still music which the ancients supposed is going on above, not the less sweet for its making no noise in the ears of this world. I shall, therefore, leave to those among you who have perfect happiness at home to imagine mine; and, in Mrs. Moore's name, drink all your good healths."

It may interest the reader to compare with these passages from Moore's speeches, one from his gifted cotemporary Sheil, who, perhaps, never was more brilliant or happy in clothing beautiful thoughts in eloquent words than on that evening. Strange, as we dwell upon those records of the dead, how the nebulousness of mere earthliness clears away, and the bright star of genius alone fixes itself upon our mind.

By a strange coincidence, too, the earthly remains of Richard Lalor Sheil had but just passed through our city, on their way to their final resting place, when the sad intelligence arrived, that Thomas Moore's spirit had passed away—the spirit to which on that evening, in 1818, he paid this tribute:—

"This is, indeed, a triumph. Petrarch and Tasso were crowned in the capitol; but the lover of 'Laura,' and the author of 'Jerusalem Delivered,' could not have experienced more exulting emotions upon the capitol than the author of 'Lalla Rookh' experiences at this present moment. Ireland has to boast of the first poet and the first captain of the age; but if Wellington himself were to return to his native land, he would not be received with half this honest homage of the heart. We are proud of Wellington; but we are fond of Moore. Goldsmith was the only great poet Ireland had produced. Moore has equalled him in simplicity, and far surpassed him in imagination. In Goldsmith we find the pensiveness of this evening, which through those glimmering windows we see closing one of the brightest and proudest days our country has ever witnessed; but in Moore, with the pensiveness of the evening, we behold its illumination. His thoughts, if I may employ so fanciful an illustration, are like those beautiful little birds which Campbell describes gleaming in a transatlantic sunset; or like those birds, to use the poet's comparison, they seem atoms of the rainbow. Voltaire has observed that Rousseau was the only great musician who had been a great poet. Mr. Moore has deprived him of that singleness of praise. To him we are indebted not only for his own delicious music, but for the immortal poetry to which he has wedded the 'Melodies of Ireland.' With the magic of Prospero, he has given a more substantial, but still a celestial form to the spirits of sound; and he has clothed, with the fine texture of his beautiful phraseology, the Ariels of his own island, which his imagination has converted into a region of enchantment."

There is an obvious contrast here between the style of the poet, setting in simple words the rarest gems of thought, and the more rhetorical emphasis, with, perhaps, equally happy imagery, of the dramatist and orator O'Connell, Maturin, Lord Cloncurry, and Charles Phillips spoke; the latter pithily summing up his estimate of Moore's genius and worth in a few words:—

"The presence of Mr. Moore naturally restrains the expression in which I would otherwise have indulged myself. This, however, I cannot refrain from declaring—it is not to that genius which bears the stamp of its celestial origin, which has restrung the harp, and rivalled the minstrelsy of the 'olden time'—which has for us realised the purest visions of our suspected tradition, and for himself anticipated from the living age the certain eulogiums of the latest posterity. No, my lord, those are gifts derived from Nature, and often have we seen them lavished on the

worthless; but it is for the qualities which are inherent in himself, that I give him as I do the combined tribute of my heart and my understanding; it is for his dignified and undeviating independence, for his lofty principle, for his stainless and uncompromising spirit, for his *Fabriceian* virtue, for his vestal patriotism, for the dauntless intrepidity of his public conduct, contrasted as it is with that peculiar blandness which has made his home a paradise, and left that aged parent doubtful whether this enviable night he should be the proudest or the happiest of fathers."

Mr. Curran, too, spoke feelingly, proudly, and eloquently to the "memory" of his father, deploring deeply that the remains of that great Irishman did not rest in his native land; and he mentioned as the greatest honour, on the occasion of his father's quiet funeral, the presence of Moore.

Strange that Moore, too, should be interred in England. Yet since that evening the wishes of Curran's family and fellow-countrymen have been obtained, by the transference of his remains at last to Ireland.

It would be difficult at any time to have assembled more eloquent men than on that evening. Nor was oratory the only charm. Music lent her aid; Dr. (then Mr.) Smith sang; and a young gentleman volunteered a composition of his own, "the Poet's Election in Olympus," in which, after a contest between Scott, Moore, Byron, Southey, &c., the Irish Poet carried the day. The play, humour, and novelty told; and Sam Lover's first public display—for his it was—met universal approbation.

When the circling cup and the exhilaration of the hour had raised Moore to concert pitch, he, too, volunteered; and going to the piano, poured forth, as was his wont, song after song, amidst rapturous applause. One song, which was then unpublished, so suited the occasion, whether written for it or not, that to most present it seemed an improvised voluntary. Three times over had Moore to sing—

"They may rail at this life from the hour
I began it;"

whilst the echo haunted the ears and hearts of his auditors for many a long day after.

In September, 1830, the memorable year of the French Revolution (the second!) we have Moore again as an orator, and again in juxtaposition with

Sheil. At the very remarkable demonstration of Irish sympathy with the French people, made by a public meeting at the Hall of the Commercial Mart, Usher's-quay, a meeting of all parties, Moore delivered a beautiful and impressive oration—one which bears the marks of careful preparation, and which told with great effect. The peroration is all which space permits to the reader:—

“A bright era it might well be called, and glorious the people who are the authors of it. But I have already sufficiently dwelt upon this subject—already more than enough trespassed upon your patience; though here, indeed, is a theme I could expatiate on for ever. Here I am, I confess, more at home than in my loyalty; for surely, surely if there be a spectacle upon which God himself (if I may say so without irreverence) must look down with peculiar pleasure, it is MAN—social, enlightened man—asserting thus grandly the dignity of that image which the Almighty has impressed upon him, spurning away the rash hand, whether of priestcraft or tyranny, that would deface its lineaments, and doing justice both to his Maker and himself, by standing free and undebased before the world.”

A somewhat amusing incident occurred in the middle of Moore's speech. When about to quote some lines, he said, as “the poet has it.” The word poet had scarce passed his lips, when an outburst of acclamation, such as we have rarely witnessed, took place. The “poet” was the master-thought in the mind of the auditory. A dog in the body of the hall, affrighted by the universal roar, joined in with a furious barking, which produced laughter, and enabled Moore to recover ground by playing off, as he said, “a well-known joke of Lord North's,” “Never mind,” in allusion to the dog, “it is only the member for *Barkshire*.”

The visits which the nature of his pursuits enabled Moore to pay to his native land were few and far between, whilst the reception he met with from men of all ranks on those occasions was such as must have been and was most proudly gratifying to him; whilst at the same time, perhaps, it might suggest that somewhat of the zeal was due to the rarity of the visits, at least some of what would otherwise seem the extravagance of demonstration.

In 1835 the British Association met in Dublin, and it is but truth to say, that amidst the galaxy of notabilities

the Irish Bard was still the fixed star of admiration; nay, sometimes might he have been more likened to a comet from the tail of followers. Moore was, of course, everywhere at the dinners, *reunions* and *soirées*; and everywhere was an object of attraction.

He was constantly accompanied, I had almost said attended, by his friend and admirer, Doctor Hume, whose tall figure, steady gait, and grave countenance, contrasted somewhat amusingly with Tom Moore's small, smartly-dressed figure and sparkling countenance. Hume had been Moore's second in the unlucky duel with Jeffrey, and in consequence of his *maladroitness* in the matter, a coolness ensued between the friends, which continued for years. A reconciliation took place, and the worthy Doctor, having long before proved himself a bad second in duelling matters, was determined to prove himself *second* to none in devotion to his former principal. Indeed, he rather monopolised the “lion,” and it was often a puzzle that his attentions did not wear out the patience of their victim. His friendship was, however, sincere, albeit excessive in its zeal.

One day they found their way in company to the old house in Aungier-street, and, going into the shop, asked if Mr. Moore had not formerly lived in that house? “Yes,” was the reply, “and it was in this house that Sir Thomas Moore was born.” The poet could not help smiling at the new title he had acquired, and which was not, we presume, any gratuitous honour, but one resulting from some confusion of ideas about the poet and the statesman of a former age, or, perhaps, resulted from an idea that one so distinguished must have a title.

Moore asked as a favour to be allowed up stairs; and it is easy to imagine with what feelings he visited every portion of the house consecrated by the recollections of the “best of parents,” early associates, and happy homes. Above all, he should get up to the little upper room, one window of which looks into Little Longford-street, at the corner of which the house stands; here had been his own sanctum, and here he had got up his little theatricals. How changed the visitor from the boyish inhabitant of those rooms forty years before; but himself, in that moment of retrospection, could say how far the

wide fame he then enjoyed had exceeded or fallen short of the picturings of the boy's ambition!

Fidus Achates had taken care, in the course of the visit, to pass the word who was the *little* visitor; and on hospitable cares intent, the good lady of the mansion had "cakes and wine" in the drawing-room when they descended. All the young people were presented in due order, and, no doubt, in the family chronicles the poet's visit to the house of his birth is well preserved.

One of the most brilliant demonstrations of that season was Moore's "Command Night," as it used to be called. Mr. Calcraft, with that appreciation of what was due to genius, and that high good taste which deserved better success in theatrical enterprise than was his in Dublin, asked Mr. Moore to select the pieces to be performed, and to honour the theatre by his presence. Saturday, 15th of August, was the night selected; *The Jealous Wife* and *Born to Good Luck*, the pieces performed. Macready played Oakley; Miss Ellen Tree, Mrs. Oakley; and Miss Huddart, Lady Free-love; whilst Power—poor Power!—delighted the house as Paddy O'Rafferty. A more brilliant assemblage or fuller house could not be, and rarely have the fair mustered stronger in a theatre than on that night.

Moore, who had dined with the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, amongst the other *élite* of the British Association, did not get to the Theatre until after nine o'clock. When first espied in the private box, which was Calcraft's, he was instantaneously hailed with an outburst of welcome—with waving of handkerchiefs and hats—with such a demonstration as could, perhaps, only be witnessed in an Irish theatre. Miss Moore, the sister of the poet, sat with a large party of friends in one of the lower boxes, and when he descended from his hiding place, he was forced down to the front row beside her. Another outburst of welcome, and the pit waved to and fro with a sea of upturned faces. The men near the box in which Moore was, stood upon the seats, and insisted on shaking hands with the "Bard of Erin"—an operation of some risk to him, as leaning over the box he seemed to run a chance of being dragged into the pit; at least so it seemed to his gentle and

nervous sister, who clung to his skirts to protect him in emergency! "Speak! speak!" was the general cry, and Moore essayed; but labouring under great hoarseness, he could only apologise, assigning that as the cause, and thanking his friends for their truly Irish welcome.

That gentle sister, good and amiable as she was gentle, who shared, and proudly, her brother's triumph that night—she, too, is gone; leaving indeed to all who knew her the memory of gentle worth!

By a melancholy chain of deaths, Moore lived to be the last of his race. He was the first-born of four or five, and he survived all. His mother died in the March of 1832, so that he lived precisely twenty years after her. All his children, three daughters and two sons, died long before him. How little wonder that a sad shade should sit upon his brow, or a melancholy tone breathe through his gayest notes! Yet so constitutionally elastic was his temperament, so indestructible its social joyousness, that none, save those who knew Moore intimately, could know how heavily those trials told upon him.

But at the time mentioned Moore retained wonderfully the freshness of his youthful spirit; and it was in that autumn of 1835 that he received one of those ovations to genius that remind us more of the palmy days of Greece, or the picturesque demonstrations that the people of sunnier climes delight in, than the everyday receptions that even we of the Green Island, "half sunshine, half tears," can offer to those whom we honour or love.

Moore went to visit his friend, Mr. Boyse, of Bannow, in the county of Wexford; and, no doubt, to that gentleman's taste for classical ovations the Poet was indebted for the manner of his reception. It was a perfect triumphal procession, Moore being drawn in an open chariot, prepared for his arrival, by the stalwart young fellows of the neighbourhood, and accompanied by a band of the loveliest of the rustic beauties. Nor was the Bard deficient in his gallantry at the moment, for he invited as many of the nymphs as his carriage would accommodate to sit with him, and thus humouring the whim of the moment, he was brought to his friend's house,

more after the manner of an ancient than a modern minstrel.

If the manner of the thing may seem extravagant to the cold worshippers of mere formalities, the cordiality of the reception was such as to overpower Moore more than once; and no man was more easily moved to tears, when agitated or deeply-charmed, than he. Listening to sacred music, which he loved devotedly, the tears would fall from him; and it is easy to conceive how, in the land of his birth—in his mother's native district—the cordial welcome of thousands, untutored in the ways of flattery, but with hearts full of pride in him, should have touched the inmost feelings, even like a strain of sacred music.

In a very effective speech, one well adapted to his auditory, thanking them for their great reception, he said happily that the smiles which had greeted him “were not the mere smiles of gazers and strangers, paying tribute to the cause of literature and liberty, in the person of one of their humblest supporters, but smiles full of all the warmth of the fireside—such smiles as greet men from friends, brothers, and, I will add, beautiful and blooming sisters: for *time* has not abated one jot of my admiration or value for those ‘sensitive hearts and sunbright eyes’ of my fair countrywomen, which in my young days I celebrated.”

The few days of his stay were a succession of fêtes, deputations, receptions, and surprises. Amongst the deputations of congratulation was one from the town of Wexford, to which his answer, delivered on the impulse of the moment, naturally embodied an allusion to his mother; for whom his love seems to have been a master feeling throughout life.

“It is peculiarly gratifying to me,” he said, “to receive this mark of regard from the town of Wexford, which is to me more than my native place, being the birthplace of my beloved mother. I was, indeed, delighted yesterday with the thought, during my triumphal entry into Bannow (for triumphal it was in the best sense of the word), that so many Wexfordians were present, to whom it gave pleasure to witness the honourable eminence to which the grandson of their humble but honest fellow-townsmen, old Tom Codd, of the Corn Market, had been, for no other qualities but honesty and

independence of spirit, exalted by his kind countrymen.”

Moore felt more pride in the Wexford demonstration, heart-whole and brilliant as it was, than perhaps any other he had ever received. The following short note, addressed to a friend in Dublin a few days after his return to England, shows how his pulse still throbbed with the recollection of Dublin and Bannow:—

“Bowood, September 13, 1835.

“MY DEAR —,—I have but just time to avail myself of a frank of Lord Lansdowne's, to trouble you with the enclosed for Mr. —, whose address in Dublin I forget.

“Neither my *head* nor *heart* have yet subsided to the temperature fit for this frigid region, after the high summer glow to which you had exalted them in Ireland. ‘How can you ever bear this *prosaic* country,’ said a lady to me the other day, ‘after your Irish welcome?’ and she was right enough in her question; the contrast is most striking.

“Give my best regards to my dear Mrs. —, who made no small part of the sunshine of my visit.

“Yours ever truly,

“THOMAS MOORE.”

It is but right to say that the word “frigid” in this note is only a comparative term; for at Bowood, as everywhere, Moore was the cynosure of greedy eyes, the welcome guest, and generally the life of the circle. To be sure, the ease and quiet, the *nonchalance* of high society was a contrast to the ebullition of popular feeling, of which Moore had been so lately the object.

In that year he was offered the appointment of Deputy-Keeper of the State Papers, but declined it on account of the sacrifice of time and the necessity of residence in London. His friends, however, were most anxious that some certain provision should be made for him, that would tend to lighten the necessity for literary labour, which was beginning to tell against his health. In fact, for a year or two previous, his eyes had been failing him—a circumstance to which he thus sportively alluded, in 1834, in a letter to a friend:—

“I have been long threatening to write to you; but, in addition to all my other obstacles in the way of correspondence, I have been of late teased with weak eyes, being obliged to husband those precious

ticles, have been forced to trust to the good-nature of all friends, and substitute *thinking* of them for *writing* to them. Which are the most precious things—a beauty's eyes or a poor author's? I fear, with all my gallantry, I must decide for the latter; and if Mrs. ——— forgives me for so doing, it will be very generous of her, being a party concerned."

This fact, Moore's advancing years, his long and arduous labours, and the contingencies common to all authorship, rendered his friends anxious that some certainty of income should be insured to him; and it was with universal approbation that the announcement was received of Lord Melbourne, then Minister, having settled a pension of £300 per annum on the gifted poet.

Shortly afterwards his Irish admirers were anxious to send him to Parliament, and the representation of Limerick was offered to him. Embarrassed as he felt at having to deny his enthusiastic friends anything, he felt he ought to decline; and there can be little doubt that he was right. That he would have distinguished himself in the House, had he launched at an early period into public life, we may well suppose. The few extracts already given from his speeches sufficiently indicate the oratorical powers he possessed, had they been more constantly cultivated. He had in his youth been a member of the Debating Society—"a sort of nursery," he calls it, "to the authorised Historical Society," and subsequently graduated in the latter; and had he gone to the Bar, or early into Parliament, his powers of oratory, and, above all, his dauntless independence, would have raised him high in public esteem.

But his vocation was the Muse. He had earned a world-wide fame as a poet: he sought to be known as that rather than as a politician; and he could not have gone into Parliament in latter years without risking the *uniqueness* of his fame, and without a sacrifice of time and money which he could not afford. He had served his country by his writings. At his period of life, repose and gradual cessation from labour were necessary, rather than the excitement of politics.

For many years after this period Moore was engaged on his "History of Ireland," of which, as I can say little in praise, and do not mean to assume the critic, I will not speak, further than to

say, that it was a labour that most men might shrink from, so scattered and buried have been the true authorities, and so diverse in opinion those who have hitherto attempted the task. The history of Ireland remains to be written; at least, so written that the ordinary reader can grasp the leading facts, dis-sever fact and fiction, eliminate calumny, and look upon the past of Ireland as neither more nor less than it has been. A process of disinterment of evidence, by translation of the annals and scattered memoirs from the Irish tongue into one more common, is going on. The discovery and historical arrangement of antiquities will aid in the sustainment of this evidence. And, lastly, the extinction of mere prejudice, and the determined search after truth, for its own sake, will ultimately, it is to be hoped, place the history of this country on an intelligible basis.

That Moore spared no pains in making every possible research is well known; and for this purpose he paid one or two visits to Ireland subsequent to 1835. It was, probably, on one of these occasions, in 1839, that the circumstance of the discovery of the original notation of the "Canadian Boat Song" occurred. The anecdote, as told by Moore in his preface to the "Longman" edition of the *American Poems*, is very interesting; but as a new light has been thrown upon it by Mr. Weld within the last few weeks, it will be better to give his version from the *Athenæum*:—

"A brother of Mr. C. R. Weld, who narrates the scene, introduced a young lady, Miss Maconchy, with the remark, 'She possesses the original copy of your "Canadian Boat Song."' The poet was struck by this, and asked how it came to pass? The song and the music had been pencilled by Moore, when sailing down the St. Lawrence, on the blank leaf of a book belonging to Mr. Harkness, with whom he was travelling in Canada in 1805. The book, which was 'Priestley's Lectures,' at Mr. Harkness' death, came into the possession of Mr. Maconchy, of Edenmore, near Dublin, who gave it to his daughter. Moore asked to see the book, and he appointed to meet the young lady next day at a bookseller's in Grafton-street. He saw with delight the well-remembered lines, and gazed so long and earnestly that the lady exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. Moore, I hope you do not want to take the book from me?' 'No,' he replied; 'but if you knew what thrilling remembrances of a happy past the contemplation of this page presents, you would not wonder at

my feelings. Since I wrote these lines,' he added, 'I have been going so fast down the rapids of life, that I owe you much for enabling me to live, though but for a few minutes, in the past, and I shall long remember this pleasant meeting.' Mr. Moore then authenticated the lines, stating the circumstances under which they were written, adding his autograph, and returned the book, thus doubly valuable, to its fair possessor. In a note by the poet to the 'Canadian Boat Song,' in the last edition of his works, he states merely that 'a gentleman had shewn him the volume;' on which Mr. Weld remarks, that 'no mention is made of a lovely girl being in the case, and that it would not have been so in Moore's more youthful days.'"

The probability is, that it was a failure of memory, not a want of gallantry, on Moore's part which led to the difference of version. There is some mistake, too, on Mr. Weld's part as to the date, for it was in 1835, not '39, the British Association met in Dublin.

One of the least publicly developed phases of Moore's mind, and naturally so, is in his style of correspondence. He has left his journal and letters to Mrs. Moore, and they will, doubtless, form a book anxiously desired by the public. In his letter-writing, or rather *note* writing, for his general habit was to be brief and to the point, there was great play, and in the fewest lines always some new idea, or an old one neatly and aptly put. Some scraps have been given; here is one written in 1835 to a young artist who had painted him, and was about to visit Sloperton, taking the portrait for Mrs. Moore's inspection:—

"I have been several times, during this last week, on the point of writing to you; but as sure as ever I sat down, near post hour, for the purpose, so surely did some other claimant, from the 'unanswered' side of my letter-box, pop up its head and carry the day against you. I am delighted to find you are better, and that we are likely to see you so soon—even though you do bring an 'umbra', or uninvited guest along with you (the dissimilarity to the Roman practice in this case being, that it is *my umbra*, not yours). Mrs. Moore means to act like a heroine, and to surrender even my beauty for your advantage, which I trust it *will* be, with all my heart."

There was always a playful spirit and an aptitude of expression—a turn given to the simplest matters, which was a great charm, in his notes. Thus in one he commences:—

"I blush crimson deep on finding that your letter has so long remained unanswered; but it had got to the very bottom of the mountain-heap of letters on my table, 'out-topping old Pelion,' and it is but this moment that it has found its way into light to reproach me."

Thus the least circumstance was forced into service by the natural wit of the writer; and however well expressed, the language flowed as unstudied on the paper as in his conversation. Yet evidently nothing ever escaped from pen or lip that had not anteriorly passed through a rapid process to perfection in the mind.

If these "Recollections" appear too much the effusions of an admirer, the writer admits he is open to the charge. At the same time, he feels that such should not lessen whatever value they possess, as we seldom sufficiently appreciate or study men of genius if we do not admire them. His desire would be, were they worthy of the object, to wreath his "Recollections" as a garland *in memoriam* of the illustrious dead! Nor were his genius, his social or public qualities, those only to admire in Moore; brilliant, as they were, they derived an increased interest and lustre from his native worth and his domestic virtues. To see Moore to perfection, was to see him at home, at Sloperton.

Sloperton Cottage, where, for upwards of twenty-five years of his life, Moore resided—where he expired, and where, no doubt, in future years many a pilgrim will wend to the poet's shrine, is situated about five miles from Devizes, in Wiltshire, and within a very short distance of Bowood, the seat of his noble and constant friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne. It is not, as generally supposed, on Lord Lansdowne's property; and thereby hangs a tale. To Moore the retirement of the country, apart from its healthful and poetic influences, was absolutely necessary as a refuge from the temptations to society, and consequent dissipation of time.

So essentially fitted for and fond of social intercourse, and sought after, as he was, it would have been impossible for him in a city to seclude himself sufficiently to pursue his studies, or give his whole heart and soul in effusions of song. He has himself recorded how little he could do in gay convivial Paris, and how two winters spent amongst the snow-capt hills of Derby-

shire were necessary to the production of those scenes of oriental softness and moral grandeur embodied in "Lalla Rookh."

Naturally, he sought to settle in the country, and as naturally his intimate friend Lord Lansdowne wished him to settle near him, and was, indeed, most anxious to secure him as a tenant on the Bowood estate. Moore, however, felt how difficult it might be to settle the rent accounts, as his noble landlord was not likely to accept *any*. With that feeling of independence which was characteristic of him, he rather preferred to live near his noble friend, but in his own *Tusculum*; and during his rambles in search of a place near Bowood, he found a small, snug house, with enough of ground for all a poet's fancy, not on the property, and, as it struck him, "just the thing." Immediately on his arrival in town, Mrs. Moore, without whose counsel in such matters he never acted, was dispatched to see the cottage; and, as he used to say himself, "the only cruel piece of waggery I could ever charge Bessie with was, her returning to me on that occasion, and with a grave face, telling me the place was taken. 'Taken!' I exclaimed—'how very provoking!—did you hear by whom, as we might induce him to give it up?' 'It is taken by me,' said Mrs. Moore;" whereupon, we may easily suppose, she was soon forgiven. The anecdote may seem trivial, but it was indicative of the character of the man, one great charm of which was, its naturalness, and the freshness of spirit even in trifling matters.

Having gained this great point, a series of improvements commenced, in which his noble neighbour assiduously aided. By taste, gradual expenditure, and care, Sloperton was transformed from a thatched, but snug farmhouse, to a comfortable gentlemanly cottage-residence. The house is situated on one of those cross-roads or lanes which, with their long tree-vistas and flickering bits of light and shade, are very charming, and are almost peculiar to England. Two rustic porches, and the growing creepers over the front, take away from a little smartness or primness which the new house had when first built; and now, as we see it represented in the vignette frontispiece to Longman's edition of Moore's poems, it has assumed a more

picturesque character. If the reader will look to this illustration, he will remark over the farther porch a small window, overgrown with green; this, and the one adjoining to the right, are the windows of the poet's study; whilst in the trees at the rere and further end of the house, is his favourite walk.

Here, in the "grateful shade," Moore was wont to walk when composing, with often but a rough fragment of paper and pencil in hand, to jot down ideas, which subsequently he reduced to a methodised form in his study. Any one may confess to a sore temptation, and any one might feel tempted, as the writer confesses he was, one day, when passing into the dining-room to luncheon, he espied a little straw hat, which Moore, returned from his walk, had just put off, and in it a scrap of paper pencilled all over. The pencil, too, lay there—

"All, as he left it—even the pen
So lately at that mind's command,
Carelessly lying, as if then
Just fall'n from his gifted hand."

These, Moore's own lines to the poet Crabbe's inkstand, admirably describe, *mutatis mutandis*, the tantalising temptation. The lines, too, written in every direction, were evidently verses. I had a hard struggle, and must confess that the fear of discovery saved me as much, perhaps, as more honourable motives, from the guilt of thieving.

Here in his tranquil, well-ordered, happy home, Moore passed the happiest of his maturer years. His habits were regular; and though it is likely the lamp burned in his study sometimes far into the night, the general rule was that of early hours. The piano was in his own study, and it was no small favour to be asked in, after tea, to hear some of the wild melodies or witching love strains of old, and occasionally a new one ere it had reached the public ear.

Nor was the Poet's retreat in any respect the hermitage of an anchorite, or the dusty and disordered dwelling of the bookworm. A more hospitable roof few could enter under. Though all the comforts and neatness of an English home were there—though neither Grecian festival nor the luxury of Roman feasts were aimed at—Anacreon could not have crowned with

roses a better bowl of wine, nor have seasoned with more glowing wit the simple fare, nor sped with song more happily the fleeting hours, than did Tom Moore, when he drew the circle of his friends about him. Modestly, but playfully, his hospitable habit is described in his poetical invitation to Lord Lansdowne to dinner. Having described in the first verse the imaginary fare of poets, he goes on thus:—

“Such fare may suit those bards who’re able
To banquet at Duke Humphrey’s table;
But as for me who’ve long been taught
To eat and drink like other people;
And can put up with mutton bought
Where Bromham rears its ancient steeple,
If Lansdowne will consent to share
My humble feast, though rude the fare,
Yet, season’d by that salt he brings
From Attica’s salinest springs,
’Twill turn to dainties; while the cup,
Beneath his influence brightening up,
Like that of Baucis, touch’d by Jove,
Will sparkle fit for gods above!”

There is, perhaps, more poetry and friendly compliment than truth in the latter lines; for without disparagement to the noble guest—a guest whose distinction did not rest on his nobility alone—the chiefest charm of Sloperton was the gifted host. Yet the bonds which bound Moore with his noble friends in intimacy, were generally reciprocal, and always intellectual.

Bromham steeple is that of the church in the graveyard of which the ashes of Moore are now laid. In a note to the verses which we have just quoted, he describes Bromham as, “a picturesque village in sight of my cottage, and from which it is separated but by a small verdant valley.” So it is; and through the vista of the Poet’s walk, to which we have alluded, this steeple, on the rising ground above the valley is the unique object. Can we doubt that often, as he walked that path, his eye rested on this object—always one of peaceful and solemn interest—to him, particularly, perhaps, endeared by the bereavement of his children, one by one—the checquered shades upon his otherwise sunny and triumphant path of life; and still more, by the fact that there two of them lay interred? Anxious as his fellow-countrymen have been to claim the earth of Ireland’s greatest Poet, as well as his immortal fame, they cannot but feel

that there is great force in the circumstances thus alluded to; nay, more, that it was natural the wish should have grown upon Moore’s own mind, that where his offspring rested—near the happy home of many years—he himself should be laid. A niche in Westminster, and all the pomp of a public funeral, might have been his. Proudly and fondly a sepulchre in his native land would have been prepared for him; yet does it seem more truthful to the varied incidents of life and the natural impulses of man, that Moore should be interred as he is. If anything could reconcile us to the fact of not having his remains amongst us, it should be the sacred sorrows that are entombed in Bromham. Nor will it be without its future interest that the Poet’s sepulchre shall be within view of his shrine.

That genius the brightest, intellect the most cultivated, and ardent spirit of life—all of which were Moore’s—should pass away from earth, is the inevitable fate of man. That the ashes of Moore do not rest in the land of his birth is a deep disappointment to his countrymen; but that no memorial of him should be raised in his native city, no permanent witness of the honour and love his countrymen feel for him, would be their national disgrace.

We have too many such sins of omission to answer for. The stranger walking through our city will find a few equestrian statues of British monarchs, whom, without the aid of the inscription, he might suppose to be Roman emperors, so slavishly in taste has the “classic” type been followed. He will find one British sailor put out of sight on top of an enormous column; and in our Park, the Wellington Testimonial, with the “part of Hamlet” left out.

Where will he find Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, Lucas, O’Connell, or other illustrious Irishmen? He will find statues of some of them if he penetrate into what was once our Exchange, and is now to be the hall for civic debates—little cared for, and less known.

This should not be so. We have a long debt to repay to our great men. It were well to commence with the latest lost—with Thomas Moore, who, if not the greatest, stands almost alone, by the rare combination of powers and the universality of his fame.

It is not necessary that Irishmen should claim the exclusive privilege in this matter; it should be open to Moore's admirers in whatever quarter of the globe they may be, to aid in doing him honour; but it is right that Irishmen should take the initiative. Let, then, a statue or other testimonial to Moore be raised in some public

place in his native city—honourable to him, and, as a work of art, creditable to the genius and taste of our times, to which Irishmen may point, generation after generation, with pride and pleasure; and of which when the stranger asks "Who is that?" the answer shall be, "The Irish Bard."

A LAMENT FOR THOMAS MOORE.

"He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he."—ADONAI8.

I.

Ah! vainly, vainly to my heart is calling
 The poet's playmate of the year—the Spring.
 Vainly it comes—a bright-eyed, glad-faced boy,
 With pulses throbbing joy;
 With eyes that twinkle, and with feet that bound
 Along the grassy ground,
 As if each flying foot were sandalled with a wing:
 Vainly it comes, to tempt me forth to play,
 And spend the poet's holiday—
 The vernal season of sweet recreation,
 The heart's too brief vacation,
 Amid the task-works of the toiling year.
 For now the daisy's pearly disks appear
 To light the early meadow's emerald sky;
 Each a little silver sun is seen
 Amid its circling heaven of green;
 While round about in due gradation,
 Through mystic gravitation,
 The minor fragrant orbs concentric lie.

II.

Ah! vainly, vainly on my ear is falling
 The old, but ever new, sweet melodies
 Sung by the feathered Syrens of the trees,
 That lured my steps so oft,
 On spring-tide silvery mornings soft,
 From the broad highway, or the glaring green,
 To where a flickering sheen
 Of dark and bright mosaic lights the lea
 Beneath the fresh-green copse—
 What time, in tiny flakes, soft eddying, drops
 The fragrant snow-shower from the hawthorn tree.
 Vainly the glad birds twitter now
 Upon each conscious bough—
 Upon each conscious bough that shares their glee,
 And with exulting ecstasy
 Trembles through every fibrous vein,
 And seems to feel the magic of the strain,
 And sinks and soars, and soars and sinks again!

III.

Not that my heart is dead or cold
 To the most common sight, the most familiar sound
 Of natural beauty or impulsive joy.
 Ah! no, thank Heaven! not so;
 At heart the poet ever is a boy,
 Howe'er the years go round:
 For though his pallid brow may grow
 Furrowed and worn, and with thin silver hair,
 As with a fading cirrus cloud, be hung,
 His heart is ever young—
 Perpetual youth is there.
 It is not that the earth has grown less fair,
 This last of all the Springs it yet hath known,
 That I behold it not with my accustomed gladness.
 Ah! no, not over it, but o'er my heart is thrown
 A funeral pall of sadness—
 A filmy veil of sorrow is outspread
 Before my eyes, as by a mourner's hand,
 For the poet of my people, for the minstrel of my land,
 Who is dead!

IV.

Dead! ah, no—he has returned to life.
 In living death for three blank years he lay,
 And now comes forth from the protracted strife,
 A conqueror to-day.
 To him the common foe no terror brought,
 Nor the heart's tremor, nor the gasping breath;
 For like his own Mokanna's veil,
 A trebly-folded woof of blank unthought
 Concealed the horrid front of Death—
 The ghastly visage pale!
 Thrice had the fair magician of the year,
 Her potent wand applying,
 Saved the wintry world from dying;
 And in the wondrous renovation,
 Recalled the freshness and the jubilation
 Of the world's primal day:
 So that the stars of heaven again prepared to sing
 Their songs of gratulation.
 He heeded not, or turned away:
 Unmarked the budding wonders of the Spring—
 The floral magic of the May;
 And when the happy birds in every grove
 Sang hymns to Love,
 From the green temple of each stately tree—
 To Love, whose highest poet-priest was he:
 Alas! 'twas all in vain;
 He heeded not the fond adoring strain—
 Its music was unheard.
 Its magic and its meaning both had flown—
 Its shrill, sweet-echoing chirrup which the grove prolongs.
 Ah! me, what wonder, when his own sweet songs,
 The sweetest ever sang by bard or bird,
 Were to himself unknown!

V.

But let us linger not, my soul, beside
 The poet's bier, or his neglected grave;
 Nor burn to think of those to whom he gave

A portion of his own immortal fame,
 Who, when the last sad moment came—
 The hour that claimed the funeral rite august
 For the poor portion of him that had died—
 Sullenly shunned the poet's sacred dust,
 Heedless of what was due to generous lays,
 And all the friendly fire of former days.
 The hour may come when, on his mother's breast,
 The darling child of song may take his rest;
 Then shall the tribute of unnumbered eyes,
 Then shall the throbbing of unnumbered hearts,
 And all the tender cares that love imparts,
 Fond, flattering praises, passion-breathing sighs,
 Grateful regrets, and hopeful prayers arise;
 Then shall the harp, which he had woke so oft
 To breathe the varied lay—
 Mirthful, melodious, melancholy, gay,
 Softly severe, and masculine though soft,
 And sunny satire, wounding but to cure—
 Then shall the harp's elegiac music float,
 As if it kept its sad prevailing note
 Prolonged through ages, for the *keen* of MOORE!
D. F. M'C.

THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRAITOR'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

THE life of a galley-slave must really be less intolerable than that of an intriguer. It certainly seems very questionable whether the attainment of any object whatever, in this world, would repay the tension of mind and perpetual unrest of a life of double-dealing, especially with the aggravation of that secret self-contempt which it must inevitably involve. To Gabriel Randolph, however, this system of plotting and counter-plotting had become a second nature; and the twofold ambition which goaded him to strive by any means to win Aletheia and the Abbey, was sufficiently powerful to have made him undergo a very martyrdom, if need be, in the effort. He was sorely to be pitied at this present moment, for assuredly it is a most thankless labour for a man to be a martyr to his base self.

Aletheia and Liliass were now the objects of his peculiar watchfulness—the first for her own sake, the latter for that of the estate; and they

presented a singular contrast in the amount of trouble they gave him: for he could, with the most perfect ease, make himself acquainted with every one of Liliass's movements, and almost of her thoughts, whilst his utmost endeavours, from hour to hour, failed to penetrate the indomitable reserve of her he loved so madly.

On the day, however, which was one of such deep importance in the life of Hubert Lyle, the proceedings of his little Irish cousin fairly perplexed Gabriel; he could not understand her at all; he missed her from the music-room at the hour when she was usually to be found there; unconsciously occupied, by means of her clear fresh voice, in bringing Walter to the conclusion, that the Vale of Avoca must be the most desirable residence in the world, always provided it were inhabited by her who sang its praises so sweetly. Gabriel looked into the room expecting to find Liliass, and could hardly help smiling at the disconsolate position of Walter, seated

at the piano with this favourite song open before him, laboriously endeavouring to play the notes of the air with one stiff, wooden-looking finger (considerably more accustomed to pulling the trigger of his rifle), and thereby producing most melancholy music.

"What! are you all alone?—this is unusual," said Gabriel, who lost no opportunity of prosecuting his plans, by endeavouring to persuade his cousin that his growing attachment to Liliás was returned, although none were so well aware as himself, that she was, in fact, entirely indifferent to Walter. "Why, where is Liliás?"

"Where no one but herself would have gone," replied Walter, in the tone of a spoiled child; "she is a young lady of most extraordinary tastes."

"And what is their peculiar development at present?" said Gabriel, repressing a strong inclination to laugh outright.

"She has gone to walk with Lady Randolph," said Walter, with a very fierce aspect.

"Lady Randolph! Why, they have scarcely spoken to each other ever since she came."

"Very true; and I do believe our delightful aunt has the courage to hate even such a loveable little being as she is. Nevertheless, Miss Liliás chose to go and walk with her; and when I offered to enliven the tedium of such a state procession, as a promenade with that imperial lady must be, she civilly declined my services."

Here Walter seized the unoffending song, and flinging it down, declared it was a disagreeable thing, for it would make quite a different air when he played the notes, from what it did when Liliás sang it.

Gabriel had already left the room, and was out on the terrace, from whence he could command a view of nearly all the park. Gone to walk with Lady Randolph! what did this portend? Liliás had not undergone the penance of forcing herself on her aunt without a reason, he was very certain. He had seen enough of his little cousin to be quite aware that with all her gentleness, she had great firmness of purpose. He conjectured speedily enough that Hubert Lyle was somehow connected with this matter; and the idea at once gave the interview great importance in his eyes.

VOL. XXXIX.—NO. CCXXXII.

He could just distinguish the two figures moving to and fro, in Lady Randolph's favourite walk, and he determined patiently to mount guard on the terrace till they should return to the house, in order that at least he might gain some clue to the nature of their conversation from the expression of their countenances. But he was destined to have a better reward for his patience than he had hoped, for they passed him quite close, although they were so completely absorbed in their own thoughts that they did not perceive him, and he was enabled to follow them, at a prudent distance, till he saw them enter Hubert's room together; then indeed he stopped, most exceedingly perplexed and astonished.

Liliás evidently on the most friendly terms with Lady Randolph! actually going to visit Hubert Lyle, when she had heard Sir Michael's positive announcement, that any one so much as venturing to speak to him would for ever forfeit his favour and estate! This was braving her uncle, indeed! and for one moment Gabriel pondered, whether he had not better let things take their course without interference, as it seemed that the immediate result of Liliás's present step would be, her quitting Randolph Abbey for ever. He should thus be free from a formidable rival certainly, but it would avail nothing to his purpose unless Walter were also removed from his path. He knew well enough that if Liliás were in any way to fail Sir Michael, he would at once adopt Walter in her place; and Gabriel had felt from the commencement that unless he could so combine his plans as to destroy the prospects of both his cousins, it would avail him nothing to procure the ruin of one.

He soon saw, therefore, that it would be best to adhere to the original plan he had communicated to his mother, for ensuring the loss of Sir Michael's favour to both, and which Liliás's present proceeding rendered only the more feasible. He had no doubt whatever that, in the event of her becoming attached to Hubert, he could himself so represent her case to Walter, that his generous cousin, in spite of the bitterness of disappointed affection, would strain every nerve to assist her in obtaining the happiness she desired, without a moment's consideration of the loss of the estate, which such conduct would render certain.

Gabriel's only doubt was, as to the possibility of so bright and attractive a being as Liliass, really dooming herself to a life-long alliance with a poor deformed outcast. He felt that almost in any case, he would have been the first to denounce the mere possibility of such a thing; but he had noted well, that the predominant quality in Liliass's character was self-devotion, and he decidedly thought that the mere sight of one so unfortunate as Hubert, aided, if necessary, by a little artful eloquence from himself, would cause the old proverb, that "pity is akin to love," to hold good in the case of one so gentle-hearted as his Irish cousin.

He felt, however, that the present moment was a crisis which might overthrow all his projects, if he did not step in and avert the blow. He foresaw that the certain consummation of Liliass's visit to Hubert would be, that Sir Michael, in one of his fits of uncontrollable rage, would send her home to Ireland, and refuse ever to let her set foot in Randolph Abbey again. This must be averted till the time was ripe—ripe for her dismissal, indeed, but not without having Walter as a companion in her disgrace.

Gabriel found he had ample time to arrange his future proceedings whilst this marvellous interview with Hubert lasted; and he was ready primed for a conversation with Liliass, which he deemed most essential, when at length she left the room with her aunt. He withdrew into the recess of a window in the passage, and saw them walk to the door of Lady Randolph's room together; then he watched her bend to receive the tender kiss which her aunt bestowed upon her, and turn back alone to go to the drawing-room.

She came along the passage towards him, and he scrutinised her countenance with a keen, watchful glance. His quick eye at once detected a change in her expression. A certain restlessness, which of late had troubled the childlike serenity of her face, had disappeared, and now there were tokens of inward peace in every line—but it was a peace full of joy; for the eye, soft and beaming, looked out as it were into some distant futurity, which certainly was one of hope and contentment; while the happy smile playing on her lips seemed to brighten her whole aspect, like one of those fitful

flashes of sunshine, which at times flood with a sudden radiance, the fair valleys of her own Emerald Isle. As she drew near, Gabriel suddenly stepped from the deep recess of the window, and stood before her so as to prevent her progress. Liliass started violently at his unexpected appearance; and casting a timid, uneasy glance at him, leant against the wall as if for support.

"Why, how you tremble, Liliass!" said Gabriel, with evident concern. "I am afraid I alarmed you: I am truly sorry, indeed—I did not intend to do so."

"I am sure you did not," she said, with her usual gentleness. "It is foolish in me to be so easily startled. I am not so timid habitually; but somehow, just now, I was thinking of something very interesting to me, and you seemed to come across my path as if with a warning to me, that my bright visions would meet with a check. An instinctive terror seemed to take possession of me at sight of you, for which I cannot account; but I feel it yet." And she shivered perceptibly as she spoke.

"You are nervous," said Gabriel, in a tone of annoyance; "but you had better sit down, and I wish much to speak to you. Look, we shall be quiet here."

He took her hand, and drew her into the recess, where she was evidently glad to rest for a moment, that she might regain her composure. There was a brief silence; at last Gabriel spoke—

"My dear Liliass," he said in the softest of tones—

She lifted her eyes and looked at him with some surprise, for his countenance had assumed an expression of most compassionate regret.

"What is the matter?—how sad you look!" she said.

"And I am sad—more so than I can tell you," replied Gabriel.

"I am so sorry to hear it. But why?—has anything happened to Altheia?"

He could hardly help smiling at the innocent candour of this remark.

"Not to her, but to one who is also very dear to me, as a cousin should be—I mean yourself, Liliass."

"Me! Oh, you must be mistaken; you have no reason in the world to feel unhappy about me, I assure you. At

this time, more than at any other, those who desire my welfare should rejoice for my sake, since life was never so joyous to me as it is to-day!"

"It is precisely because you are so confiding and so deceived, dear Liliass, that it makes me miserable to see you look thus gay, when all manner of evil is around you."

"What do you mean?" she said, turning pale, as the long-forgotten warning of the stranger rushed into her mind.

"I mean that those whom you believe to be your friends are your bitter enemies, and they are plotting your ruin, my poor cousin!"

"Of whom do you speak?" said Liliass, with a certain coldness of manner; for her faith was firm that every one in the house, excepting, perhaps, himself and Aletheia, were honestly and truly her friends.

"Tell me," said Gabriel, evading the direct question, "did I not see you just now, leaving Hubert Lyle's study along with his mother?"

"You did," replied Liliass calmly, though with a heightened colour.

"And have I not reason, then, to be indeed truly grieved, when I see you, the most generous and unsuspecting of mortals, entrapped into the snare which has been laid for the destruction of all your bright prospects?"

"Entrapped!—and by whom do you suppose me to be so?" said Liliass with an increasing distrust of Gabriel at every word he said. She had long felt that he was the only one of her new relations whom she did not like, for some instinctive reason which she could not have explained to herself. It was well-nigh impossible for her unsuspecting nature to think the least evil of him, nor had she, indeed, any grounds for so doing; but the perfect truth of her character seemed to jar against the duplicity in which his was, as it were, altogether steeped—like the true and false metal which refuse to intermingle.

"I cannot imagine what you mean, Gabriel," she continued.

"No," said Gabriel, very softly; "I am sure you could never, unassisted, penetrate the artful schemes which are at work against you. That frank, confiding disposition, which forms the great beauty of your character, my dear Liliass, will, I fear, be also a real misfortune to you in this treacherous world; but, at least, at present, I

know I can be of use to you, however little you may be disposed to believe that there is even any necessity for my services; you are yourself the only person who would not perceive at a glance the truth of your position just now. Can anything be more plain than that Lady Randolph, whose object it of course is, to prevent the inheritance descending to any of us, has taken means to remove you out of her path, by working on your feelings of compassion towards her son, and thus ensuring, by your present visit to him, the withdrawal of Sir Michael's favour from you entirely?"

Liliass started to her feet, the clear blood rushing with a vivid glow to her cheek, whilst her eyes sparkled with an excitement most foreign to her gentle nature; for soft and yielding as she was habitually, it sufficed but to say one word against her absent friends, and straightway that generous fire revealed itself within her, which kindles so readily in the warm hearts of her countrymen.

"I knew it," she exclaimed; "I knew you were deceived—mistaken—utterly wrong, in your suppositions; and I tell you, Gabriel, no one has a right to judge another so harshly without sufficient grounds. I should have thought you *must* have known my aunt was incapable of such meanness;" and she bent her eyes upon him with a piercing gaze, beneath which his own sank in spite of himself. "But now know the truth," she continued: "I have nothing to conceal; and however much I may dislike the constant exposure of my inmost thoughts, I am driven to it in this house, where my motives, as well as those of others, are perpetually misrepresented. Learn, then, that it was at *my* request, *my* urgent entreaty, that Lady Randolph took me to visit her son; and so strongly was she opposed to my taking a step which would probably draw down Sir Michael's anger upon me, that she was only forced to consent at last because I told her, what I shall likewise tell my uncle, that unless I were permitted to keep my promise of befriending Hubert Lyle, made to him on the night we first met, I would show him at least that my defection was compulsory, by quitting this place instantly, and positively refusing to be made heiress of the Abbey, even if Sir Michael offered it."

"You have done this, Lillias—you have actually made this promise?" asked Gabriel, in utter astonishment that any one could thus fling away such a prize as the estate, for the sake of a mere generous sentiment.

She made a quiet sign of assent, and was moving to leave the recess, as if she thought enough had now been said, when he hastily detained her.

"One moment," he said; "stay but one moment;" and she calmly stood beside him, watching his countenance of intense thought, as he remained for a few seconds with his eyes rivetted on the ground. His busy brain was at work, and his resolution taken in a moment. Some such declaration in favour of Hubert was precisely that to which he wished to bring her, by his accusations against Lady Randolph, whom he never for a moment really suspected of any such miserable intrigue. His design was to drive Lillias to form some hasty resolution of befriending at all costs the outcast, from which he knew she would never draw back if she once passed her word for it; and now he was only too glad she had forstalled him in his desire, and that he had brought her to make him a witness of her determination. But the real danger of Sir Michael's displeasure still remained; and he felt he was himself the only person who could avert it, by forcing his uncle to listen to a string of well-combined falsehoods, which his fertile invention had already prepared, and which he could easily communicate on the pretext of assisting the old man in his projects.

"Lillias," he exclaimed, with a well-feigned enthusiasm, "you are the noblest creature that ever the sun shone upon, and I owe my aunt a thousand apologies for my unjust suspicions; but I am so far excusable, that it was more easy to believe her capable of some such scheme, than that any one in the world should be so entirely free from self-interest as you are."

Lillias turned away her head, evidently finding this flattery very distasteful. He saw it, and continued anxiously—

"But now, my dear cousin, I entreat you to hear me for one moment, and to grant the request I have to make to you; for I cannot bear that such generosity as yours should receive a punishment instead of a reward; and yet there is no question that it will be

so, unless you will let me avert the blow that awaits you. Lillias, it is certain that so surely as Sir Michael hears of your visit to Hubert, he will require you to leave the Abbey, which would be no light misfortune to yourself. Now, I positively assure you that I can prevent this, if you will but allow me to tell him of the step you have taken before you mention it yourself."

"You!" She looked at him in great astonishment.

"Yes. You would not suspect me, I dare say, of having that influence with him which is really mine; but circumstances of late have caused him to repose much confidence in me, although I am no favourite, and as far as possible from being the heir," he added with a smile.

"I would much rather tell him myself," said Lillias. "I shrink from any course which is not perfectly open and straightforward."

"I do not propose anything to you which is otherwise," said Gabriel, with an air of calm assurance. "I simply advise you to let me be the first to tell your uncle of an undoubted fact, with which you purpose yourself to acquaint him; and I would warn you only of this, that if you do not consent to so simple an arrangement, you will repent it all your life, when you find that you have thereby mocked this unhappy Lyle with an offer of friendship and consequent happiness, which you have straightway withdrawn: for I solemnly assure you, that if you allow *me* to speak to Sir Michael, you will be able to visit Hubert as much as you like, without opposition from him; but if not, you have seen him for the last time."

These concluding words went to the very heart of Lillias. Gabriel said truly, that if Hubert never beheld her again, she had indeed but mocked him with a promise of joy which would never be his; yet, despite his fair speaking, she mistrusted Gabriel.

"I cannot imagine what motive you have for wishing to prevent my leaving the Abbey," she said slowly.

"Can you not suppose that I desire to befriend you?" he answered.

"No," she replied calmly, looking at him with her candid eyes.

An angry flush mounted to his cheek.

"You do me injustice, cousin. It may be you will understand me better

when you find that I have in reality smoothed your path before you, and been the means of sparing you the pain, it would cause yourself and others did you quit the Abbey. I might have hoped that the very nature of the request I made, must have convinced you that my motive was one of pure friendship to yourself, and pity for Lyle. It cannot be supposed that it is very much for my interest, that the chosen heiress should retain Sir Michael's favour."

This speech told admirably, intended as it was to work on her feelings. She held out her hand to Gabriel.

"I did not mean to be unjust to you, Gabriel. You are very kind; and—and you can do as you will in this matter. It will not prevent my telling all myself to my uncle when I see him."

The idea of Hubert's misery wrung this concession from her; but she left her cousin with an uneasy feeling, as if she had fallen, at least in a certain degree, from the perfect rectitude and candour which had been as her guardian angels hitherto. Poor Lilies! her freedom of action was gone with her liberty of heart. No feeling reigned there as yet, save the one power of intense compassion; but it was a sentiment which linked her as with an iron chain to another; and henceforth her life would be moulded by his happiness, and not by her own free judgment.

Gabriel lost no time in availing himself of her half-reluctant persuasion. He hurried to find his uncle, who was ever ready to receive him, when he came with any tidings of the progress of his plan, respecting Lilies and Walter. Sir Michael fed himself with the hope that if their marriage were decided upon, Lady Randolph would utterly despair of the estate reverting to her, and would finally give way on the one point at issue between them, so as to leave him free to endow her, whom he still loved so strangely, with all his fair possessions, secure of their never passing into the hands of her detested son. Gabriel had made himself very useful to his uncle ever since they had entered into a species of compact, that he was to act the spy for him; and the moment his low knock was heard at the door of the study which we have described, as so greatly resembling a necromancer's den, he was admitted by Sir Michael, and listened to with the utmost attention.

Gabriel at once communicated the facts of Lilies's glaring act of disobedience to her uncle's orders, and he had no reason to doubt the extent to which Sir Michael's anger would be shewn to her, if not averted by his own eloquence. The old man grew actually livid with rage when he heard that the child whom he had begun to consider as especially his own—his adopted daughter—was engaged in frustrating his most favourite plan, by leaguering herself with his enemy; for so he had learned to regard Hubert, in the course of these long years of bitterness, during which he, who, with the devotion of well-nigh a lifetime, had failed to gain one look of tenderness from the beautiful eyes of his wife, was condemned day after day to see them turn, with an intensity of mournful love, on the face of her deformed son, whensoever it caught, as it were, a reflection from the grave of that beauty which had won her first and last love;—and now that Lilies, who had come like a gleam of sudden sunshine into his life, whose voice was as an echo from the days when her father had been his dear companion, ere this one fatal passion had diseased his soul, and filled him with malice, and hatred, and meanness, which in those joyous years he would have abhorred—that she should turn against him, just when he was beginning to find an unexpected solace in her pure affection, and receive perhaps, the inheritance from his hands only to provide therewith a perpetual shelter for the man he hated, was a thought which seemed to turn his fiery heart to stone; and there was no revenge he would not have been pleased to wreak upon her.

That she should ever become attached to Hubert, or dream of marrying him, was an idea which could not possibly present itself to him, who had been a worshipper of beauty all his life. But he knew Lilies well enough to be very sure, that if she chose to befriend Lady Randolph and her son, she would not become possessor of the Abbey without finding means to give them a home within it, and thus consummate the very result which he had so long been labouring to prevent, with infinite pain and suffering to himself. These thoughts passed rapidly through his brain, and with the passionate vehemence which characterised him, he was beginning an angry declaration, that

Lilias should not possess an inch of his land, and that he would never see her again, when Gabriel hastily interrupted him.

"Stay one moment; you must not punish the innocent. Lilias is wholly guiltless in this matter."

"How is it possible—what do you mean? Did you not say she had gone to visit that wretched boy?"

"Yes; but with whom?—With Lady Randolph, and as the victim of a plot designed for no other purpose than to thwart your schemes."

"By her?—by Catherine?"—asked Sir Michael, with an air of sombre rage. Gabriel hesitated—

"It will grieve you, I fear, to learn the truth; but——"

"Speak out," said Sir Michael, sternly; "do I not know that she—my wife—loathes the very air I breathe?"

"True—I was foolish to hesitate: I should have remembered that your courage and decision of character, always compel you to look the truth in the face, however painful it may be."

Gabriel never forgot the adroit little flatteries, to which, with a subtle knowledge of human nature, he mainly attributed the success of his schemes.

"Go on, then," said the old man, stamping with his foot impatiently.

"The true history of the whole affair is very simple, and can be given in a few plain words. Lilias, as I have already told you, has become as passionately attached to Walter as he is to her. The happiness of both is involved in their union, and unless you are led into the snare which has been prepared for you, it will not be long before they will come to ask your consent to their marriage, and everything will be arranged precisely according to your desire. Now, Lady Randolph is as fully aware of all this as I am. Dear little Lilias is too open and candid not to show her feelings for Walter plainly enough; and you will have no difficulty in understanding that it is our aunt's interest every way, to destroy all chance of a union between them. Her desire of revenge"—Sir Michael winced perceptibly at these words, but Gabriel went on calmly, having noted this movement with his searching eye—"and her determination that the Abbey shall yet be her own and her son's possession, will make her leave no stone unturned

to disgrace them both in your eyes, if she can. She has begun with Lilias, whom she wisely judged to have the strongest hold on your affections, and the scheme she has devised was admirably conceived, and, in fact, certain of success, had I not fortunately been made acquainted with it through the candour of Lilias, so that I can put you on your guard before you are entrapped into marring your own projects unwittingly."

"I begin to have a vague perception of her plan," said Sir Michael, gloomily. "Be quick, Gabriel—tell me all; this suspense racks me."

"You know what a tender-hearted little being Lilias is," continued Gabriel, who could not help inwardly comparing himself to a spider deliberately weaving his web, with the fly confidently resting beside him; "and how the least shadow of sorrow on the heart of another well-nigh breaks her own, unless she can dispel it. Lady Randolph, with the most consummate art, has taken advantage of this beautiful quality, and has worked upon her feelings by her vivid descriptions of Hubert's utter friendlessness and misery, till it became wholly impossible for poor Lilias to do otherwise than grant the supplications of both mother and son, that she would cheer his desolate life by her friendship and society, at whatever cost to herself. I must tell you first, however, that Lady Randolph had succeeded in bringing her, as it were accidentally into his presence, one night when he was playing on the organ in the hall, and she was therefore enabled to tell Lilias, that her kind words on that occasion, had awakened a passionate longing in the heart of this unfortunate being—persecuted as she represented him to be at once by the destiny which loaded him with his deformity, and the fellow-creatures who pursued with hatred and contempt—to see her from time to time, as the only solace his life could know. In short, not to weary you with all the intricacies of a plot you now fully understand, as I presume, Lady Randolph so stirred the quick feelings and natural enthusiasm of your sweet niece, that she actually drove her to promise, not only that she would go and enliven Hubert's miserable life, but that if she were prevented doing so by you, she would leave Randolph Abbey, and positively refuse ever to accept the in-

heritance, in order that Hubert might have an undeniable proof that *she*, at least, did not neglect and ill-treat him for the sake of any earthly treasure."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Sir Michael; "surely they cannot have bewitched the poor child to such an extent—it is incredible."

"Ask Liliass herself if she made no such promise," said Gabriel, with the most convincing coolness; "and, I confess, I am surprised that you should find any difficulty in believing the greatest amount of disinterestedness on the part of that generous child. It is quite what I should have expected of her; and I trust you will not let her generosity be punished by the loss of the estate, which I am sure she heartily deserves."

"Well, perhaps you are right; I believe you are," said Sir Michael, exceedingly pleased to find, as he thought, from these last words, that Gabriel had really *bonâ fide* given up all hope of the inheritance for himself.

"I need hardly detain you to unravel the rest of this plot," continued Gabriel; "it must be perfectly plain to you. Having once obtained this promise, Lady Randolph thought she was sure of her game in every way. She believed it would suffice that Liliass should visit Hubert once or twice to ensure your disinheriting her, or at least giving her a choice between desisting from all intercourse with the man you detest, or leaving your house. In either case, by her own will or yours, she would lose the estate; and Walter not improbably would incur your displeasure equally by taking her part against you."

"An infamous plot indeed!" exclaimed Sir Michael, starting up and pacing the room in uncontrollable anger, the knotted veins standing out on his forehead, and the thin, shrivelled hands working convulsively in his agitation. "And this is Catherine! the woman for whose love I have slaved, till the mad, useless labour is driving me to the grave in premature old age! But she shall not thwart me. No; though I love her enough to commit actions which my soul abhors for her sake, it has never been a love which has stooped to her. She shall not trample *me* down with her haughty feet; when she thinks it too little for that dead man whom she adored, that she should bend her knees to kiss the very earth of his grave! Gabriel, what am I to do? Speak—

tell me quickly, how shall I thwart *her*, and scatter her proud dreams to the winds?"

"Is not your course as plain as the light of day?" said Gabriel, who had listened to this burst of fury with the highest delight. "Foil her with her own weapons, and she will be more completely at your mercy than before. Instead of turning Liliass out of the house, as she hopes, give the dear child your free and full consent to visit Hubert as much as she will, and fondle her yourself more than ever. It can do no earthly harm that she should go from time to time to see a wretched cripple, who can inspire her with no other feeling than a charitable pity. You may be very sure it will only be when Walter is forced to be absent from her, and after a few weeks of gnawing disappointment on the part of Lady Randolph, Liliass will forget so much as the existence of Hubert in the overwhelming happiness of being Walter's bride."

"It is well, Gabriel; your advice is admirable, and your conduct no less so—the first shall be followed, and the last rewarded," said Sir Michael, his small keen eyes sparkling at the thought of thus baffling the wife, who was to him half enemy, half idol.

Gabriel gave him a look of modest gratitude, and then said, in his usual deferential tone—

"I should be grateful to you if, for my own satisfaction, you would simply ask Liliass if it is true that she has made the promise I have mentioned; it would not be well, of course, to say more to her, for obvious reasons."

Sir Michael willingly agreed to this, being well enough pleased to test the accuracy of his nephew's statement, although he entertained no doubt whatever of his truth; and he dismissed him with another gracious intimation of his intention to reward him for his services. There was not the faintest gleam of triumph in the meek blue eyes of Gabriel as he glided from the room, nor the most lurking smile on his small mouth; but, as the door closed, he turned, and his countenance became lit up as with a lightning flash, while he gave one glance of mocking triumph and contempt, that seemed as if it could have pierced the very wall to attain its unconscious object.

The next time Liliass saw her uncle, he asked her very quietly, stroking her

flowing hair fondly all the while, whether it were true that she had declared her intention of quitting the Abbey and refusing the inheritance, if she were not allowed to see Hubert Lyle. Liliás trembled from head to foot; but she answered no less calmly, lifting her sweet countenance to meet his gaze, that it was "perfectly true."

"Well, then, my darling," said Sir Michael, stooping to kiss her, "you have my free leave to go and see him as much as you please. You are a good, generous-hearted little Lily; and now do not let me ever hear any more about it."

He arose and quitted the room, leaving her still seated upon the low cushion which she usually occupied at his feet. Liliás's hands fell on her knee, and her innocent eyes opened to their fullest extent in her utter amazement at what had passed. Was this the terrible anger she had been warned against by nearly every one at the Abbey? Was this most charming old man the fierce, vindictive uncle, who was to drive her out of the house on a moment's notice? She sat in this attitude of bewilderment for a few minutes, pondering on the matter; and then suddenly a bright smile broke over her face, as if a light had shone in upon her mind. She had arrived at a most satisfactory conclusion—simply, that the whole affair was a mistake; that Sir Michael did not hate Hubert the least in the world; that, in fact, nobody hated any one at the Abbey;

that they were all under great misapprehension as to each other's characters, because they had never become properly acquainted with them. They all thought so ill of each other; and, in truth, no one deserved it, for they were all delightful. Sir Michael, whom every one feared, was the very pleasantest old uncle that ever existed; Lady Randolph the meekest of women; and poor Gabriel, most kind and disinterested, as was proved by his having taken all this trouble for her. Now it was all right, just as it should be, and as she had always wished it were. Now she should feel as if she were in Ireland again; and through all her happy thoughts there went one sweeter than any she had ever known—even the certainty that henceforward, without opposition, she would go with Hubert's mother to his room, and wile away his soul from mournful thoughts, with many a bright and hopeful word, till he should find this life as joyous and as dear, as it had ever seemed unto herself. And as the climax of her contentment, she could not but feel very glad that all these misrepresentations, as she deemed them, had given her an opportunity of showing him what she *could* have done for him, had a sacrifice been necessary. So with a light heart and a joyous eye, Liliás went through the house that day, and many a time the watchful ear of Walter caught the sound of her clear voice singing like a bird in the sunshine.

CHAPTER XI.

A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

THERE was a vacant place at the breakfast table next morning, towards which the eyes of Gabriel were turned with a look of sombre disquietude which it was painful to witness. Aletheia was missing, and the dead silence which followed Liliás's earnest inquiry if she were ill, showed that her absence was caused by no ordinary event. Walter waited until a renewed conversation among the others enabled him to speak unheard; and then he whispered to Liliás that it was the day when Aletheia's mysterious visitor was wont to make his appearance, and that on such occasions she never appeared amongst them. Liliás asked in an equally cau-

tious tone at what hour he was in the habit of coming, looking round at the same time with a timid glance, as though she half believed he would suddenly emerge from some corner like a spectre. Walter smiled at her evident uneasiness, and inwardly hoped she would be so much alarmed all day as to require his constant protection at her side. He was obliged to admit, however, that the guest, or ghost, whichever she pleased to call him, never came until two o'clock, to which stated period he was, however, perfectly punctual; and Liliás's thoughts soon turned to the one bright hour in the interval which she was to spend with Hubert,

according to Lady Randolph's arrangement, that they should go together to sit with him before luncheon.

That hour passed, however, as bright and happy hours ever do, like a very dream in fleetness; and at two o'clock she was seated in the drawing-room with Walter and Gabriel, who presented at that moment as singular a contrast as could be conceived. Walter sat opposite to her, his head leaning on his arm, which rested on her work-table, employed in watching with infinite delight the glancing of her little white hands amongst a heap of scarlet worsted, out of which, she informed him very gravely, she was going to manufacture a most useful woollen handkerchief for her dear old Irish nurse, who within the last few days had followed her to Randolph Abbey, having discovered, since Lilius left home, that even the misery of leaving her own green Erin was nothing to the pain of losing her darling. Walter was evidently feeling that he had never known how to value the art of knitting before, nor had any piece of work ever interested him so remarkably; at least the pleasure he took in watching its progress was truly surprising, and the fascination it exercised over him was only suspended when it so happened that Lilius's eyes were fixed on an intricate stitch, and then his own straightway wandered to her sweet face, and rested there with a look which could only have been equalled in fondness by the gaze with which the young mother bends on her first-born child. Lilius was his first-love.

His whole appearance, however, denoted the most perfect contentment and ease—for Walter had the happy faculty of enjoying the present without ever giving a thought to the future. He was not one of those who, by a perpetual fear of coming evil, cause the shadows of evening to fall at noon. It was especially in this aspect of calm enjoyment that he now, as we have said, contrasted so remarkably with his cousin.

Gabriel for the last half-hour had been pacing from side to side like a wild beast in his cage, chafing at the iron bars that deprive him of liberty. He seemed almost maddened by the consciousness that he, whose sole object was to gain the mastery over every mind that came in contact with his own, was now the slave of a passion

that held him bound and gagged as it were in its irresistible power. He, whose soft voice, mild and gentle, had been tutored to speak out of his fiery soul, without revealing the faintest breath of the flames that raged within, like the balmy winds that pass so fresh and cool over Etna's burning breast, had not strength in that hour to conceal the vehement agitation which had taken possession of him. Those fair, woman-like hands bore deep red marks, where he had bruised them in his convulsive movements; and the quiet, blue eyes, usually downcast, and half-hidden by the drooping lids, now glared forth, dilated and glowing as with an ardent fire.

It is true Gabriel never had made any attempt to conceal his absorbing devotion for Aletheia—it was not his policy to do so; but even expediency would have failed to calm him in this hour of fierce excitement. Suddenly he stood still, the white lip compressed under the small sharp teeth, that seemed almost to cut it through. Walter also raised his head, and Lilius let her work drop, while she listened to a distant sound that deepened every moment on their ears. And she heard precisely what had been described to her, the quick tread of a horse galloping towards the Abbey with exceeding swiftness; the impatient stamping of his hoofs on the gravel before the door, as the rider dismounted; then a momentary vision passed the window, of a black horse, covered with foam like the white snow-flakes, led by a groom; next, across the stone pavement of the hall, there went a step, sharp, firm, and distinct. The door of the library was opened, it closed with a dull, heavy sound, and then all was again still, as though he who carried with him, wheresoever he went, the life of Aletheia Randolph, was no nearer to her than he had been, throughout the long hours past of her patient agony. As the last echo of the closing door died on their ears, Gabriel uttered a sort of smothered groan, which seemed to burst from his very heart in spite of himself. Then turning round, and meeting the compassionate looks of his cousins, he rushed past them with a violence most unlike his ordinary gentleness, and bounding through the window, which was open, to the ground, soon buried himself in the plantations, and disappeared from their sight.

"Poor Gabriel!" said Walter, echoing the sigh of relief with which Lilius involuntarily expressed her thankfulness, to be relieved from the presence of a suffering so palpable, and yet so far beyond the reach of her compassion. "I confess I have little or no sympathy for him in any respect; but in this one particular of his undoubted love for Aletheia, I do feel for him. I suppose few men love more ardently than he does; and none on earth, I should think, so hopelessly."

"Hopelessly, indeed!" said Lilius, whose womanly instinct had enabled her to judge of this from the first moment she had seen them together. "And this strange visitor is now with Aletheia," she continued, her mind reverting with involuntary interest to the condition of her unhappy cousin. "Oh! do you think he makes her at all more happy?—is he an enemy or a friend?"

"The most difficult question you could ask. He seems to be her unrelenting persecutor, if one may judge by the redoubled suffering gathered into her mournful eyes when he has left her; and yet I have seen that, in the look which she has cast on the spot where he has passed, in quitting the house, which would seem to say most eloquently, that her very heart is yearning to lie down and kiss the ground on which he has trodden, as if the very dust he had touched were beloved for his sake."

"And he is with her now!" repeated Lilius, with a slight shiver. "You will laugh at me, Walter; but do you know it makes me feel quite timid and uncomfortable, as I used to do in old days, and even yet for that matter, when nurse tells me stories of the banshees. I think I shall go and take a walk; the fresh air and the sunshine will soon put these fancies to flight."

"You will go to walk when I am obliged to ride? Lily, you are very unkind."

"Why, Mr. Walter, I think it is you who are very fierce. Did you not tell me you had business in E——, with all sorts of grave lawyers and people who carry about long narrow papers tied up in red tape? You do not want me to go with you to visit them, do you?"

"Why, no," said Walter, laughing at her description; "I should not like to see your little feet climbing up to those dusty rooms: but I thought if

you were good-natured enough to ride, instead of walking, we might have gone together to the boundary of the Abbey lands, and then you could have left me without turning into the public roads. I should not be afraid to trust you to old Humphrey's care for your return."

"Oh! of course not. I have ridden out alone with him often when you were at E——, and he takes excellent care of me; only he does not give me the trouble of dismounting ever so often in the course of the ride, as you do, to make sure that the girths are tight enough, which they always are," she added, looking at him slyly.

"Well, laugh if you will; it is better to be too prudent than too rash; but now do say you will go with me."

"Willingly—I shall enjoy a ride this fine day so much."

"Come, that is delightful. Ah! Lilius, that Vale of Avoca."

"Yes, what of it?"

"Do you not think it must be a most charming place?"

"Yes, indeed, I should think so."

"I should so much like to live there; should not you?"

"Well, I do not know; I never thought of it, is it a place where people go to live?"

"I will go and order the horses," said Walter, with a slight degree of annoyance. Lilius was evidently not following his train of ideas.

They rode out together over the breezy plains and through the sunny green woods, and the dark thought of the suffering and evil they had left behind, concentrated in the one habitation built of human hands, seemed swept from their memory by the fresh summer wind.

How dearly does the mind recall such moments as these!—moments of vigour and careless enjoyment, which have brightened the spring of our days, when some one deep thought has made the heart heavy for life.

After an hour's pleasant ride, they reached the high road to E——, and there separated, Lilius striking off across some meadow-land, which was still within the boundary of her uncle's estate, that she might enjoy the bright afternoon a little longer before returning home. Old Humphrey followed her wherever she chose to go, with the most imperturbable coolness. He had been a groom forty years; and having

indulged throughout the whole of that time in an absorbing attachment to the various horses committed to his care, he had arrived at a complete oblivion of the riders themselves, whose existence he seemed absolutely to ignore when he was in attendance on them. If anyone had asked him whether it were Mr. Walter or Miss Liliass whom he was following, he could not have told; but if they had ventured to hint that it was the roan, instead of the bay mare, on which his affectionate eyes were fixed, he would have considered it a personal insult. Liliass felt herself, therefore, as free of action as if she were alone; and she rode slowly on, letting the horse quietly follow a narrow path across the undulating ground, whilst her thoughts went stealing back to the low, dark room, all brightness and beauty to her, where she had seen that morning the dark-grey eyes, that seemed to her ever like pure stars looking out of a serene heaven, bent upon herself with a gaze of such deep, grateful tenderness, that even now, at the very recollection, she trembled as she had trembled then, with a strange sweet joy.

But suddenly, in the midst of these dear thoughts, a sound recalling that which she had heard so recently at Randolph Abbey, came loudly on her ear. It was the swift galloping of a horse, drawing nearer and nearer. In a moment the tread of his swift feet was at her side, and turning round hastily, she recognised, at one and the same time, the black, foam-streaked horse which had borne Aletheia's visitor to the Abbey, and in that visitor, the stranger with whom she had made acquaintance on board of the vessel which brought her from Ireland. For a moment she was petrified with astonishment, and then involuntarily checking her horse, she held out her hand to him, with an exclamation of surprise. He returned her greeting warmly, and they rode slowly on together, side by side.

The stranger did not speak for a few minutes, and Liliass soon saw that he was, to all appearance, incapable of doing so. He was evidently suffering intensely from some mental cause. The strong, determined-looking man, whom she had seen in the midst of the storm, face to face with death, so calm and unmoved, —now, on that peaceful summer day, with only the flowers and the sunshine

around him, was plainly labouring under the most violent agitation, which it required his utmost force to subdue. Liliass could not help feeling a deep compassion for the vast suffering imprinted on that noble face—the more, that she naturally connected it with his visit to her cousin. She was the one to break silence, when her first astonishment and almost terror was overcome.

"This is quite unexpected; but I am very glad to see you. I have often wondered if I should ever meet you again."

He made a great effort.

"And I have greatly desired to see you—so much so, that, although I am at present in no condition to speak to anyone, I could not bear to lose the opportunity when I saw you in the distance, and I ventured to follow you without scruple."

Liliass felt that he must, indeed, have some reason far beyond the mere pleasure of meeting again, which could have induced him to speak to her just now, for it was pitiable to witness his state of fearful disquietude. The drops of agony stood on his forehead, and his hair, matted and dripping, clung to a cheek that was evidently burning with fever. He must have possessed an extraordinary amount of self-control to have spoken calmly, as he did at last.

"I must not forget," he said, "that you do not know who I am. No doubt, you kept your promise never to mention me; and so you are probably yet in ignorance of my name—that name so fatally known to some at Randolph Abbey;" and he gave a violent shudder.

"I have never spoken of you," she replied, simply.

"I am Richard Sydney," he said: "the last, I am thankful to say, of a family who have possessed for many centuries that old house you can distinguish in the valley there beyond us. Your father and mine were dear friends, if that may serve as an introduction between us. I am most anxious not to be as a stranger to you, Miss Randolph."

"It needs not any such ground for our acquaintance, to ensure my satisfaction in it," said the sweet voice of Liliass. "There is a sort of instinct which tells one at first sight, almost, whom one may count as friends."

"Still the same," he murmured, as

though speaking to himself, whilst he turned to look at her. "Still unsullied and unspoilt amid all that maze of evil and misery in which she is involved!—the same candid eyes and innocent brow! It is well—yes, it is well indeed for her, and for me, perhaps, most merciful! You shall have no reason to regret your confidence," he continued, addressing her more directly: "there is, indeed, no means by which it could injure you, though it is most probable that I may have to entreat a service from you, such as one friend might render to another." He then changed the subject, and conversed calmly for some little time, till at last he said—"Will you tell me now how you like your new abode—and—and your relations?"—He seemed labouring to approach some special subject.

"Oh, very much," she said; "I am perfectly happy, they are all so kind to me—my uncle and aunt, Walter and Gabriel—all good and kind."

"And Aletheia—**ALETHEIA**," he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of vehement agitation, which utterly terrified her, and which seemed to be but the outbreak of the pent-up anguish that would no more be controlled; "tell me of her, in mercy, as you hope for it yourself in this bad world—tell me of *her*. How does she live?—what does she do?—day and night enduring an existence, which I have a fearful suspicion is one of torture. Think—think that I never see her but this one hour once in the month!—when she hides her sufferings for my wretched sake; and I—I am forced to seem to doubt them! How is it with her?" he continued more calmly, but in a tone that seemed so full of infinite tenderness for her of whom he spoke, that it melted Lilius almost to tears. "How is it with her—my noble, gentle-hearted Aletheia?" (and the voice shook in uttering that name, which Lilius had once heard utter the words, "We are lost—we must die," with the most perfect tranquillity). "Is it, as I begin to believe, for my own utter misery;—is she leading a life of slow consuming agony—alone—alone—bearing the burden of a hopeless, awful sorrow, which my hands have laid upon her?"

Lilius had been completely startled and bewildered, and she was at a loss even now to understand the meaning of all this; but, like a true woman, she forgot all but that suffering was

before her, a suffering to be relieved; and her mind rose to the emergency at once. It was, however, the working of her own peculiar character which made her feel that truth—the utterance of truth was all she could do at the present time for this unhappy man.

"I fear it is, indeed, as you suppose," she said, with the utmost gentleness; "judging at least from the outward aspect of Aletheia's strange life: for she is entirely reserved with me, as with all others. She does actually live in perfect solitude and perfect silence, though in the midst of us all continually; and from her lips not a word has ever escaped, to reveal the least shadow of all that is passing so darkly within. It always seems to me as if she had sent her soul down into a dungeon, like those of the Inquisition, from whence she never permits a single cry of its great agony to ascend to the upper air; but no one could look from hour to hour upon her marble face, so death-like, with its white silent lips, and yet so awfully life-like in the actual sentient suffering that speaks from her sad eyes, without feeling that she is indeed as one dying from the bleeding of an internal wound, and that some ghastly pain within her own deep heart and spirit is slowly devouring her life, as it has devoured already all hope and joy!"

"And I—I am her murderer!" exclaimed Sydney, suddenly throwing the bridle from his hands, and letting his head fall on his horse's neck in uncontrollable emotion. "I, who love her more than words from mortal tongue can ever tell—I, who would die to purchase her one moment's ease. I have been the one to lay my hand like a vice upon her heart, and wring the very life-blood out of it—her true, tender heart, that never beat one hour but for me! Oh, it is insupportable; it is—it is too much," he added, lifting up his face, convulsed with strong emotion. "Is there no remedy in life or death; *my* death, if need be—instant, speedy!—by any means that is decreed, if only with my perishing should pass from her breast the remembrance that ever I existed. But no! It would not avail; I know how it would be. She would follow me into my very grave, and shut herself living within it, that she might not part from me—the twining

arms would be around me, though corruption were itself at work! I know—I know those eyes, if once they saw *my* face in death, would never look on living thing again! Oh, love—perfect, enduring, stainless love—that should have been crowned with joy and peace, and an ever-present devotion, brightening every hour—wherefore did it ever spring from that pure heart, to fasten on one who never can reward it, but rather must for ever seek to crush it by the cruelest persecution.”

He remained for a few minutes struggling with feelings that were evidently too powerful for words; and then suddenly turning to poor Lillas, who sat trembling on her horse, with the tears raining from her eyes, in utter consternation at the sight of so much inexplicable misery—

“You must think me mad as my forefathers were,” he said; “and but that it would be a crime to form so impious a desire, I could wish it were so for her dear sake. But this is not madness—it is only an intensity of suffering which I trust your young heart may never so much as dream of! Now, I know that it must appear indeed inexplicable to you, that I should speak thus openly and suddenly to an entire stranger. But you are not, in actual truth, a stranger to me. My Aletheia’s cousin could not be so; and when I spoke to her concerning you, she answered with praises of your goodness and sincerity. It was not this, however, which made me seek you, and I must strive to explain it to you more calmly.” He paused for a few minutes, and then went on.—“The strange and unparalleled misery which forms the secret of Aletheia’s fate and my own, has of late come to a height which has made me feel it to be absolutely necessary that I should take some measures for alleviating a suffering which is driving her, guiltless, noble, devoted as she is, to a grave for which she has not power even to prepare, whilst crushed beneath the weight of this mighty human feeling; but the terms of our intercourse, to which I am bound by a solemn promise, are such, that it has ever seemed impossible for me to make the slightest effort for her relief *unassisted*. Yet I have always felt till I saw you, that there was none, in the wide

world, to whom I could have entrusted a task of such fearful responsibility—one which, carelessly handled, would cost no less than a life. I did see you, however; and already, when we met at sea, it appeared to me a wonderful and most unexpected blessing that you should have come to Randolph Abbey; for I could not help thinking that your candour and simplicity, allied to so much generosity and warmth of feeling, would render you indeed capable of being to my poor Aletheia the friend she does so sorely require.”

“Oh, I should be so thankful to be of any use to her,” exclaimed Lillas, her eyes shining bright through her tears again, with delight at the idea—“I feel so much, so deeply for you both; though I cannot at all understand the cause of your misery, it is enough that I can see it, and that I know its terrible extent but too well. Anything in the world I can do, I shall be most thankful to attempt; but do you really think it will ever be possible for me so much as to approach Aletheia at all? You do not know how strangely she lives among us: no Stylite on his pillar was ever so secluded from all human sights and sounds as she is, even whilst perpetually surrounded by them! She moves about among us exactly like a statue of stone, or rather, as I often fancy, like one who has departed this life altogether, and is condemned for a penance to return again, and walk amongst men for a little time. She never speaks, but to answer in monosyllables, when addressed; and if any one makes the slightest attempt to talk to her of herself, she only looks at them with a sad reproach in her mournful eyes, and leaves the room. I never really spoke to her but once, when I found her lying exhausted on the terrace, and then her only answer was, to implore of me never to molest her again.”

“And this is Aletheia!” he exclaimed—“Oh, what a wreck have I made of her. This is the being I first knew joyous, light-hearted, so full of love and kindness to every one; winning the hearts of all who came near her, far more by her sweet tender sympathy and endearing manner, than by the fascination of her talents; and now to think of her as you describe—lost to all—dead to every natural tie,

and gained, alas, by me, not to make my existence a very dream of delight, as her beloved presence would have done, but to have me set as a tyrant over her by the sternest and cruelest of duties, which has caused her to be *my* daily and hourly victim, who would shield her from the faintest pang, with my very life, if I could! But I think the difficulty of her present reserve with you may be conquered through my means, if greater obstacles are overcome."

"Possibly it may," said Lilius, thoughtfully. "I must confess to you what I feel now to have been a great error on my part. You half-warned me against *some one* I was to meet at the Abbey, without saying the name, and I, finding Aletheia so cold and repelling, fancied it might have been her you meant, so that I have shrunk, almost as much as she has done, from any intercourse."

"Aletheia! my Aletheia!" exclaimed Sydney, his cheek flushing with indignation, which terrified Lilius, "how utterly you misunderstood her! If ever there was a pure, high-minded being in this world, it is she. She never injured living thing, though she has borne fearful injuries to herself, indeed, with a noble patience—but the fault is my own," he added more gently; "I was entirely wrong to think of warning you against any one. You bear a talisman in your own bright innocence, which cannot fail to defend you amid all evil and danger, of whatsoever kind."

"What, then, is the obstacle which you foresee?" asked Lilius, feeling thankful that the dim prospect of future aid which Sydney seemed to find in her offered services, had already calmed him completely, so that his violent agitation had subsided for the time.

"Simply, that it will be utterly impossible for you to do anything for us, or even to understand what it is I would have done, unless I can put you in possession of all the facts of the case. You must know the whole of the dark tragedy which has made Aletheia what she now is; and that is a tale that cannot briefly be told. It would take some time before I could make you understand all this extraordinary history; and I do not see how I am ever to

have the opportunity, as we should, of course, be alone, and I cannot come to the Abbey. It were in vain to attempt writing it. I could not sit down calmly to dissect, as it were, the anguish she has endured for me, and make a record of it, which some accident might expose to the gaze of others. No, it were too horrible;" and he shivered as he spoke.

"But I cannot see any difficulty," said Lilius, who, in her entire ignorance of the world's customs, could perceive no reason why they should not meet for a purpose so essential, either alone or otherwise. "I walk out with my old nurse every morning before breakfast; and why should you not come and meet us? You would not be near the Abbey, for I can walk several miles, I assure you; and we go every day through the thick wood to the hill you see there. Nurse chooses that walk," added Lilius, smiling in spite of all her genuine sympathy, "because, like a true Irishwoman, she says there is never a hill in all England, and so she goes to see the only one that there is. But we are quite alone, and we never meet a living being. Nurse can walk behind, and you will tell me all."

"And would you really do this?" said Sydney, reluctantly; for he felt as if he were taking advantage of her guilelessness. "But after all, you will be with your nurse, and it is nearly certain you will be seen by no one; and it is for Aletheia—Aletheia, who has so long endured in silence and in utter friendlessness—yes, for her sake it is—it must be right to adopt even this plan. Will you, then, really meet me? Not to-morrow—I must have some time to prepare; but this day week, soon after sunrise, at the entrance of the wood?"

"I will, and gladly. How thankful I shall be, if by any means we can make those poor eyes look less unutterably mournful," said Lilius, in a low tone.

These words almost overcame him again. He could hardly speak to thank her; but she rightly understood that his gratitude was too deep for expression. He wrung her hand, gave her one long look of thankfulness; and setting spurs to his horse, galloped away in the direction of Sydney Court.

CHAPTER XII.

HUMAN SYMPATHY BEGINS TO WORK.

LILIAS rode slowly back to the Abbey, feeling as if she had just awakened from a most bewildering dream; and, in fact, on looking back to this extraordinary interview, which, in its rapid passing, had been too energetic and too full of intense and genuine emotion to seem unnatural, she could scarcely believe that she had really been admitted to witness the most secret feelings of a man who was well-nigh an utter stranger to her, and who had been so long the object of an unsatisfied curiosity to all the inhabitants of Randolph Abbey.

It is a trite saying, however, that the events which are daily taking place at our very hearths, and in our hearts, would seem unreal and marvellous in fiction; and there is that in suffering—genuine human suffering—which never fails, as in the present case, to break down all the barriers which conventional forms and the rules of society might raise between it and the means of relief. Liliās felt; moreover, that the whole of this strange history, which involved the lives of Sydney and Aletheia, was evidently of a nature so unexampled and extraordinary, that the conduct of both in reference to it was not to be judged by ordinary laws. Inexplicable as it all was even yet, this at least was plain; and she thought she could discern, as Sydney indeed had hinted, that the plan of seeking her aid had been formed in his mind from the moment that he ascertained, in the boat, who she was. She knew that she was the only relation of her own sex whom Aletheia possessed, excepting Lady Randolph; and it seemed perfectly natural from this very circumstance, that she should be chosen by Sydney, even whilst almost unknown to him, as the confidante of their mournful secret, whatever it might be.

And, already, what strange revelations had been made to her! It was strange, indeed, that Aletheia's mysterious visitor, of whom she had gradually begun to think as of a sort of "phantom guest," such as we read of in the German tales, should prove to be the very person, who had pleased and interested her so much during her voyage, and for whom she had then, as now, felt an instinctive

reverence and admiration, as far as possible removed from the dread and dislike with which she had been wont to think of him, whom they described as the tyrant and persecutor of her unhappy cousin. And Aletheia herself!—Aletheia, whom she suspected and shrunk from—to find that she was, indeed, altogether guiltless, and only most unfortunate—that she was pure, and good, and passionate of heart, beneath that wall of ice which seemed to encompass her. Liliās's whole soul recoiled at the thought of what the misery must have been which had turned her thus to stone, if she had once been all Sydney described her—joyous, and loving, and full of sympathy to her fellow-creatures. Bitterly did Liliās reproach herself now for having avoided her as she had done; and she resolved to endeavour, by every means in her power, to gain her confidence in some degree, even before the day appointed for the solution of all this mystery.

A week would have seemed a long time to wait for the explanation which she could not fail to desire most earnestly; but, happily, the days were gilded now for her with a brightness of joy and hope which made them all too precious to be wished away; and not all the deep and painful interest she took in Aletheia and Sydney, could prevent her reverting with delight to the thought of the hour when she again would go with her aunt to sit upon that low window-seat, and look up into that face of spiritual beauty, and hear that low, musical voice, speaking of truths sublime and holy, that had been all too vague in her young spirit hitherto, and pouring forth for her benefit all the treasures of the mind, which years of study on the noblest subjects had stored with that wisdom which is said to be—

"More beautiful than the sun, and above all the order
of the stars,
For she is the brightness of the Everlasting Light."

Innocent and child-like as Liliās was, she had a mind fully capable of appreciating the glory and the excellency of a noble intellect, when it is sanctified by a meek submission to holy truths; and, like Desdemona, when her young

heart was moved to such devoted affection for the Moor, Hubert Lyle was all beautiful to Lilius, because she

"Saw his face in the mirror of his mind."

And now, as she reached the door of the Abbey and dismounted, her clear eyes turned to the grey turret and the deep-set window which marked his habitation, as they ever turned now, day by day, with growing interest; but she knew not how that glance was noted by him who sat a solitary man within; and how, as the thrill of joy quivered through his heart, which this expression of tenderness awoke, he forced himself again to recollect that this present happiness was but the herald to a deeper misery, when these eyes should be nought but a beloved memory beaming in the hopeless gloom of his earthly life as stars in a dark, still heaven, whilst their living light would brighten some existence happier than his. The thought was intensely bitter to him, and he felt for one moment as if he could not endure such a consummation; but soon he quelled the rebellious spirit, and raising his head, with his hands calmly folded on his breast, he murmured—

"I WILL be strong. Suffering is a holy and a noble thing—it may be that hereafter we shall recognise it as the very choicest of heaven's blessings; it sanctifies the heart, it strengthens the soul, and braces us to endure the keen air of eternity.—I will be strong."

Very full of loving compassion was the look which Lilius cast on Aletheia, as they assembled in the drawing-room next evening, for on the day when Sydney visited her she did not reappear; and she wondered that she ever could have attributed to her a warning which was evidently designed against one not perfect in rectitude. Again it seemed to her that she had never before remarked how much loveliness of expression there was in that marble countenance, otherwise devoid of beauty. The patient mournfulness of the deep eyes, and the extraordinary sweetness of the faint smile that would brighten for a moment round the mouth, if any one showed her the least mark of kindness, had in them a singular fascination which Lilius, no longer blinded by her mistaken prejudice, now felt for the first time. She longed earnestly to approach her during the hours when they were com-

pelled by Sir Michael's wish to be in the drawing-room with the rest of the family, but her cousin gave her no opportunity. Aletheia spent the evening at her usual occupation, which consisted in copying, with much labour, an old MS. she had found in the Abbey library. Lilius had never before felt any interest in ascertaining what was the subject of it; but now everything connected with Aletheia was of importance; and she asked her to let her look at it, as it seemed ancient and curiously emblazoned. Aletheia silently placed it in her hand, and Lilius read with surprise the title, in quaint old characters, intimating that it was "*A Treatise on the Different Kinds of Insanity, and their Cures.*"

This was inexplicable to Lilius; and when she returned it to her cousin she saw, with a feeling of intense pity, that from her closed eyes, as she lay with her head leaning back on her chair, large tears were slowly falling one by one. Aletheia started when Lilius spoke to thank her for the MS., and raising her hand to her eyes, seemed to be only then aware that they were wet with these large drops. Hastily rising, she went to a distant window, and flinging it open, leant far out into the cool night air. Lilius could not resist following her; noiselessly she stole to her side. Aletheia neither saw nor heard her, and Lilius felt she could not break in upon that silent sorrow by a single word; only as she saw that one pale, cold hand rested on the window-sill, she stooped down, and pressed her warm lips to it in a fond caress.

Aletheia slowly turned her head, and looked down upon her with a kind and gentle look.

"Little Lilius," she said, with her soft, melancholy voice, "I knew it could be none but you—good, warm-hearted child, ever ready to give love and sympathy to all, even when it falls on hearts that cannot more receive it, than the cold rock could imbibe the soft dews of the morning."

She passed her hand over the silken hair of the head, that still was bent before her, and seemed to gaze at her with a mournful interest, speaking more to herself than to her—

"So young," she murmured; "so joyous—hopeful, as I was once. Existence all before her still, so to speak, in her own power. Oh! may it be given to this poor child, for the sake of

her sweet soul, so innocent and bright, that she may never make such havoc of her life, as I have done of mine."

The hand lingered a moment on the fair head, and then, before Lilius could answer, Aletheia had passed from her side, and she caught but a glimpse of her dark garments as she left the room, to return no more that night. Yet this little incident had been very soothing to Lilius, and gave her hopes that one day she might yet win her way into that poor breaking heart.

Just as she came forward once more to take her place among the group in the centre of the room, consisting now of all the party except Aletheia, the door opened and a servant entered, bearing a note which he presented to Gabriel. The arrival of a letter, except by post, was a somewhat unusual occurrence at the Abbey, as their neighbours were few, and Sir Michael associated with none. More than one glance was, therefore, directed to this missive, which in itself would have attracted some attention from the singular style of the writing. It was ill-folded, and sealed at a great expense of unnecessary wax, whilst the address on the back was written in large straggling letters. As Gabriel took it from the salver, a close observer might have noted that his under lip was compressed between his teeth, as was his wont when excited, and that his hand shook with a slight movement of impatience. From the glances of inquiry which were turned to him, especially those of his uncle, he saw it must be read instantly, and that

with the utmost composure. Very calmly, therefore, he opened it, but, assuredly, no one present saw a single line of what it contained. It was enclosed with great dexterity in the palm of his hand; his quick eye in a moment, however, had read every word. They were but these—"Good news! Come to-morrow morning, without fail." There was no signature; and in another second Gabriel had crushed it in his hand, and flung it into the blazing fire.

Sir Michael bent his small eyes keenly upon him.

"Your correspondent is not remarkable for *savoir vivre*, Gabriel; that is not a particularly elegant address, it seems to me."

"Not worse than was to be expected from a village blacksmith," said Gabriel, with perfect ease. "I had quite forgotten that I was in the debt of a notable son of the forge, and he has thought fit, in his wisdom, to remind me of it. My horse cast a shoe at a village, a few miles from here, one day, some time since, and I did not happen to have any money with me, so that I could not reward the good man's services on that occasion."

Gabriel felt that the earnest gaze of his uncle passed from his face as he spoke, and that all suspicion, if there were any, was allayed; but for himself an agitation had been kindled under his placid aspect, which was not so soon put to flight; and the few hours he spent in bed that night were unrefreshed by sleep.

THE RATH OF BADAMAR, OR, THE ENCHANTMENT.—PART II.

IN our last number we gave the first part of a translation of an Irish poem of a very early period. The manuscript in which it is found is not later than the twelfth century. The poem was transcribed from manuscripts probably of a much earlier date. On any supposition, the poem is of earlier date than the poems of the Edda, of which it reminds us, both by its style of fiction, and by some peculiarities of versification. It is probably older than the most ancient specimens that have been preserved of Provençal literature. It is earlier than the English invasion of Ireland; perhaps earlier, and it is not impossible, considerably earlier, than the Norman invasion of England. With such ballads, then, as remain of these old days of the Scalds or Troubadours, let this poem be compared; not with those in which great artists have sought to reproduce the effects of the popular ballad—not with such poems as "The Battle of Lake Regillas," or "The Welshmen of Tyrawley." There are strong reasons connected with the general literature of Europe, and the illustration it is not unlikely to receive from the publication of such remains as there are of ancient Irish poetry,

that some of our antiquarian societies should publish in the original, with such elucidation as Mr. Curry and Dr. O'Donovan are, of all men living, most able to supply, the "Fenian Poems." The British and Armorican Romances of Arthur, have supplied to the students of Boiardo and Ariosto aids greater than any arising from other sources; and it is our belief that the ancient books of Ireland will in the same way be found valuable. We have reason now to hope for the publication of such fragments as remain of the Brehon laws. The ballads of a people are valuable, as well as its laws: their publication is more within the reach of private means. Let us hope, while it is still possible, that time may not be lost. While the language is still a spoken one, we have much aid in interpreting the written remains. A few years more, and this aid will have wholly passed away.

The story of the Edda of Sæmund, which tells of Thor's visit to Utgard, to avenge and punish the destruction of his temple at Upsala, and the extinction of the sacred fire, in one of its incidents bears some resemblance to our Irish poem. Keightley's pleasant book of "Tales and Popular Fictions," saves us from the trouble of translating from either the Edda, or from *Elenschläger*, who has made it the subject of some cantos of his heroic poem, "The Gods of the North:—

"Thor and Loki once set out in the chariot drawn by buck-goats for Yötunheim, or Giant-land. Towards evening they arrived at the house of a farmer (*bonda*), where they took up their quarters for the night. Thor took and killed his goats, broiled their flesh, and invited his host and his children to partake of the feast. When it was ended, Thor spread the goat-skins on the ground, and desired the children to throw the bones into them. The farmer's son Thialfi had broken one of the bones, to get out the marrow. In the morning Thor got up and dressed himself, and then, laying hold of Mjölner [Thor's hammer], swung it over the skins. Immediately the goats stood up, but one of them limped on the hind leg. The god exclaimed that the farmer and his family had not dealt fairly with the bones, for the goat's leg was broken. The farmer was terrified to death when he saw Thor draw down his eyebrows, and grasp the handle of Mjölner till his knuckles grew white. He and his children sued for grace, offering any terms; and Thor, laying aside his anger, accepted Thialfi and his sister Rosko for his servants, and left his goats there behind them."—*Keightley*, pp. 212, 213.

The superstitions adverted to through the poem which we give, are all of them of pagan origin. There may possibly be some allusion to the fancy for horse-flesh which characterised most of the northern nations, and to detach them from which strange luxury seemed the great business of the Christian missionaries who first converted Scandinavia. The magic ascribed to the rowan-tree is also northern, but not peculiar to the north; nor was it probably derived by the Irish from northern sources. In the bardic stories of the *Tútha de Danann*, they are said, in their wanderings, before coming to Ireland, to have been disturbed by finding the men, whom they had killed in one day's battle, actively engaged against them in the next, having apparently suffered little or no inconvenience. The English were stupid enough not to know that they had been beaten at Waterloo according to all the rules of war, and took to hunting and slaughtering their victors; and in the same way, the people of the countries through which the Danaans passed, in spite of being slaughtered, rose up fresh for new battle. The Danaans were magicians as well as warriors, and they at last hit upon the device of pinning the dead men down to the ground by spikes of the rowan-tree. This was in "the countries of Greece"—the Greece-land of our poem—the same region in which vampires, in days little before our own, have been treated in the same manner.

In some of the Irish poems published by the Antiquarian Societies, the Archaeological and the Celtic, there are some passages which may remind the reader of the enchantment here. There is, in the "Miscellany" of the Celtic Society, a poem of great beauty, in which the sons of Daire are led on by a magical fawn to a long and wild chase, at the end of which the fawn is killed. We afterwards find them in the hut of a strangely deformed witch-like woman, who, first having in vain tried persuasions, at last by threats succeeds in subduing one of them to her embraces. "As the fire darkened, she passed into another wonderful form. She assumed a form of wondrous beauty. Ruddy were her cheeks, and round her breasts. Her eyes were thus: they were not such as to cloud her face; three suns in each of them shone; whatever she looked on grew

bright." A purple robe, the symbol of royalty, covered her breasts. As Lugad, the son of Daire, continued to gaze, she became yet more beautiful. Her beauty was more than that of woman, but we are not sure that the young man did not feel something of disappointment, at finding that, after all, she resolved herself into an allegory on the banks of the Sinaina—"the river of knowledge"—our own Shannon:—

"I say unto thee, oh ! mild youth,
With me the arch-kings unite themselves ;
I am the majestic, slender damsel,
The Sovereignty of Alba and Eire.

"To thee I have revealed myself to-night.
That is all. With me thou shalt not be united.
Thou shalt have a son ; honoured in him,
He is the man with whom I shall be united.

"The name of the son shall be Lugaid-Mor ;
He shall be a royal son ;
He it is for whom we have been longing ;
He shall be a Druid, a Prophet, a Poet."

This is not altogether unlike Burns's "Vision." The Sovereignty of Eire, or Ireland, when the first scene of ordinary enchantment has passed away, appears in the Irish Poem ; the Muse of Scotland in Burns's ; and each represented in very much the same style of fiction—the one almost prefiguring the other ; and while all the details are necessarily different, both expressed in the same elevated cast of imagination. The witch of our story has no claims such as this. Who she is, or whom she symbolises, is lost in the mists of pagan antiquity. She has no charms with which to tempt the party who find themselves in her strange hostel. It is not a case of temptation, as in other stories of enchantment. In romance we often meet scenes in which the hero has to overcome a thousand difficulties and to escape unnumbered snares. Such fascinations as music and the banquet and beauty can exert, are all called up to invite or to delude. But here nothing of the kind seems intended, and insult alone is thought of. The incident adverted to at the close of our poem is not now known. It is not improbable that the witch is the same who is mentioned in the poem entitled "The Chase," given in English by Miss Brooke and Dr. Drummond, in which she is called Gullen, or Guillen, apparently a different form of the same word. *Cullen* is the name in the poem which we translate, of the person by whom Finn and his party are represented as tormented—"appalled" is the suggestive word by which the thought seems to us best represented. Of Cullen, and Cullen's coadjutors, who give so much trouble during the night, and of whose magic not a trace remains in the morning, we have met no other mention in romance. In the actual history of the country we have met the name. But we keep our readers too long from the poem:—

I.

Strange guard, before the open door,
In savage mood a giant stood.
He seized our steeds, and as we pass'd
The threshold he the door made fast,
With bolts and hooks of iron strong ;
And then with shout, and scream, and song,
Exultingly, in fiendish cry,
Howled, "Welcome, welcome, mighty Finn !
Son of Cumal, we have been
Waiting for thee, late and long,
Son of Cumal of Almain !"

We to rest us then were fain.

He fed the fire with logs of oak—
Through smouldering smoke a light that broke

Half lit the gloom of that wide room.
 Just where the shadows came we view
 A witch-like woman, wan of hue,
 From whose thin neck three heads upgrew
 And opposite—portentous sight—
 A headless man lay down at rest,
 One red eye lit his ample breast.

II.

“ Let music, with its welcoming,
 Greet,” said the giant, “ the proud King.”

From iron benches on the right
 Nine headless bodies rose to sight ;
 And on the left, from grim repose,
 Nine heads that had no bodies rose.

Three piercing shrieks, discordant all,
 Were heard distinct in that wide hall.
 The witch, who caught the voice’s fall,
 In the same dismal tone replied ;
 And the foul trunk on the other side
 With red eye glaring from his breast,
 Shrieked and made answer to the rest.

The sharp sounds grated on the ear,
 And filled the heart with freezing fear ;
 But none on ear and spirit sunk
 So dread as those of that foul trunk.
 Oh, that foul trunk of the one eye,
 How could we hear it and not die ?

The savage sounds, discordant, dread,
 From out their earth would wake the dead.

III.

The music ceased. The giant tall
 Took down the fire-axe from the wall,
 And struck our steeds, and slew, and flayed,
 And joint from joint asunder laid.

“ Be silent, Cailte, as thou art
 Prudent,” saith Finn—that gallant heart
 Trembled not then. “ Oh, would that he
 Dealt death to us—to you and me,
 And Oisin ! would it so could be.”

Then fifty pointed spikes brought he,
 Of mountain ash, the magic tree ;
 To each a bleeding joint he bound,
 And ranged them at the fire-place round.

But of those joints not one was brown
 When from the fire he takes all down ;
 With eager hands the food he placed
 Before us, asking Finn to taste.

IV.

The food—the spikes of rowan-tree
 Finn scowling eyed ; then answered he :

“ Take, churl, thy savage meat away ;
 The pangs of hunger many a day
 Will I endure, ere break my fast,
 Though dying, on such foul repast.”

“To seek my house, and scorn my food,
Finn, Cailte, Oisin, bodes no good.”

v.

Then up we rose—all grasped our swords,
As maddened by his magic words.

The fire-light that till now had shone
Fades ; the last ember-gleams are gone ;
To one dark nook we crowd all three—
We know not, guess not where we be.

Each with the other closed in fight—
Each would the other slay outright ;
Oh, were it not for Finn that night,
Would we have seen the morning's light ?

vi.

Through the long night this game of blows
We played, and till the morning rose ;
And then as waked the joyous sun,
A trance came o'er us every one.

And one fell east, and one fell west—
All lay as dead, so deep that rest.

Brief was the trance—a calm, and deep,
And healing trance ! From balmy sleep
We rose to joyous health restored ;
No sign of blood, no wound of sword.

Where is the house ? The sun that lit
All else, it seems, has hidden it.
Where is the giant now ? and where
The witch ? the forms that met us there ?
All vanished with the morning air.

vii.

Then Finn of Innisfail uprist,
His own black steed's rein in his fist ;
His own black steed obeying him,
Unscathed in head, or trunk, or limb.

With weariness, all weak and wan,
We reached the strand of Barriman ;
The well-known path again we meet,
And friends with eager welcome greet.

“Where have you been ?” And Finn's reply
To all who ask is calm and high :

“Soldiers, we went where peril led,
And we were poorly billeted.

“'Twas fiends that crossed our path, not men.
The phantoms three of Iberglen,
Avenging thus their sister's shame,
The false-lipped Cullen, mocking came,
And through that night of magic change
Appalled us with illusions strange.”

Again upon our steeds we bound,
And scour the isle of Elga round ;
Through cultured plain and mountain bare,
And many a fastness, many A FAIR.

STRAY LEAVES FROM GREECE.—PART II.

Ascent of Pentellicus—Brigand Guide—The Quarries—Marathon—Descent and Refreshment—Life at Athens—Sketching Adventure—Excursion to Nauplia—Tyrins—Mycenae—Gate of the Lions—Argos—Sport *Manqué*—Beginning of Troubles.

FIVE miles of very tolerably good road unite the Piraeus to the city of Athens, a fact only of equivalent significance with any other demonstration of the commonest instinct of self-preservation. Eleven more, which good-natured people like myself might describe as practicable (taking the word in about the same force as when applied to a breach), extend from it towards Eleusis; while the accidents, by taking advantage of which, according to poor Turner's definition of the God-gift, the Athenians have asserted their modern claim to genius, and which are made to serve as *transit media* in every other direction, would be mentally ludicrous did they not happen to be so physically painful. How many things are undertaken, and, what is more, performed, in ignorance of, or indifference to their difficulty, which would be otherwise added to the long list of what we ought to do, and which we quietly leave undone. Our expedition to the summit of Pentellicus was a notable example of this; for sure I am, that had some of our party been clairvoyant, it never would have come off. At 11, A.M., about four hours later than any rational people ever started upon the same excursion, we set off; and after jolting for two hours over one of these combined results of elemental vagariousness and human ingenuity, in a carriage such as one must go to Athens to behold, arrived at the Convent of Pentellicus, a picturesque old building, charmingly situated upon a gentle elevation, and surrounded by stately pines and the ever-verdant olive. Here we found our horses; and having respectively ascertained that we were whole, a conviction not at all less startling than pleasant, we mounted. I must not forget to say that the country through which we were thus perilously jerked is very beautiful; the foreground rich in colour, broken and various, tempting the eye onwards to undulating plains, bright in atmospheric effects, and bounded, as we looked to the north or south, by noble mountain forms, or the perhaps even grander limits of the blue *Ægean*. As we were about to proceed, trusting to the general directions of the men in charge

of our horses, and were speaking not in the most respectful terms of our faithless landlord, the afore-mentioned desperado, who had volunteered to officiate as our guide, the individual in question, verifying the proverb, "*parlez du diable*," &c., made his appearance. A more picturesque personage I have rarely seen; one so thoroughly imbued with the idea that he was so, never. Mounted on a nearly thorough-bred Arab, and attired in an Anacreontic costume, half Greek half Turkish, armed to the teeth,—his silver pistols and jewelled yataghan glistening in the sun—his long black hair and crimson scarf fluttering in the wind, he dashed suddenly from the thick wood, and, advancing to the van of the party, turned suddenly, gazed for a moment intently upon us, and then wheeling quickly round, buried his huge spurs in his horse's flanks, and fled swifter than a Parthian. In a moment he was out of sight; in another (at a scarcely credible distance), still as a statue, he stood, in all the brilliant relief involved by the gorgeousness of his costume, the radiance of the sunshine, and a background of deep blue, which, with a juster appreciation of pictorial requisitions than one would have given him credit for, he had selected. Throughout the day he continued, to our infinite amusement, to disport himself in this manner, either for effect, or with a joyousness which was so naturally the result of feeling once more under him the springing barb, and of inhaling once again the fresh mountain air, and sunning himself in the light which had looked upon so many adventures, long forgotten in the paltry pilferings of his daily vocation.

As a guide, his assumption was wholly and entirely gratuitous. Whether he had ever made the ascent before is still a matter of doubt in my mind; and I believe it was due rather to our own sagacity, and that of the animals we rode, than to his guidance, that we did finally reach the summit of Pentellicus. I was fortunate in the selection, or rather in the chance, of my horse—a small, wiry, nervous Arab, full of life

and energy, bounding beneath one as if he shared the elation of spirits which to myself is the inevitable consequence of so bright and glorious a day as that which smiled upon us. We were six in number, starting all together; but in a short time the various accidents of a mountain path divided us, and, ere we had proceeded a mile, we were already separated into four divisions. The road we passed over, so soon as the ascent commenced, would be difficult to describe; but if my reader will kindly conceive a sand-hill, every grain of which is magnified to a huge mass of rolling marble, he will have, perhaps, a faint idea of its nature. After the usual incidents of horses stumbling, saddles slipping, and such like, we found ourselves at the great quarries from whence was hewn the marble in which the mightiest and most lovely of the creations and the dreams of a genius (which, alas! has no representative in these modern days) have found a worthy and enduring home. Not without a certain sensation of awe did we approach this now silent and deserted spot; and as we gazed upon these evidences either of an energy we are unable to comprehend, or, at least, are incapable of exerting, or of a knowledge of practical mechanics for which we are not willing to give them credit, again the feeling which must so often invade the mind of the observant traveller came upon us, and we understood painfully how little cause, even in the practical utilitarianism, which forms, alas! the best, if not the only boast of this steam-ridden, iron-handed age, we have for self-gratulation. From the fissures of the marble, glowing with the rich colouring by which time and the elements compensate for the destruction and devastation of which they are guilty, in every variety of wild and picturesque form, the stone pine and the silver larch, their roots exposed and clinging to their marble homes, stood forth against the sky; and in every inequality which would give lodgment to a little mould, or resting place to the wind-borne seed, sweet flowers and graceful woodbine basked in the sun, or waved in the soft breath of the perfumed breeze. We pursued our way in silence; the fatigue of the ascent began to tell upon us, and the vagaries of our eccentric guide to irritate rather than amuse; and as height after height surmounted still gave to our wearied senses the fact of others still to be accomplished, we

began to question whether, as the little boy said of his alphabet, it was worth going through so much to obtain so little. The cry of "Marathon in sight!" dispelled, as by magic, all this unworthy feeling; as if the very name upon the air possessed an invigorating power, we pushed forward, and, after a difficult and severe scramble, reached the level space which upon the north and south-east sides of the mountain surround the actual summit.

Here we paused, partly to renew our own, and to allow the horses to recover their breath, and partly in the faint hope of seeing something of our stray companion, from whose antiquarian enthusiasm we should have anticipated efforts more than human, to reach a point, where was so much eloquent to all educated men, but doubly so to one deeply imbued (ostensibly, at least) with veneration for the great of old. We looked, however, in vain; and being unable to see him, endeavoured, and, be it observed, with signal success, to console ourselves. Having gained a little tumulus of stones raised upon the extremest summit, we looked upon the wide and pregnant scene which lay spread before us. On the one hand, the steep, almost perpendicular, sides of the mountain rose from the rich plain which we had traversed, and from whose surface, visible only to eyes which had become so completely imbued with their majestic forms, arose the Acropolis, and the Lycabettus, the Pnyx and the Areopagus, while still further onward the blue *Ægean* carried the eye to the faint and dreamy outline, whose every summit is synonymous with some glorious name or spirit-lifting deed. Upon the other, innumerable mountains faded into the blue distance; while apparently at our feet the plain of Marathon lay, flooded with sunshine, peaceful and calm, as if the shock of battle and the rush of men had never disturbed its quiet, or given to it a name which, so long as hearts shall beat or pulses throb, will hold over the human race a power which may be taken as the standard of individual susceptibility to the influences of all that is best and highest in this cold and hollow world.

With whispers more eloquent of the magic power of such a scene than the loudest exclamations of delight, we endeavoured to trace the various points with which history and poetry have made the mind familiar; and then hav-

ing, as it were, mastered the material facts, we sat long in silence, each pursuing to the same end, although, probably, by very different routes, the same current of eager and excited thought. On this spot, now so tranquil, bright with the green promise of early spring, had been fought one of those battles which in all ages have been cited as *the* conflicts upon which, not merely the destinies of the moment, but the interests of ages yet unborn, have depended, and whose issues have been the portals of progress or the barriers of retrogression — conflicts, which have borne evidences of the indomitable and almost infinite power of human energy, when governed or inspired by the love of country or the thirst of fame—and have, in their scarcely credible terminations, given proof incontrovertible of the domination of some loftier rule than the mightiest and deepest passion of which the soul is susceptible.

Upon this now verdant and luxuriant plain, eleven thousand warriors stood, not only undaunted, but full of eagerness and hope, in the face of the overwhelming and disproportionate array of two hundred thousand men. Each individual Greek could look not only calmly, but exultingly, upon the fact that twenty enemies, armed, and skilful in the use of arms, were ready, at a trumpet's blast, to rush upon him. Surely, something beyond mere human courage must have sustained them; something beyond mere physical excitement, tribe, emulation, or patriotic fire must have warmed the hearts and strung the nerves which were the first to break the hideous silence of that tremendous moment which precedes the rush of battle.

That the Athenians fought for hearth and home, that beaten there, they were beaten for ever, that a thousand memories of great and glorious deeds invested the ground upon which they fought with the *prestige* of victory,—all these are much, but scarcely sufficient to account for a result which the fearful disproportion of force rendered so apparently impossible. Had the Persian, instead of the Greek army, proved victorious, the decadence of the Greeks as a nation would, probably, have followed, as it did later, when Philip of Macedon subdued, and, in a still more remarkable manner, under the conquering Romans, not only before it had reached its culminating point

of grandeur and civilisation, and was consequently but comparatively qualified to instruct its conquerors, but under circumstances which would, probably, have modified the entire history of the world. Art, science, legislation, poetry, which found patronage and appreciation among the latter, and were, consequently, destined to spread over the face of Europe, might have died unprised and undeveloped in the effeminate voluptuousness of Persian domination; or, at least, the current of progress might have been reversed, and the Eastern rather than the Western world might have been irrigated by the teeming waters.

Another feature of this memorable fight, worthy of all observation, and strictly confirmative of the position I would assume, is the inverse ratio in which the two armies, relatively to their numbers, suffered. 192 Greeks died gloriously battling for liberty and fame, while the startling number of 6,500 Persians bit the dust. Verily there is a God of battles; and never has the outstretching of His arm been more plainly evidenced than upon the plain upon which, forgetful of the flight of time, and occupied by these and similar reflections, we sat gazing. An imperious summons from our eccentric guide recalled us from the past; and seeing the sun already low in the horizon, we mounted our horses, and with as much speed as was compatible with safety, proceeded to descend the mountain. As we did so, the hours of evening and the broader shadows added not a little to the beauty of the scenery through which we passed; and, with universal feelings of entire satisfaction in our day, we regained the convent, and ordering the horses to be put to, inquired eagerly for food and our vagrant friend. Both were soon found; indeed, the discovery of the one involved that of the other. We found him quietly seated at a table profusely spread with good things, which had been prepared in the refectory of the deserted convent. Neither the viands nor the truant companion were spared; with great appetite and acrimony we attacked each in turn, and truth to say, we were victors in both cases—our onslaught upon the one tending greatly to our refreshment, and the other, infinitely to our amusement. Poor dear ——'s account of himself was, in sober truth, not particularly satisfactory, and certainly he did

not come brilliantly out of the cross-examination to which, in conscious superiority, he was immediately subjected. It was a total mistake; but feeling his character for antiquarian enthusiasm to be at stake, he determined to rush headlong into the matter,—dilated with fervent eloquence upon the glorious views he had gained, each more magnificent than the last, which had rewarded his ascent of *several* summits; but broke down wholly when relentlessly cross-questioned as to particulars—he was driven from the course of grandiloquent generalities to fight his battle on the narrow plain of fact. Then, alas! the simple truth came out: the day was intensely hot, the walk desperately fatiguing, and a previous long day's ride imperatively forbidding any other mode of locomotion. In the midst of the merriment occasioned by this confession, the brigand made his appearance, and admonished us that it was not safe to be so late abroad; and as we felt that if upon no other point, at least upon this he was first-rate authority, we broke up the court, and passing sentence of Léze Marathon upon the defaulters, were soon *en route* to Athens. If we were not so well able to see the peculiarities of the road, our driver was determined we should feel them; and we arrived at the hotel fairly worn out with the perpetual shocks to which we were subjected. The next day was Sunday, and we were edified by one of the most original sermons, both as regards matter and delivery, that it was ever my lot to listen to. I was very attentive (as, indeed, I always am), but gathered nothing during the time of a rather lengthy discourse, but that, with a dislike to everything in general, and a universal fear, the chief horror and the utmost dread of the worthy man was, that any one should speak to him of the angels. I, for one, should never have dreamed of broaching a subject so little suggested by either his personal appearance or mental qualifications, so far as evidenced in his discourse, and could only conceive his reiterated command, "Don't talk to me of the angels," to be simply gratuitous.

As usual upon the Continent, the Protestant church in Athens is as mean and wretched as if it had been built by the despisers rather than the professors of the faith it is intended to propagate. In Rome we take refuge in the unbending bigotry which denies us any

other sanctuary than that which performs for pigs on week days, what it does for ourselves on Sundays. But, so similar is it in pretension and fact to the buildings consecrated by us to the worship of God in other parts of the world, that one is tempted to think that more burden is thrown on the Pope's shoulders than is justly due. After the service, we went to hear the band, and see the Court grandees who had flourished beneath our windows, glorying in their voluminous fustianellas, red caps, and embroidered jackets. We were not, however, very successful, and were fain to console ourselves by a visit to the Temple of Theseus, the Agora Gate, and the Temple of the Winds. These monuments, in common with all those which remain to tell the tale of Athenian greatness, are so familiar to every one, that I shall not attempt any description of them. As architectural examples, they are, to my but partially educated eye, of extremely various degrees of merit. The Temple of Theseus, I am free to confess, conveys but little pleasure to me. The length is so disproportionate to its height, that I think all beauty wanting in the lateral view; and it is only in the portico that I find anything suggestive of the genius one recognises so constantly in the marble gems upon the Olympian plain and Acropolitan fortress. As a museum, the interior is wonderfully rich, and the genuine antiquarian might, I should imagine, feast on the dust of ages, till he had himself fulfilled the pulverian destiny, and still leave much to his successor.

One day, having failed in every endeavour to induce my companions to bear me company, and anxious to see a little of the interior of the plain which surrounds Athens, I took a fiacre, and putting a roll into my pocket, and buckling the net in which I carried my drawing-materials across my shoulders, drove five or six miles out of the town upon the road to Eleusis, having previously concerted with my friends that they should meet me at five o'clock, P.M., upon the highway. The sun shone brightly; the air, deliciously cool, was redolent with the perfume of a thousand flowers, springing into new life under the influence of the heavy dew, which still hung, gem-like, glistening in their fairy cups.

Dismissing my *voiture*, I wandered, with the slow and measured step of perfect liberty, towards a rising ground

to the left of the road looking to Eleusis, which promised to afford a fine view of Salamis and the British fleet. It is very rarely that I have experienced any pleasure analogous to that which I proved in that solitary ramble, my nature being essentially gregarious; but from some cause, which would not be worth analysing, even if I were able to do so, I assuredly did enjoy my walk in the most expanded meaning of the term. Wandering from spot to spot—now sitting in silent contemplation, following the train of thought suggested by the tiny floweret at my feet; the birds singing above me; the fluttering leaves, or the cloud-shadows chasing each other across the plain, like a child's sorrows over his changing face; now adding to my store of valuable memoranda a little sketch, a note, or basking listlessly in the sun, the hours sped rapidly away, and a sensation which, alas! is more powerful than all the sentiment in the world, admonished me of the flight of time. Looking at my watch, I found it was nearly five, and hastened to repair the injustice I had done myself, by devouring the loaf and emptying the flask I had so providentially brought with me. At this moment I was seated upon a large mossy stone, the advanced guard of a considerable ruin, overgrown with ivy and dense shrubs, and abutting upon a small dark wood, into whose mysterious depths I had mentally resolved to penetrate, so soon as I had sufficiently fortified the inner man. I had just finished the last morsel of my *niccolo pane*, and was marvelling at the fact of being able to realise so much enjoyment, "all alone by myself," when the neighing of a horse close at hand startled me. Turning partially round, I beheld, much to my surprise, and not peculiarly to my delight, a pair of keen black eyes, shrouded by the shaggiest of grey eyebrows, peering surreptitiously at me through a massy copse. I had scarcely made sure of the fact before it vanished. With a kind of natural instinct I buttoned my coat, and reconnoitered my position. The result of this latter process was not satisfactory. Between the height I occupied and the high road, an interior ridge, sufficiently elevated to conceal it, completely intervened. Upon my right a wide bare plain extended to the sea; behind me was the aforesaid wood, and immediately in *fuccia*, a miserable miasmie swamp, interspersed with a few sickly, livid-

looking olives. To see all this occupied far less time than to relate, and feeling a kind of presentiment that mischief was on foot, I considered, as calmly as I could, what was best to be done, in the very possible event of my ideas proving wellgrounded. My election was soon made. Collecting, with assumed *sang froid* my scattered drawing-materials, and seizing my umbrella-stick, a strong piece of lancewood, with a heavy iron point, and a ferule at one and the other end, I stepped deliberately towards the cover. I was not disappointed in the result. Almost simultaneously I saw three red caps bob suddenly down, and, at the same moment, a hurried whisper, followed by the click of a pistol, smote unpleasantly on my ear. I am free to confess that my sensations were far from beatific; but preferring anything to suspense, I roared out, in my very best English—"Who's there?" Not a sound replied, and I was beginning to think that some unwonted nervousness had deluded me, or that my nature, weary of being alone, had chosen to people the ruins with romantic brigands, when one by one these dark masses, crouching under the brushwood, crept stealthily, but rapidly, to my left. I saw in an instant that the object of this strategy was to place me between themselves and the wood; a position by no means the most agreeable. I felt my heart beat quickly; and mentally cursing the folly which had brought me into such a scrape unarmed, I was making up my mind to trust to my rapidity of foot, when a second neigh of the horse dispelled this idea, but suggested another far more to my taste. These sounds had come distinctly from the buildings to my right, and I felt sure that my enemies, bent on circumventing me, would not show themselves until they had accomplished this; so, pretending to examine the point of my sole weapon, I waited as calmly as I could until they should have reached a large mass of building, behind which I saw, with the keen vision one owes to danger, they must pass. The moment the last of the worthy trio disappeared, I rushed forward, and found behind, the wall on my right, two horses quietly feeding—one quite loose, the other held by a stripling some fifteen or sixteen years of age. Terrified by my sudden appearance, the boy dropped the bridle,

and was about to cry for help, when, feeling that my life depended on his silence, I intimated with such eloquent action that if he breathed I would dash his brains out, that the poor wretch, "pale as a parsnip," sunk, quivering in every joint, upon the ground. To throw the reins over the mare's head, to tighten one of the girths (alas! I had not time to attend to both), to leap into the saddle, and dash my heels into her flanks, was the work of a moment. Scarcely had I mounted before the lad, regaining his scattered senses, uttered an awful screech. The mare, conscious, I suppose, that I was not her master, reared fiercely, but refused to move; and ere I could gather up my reins, the three men emerged, not fifty feet from me, from behind the ruins.

My case seemed desperate. Already the boy, at once terrified and encouraged by the advent of his masters, had rushed towards me; already his hand was upon the bit, and the iron end of my trusty stick was descending to test the resistive power of his occiput, when, inspired by some happy memory, I added to the application of my heels a loud and peculiar cry, which, I suppose, had been used by our eccentric guide to Pentellicus.

Like an arrow from a bow, the mare shot forward. I turned in time to see one fellow, white with passion, dash his pistol, which had missed fire, furiously to the ground; while another raised his long carbine, and making a rest of the shoulder of the third, deliberately covered me. Either repenting of the evil, or fearful of wounding the horse which bore me, he lowered his weapon, just as, surmounting the secondary range, I saw in the distance the carriage of my friends. My troubles were not yet over. Between me and the road a long, narrow line of swamp extended to the right and left; and, until this was crossed, I could not feel myself out of danger. Moreover, I was possessed by the very natural idea of carrying off as a trophy my beautiful steed, and I looked eagerly for a passable spot. A few hundred yards to the right, I distinguished a kind of dyke, beyond which the ground appeared comparatively dry. Making towards this at full speed, I saw that a wide ditch, with bad taking off, and rising ground on the other side, awaited me.

Already the shout of the enemy told of hot pursuit; so, hurling my stick before me, I sat back in my saddle,

and put the mare straight at it. She cleared it like an angel; but as she touched the ground, the girth snapped like a packthread, the saddle slipped completely round, and deposited me safe and sound, but furious, upon my back. I might as well have attempted to hold the devil; and finding the effort vain, I let go the reins, picking myself up just in time to be greeted with a hearty laugh from my companions, and to see the gallant beast, the saddle still hanging under her, fling her heels in the air, and dash madly across the plain. You may be quite sure, gentle reader, that I did not go out *solo* again without my trusty revolver.

I have often heard of people making a toil of a pleasure. I am sure the life I led in Athens was the most vivid illustration of the idea. Feeling that my time was brief—that the golden opportunity once lost would, probably, be so for ever, I felt every hour which was not devoted to the examining and recording, either by means of my pen or my pencil, of the marvels by which I was surrounded, was sinfully thrown away; and accordingly, rising with the sun, I laboured diligently till late at night. For my sins, I suppose, I had been induced, at Corfu, to purchase a daguerreotype apparatus, and to pay some cunning German, whose name I have forgotten, a considerable sum to instruct me in the management thereof. In theory I felt perfect; and full of confidence in the result, I spent half the night in polishing plates, and half the day in spoiling them. Yet I did not despair: an occasional success, the unlucky result of some mischievous accident, lured me on; and, instead of doing what a wiser man would have done, throwing the whole thing into the Illisus, and trusting to my own powers of delineating the objects of my admiration, I exhausted all my energies in prosecuting, under every possible combination of adverse circumstances, an art, which demands, as the first element of success, that of the most favourable.

The result was, a considerable development of the muscles of the right arm, a reckless expenditure of time and temper, and a collection of the most grotesquely-eccentric misrepresentations of which such salient facts as marble columns, architraves, and pediments are susceptible. Putting an original interpretation upon the assertion, *ars est celare artem*, I consigned them one and all to eternal darkness.

One night, tired to death with about sixteen hours' incessant labour, I went with my companions, who derived great amusement from the viciously-active life by which I contrasted theirs, on board the Baron Lubeck, a moderate-sized Austrian steamer, which was to start at some absurd hour the following morning for Nauplia. Too much tired even to dream, I slept profoundly, and awoke the next morning wholly oblivious of my change of location; and from the force of habit, was upon the point of giving the last polish to an imaginary plate, destined to add one more to the list of my failures, when the door of my cabin opened. A face I had not seen for years appeared, and a voice I had not heard for years asked me abruptly, "if I had any bear's grease?" Incontinently, and with a vague idea that I had lost my senses, I handed the individual a bottle of Rowland's Macassar; upon which he thought fit to ask me how I was, and account for his appearance at so unexpected a time and place. Dressing with all speed, I went on deck. The sun was rising magnificently from the east, and all gave promise of a glorious day. As we passed out of the harbour the thin veil of mist which hung over the water was withdrawn, and the unshrouded beauty of the scene burst upon us. The harbour, full of life and activity, crowded with vessels, formed a new and suggestive foreground to the temple-crowned Acropolis, the steep summit of the Lycabettus, and the shadowy outline of the distant Pentellic range. On the west, the tomb of Themistocles and the rocky coast performed the same office for the bay of Salamis and the British fleet, while far away to the south and south-west, the island summits of Egina, and the sacred heights of Cithæra and Parnes, Helicon and Parnassus, faded into the world of unsubstantial distance. As we passed under Egina, and by the aid of the captain's glass, we saw distinctly, in its beauty and grandeur, the temple of Minerva, and made pleasant plans, never, alas! to be fulfilled, for visiting and examining this, which all travellers agree in describing as among the most glorious remains of ancient art. How superbly is it placed, commanding every view, and adding to every scene in a manner from which, were we not worse than stone-blind, we might derive lessons of the highest moment.

We have, assuredly, great reason to be ashamed of our modern efforts in architecture; and, were it from a due sense of this fact, that our public buildings are placed (as they invariably are) out of sight, one would give their designers credit, at least for modesty, but coupled, as the fact is, with the most outrageous pretension, it is difficult to account for a systematic departure from a rule, which, resulting from the simplest impulse of nature, has been made sacred, and proved correct by all, to which, despite our vain self-sufficiency we are compelled to bow.

We sped on, abusing the Captain, who would not lay-to even for a moment, and mingling in a strange murmur our *male* and *vale*-dictory exclamations, as a rapid sweep to the south snatched the temple from our sight, and destroyed the faint hope we had drawn from a perfidious smile on the leathern face of the hard-hearted Austrian. The day was too bright, the air too soft, and the change too constant, to permit our anger to be of long duration; and after stopping at Hydra and Spezzia, to take in or deposit passengers, we sat down to dinner, with the pleasing knowledge that we should reach our destination within an hour. For once the tale was true, and we hurried on deck, just as we passed under the battlemented height of the impregnable Palamede.

The approach to the city of Nauplia from the sea is certainly one of the most striking scenes in the south of Europe. From the shores, irregularly built, and very characteristic in appearance (they were, indeed, the first really national buildings we had seen), the houses composing a large portion of the town, rise to a considerable height upon the sloping ground, which serves, as it were, for the base, from which the perpendicular rock rises, in naked grandeur, so steep and so smooth that no vegetation can cling to it, and forming a barrier mightier than ever rose from human hands. The sea, which here becomes a beautiful bay, washes the very walls; while, to the left, the two small forts built upon insulated masses of rock, stand forth in bold relief against the Acropolis of Argos, and the apparently interminable chain of mountains extending along the entire shore of the Lepantic Gulf.

We had scarcely anchored, ere impatient to make the best use of the remaining daylight, we hurried on shore,

and commenced a rapid perambulation of the principal streets. Little found we to reward our trouble. Some of the houses are to a certain degree picturesque, the windows and doors partaking largely of the Byzantine character; but the streets are narrow, dirty, and irregular; the shops of the most primitive description, and the public buildings *nil*. We visited the Barracks, the Prison, and the King's Palace, to which the latitudinarianism of the showman, "whichever you please," might have been forcibly applied. Thence, under the direction of our guide, who either felt or assumed a great degree of interest in the fate of the unfortunate Capo d'Istrias, we walked to the spot made famous, or perhaps, more properly speaking, infamous, by his assassination; and after listening to a very inflated and one-sided account of the matter, delivered in execrable Italian, and with a ludicrous affectation of sentiment, we laid in a stock of aromatic gums at a neighbouring *spezzeria*, and prepared, warned by the darkening sky, to return on board. Judging from its present condition, and comparing its antecedents, as well as its natural advantages, with those of Athens, it is difficult to comprehend the fact that this miserable city was absolutely for a time, and had a very narrow escape of being constituted in sempiternum, the capital of modern Greece.

We were discussing this point, and the probable consequences to the glorious monuments of Athens, when the long-threatened rain began to fall, and we were glad to make a precipitate retreat into the boats, and return to our ship. At six the following morning I was on deck. It rained heavily, the sea moaned, the wind sighed mournfully through the shrouds, and the sky, one unbroken pall of leaden cloud, loomed blankly and pitilessly upon our disappointment. The quickest eye and the most sanguine heart could not detect in that monotonous expanse a single flaw, through which a ray of sunshine or a gleam of hope might peep or be extracted. With a doomed and silent air of injured innocence, we sat down to breakfast. Something had gone decidedly wrong; it was difficult to account for so sudden a change, but that which yesterday had been pronounced quite as good as could be expected, had become utterly vile; and the whole thing, captain, boat and breakfast, were unanimously condemn-

ed. All idea of the excursion was given up, and we were endeavouring to seem philosophical, and to map out our day, when the captain brought us the welcome intelligence, that the wind had changed, and that if we were expeditious, we might yet be able to accomplish, using all diligence, our cherished project; and he added (the arch-deceiver!) that he would, of course, allow us some little law as regarded the hour prescribed for our return. Our preparations for an early start had been completed over night, and consequently in a very few moments we were seated (balanced would be a correcter term), in the two carriages, which, with a kind of Phætonian pride, had been pointed out to us as *the* vehicles of the city.

In high glee we started. Our coachmen, fired with true Hellenic emulation, and a national leaning to tortuous proceedings, nearly destroyed us in an attempt to attain the foremost place; and scarcely had we recovered from the alarm occasioned by the peril into which they had brought us, when our ears were assailed by a salute from a dozen cannons, so close to us as to startle the most self-possessed of the party from his propriety. As it was never satisfactorily proved that they were not fired in honour of our sortie, we gave ourselves the full benefit of the doubt, and decided that it was, although there were some amongst us who would gratefully have dispensed with so noisy a demonstration of respect.

"Bones of me, what a road!" Like all great-minded people, our coachman seemed to rise with every difficulty. The steeper the mound, the larger the stone, the profounder the rut, up, over, or into which it was our fate to go, the more recklessly we dashed towards it, and the louder the crack of the whip which announced that it was passed. Conversation was hopeless; and finding, to our infinite surprise, that the vehicles held together, we consoled ourselves with the reflection that in time the horses must be worn out, and looked out for Tyrins, the first of the many objects which were to reward our sufferings. In half-an-hour we drew rein, quite as much out of breath as the unfortunate beasts, and alighted. Ordering the carriages to meet us at the opposite side of the Citadel, we proceeded to examine this most interesting specimen of Cyclopean architecture. With the excep-

tion of our newly-arrived companion V——, we had, none of us, seen any very remarkable remains of this mysterious-age, and of a people who, as if conscious that no written record of their existence could be made, or if made would be preserved, seemed determined, in their architectural efforts, to build—to their knowledge of mechanics, their grandeur of thought and simplicity—the true element of their sublimity—monuments destined long to outlive the weaker efforts of posthumous times, and to stand through all ages, solid lessons of the finite power of the human mind, preaching humility to those who would seek in their own works the flattering but fallacious unction of progress, and bearing witness, defying the flight of time, of a people whose language is a mystery, whose deeds are confounded with fable, and whose very existence would be, but for these mighty evidences, an idle tradition, or a poet's dream.

With intense gratification we explored every portion of these wonderful ruins, which consist of the almost entire circuit of the outer and inner walls—of two principal and one postern gate, and of two galleries of a very singular construction, and in a marvellous state of preservation. The walls are twenty-five feet in thickness, and, in a great proportion of their extent, of an almost equal height, and are composed of irregularly-formed but gigantic blocks of stone. The works consisted of two forts, one within the other, separated by an intermediate platform, and connected by means of the said galleries, through which the garrison could retreat into the inner citadel, in the event of the outer line being carried. The least impressible or observant person would be struck by the strange contrast existing between the evidences of the past and those of the present by which they are surrounded. The careless goatherd eats his black bread, and gazes listlessly amid the courts once bristling with armed men; the monotonous song of the solitary watcher, the cautious step of the curious traveller, or the tinkling bell of browsing kine, awake alone the echoes of walls once resonant with the ring of steel and the hum of a thousand men, and bright in all the pomp and circumstance of war.

Charmed with our investigation, we re-seated ourselves, and drove in a direct line across the plain to Krabata, a

miserable village about a mile and a-half from the ruins of Mycenæ, and one from the tomb of Agamemnon. Here we were compelled to leave the marvellous vehicles which had thus far conveyed us, and proceed either on donkeys or on foot, up the hill-side. Our choice was soon made. Of the three chargers provided, one would not, the second could not, and the third was very difficult to make move; so, placing the weakest of the party upon the amiable capable, we started in great spirits for the tomb. The road, or rather track (for road there was not), was very steep, very rugged, and, like all Greek ideas, excepting perhaps their noses, very crooked; but with youth, health, high spirits, and in agreeable society, how minor are all such evils. Laughing, talking, and resorting to every possible device to make the donkey move a little faster, we proceeded, and soon reached the object of our search.

It would be very difficult to convey in words a correct idea of the approach to this famous monument. A rapid slope of a triangular form, from the sides of which arise lofty banks, leads to the entrance, which is built into the actual perpendicular face of the mountain, suggesting the idea that the tomb had been originally a natural cavern, which, having been enlarged and made symmetrical, had been, as it were, faced with enormous blocks of stone.

Whether this be the case, or that originally a mighty dome, its present appearance is attributable to deposits around it, I do not know. The coolness of the vast interior into which we were ushered was very delightful; and we sat for some moments in silence freely to enjoy it, and partly from wonder at the strange place in which we found ourselves. Lighted from the top, but very dimly, for the orifice was overgrown with briars, and the light impeded by the long tendrils of the pentendria which hung far down into the mysterious dome, the stones of which the building is in general formed are not of very great size; but those which compose the entrance, a nearly square portal with an equilateral and triangular aperture above, are enormous: one of them, that which forms the hyperthyrum, is twenty-seven feet in length, eighteen in breadth, and of course of proportionate thickness. The diameter of the dome is forty-six feet; the height

about fifty; so that it is nearly hemispherical.

On the right of the main entrance is a second, but smaller chamber; and in many parts of the roof are to be seen the nails by which, in all probability, the brazen plates covering the entire surface were fastened. After speculating how on earth, in their assumed ignorance of mechanical agencies, these ponderous masses were ever raised to the position they now occupy, and drawing largely upon our imaginations in picturing the various scenes of which these walls were witnesses, we emerged into the open air. A quarter of an hour brought us to Mycenæ; where, with signal disregard to the contents of the hamper, and the intensity of the sun, I scrambled over the monster masses of stone, and while my friends regaled themselves under the shadow of the lofty walls, succeeded in making a sketch of this unique and most beautiful of Pelasgian portals. That no feeling of disappointment struck us, as we came in sight of the Gate of the Lions, is saying all that need be said for so widely vaunted a remain.

The animals which have given their name to this gate are finely drawn—grand, and simple; equally removed from the Egyptian and the natural type, and differing in this respect from any similar work which I have seen.

The fortifications are very like in design to, but much greater in extent than those at Tyrins; and, truth to tell, various causes combined to make our researches less minute. As we stood above the gateway, and saw over the vast expanse no single line of shade, as the fatigue of the day began to tell upon us, and as the hot sun broke fiercely upon the ground, our faith in the efficiency of John Murray, or his myrmidons, received a wonderful accession, and we found that all Cyclopean remains possessed a hitherto undreamed-of family likeness, which made their individual examination quite supererogatory. We began to make the most extraordinary mutual sacrifices, each professing his entire willingness to renounce, from a peculiar regard to the other's welfare, any

further gratification of his personal curiosity. It is very remarkable how amiable people appear when all are endeavouring, *sub rosa*, to arrive at the same end. The result, as may be easily imagined, was an immediate return to Krabata, and the resumption, with all possible speed, of our seats on the marvellous machines which had transported us thus far in safety.

The plain dividing Mycenæ from Argos is in itself barren, devoid of beauty, and uninteresting; but as the site of such events—as the witness of such memorable deeds as have made its name synonymous with glory, it was impossible to traverse it unmoved.

Our friend V——, who through the day had betrayed not only the strongest interest, but a great amount of knowledge connected with the objects of our investigation, looked at his watch when we were about half-way to Argos, and from that moment seemed absorbed by the dreadful idea that we should inevitably miss the steamer. In reply to every question, however various, he shook his head, and with a kind of desperate resignation replied, he always knew it would be so, and that he wondered how he could have been such an idiot as to tie his fortunes to such a desultory set of people. As he was propounding, for the fiftieth time, this settled conviction of his own folly, and our inevitable destiny, a large flock of wild geese rose with an awful scream within twenty yards of our carriage. We knew full well that V—— was the only armed man among us, the six barrels of his revolver having been all day turning as a kind of *memento mori* to us in rotation; and he was instantly assailed with cries of “Fire, V——; fire, for God's sake, man.” With a kind of bewildered gaze he threw a haggard glance across the plain, then looked at the fast-retreating birds, levelled his pistol, sighed deeply, drew his watch from his pocket, and with a look of unutterable despair, groaned out, “I always knew I should be too late,” sank back in the carriage, while the fortunate birds spread their vast wings, and sped quickly away.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS AT THE COMING ELECTIONS.

"THE ONLY POSSIBLE GOVERNMENT," as the friends of the late Whig Ministry pronounced it, has become *impossible*, and has anticipated the mortal blow of the executioner by an unexpected suicide. The "inevitable" Whigs—as we were taught to call them—are not only *not* inevitable, but actually ejected, and that "impossible" project, as it was oracularly pronounced—the formation of a country Administration—has been quietly, rapidly, and ably accomplished. This swift and irreparable dissolution of one ministerial structure, and the equally sudden appearance and establishment of another, in its own organisation, and in the surrounding circumstances of the country, at once so peculiar and so menaced, would, perhaps, themselves have necessitated some special notice at our hands. But, in this case, we have a purpose to consult much higher than that of amusing a few idle minutes with conjecture or criticism. We appreciate the difficulties of the new Government, and the novel, but stupendous dangers of the country; and however feebly we may essay the task, it is yet our *duty* to impress upon our friends, to the extent of our ability, our clear and solemn convictions as to the peculiar obligations imposed upon all citizens in this conjuncture of suspense and peril.

The political spectacle which now fills the gaze of the country, is in most of its exciting and nearly all its formidable attributes, without a parallel. On the one hand, we have a Government, relying upon its policy, its *morale*, and its talents; but destitute of official training, incapable of official *finesse*, and whose tact and nerve have never yet been tried in the stern and momentous position which they are now called upon to maintain. On the other, is arrayed an extemporaneous and powerful combination of factions, under a cold, crafty, and unscrupulous leader; vastly outnumbering their opponents; with all the advantages of official experience upon their side; and bent, with a more than common political hate, upon the destruction of their antagonists. But the excitement of the impending combat rises high above the level of a mere gladiatorial inte-

rest. Lord John Russell stands forth *now*, for the first time, the avowed organ of influences, which hitherto have been, by the common consent of all British statesmen, renounced as destructive. In his fall from power he has suffered an evil and an irrevocable transformation; and we warn our readers against entertaining the fatal illusion, that the restoration of Lord John Russell to office would involve no more than the restoration of his old policy. That policy is *abandoned*; and, bad as it was, he has embraced a worse. He has submitted to the inexorable pertinacity of those whose services were procurable upon no terms but their own. He has evoked spirits against whom, in better days, his pride and his conscience successfully struggled. He has purchased his precarious lease of leadership. The bond is signed and sealed; the fatal price is paid; and Mr. Cobden and Sir James Graham have now a "perfect understanding with Lord John Russell!"

Cobden, Graham, and Russell! Is the country prepared for the triumvirate? The candidate Prime Minister has called in the Leaguer and the pro-Papist, and constitutes *them* his *Cabinet interieur*. And further, he emphasises the portentous significance of this selection by proclaiming that he means, on his reascension to power, to "enlarge the basis of his cabinet!" Is the country prepared to accept a cabinet inspired by the Papal sympathies and the bleak and merciless republicanism of two such inveterate revolutionists? Where is the interest assailable, either by malice or caprice, that would not, under such an ascendancy, tremble for its existence? Where is the institution of the country that would escape unscathed or undestroyed, amidst the democratic explosions and the legislative violence of such a regime? Are we prepared to trust our religion and our national defences to these men? Are we to confide the protection of our shores to the martial spirit of Cobden, and the vindication of our spiritual independence to the Protestantism of Sir James? Is there, we ask, a loyal man in all Britain whose heart would not quail within him at the news that the heights of

power were carried by this appalling combination?

Yet such is the combination destined upon the day that sees Lord Derby's administration dislodged from power, to succeed to the control of our executive, our finances, our army, and our navy, as well as of the whole course of our legislation.

Is there any doubt of this fact? Have the friends of Sir James, or the followers of Cobden, a doubt of its reality? The proemium of Lord John's first Chesham-place harangue conveyed to the country the announcement of this exciting and alarming selection. The dissolution of his ministry disentangled him from his old cabinet connexions; he is free to choose his future associates; and the first assertion of his recovered liberty, and that, too, with the avowed purpose of a return to office, is to call into his intimate and public confidence these two notorious characters. It would, no doubt, suit Lord John Russell's purposes to retain the services of these formidable coadjutors in opposition, without committing himself to their politics or their persons in the event of his restoration to office. But these gentlemen know perfectly what they are about. They are not so simple as to expose themselves to the mortification of a clumsy trick. Sir J. Graham has proved, by his repeated refusals to join the late cabinet, that a *new policy* is the condition of his adhesion, and, spite of increasing years and unpopularity, he maintains his Sibyl's price. Mr. Cobden, whatever be his demerits, possesses in an eminent degree the malignant virtue of inflexibility. The decline and disaster of Lord John's late administration have enhanced the value which these two gentlemen set upon their own co-operation. And that man knows little of human cunning and ambition who fancies that either one or the other has given his services to Lord John without a full and clear recognition of his personal claims, as well as of his political principles.

Take, then, we say to our friends, this fact as the basis of all your calculations of duty in the critical combination that surrounds us. Whatever be the value of Lord Derby's Government, its overthrow would not amount merely to the cessation of a good policy, and to a return to the old one: it would be followed instantaneously by

the installation of a Government unprecedented in its materials, and awful in the very indistinctness of its designs—a Government whose probable career we are left to gather from the profligacy of the association, and the revolutionary antecedents of the men.

What, then, is our first duty in this solemn national emergency? To maintain, we answer, with all our energies, and to support no less with zeal than with *forbearance* the Government which now stands between society and the wild and stormy elements of destruction.

People wondered at the philosophical alacrity with which Lord John Russell resigned. The Chesham-place amalgamation discloses, we suspect, his motive. That step, as we have said, disencumbered him of old associates, and made him free to choose his future accomplices. He calculated on being able to force a dissolution upon the issue of free trade, and in the event of a majority in its favour, the new partnership would have had the kingdom at their feet. The scheme was simply to carry into power a revolutionary *social* policy, under cover of a strictly *commercial* question. They shall not, however, gain a majority—no, nor the chance of a majority—to be employed in schemes of unavowed demolition, *upon false pretences*. The primary question is, not whether we shall have free trade, but whether we shall see the foundations of the Constitution and the destinies of England made the prey and the sport of a monstrous faction, at once Republican and Papistical. We shall be no parties, strong as are our opinions upon the policy of protection, to misleading loyal men respecting the dangers of their actual position, by restricting their vision to a commercial question, upon which it is impossible to calculate with certainty how the constituency of the country may pronounce. The elections will try another question, kept out of view by the revolutionists, but tremendous in all, even its remotest consequences—a question of confidence in Lord Derby on the one hand, or of confidence in Mr. Cobden and Sir J. Graham, upon the other! The more zealously the whole tribe of Radicals strive, with pen and tongue, to mystify this simple issue, and to bamboozle the country, the more sternly should all loyal men apply themselves to the task of giving to it its just and prominent relief.

It is, of course, quite indifferent to the agricultural interest in what shape the relief they look for may arrive. In Ireland, considering the prices of our staple produce, our oats, our flax, and our cattle, it seems indisputable to us that *no* protective duties could serve the agriculturist so much as a more equitable distribution of our local taxation. Relief to agriculture is the promise of Lord Derby's Government. He does not nail himself down to the special form of that relief. We must respect his difficulties, and remember our own dangers. And we hope that no agricultural constituency will be found so infatuated and suicidal as to embarrass and impede the wise and friendly Government that stands between us and the possibility of great disasters, by insisting that relief shall come to them in no form but in that of PROTECTION.

We have ever had but one opinion upon the policy of protective duties. We have read as much upon this controversy, and in a temper at least as candid, as most men. But to us it still appears, as it always has done, axiomatic, that assuming the imposition of a given amount of taxation inevitable, we ought so to levy it, if possible, as to foster and reward our native industry. Taxation is thus made to subserve a double purpose—it supplies at once the revenue, and stimulates the industry of the country. It is, moreover, an arithmetical fact, that if we now buy from the foreigner for 1s., what, under protection, we used to purchase from our own producers at 1s. 2d., the community at large saves, indeed, 2d. by the change, but *loses* 1s. 2d. The cause of protection is still, as ever, the cause of true economy, of industry, and of humanity. But there are situations in which it is wiser and more humane to submit, in patience, to established prejudices, than to unsettle and attack them at the expense of disturbing, at the same time, the passions of the multitude, and, possibly, the foundations of society itself.

The great practical argument against Free Trade was this. Abolish Protection, it was said, and you involve all who were aided by it, in distress, and all who lived by it, in ruin. You inflict wide and certain distress for the sake of, at best, a problematic fiscal improvement. We need not say how literally and how mournfully this pre-

diction has been verified. But, at the same time, it is impossible to deny that the crisis of the national suffering is over. Those who were to fail *have* failed; those who were to perish *have* perished. The worst, at least, is over; and the suffering interests have found, at last, a tolerably firm, though a lower level.

The question, then, is narrowed to one of expediency: which is, on the whole, the wiser and the better course—to abandon the idea of reimposing import duties, and look for relief to some more promising and less obnoxious fiscal adjustment; or to set up again the standard of protection, and engage in all the uncertainties, excitement, and asperities of another anxious, protracted, and possibly unfortunate defensive war? We know not whether the constituencies will, notwithstanding, prefer protective duties to any other form of relief. But if they succeed in getting them, they will hold them, subject to all the vicissitudes of a perpetual and tempestuous agitation, and upon the precarious tenure of that most capricious of sublunary reliances, a parliamentary majority. These are serious practical objections against accepting protective duties, if any other form of relief equally effectual, can be devised by the Government.

As we before said, Lord Derby has promised relief to agriculture. We have the most implicit confidence in that promise. The noble lord derives, we believe, his entire income from the land. He is a proprietor in this country as well as in England. He has had painful and practical experience of the depression of the agricultural interest in Ireland as well as there; and in both countries he has met the complaints of his suffering tenantry—not like Sir James Graham and other economic philanthropists, by sternly insisting upon his old covenants, but by prompt and liberal abatements. He has spontaneously shared the Free Trade burthen, and suffered with his tenants. There is no man, therefore, in England or in Ireland, who has a deeper or a more direct interest in "Protection" than the noble lord. But his character is a nobler and a more solid guarantee of his good faith than his interest could be. He is gifted with that rare and honourable sensitiveness to which even the suggested imputation of indirectness is intolerable; and he possesses the constitu-

tional pride, as well as the conscientious integrity, which would disdain to hold office for a single moment at the price of a friend betrayed or a promise broken.

Our advice to our political friends, then, is simply this—trust in the wisdom, in the friendly dispositions, and, above all, in the promises of Lord Derby. You cannot rely upon his singleness and purity of purpose with a confidence too implicit. For every reason, depend upon it, he will do the best that can be done for you. Choose Protectionists, by all means, to represent you; but do not tie them up from accepting the alternative relief we have mentioned, in lieu of protective duties. Consider alike the complicated difficulties of the Government and the revolutionary designs of their contingent successors, and let the first pledge you exact from your candidates be one binding them to a liberal support of Lord Derby's measures.

No Government has entered office since the Union, with so just a title to the confidence of all that is wise and patriotic among the Irish people. The very pledge to assist the struggling agriculture of the empire is a special promise of good to Ireland. All the past history of the men in power is thronged with bold and masterly schemes of beneficence for Ireland; and even at this moment, a Committee of Inquiry is constructed, the result of whose labours will be the basis of wise, well-considered, and, we trust in God, effectual measures for the extinction of that curse and scandal of Ireland, the Ribbon Confederation. The sympathies of this Government are powerfully enlisted for our country, and, judging from their opposition antecedents, signalised, as they are, by the initiation of more and better measures than ever before originated with an opposition, their genius is as practical as their policy will be generous.

THE LATE WILLIAM THOMPSON, ESQ., OF BELFAST.

It was only last month that we devoted a portion of our pages to a review of "The Birds of Ireland," by William Thompson; and we then indulged in pleasing anticipations of what we had yet to expect from the labours of the author. A sadder task now devolves upon us; the hopes we had then fondly cherished are destined never to be realised;—the accomplished naturalist, the high-minded man, the warm-hearted friend, has ceased from his earthly labours; and it now only remains for us to bid memory take the place of hope.

The too short career of William Thompson is marked by but little incident. He was born in Belfast, in the year 1805. The commotion of public life had little to recommend it to his quiet and unambitious nature; and from early youth he devoted himself to the unobtrusive pursuits of literature and science. To Natural History his time and energies were especially devoted; and the success which has attended his exertions in that pleasing path, leaves us no reason to be dissatisfied with the department on which his choice fell.

Until the commencement of his great work on the natural history of Ireland—the first three volumes of which, embracing the birds, he had just lived to finish—the results of Mr. Thompson's investigations were chiefly confided to the pages of our scientific periodicals. The "Annals of Natural History" was his special favourite; and for many years were its numbers, month after month, enriched by his valuable contributions. At the Glasgow meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in 1840, his investigations in Irish natural history were presented to the meeting in the collected form of a "Report on the Fauna of Ireland." The second part of this important report was read at the meeting of the same body, held at Cork, in 1843; on which occasion he filled the office of President of the Natural History Section. And a third part, completing the subject up to the present time, he had in preparation for the approaching meeting at Belfast.

The natural history researches of Mr. Thompson were not entirely confined to Ireland; the islands and main-land of Scotland became latterly the scene of frequent visits from him; and on such occasions he always came back with his mind enriched by the most valuable ornithological observations—observa-

tions for which those regions afford so fine a field: In 1841 he accompanied Professor Edward Forbes to the *Ægean Sea*, where the latter instituted his celebrated researches into the distribution in depth of the *Marine Fauna*; and he there made copious notes on the habits of migratory birds. Many of the observations made during this expedition have been since recorded in the published volumes of his "*Natural History of Ireland*."

It was, however, his native country that constituted the favourite scene of his labours. The coast of Ireland was explored by his dredge, and her moors and mountains by his gun; and materials for a full and complete *Fauna* of the country were thus accumulated. The history of the *Birds of Ireland* was to have been immediately followed by that of the *Fishes*; and for the elucidation of this tribe he possessed a collection of facts of unrivalled interest and extent. The notes he had made on the other departments of Irish zoology were scarcely less complete; and we rejoice to learn that he has, by his will, appointed two of his most intimate friends, in Belfast, fellow-labourers in natural history, to arrange and edit his manuscripts. Additional interest will be given to these forthcoming volumes by the fact, that many of the specimens therein referred to constitute a part of the large and valuable collection, which has been bequeathed by him to the Museum in his native town, and are there, we understand, to be kept apart from the general collection. Many of these specimens are of great rarity; they were accumulated by him during long years of assiduous research, and they are in an especial degree illustrative of the invertebrate fauna of Ireland.

An ardent lover of the beautiful, thoroughly gifted with the power of appreciating the excellent in art, Mr. Thompson's greatest delight was to encourage an elevated taste in those around him; and the Schools of Design recently established in Belfast will look back to him as one of their best friends and most valuable supporters. Indeed, there were few more pleasing features in his character than the interest he always took in the success of the several literary and scientific institutions of his native town. Imbued with a deep and genuine patriotism, and fully recognising in such institutions the means of elevating the moral and physical condition of his fellow-countrymen, he spared neither time nor labour in the promotion of their welfare; and his purse was always freely open in their cause. In 1842 he was elected President of the *Natural History and Philosophical Society of Belfast*; an office which, with signal advantage to that institution, he continued to hold until his death.

Interested in all that could raise the scientific character of Ireland, Mr. Thompson exerted himself in procuring for Belfast the honour of receiving the next meeting of the *British Association for the Advancement of Science*. Of this meeting he was nominated one of the Vice-Presidents, and had gone to London for the purpose of making the final arrangements for the occasion. Having accomplished the object of his mission, he was on the point of returning home, when his health, which for many years previously had been anything but robust, began suddenly to give way; he was seized with symptoms of paralysis, and these in two days terminated fatally. During his illness he was surrounded by friends, labourers in the same fields of science with himself, to whom the worth of his character had, through many years of uninterrupted intercourse, warmly endeared him.

In the death of William Thompson, the cultivation of Irish natural History has experienced a loss which we dare not attempt to estimate. It was not alone by his own personal investigations that he advanced the progress of natural history in this country; his delight was to see others carrying out what he had commenced. Utterly free from envy, he was always ready to help onwards in the same paths of science the less experienced searcher after truth; and many a living naturalist owes whatever success has subsequently attended his career, to the encouragement thus cordially given. Possessed of a small, but independent property, with no ulterior object in his pursuits, he devoted all he had to the cultivation of his favourite science, and to the elevation of the intellectual and moral condition of his native land. The love of truth and the love of country were inseparably blended with his nature, and became the leading influences in his simple and unostentatious life.

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Vol. XXXIX.

CONTENTS.

	Page
MAGA'S MAY-BUSH. THE DAWN OF MAY—LILIES OF THE VALLEY. BY MORTIMER COLLINS—MAY. BY ANDREW NICHOLL—MAY-DAY SONG—SONGS. BY ADVENA—LOST AND FOUND—PARVA ROGASSE SAT EST. BY MORTIMER COLLINS—THE SONG OF OTHER YEARS. BY WILLIAM FORSYTH	533
THE GOLDEN LEGEND. AS TREATED BY JACOBUS DE VORAGINO, WILLIAM CAXTON, AND HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW	547
MORE LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER. JOHN HENDERSON—THE POET OF HOPE AND THE DANISH PROFESSOR—JOHN PALMER	564
SIR JOHN STEPHEN'S LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF FRANCE	570
THE MEETING OF THE FLOWERS. BY D. F. M'CARTHY	584
MARLBOROUGH AND HIS TIMES	589
AUSTRALIA AND ITS GOLD DIGGINGS	607
LORD JEFFREY. FIRST ARTICLE	625
THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY. CHAPTER XIII.—A MURDER IS PLANNED WHICH THE LAW CANNOT REACH. CHAPTER XIV.—THE RECORD OF A MADNESS WHICH WAS NOT INSANITY. CHAPTER XV.—THE DEATH-BED VOW AND ITS RESULT	639
A COINA FOR MOORE	653
TESTIMONIAL TO THE POET MOORE	656

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MAGA'S MAY-BUSH.

*Time, May Eve.—SLINGSBY in his Sanctum.—A multitude of MSS. before him.—
He paceth, thoughtfully, to and fro, and then soliloquiseth.*

“Oh, beautiful May!—to what shall I liken thee?—the darling of the Poets—the delight of swains. Queen of the months! Nature’s best-beloved; whom she decks out in the brightest and the best array of her exhaustless treasure-house. I picture thee to my eye, in fanciful meditation, as I wander forth in the fresh noon-tide. I see thee, I hear thee, I feel thee. Thy brow crowned with flowers, and the young green leaves of trees falling in tresses adown thy shoulders. Sunlight flashes from thy warm and lustrous eyes—eyes blue, and beaming with the azure dye of the clear heavens. Thy voice is the melody of a thousand birds—the tinkling music of falling waters—the murmur of leafy trees, as they bend their heads to each other, and whisper ineffable things of nature. Thy breath is now hot with the languid odour of passionate flowers, now reviving with the freshness of the frolic breeze. On thy bosom repose the lilies in the purity of their whiteness; in thy girdle smiles the ruddy, fragrant rose. Thy green mantle is spangled with dew-drops, and bedecked with the daisy, the cowslip, and the buttercup. From thy home in the sweet South, where thou dwellest throughout the happy year, we trace thee hitherward, thou transient visitor of our northern clime! We trace thee across the broad sea, along the path that thou hast smoothed for thyself through the vexed waters, that now glisten and smile—a liquid highway for thy feet, as leviathan taketh his pastime around thee, and the playful dolphin gambols at thy presence. We trace thee wending up the mighty rivers, that swell and sparkle where thou movest over them, whilst the swallow, on skimming wings, ushers thee along thy way. All along the earth thy steps leave their traces—verdant, and odorous, and flowery. The violet sends forth its perfume where thy foot has fallen; and the spicy herbs exhale their aromatic breath, when thou hast pressed them. As thou approachest the sunny plains, the chrysalis bursts out from its tomb of leaves, and, flinging off the vestments of the grave, soars forth to meet thee in its glorified existence—that beautiful symbol of the human soul, to which the deep-seeing wisdom of Grecian poetry aptly gave the name of ‘Psyche.’ In the forests, the ant, sagest of insects, awakes at thy call; and builds up her cities, and establishes that marvellous polity which might put to shame the wisest of human legislators. Upon the mountain side, where the furze puts forth its bright orange blossoms, the bee floats around thee upon humming wings. The mavis and the merle welcome thee in the deep, bosky groves; and the lark, as he circles up into heaven, sings to the angels that thou hast visited the earth!

[SLINGSBY pauseth for awhile; he taketh up a volume of ‘divinest Spenser,’ and readeth therein the ‘Aegloga Quinta’ of the ‘Shepherd’s Calendar.’ He layeth it down, and resumeth his soliloquy]—

May, sweet May!—to me thou art Nature’s embodiment of a divine sentiment—the sentiment of love! The sister months that have preceded thee are emblems,

too, of Christian graces—but thou art greater than they. March is as Faith, for she commits to the grave that which she knows, as the evidence of things unseen, will rise up again to life—flower, and plant, and tree; and April is Hope, for she gives the first early promise of bud and bloom, and she teaches us to look forward to fruition and maturity; but May is Love—‘the greatest of all these.’ And such, mankind has ever felt her to be—and as such, for ages, have they worshipped her—

“ ‘Hail beauteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.’

In ‘the good old times’—for, in the estimation of the poet and the sentimentalist, there was a great deal that was very good in the old times that has passed away, though the utilitarian may gainsay the assertion—in the good old times in ‘Merrie England,’ ay, and in Ireland, too, for she has had her merry hours, though tears and pain have so often marred their sunshine—in the good old times—I love to linger over the phrase—when the first light of May dawned out upon the last night of April, the young men, ay, and the young maidens too, sprang from their beds, and went forth from hamlet and village, to the sound of tabor and flute, and pipe and drum—

“ ‘With singing and shouting, and iolly chere.’

And so they wandered down the green lanes, and over the dewy grass, and thus—

“ ‘To the greene wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall.’

There they ‘gathered the May,’ bearing away with them the beautiful branches of the thorn, covered with a mass of fragrant blossoms, that looked as if a shower of perfumed snow had fallen on the tree over night. Then they plucked in the field the fairest and the freshest flowers, and they bound them around the May-bushes in wreaths; and so right joyously they tripped back ere the sun had yet risen above the hill tops. And haply some fair girl, who had lain a-bed after the dawning, found at her lattice window, when she looked forth, the flower-garlanded bush, which her rustic lover placed there to reprove her, and make her blush and sigh that she had not gone ‘a-Maying.’

“ ‘The mery moneth of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh aray,
—— thilke same season when all is ycladde
With pleasaunce; the ground with grasse, the woods
With green leaves, the bushes with blooming buds.
Youngthes folke now flocken in every where,
To gather May-baskets and smelling brere;
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirk pillours ere day-light,
With hawthorne buds and sweete eglantine,
And girlonds of roses, and soppes in wine.’

[*Here entereth ANTHONY POPLAR. He cometh delicately when he seeth SLINGSBY mouthing, and sitteth down unnoticed*].

Such was May-day in the days of Edmund Spenser; and, in good faith, I cannot help being of the same mind as Palinode:—

“ ‘O that I were there
To helpen the ladies their May-bush beare;
Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge to thinke,
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck.’

But, alas! those times are gone, as I said—the utilitarians have demolished May-ing, and, like matter-of-fact Piers, ‘inly pitie their fondnease,’ who—

“ ‘In lustihede and wanton merrymment!
Passen their time that should be sparely spent;’

And so May-queens have abdicated for ever! One may as soon expect to see a living Dodo as a real Maypole; and the delectable sport of 'Maying,' has given place to what, in a spirit of rueful pleasantry, which induces us sometimes to make a jest of our misfortunes, I might call 'Apriling'—when little clamorous urchins on the *day before* May, poke a twig, with a few withered leaves upon it, into your face, and, dancing about you, in a diabolical chorus, worry you with importunities to give 'something for the May-bush.' "

[*Here POPLAR groweth impatient. After a time he essayeth gently to make his presence known*].

POPLAR.—Ahem! Ahem!

SLINGSBY.—Bless me, my dear Poplar, is that you?

POPLAR (*dryly*).—I should say so.

SLINGSBY.—How the deuce did you come here?

POPLAR.—Oh! in the ordinary way—through the door.

SLINGSBY.—Well, I should have supposed as much. I mean how did you get in without my knowing it?—you did not knock or make any noise. You must have crept in as stealthily as a cat upon me.

POPLAR.—Ay, for you were prowling and growling about like a mad dog. Had I disturbed you, ten to one you would have bitten me. I have a great terror of a poet's slaver. Who knows but I should have gone *rhyming* all my life—how horrible!

SLINGSBY.—Ha! ha! You are an ungrateful fellow. I'll punish you with a thousand lines in blank verse.

POPLAR.—Mercy, mercy!—anything but that. I beg to apologise unconditionally, and withdraw any expressions that may have offended you.

SLINGSBY.—Well, then, be comforted. How long are you here?

POPLAR.—Oh, a long time—five minutes, at the very least.

SLINGSBY.—I was thinking over the good old times, Anthony, when the lads and lasses went "a-Maying."

POPLAR.—I know that very well. I heard every word: you were at your old trick of thinking aloud.

SLINGSBY.—Well, then, I need not repeat them. And now, my dear Anthony, why should not we, too, go "a-Maying."

POPLAR.—Nonsense, my dear Jonathan; don't be absurd, pray. You forget these are not the days when men sit upon flowery banks, playing on pipes, but go steaming through the land to the whistle of a snorting high-pressure engine.

SLINGSBY.—Nevertheless, upon the faith of a poet, I swear I *will* go a-Maying—ay, and have my "May-basket" and my "Queene attone."

POPLAR.—Your fiddlestick, Jonathan. Who, in the name of bedlam, would risk her character by going off "skylarking" with you of a May morning?

SLINGSBY.—Character, Anthony—character! What do you mean, Sir? Why, I tell you, my "Queen of the May" has a character the highest, the fairest, the sagest, of any she in the land; and though I say it, that shouldn't, I hope she is nothing the worse for "keeping company" with me!

POPLAR.—Well, Jonathan, you need not get so warm about the lady; I meant her no offence. Who is she, pray?

SLINGSBY.—MAGA, Anthony—our own dear, stately, sprightly, graceful MAGA.

"So I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and garlands gay,
For thou shalt be Queen of the May, MAGA—thou shalt be Queen of the May."

POPLAR.—Ha! ha! ha! I cry you mercy, Jonathan; I thought you really meant to sally forth with pipe and tabor, "girt in gawdy greene," and pranked out in all sorts of old-world bravery, to "go a-Maying," as Don Quixote went a knight-erranting.

SLINGSBY.—No, my dear Anthony. As my mistress is ideal, so shall my homage be intellectual. Flowers there shall be to crown my queen, but flowers that spring not from the earth, nor sink back again upon her bosom—ours shall be flowers that will not fade away with the sunlight, but shall bloom unwitheringly—the flowers of the mind—the divine flowers of poesy:

POPLAR.—A right loyal conceit it is, and a pleasant withal; so Heaven prosper thee. May the moon shine her brightest upon thee, and the stars shower down their tenderest light, as thou goest forth ere the dawning to cull these sweet flowers that thou speakest of. But may a prosaic mortal like me venture to ask where lie those faery regions of poesy into which thou art to wander, and find songs as plentiful as blossoms on the thorn, and rhymes for the picking, like the flowers in the green fields?

SLINGSBY.—Nay, you are bantering me, I see, Anthony. Alas! one finds no such enchanted regions now-a-days. And so I shall even imitate the fashion of these degenerate days, and have my May-bush ready beforehand. Like the little peripatetics in your streets, I have already assailed certain friends of ours who I knew had many beautiful flowers in their gardens, and have asked them to “give me something for the May-bush.” And so they have, Anthony, and with a willing heart and a liberal hand, till my arms are filled with the bright and fragrant load, and I am forced to lay some of them aside till another occasion, for I told you already these flowers do not wither. Come, now, and you shall help me to cull these flowers, and to deck our bush. Here they are all. Shall we take them as they come, or dispose of them so that their colours shall harmonise, and their odours blend together?

POPLAR.—As you please. To my taste, a bouquet looks best where the hues are in contrast, and the fragrance of the wall-flower or the woodbine does not overcome the more delicate perfume of the rose or the violet.

SLINGSBY.—Well, then, we shall attend to the effect both of harmony and contrast. Here are some May-flowers that will group best together; they are of the same family:—

SONG.

THE DAWN OF MAY.

I.

See the merry morning breaks
Through the mists of night,
And the lark with chanting takes
Into heaven his flight:
Flowers from slumber ope their eyes
To the laughing day;
Sunshine fills the flushing skies—
’Tis the dawn of May!
’Tis the dawn of May, my love,
’Tis the dawn of May!
Up! and rove
Through glen and grove;
’Tis the dawn of May.

II.

From the boughs the matin-breeze
Pearly dew-rain shakes,
And the streamlet, as it flees,
Babbling music makes;
Singing in the sunny air,
Bees through meadows stray;
So should we go forth, my fair,
In the dawn of May.
’Tis the dawn of May, my love,
’Tis the dawn of May!
Up! and rove
Through glen and grove;
’Tis the dawn of May.

III.

With the blossoms of the thorn
 I will deck thy hair,
 And the freshest rose of morn
 Pluck for thee, my fair !
 All the brightest flowers that bloom
 On thy breast I'll lay,
 And the violet's sweet perfume
 Cull at dawn of May.
 'Tis the dawn of May, my love,
 'Tis the dawn of May !
 Up ! and rove
 Through glen and grove ;
 'Tis the dawn of May.

IV.

Sunshine may not always last ;
 Clouds will come at eve ;
 And the lark, when day is past,
 Heaven shall songless leave :
 Flowers will droop at sultry noon ;
 Fresh winds die away !
 Up ! the dew will vanish soon
 With the dawn of May.
 'Tis the dawn of May, my love ;
 'Tis the dawn of May !
 Up ! and rove
 Through glen and grove ;
 'Tis the dawn of May !

POPLAR.—What sort of flower do you call that, Jonathan ? Where did you get it ?

SLINGSBY.—An unpretending little primrose, plucked out of *my own* garden.

POPLAR.—Oh, I understand. Well, then, I suppose I had better make no observations upon it, but just stick it in to begin with.

SLINGSBY.—Here is something good, I promise you, for it comes from a genial soil far away in the Channel Islands. Listen :—

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

I.

Breezy bells of May !
 Hiding all the day
 Where the river ripples softly evermore,
 Where the shadows lie
 From the azure sky
 Like the skiffs of angels on the heavenly shore ;
 Not a word of sorrow,
 But a joyous carol
 Sing to you the faeries nightly in their green apparel.

II.

Where's the maiden's bosom
 Snowy as your blossom ?
 Whiter than the sandy foam that brightens on the surge !
 Where's there any trace
 Of your pliant grace,
 As from the claspings of the breeze ye tremble and emerge ?
 Breezy bells of May-tide,
 Odorous at matins,
 Seldom rustle forms like yours in floating gauze and satins.

III.

Hearken to my Ave !
 As with soft and wavy
 Beauty ye are dwelling on the open lea ;
 Bends no flower so sweet,
 'Tender, ruddy feet,
 When they go a-Maying amid the woodlands free !
 Breezy bells of Spring-time,
 That in valleys twinkle,
 Ever with your garlands fair my lady's locks I sprinkle.

POPLAR.—You said truly ; they are beautiful flowers, of a delicate fragrance and graceful form. Mortimer is a capital horticulturist ; we shall not fail to rifle his garden periodically. What think you of this?—

MAY.

BY ANDREW NICHOLL.

I.

Mid the heath's purple bells, on the lone mountain side,
 The brown bee is loudly humming ;
 In the deep-wooded vale, where the clear waters glide,
 The cuckoo tells Summer is coming.
 The wild flower's bloom
 Flings around rich perfume,
 Grove and glen are with melody ringing :
 While the torrent is seen
 Dashing down the ravine,
 And the lark is "at Heaven's gate singing."

II.

The hawthorn appears in her blossoms of snow,
 The primrose blooms in the deep dell,
 The violet in green moss is nestling below,
 And mid the brown fern, the harebell ;
 Yellow broom and foxglove
 Enliven the grove,
 Where the ivy and woodbine are creeping ;
 A dazzling sunbeam
 Sparkles bright on the stream,
 While the rose is in dewy tears weeping.

III.

The notes of the song-birds thrill loudly in glee,
 'Till the woodlands with joy ring around us ;
 Sweet bloom is on meadow, and hedgeway, and tree,
 Rejoicing that Summer hath found us.
 Wild flowrets rare,
 Bees nestling there,
 'Mid fresh sweets of the newly-cut hay ;
 Sunbeam chasing shadow
 O'er mountain and meadow :
 All Nature seems joyful in May.

SLINGSBY.—A very pretty pansy, upon my word. What bright, gay colours, and how well varied—bind it up in the wreath by all means. I hope we may receive many a flower from our good friend, Andrew Nicholl.

POPLAR (*hopping about with his finger in his mouth*).—Holloa ! what is this ? Bless me, if my finger isn't bleeding !

SLINGSBY.—Why it's just a little sweetbriar blossom, and you have pricked your finger with the thorn, that's all.

POPLAR.—And a very sharp thorn it is, upon my word. Well, you'd better examine it yourself. I'll not touch it again, I promise you.

SLINGSBY—Be it so. Attend then and don't mind your finger :—

A MAY DAY SONG.

BY A CITIZEN.

I.

A song for merry, jocund May
That tells of Summer's glad returning,
Of country joys, of calm delight,
Free from the keen and bitter blight
Of wintry blast, all hail the light
Of May-day's sun bright burning.

II.

It's very fine, my friend, for you
Who have the country's joys before ye ;
But for a "city bird" like me,
Immured in smoky misery,
May, with its fine "jocundity,"
Is quite another story.

III.

For we've no flowers to scent the air,
Within the close unwholesome city,
And every time I turn a street
Some odour I am sure to meet,
Which I find anything but sweet,
And see views far from pretty.

IV.

No "busy bee" ere ventures here,
No wonder he should shun such places ;
To swell his store he could not find
E'en *honied* smiles, and to my mind,
But little that is sweet or kind,
At least, in people's faces.

V.

For trudging heated, scorching flags,
Is not productive of good humour,
With blistered soles to weary feet
Toiling thro' each ill-watered street ;
Is not that "exercise most sweet,"
That dreaming poets rumour.

VI.

Besides, if there's a breeze at all,
Our common fate in town, alas ! is
To have our eyes with limestone lined,
Till we are nearly *gravel* blind,
In fact we've got a *Simmoom* wind,
But, ah ! we've no *Oasis*.

VII.

Our atmosphere's by smoke obscured,
And the cerulean heaven looks dusty,
The milk's our only real *sky blue*.
We've verdure in our squares, 'tis true,
But of a mournful dingy hue,
Like green-tea leaves half musty.

VIII.

No purling streams refresh our gaze,
 Or waterfall with sound delightful,
 Save, now and then, a wat'ring cart
 Which dribbles out with fretful start,
 And niggard flow, a scanty part
 Of fluid dark and frightful.

IX.

The swallows have, I'm told, returned ;
 But I have looked in vain to find them,
 Save swallows who, the whole year round,
 Within our eating rooms are found
 Devouring viands by the pound,
 While waiters gape behind them.

X.

No May-pole either can we boast
 To May-day joys inviting,
 And since the patent screw machine
 For sweeping chimneys, Jack O'Green,
 His occupation gone, is seen
 No more, our hearts delighting.

XI.

Yet, never from *my* memory
 Is May's return excluded,
 I watched its advent, for I knew
 That then my half-year's rent fell due ;
 And (not with quite your joy) *I*, too,
 Marked its approach as *you* did.

XII.

Alas ! my friend, the circumstance
 Doth alter cases greatly ;
 So while you're eulogising May,
 Tho' I'd not wish to chide your lay,
 Excuse me if cannot say
 I sympathise completely.

H. T. D.

POPLAR.—Stick that into the wreath, by all means, Anthony. It is picquant, and will contrast charmingly with the other flowers, sweets and bitters, as one sees every day in the world—

“ Medio de fonte leporum,
 Surgit amari aliquid quod ipsis in floribus angat.”

And yet the fellow that sent it has a pleasant humour in his querulousness—an acid that leaves an agreeable flavour on the tongue. We must take this poor ‘citizen,’ some day or other, as far as Cullenswood or Glasnevin, to give him a notion of the country. Go on, Jonathan.

SLINGSBY.—Here are two little flowers. No name tells whence they come.

SONG.

TO ———.

I.

Yon star that crests the ocean,
 With beams so chaste and bright ;
 Reflects its changeful motion
 Within its trembling light.

II.

'Tis like some holy being,
Of lineage high and pure,
Whose soul is troubled, seeing
The sorrows men endure.

III.

But the ocean, in its fever
Beneath that starry power,
Upon its crest for ever
Receives the silver shower.

IV.

And thus, when tempest lashes
This restless heart of mine,
Each darksome billow flashes
A ray of light from thine.

POPLAR.—I'll be sworn that comes from Advena. Put it in by all means.
Now for the second that he has sent:—

SONG.

I.

Happy bird ! upon the tree
Swaying, singing there—
Say, are mortals ever free
From this weight of care?

II.

Wave there within some paradise
Immortal boughs of peace,
Whence man can utter harmonies
For Heaven to hear, like these?

III.

Tell me, ecstatic bird ! if thou
Hast ever dwelt, as I,
Wingless beneath the haughty brow
Of a forbidding sky?

IV.

Hast thou no voice to tell me this,
All vocal as thou art ;
No message to my soul, of bliss
From thine exulting heart?

V.

If not for ever doomed to woe,
How long, sweet bird ! how long ?
Reply—For I am faint to know
The secret of thy song.

VI.

In vain ! yet there thou singest on
With happy, heedless mirth,
Half way to Heaven—me leaving lone
And songless upon earth.

Very pretty, indeed. Do you know, to write a good song is no common merit? A lyrist dances, or rather sings, in fetters, there is so much to circumscribe the free action of his powers. He must not only be curt, pointed, and metrically exact, but he must choose language that is not merely melodious, but words that are *vocalisable*—I am forced to coin a word to express my meaning. Everyone who has written much for great singers, knows how many words there are that read well, and yet are unmanageable for perfect singing. Come, let us proceed with our wreath. I have got something here of a rare beauty—a genuine child of the soil; none of your exotics from a foreign land:—

LOST AND FOUND.

I.

“Whither art thou gone, fair Una?—
 Una, fair, the moon is gleaming;
 Fear no mortal eye, fair Una,
 For the very flowers are dreaming,
 And the twinkling stars are closing
 Up their weary-watching glances—
 Warders on Heaven's walls reposing
 While the glittering foe advances.

II.

“Una, dear, my heart is throbbing,
 Full of throbbings without number;
 Come! the tired-out streams are sobbing
 Like to children ere they slumber;
 And the longing trees, inclining,
 Seek the earth's too distant bosom;
 Sad fate! that keeps from intertwining
 The earthly and the aerial blossom.

III.

“Una, dear, I've roamed the mountain,
 Round the furze and o'er the heather;
 Una, dear, I've sought the fountain
 Where we rested oft together,
 Ah! the mountain now looks dreary,
 Dead, and dark, where no life liveth;
 Ah! the fountain, to the weary,
 Now, no more refreshment giveth.

IV.

“Una, darling, dearest daughter,
 Beauty ever gave to Fancy—
 Spirit of the silver water,
 Nymph of Nature's necromancy!—
 Fair enchantress, fond magician,
 Is thine every spell-word spoken?
 Hast thou closed thy fairy mission?
 Is thy potent wand then broken?

V.

“Una, dearest, deign to hear me,
 Fly no more, my prayer resisting!”—
 Then a trembling voice came near me,
 Like a maiden to the trysting—
 Like a maiden's feet approaching
 Where the lover doth attend her;
 Half forgiving, half reproaching,
 Came that voice so shy and tender.

VI.

“ Must I blame thee, must I chide thee,
 Change to scorn the love I bore thee?
 And the fondest heart beside thee,
 And the truest eyes before thee.
 And the kindest hands to press thee,
 And the instinctive sense to guide thee,
 And the purest lips to bless thee,
 What, O dreamer! is denied thee?

VII.

“ Hast thou not the full fruition?—
 Hast thou not the full enjoyment,
 Of thy young heart's fond ambition,
 Free from every feared annoyance?
 Thou hast sighed for truth and beauty—
 Hast thou failed then in thy wooing?
 Dreamed of some ideal duty—
 Is there nought that waits thy doing?

VIII.

“ Is the world less bright or beauteous,
 That dear eyes behold it with thee?
 Is the torch of life less duteous,
 That thou art helped to do it, prithee?
 Is the near rapture non-existent,
 Because thou dreamest an ideal?
 And canst thou for a glimmering distant
 Forget the blessings of the real?

IX.

“ Down on thy knees, O, doubting dreamer!
 Down! and repent thy heart's misprision;”
 Scarce had I knelt in tears and tremor,
 When the scales fell from off my vision.
There stood my human guardian angel,
 Given me by God's benign foreseeing,
 While from her lips came life's evangel,
 “ Live! that each day complete thy being!”

SLINGSBY.—Let us put that in the choicest place, amid the flowers that are the brightest and the sweetest. And see, take some of those green, dewy shamrocks, and bind them in with this beautiful rose of our own island. A fine moral runs through those charming verses, even as a rich perfume exhales from a lovely flower. I know well whence this comes, though I may not say. What next, dear Anthony?

POPLAR.—Here is another offering from Mortimer Collins.

SLINGSBY.—So much the better; let us examine it:—

PARVA ROGASSE SAT EST.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

I.

The glimmering sea is white with sails;
 The flowers are flushing sweeter;
 No longer roar the wintry gales
 In Anapæstic metre.

II.

The lark, who loves "gesang und luft,"
In ether bright is hiding ;
O'er mossy mound and heather-tuft
You see the plover gliding.

III.

Afar at sea the white-winged mew
By rock and islet flashes ;
Along the dim wood avenue
The merry magpie dashes.

IV.

Such weather 'twas—so sweet a spring—
And not at all rheumatic—
When gay Catullus raised his wing
For cities Asiatic.

V.

I also—where in Windermere'
The Bratha seeks an outlet—
Would glad return to olden cheer,
And breakfast on a troutlet.

VI.

Would gladly ply my Alpenstock
Where "sexton sprites" are dwelling,
And slake my summer thirst with hock
Upon sublime Helvellyn.

VII.

But place the chess-board in the shade
Beneath the lilac blossom,
Sweet as the locks of some fair maid
When airs Favonian toss 'em :

VIII.

As well to try a problem here,
As merrily to carve a
Cold pigeon-pie, by Windermere—
"Sat est rogasse parva."

POPLAR,—Ha! ha! What a gay little wild flower, and smelling so freshly of the sea-breeze. Capital fellow that Collins. Come bind it in, and go on.

SLINGSBY.—Ha! here's a Scotch blue-bell, and all the way from Aberdeen. Attend:—

THE SONG OF OTHER YEARS.

BY WILLIAM FORSYTH.

I.

Oh, lady, touch that chord again,
And sing again that simple lay ;
It was an old, familiar strain,
Of long ago and far away :
I heard it in the Highland North,
The land of songs that summon tears,
And still it calls old feelings forth—
I love the songs of other years.

II.

They're like the mother's holy hymn,
 Whose blessed tones can ne'er depart,
 Though ears be deaf and eyes be dim,
 And worldly ways have seared the heart;
 They're like the first sweet smile of love,
 That still the grey-haired beauty wears;
 So changelessly our hearts they move—
 The pleasant songs of other years.

III.

The mirth of old may make us sad,
 But may it never make us grieve ;
 The day most gloriously glad
 Is closed, in tears, by dewy eve.
 But still the eve is sweet as day,
 And grander still its name appears,
 And joys that long have passed away
 Come back in song from other years.

POPLAR.—What a mysterious power is that of melody! Surely, Song is the best, as she is the loveliest handmaiden of Memory.

SLINGSBY.—Ay, Sir. She attires her mistress in colours the softest and the richest ; yet, ever will you find passing over the many-hued robe a shadow of a sad and solemn tint, as colours are shot through cloths of silk. Our own Moore—ah ! he is still our own, though sleeping in a sister land—has touched this thought, and made it stand out in the illumination of his genius, before the eyes of man for ever.

“ Like the gale that sighs along,
 Beds of oriental flowers ;
 Is the grateful breath of song,
 That once was heard in happier hours.
 Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
 So, when Pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its mem'ry lives in music's breath.”

POPLAR.—There never was a poet to whom the last lines might be more truly applied than to Moore himself. It might be written on his tomb,

“ His mem'ry lives in music's breath.”

One scarce hears a strain of our native music—to say nothing of many a foreign air—that the memory of Moore does not come upon his heart, floating in upon the sweet sounds which he made his own, by a spell as potent as it is imperishable. *Moore* wants no monument. He shall not pass away from the lips of man, till the muse of Melody takes her farewell of earth, and returns to heaven.

SLINGSBY.—Yes ; *Moore* wants no monument : but *we* want it—the world wants it. *We* want the shrine, at which young genius may worship ; that, as he looks on the image of Ireland's illustrious son, he may go forth with his heart inflamed with a holy ardour, to add another name to his country's literature. The world wants to show its grateful appreciation of him who filled the whole earth with song, and sent forth troops of angels to visit every homestead—from the palace in the city, to the hut in the Savannah—spirits of joy, and harmony, and love.

POPLAR.—Let us, then, bid God speed to the good work. May every man, woman, and child, give a helping hand to THE MOORE TESTIMONIAL.

SLINGSBY.—Look, dear Anthony, I think our wreath is complete. Wind it now, tastefully as you can, through the leaves of this hawthorn-bush, so that the white-scented blossoms may peep out through the flowers. There, that will

do. Is it not charming to sight and smell? A meet offering for our own **MAGA**. May shall not now find us unprepared. We can give her the Poet's welcome—

Come, May with all thy flowers,
Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
Thy cooling evening showers,
Thy fragrant breath at morn
When May-flies haunt the willow;
When May-buds tempt the bee.

Welcome, a thousand times welcome, shalt thou be to us; and when our dear **MAGA** shall go forth "a-Maying," to-morrow, ere

"Aurora throwes her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire"—

she shall not be without her "royall throne;" and, as our "Ladie Flora," of the pageant, on her shall attend—

"A fayre flocke of færies, and a fresh bend
Of lovelie nymphes."

And now, let us counsel all our dear friends who shall meet her, to welcome her as in May she should be welcomed—with smiling looks and festive hearts. And though they shall not, in reality, go "a-Maying," as in olden times, yet may all have the "joyaunce" of this happy festival. They may "walke into the sweete meddowes and greene woodes, there to rejoyce their spirits with the beautie and savour of sweete flowers, and with the harmonie of birds praying God in their kinde:" and each of our younger readers may say, at least for this one day, as did Robert Herrick to his mistress:—

"Come, let us goe while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless follies of our time.
We shall grow old apace and die
Before we know our libertie.
Our life is short, and our dayes run
As fast away as does the sunne;
And, as a vapour, or a drop of raine,
Once lost, can ne'er be found againe!
So, when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade—
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night!
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a-Maying."

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.*

AS TREATED BY JACOBUS DE VORAGINE, WILLIAM CAXTON, AND HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BEFORE proceeding to notice the new poem with which Mr. Longfellow has gratified his many admirers, at this side of the Atlantic as well as at his own, it has occurred to us, that we may offer no unacceptable service to our readers, if we give some account of the singular and now almost forgotten book, which has given to it its name, and the spirit of which has influenced the American poet so much in its composition.

Fed and surfeited as this generation has been by the everteeming harvests of exciting fiction, with every taste gratified, and every leisure moment filled up, it seems scarcely possible to conceive a state of existence when the same mental aliment was not forthcoming, and when what has become for us a very necessity of our daily lives was either utterly unknown, or was enjoyed as a luxury rarely and with extreme difficulty to be obtained. Compared with the astonishing fecundity of modern literature, this is unquestionably true; compared with the wonderful up-heaving of the intellectual surface which is now continually going on—throwing up smiling hills or devastating volcanos, down whose different sides flow fertilising streams or desolating lava—the former appearance of the world of letters seems but an arid and immoveable plain, with a few giant oaks scattered at wide intervals over its uninviting bosom, and its horizon bounded by some inaccessible mountains, whose heads are lost amid the clouds. The intellectual world of that period pretty closely resembled the material. In the immediate vicinity of the feudal castle a little taste or cultivation may have been bestowed in fostering a few indigenous

plants, that elsewhere, as not contributing to the absolute wants of the people, were wholly neglected; and in the garden of the monastery, or in those tranquil parterres surrounded by the arched corridor of the cloister, where the monks paced up and down for exercise or meditation, the few seeds brought by pilgrim or crusader from the shores of the Mediterranean or the plains of Asia, were tended with loving care; but around the cottage of the serf no garden smiled—no little patch, reclaimed from the waste or the rudely-tilled fields, gave indication that there were other wants besides the mere material ones of instinct, and that in their limited sphere, and with their limited leisure, the peasant and his child were akin to the baron in his hall and the lady in her bower.

This did not arise wholly from a want of taste, or an incapacity of enjoying intellectual amusement; but, until the discovery of the art of printing, through an absolute impossibility of its being supplied. The precious manuscript, even if it could be understood or appreciated, was too valuable to be borne further from the scantily-filled shelves of the scriptorium or the library, than to the thronged hall of the castle, or to the blazing hearth of the monastic refectory. But in those unconscious “lyceums”—those foreshadowing “institutes”—for many a long age were the innate cravings of the human intellect and imagination supplied with just as much of nutriment as kept them healthily alive, and prepared them for the abundant repast that in the fulness of time was prepared for them. Small and meagre as was the supply at that period, it is very questionable whether, in point of fact, there was not more en-

* “*La Legende Dorée.*” Par Jacques de Voragine; traduite du Latin. Paris. 1843.

“*The Golden Legende.*” By William Caxton. London. 1843. British Museum, c. 11, d. 8.

“*La Legende Latine de S. Brandaines, avec une Traduction inedite en Prose et en Poesie Romanes.*” Publiée par Achille Jubinal. Paris. 1886.

“*The Golden Legend.*” By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London. 1851.

joyment in those Lenten days of literature, than in the over-crowded carnival of production in which we are living. Many are the true minstrels at this moment confiding the secrets of their hearts and the enthusiasm of their inspiration to the blank face of inanimate foolscap, who might envy the enjoyment that was occasioned, and the success that followed the lay of the rudest troubadour that ever sang in those days to the greedy ears of kerne and knight. We, who have grown fastidious from repletion, and who glance with a critical as well as an admiring eye over the choicest serial of a Dickens, a Lever, a Bulwer, or a Thackeray, can have little perception of the intense and thorough delight with which our forefathers listened to what constituted for them, what "Parlour Libraries," and "Shilling Novels," and a thousand other similar publications supply for us—the brief romance of Knightly Chivalry, or the more elaborate legend of some saint. The latter was, beyond all question, the favourite subject, that at once awakened the fancy of the "author," and secured the attention of the "reader" in those days, if we may be permitted to make use of words so modern in their signification as those we have marked. The religious element, so largely mixed up with those narratives, was useful in many ways—not only for the opportunities which it presented of inculcating good advice on moral and spiritual subjects, but for its satisfying the consciences of both writer, reader, and listener, that the time devoted to the production or hearing of those legends was well spent. Thus, while the intended moral to be drawn from them attracted the attention of the more religious, the romantic incidents and marvellous miracles which they unfolded enchained the admiration of the crowd.

The most interesting collection of those legends, the one indeed, that, from its greater popularity and acknowledged superiority to all others, received the honourable and distinctive epithet of "The Golden Legend," although originally published under another name, was that written by Jacobus de Voragine, an Italian bishop, in the latter half of the thirteenth cen-

tury. No work in ancient or modern times was ever more popular. It was read in every monastic, collegiate, or baronial hall in Europe. It was copied by innumerable transcribers—it was translated into every language: and when the wonderful art of printing allowed an easier reduplication of copies, next to the Bible itself, the work that, in the beginning of the typographical era, most exercised the printing-presses of Germany, of England, and of Italy, was this extraordinary book.

In the monasteries, in the chateaux—everywhere, says the anonymous editor of the French translation before us, "The Golden Legend" was read with insatiable curiosity and delight. Those multiplied miracles to which the most profound conviction gave a welcome credence—those martyrs so intrepid in the midst of the severest tortures—all those wonders influenced the dullest and most lethargic spirits. To every attraction of the most artfully constructed romance, and the most entangled confusion of events, "The Golden Legend" added the character of an incontestible veracity. At every page do we not meet the devil, disguised under an ever-new form, attempting to take some artful advantage of the servants of God?—the devil with whom that age was so pre-occupied, with whom it waged such an obstinate and unfruitful war, and whom it hated with such cordial sincerity. In spite of all the supernatural power which he was so ready to exhibit, Satan was always scoffed at, baffled, and often beaten in the recitals of the "Legend;" and this *denouement* never failed to be received with shouts of triumphant laughter, by those who listened with all their ears, as some clerk read aloud to them the ever-welcome pages.*

In reading through this singular book, we marked, as we went along, whatever appeared to us worthy of particular remembrance; but ere we reached the end of the first volume, we found that our pencil had left its memorial almost on every page. We trust that the reader will not object if we should present him with some of the results of our reading. The following passages are given faithfully in point of substance, in a condensed form, and without any attempt to give an exact ver-

* *Notice Préliminaire*, &c. —p. 6.

bal translation. The first we shall present refers to the temptations and masqueradings of the devil.

In the "Legend of St. Andrew," who is represented as a person of small figure, with a brown complexion, and a thick beard (vol. i. p. 19), there is mention made of a certain bishop, who had a peculiar veneration for the saint, and was, in consequence, exposed to a very great temptation of the devil. The demon, jealous of the virtue of this holy man, wished to tempt him; and, assuming the form of a most beautiful woman, came to the palace of the bishop, and expressed a wish to confess herself to him. He desired her to be conducted to his penitentiary, to whom he had delegated all his powers. The lady, however, refused to confess herself to any person but the bishop himself, so that he had to consent to hear her. She stated that she was the daughter of a king, and that she had long determined to devote her virginity to Christ; and that to avoid a marriage, into which her friends wished to force her, she had fled to him for counsel and protection. The bishop, in admiration of one so young and beautiful thus triumphing over worldly prospects and the allurements of the senses, received her very graciously, and invited her to take up her dwelling in his house. At dinner on the same day she sat opposite the bishop at table, when her artfulness and beauty were near seducing the heart of the deceived and unsuspecting prelate into a momentary sin of thought, a loud knocking was heard at the door, and the person on the outside demanded, in a loud voice, that it should be opened.

The lady expressed her opinion that none but a very well-informed person ought to be permitted to sit down at table with a bishop, and that if the stranger could not answer one or two difficult questions he ought not to be admitted. By common consent she was selected to put the questions, and she did so. The first question was, "What was the most wonderful thing God had made in a small compass?" The stranger sent back an answer that it was the human countenance, for that among the myriads who have been born since the creation of the world, or who will be created till the end of time, there never yet existed two persons whose faces were identically alike,

and within this small space God has placed all the senses of the body. All the persons present admired this answer, and said it was true, and very beautiful. The lady then said that she would propose a second question more difficult than the former, which would put his wisdom to the proof. She then asked him, "Where is it that the earth is higher than heaven?" The stranger answered that it was where Jesus Christ was; for he having a human body, which was originally drawn from the earth, the place where that adorable body was must be higher than heaven. This answer was equally well received as the other; and the lady then said that she should put a third question, the solution of which was more difficult than the others. She then asked, "What was the distance between earth and heaven?" The stranger said unto the person who brought him this question, "Go and tell the person who has sent thee to answer it himself—no one can do so more exactly than he, for the distance between heaven and earth has been measured by him, upon the occasion of his being hurled out of heaven into the abyss; for it is not a woman who is within, but the devil, who has taken upon him the appearance of a woman." Great was the consternation consequent upon this discovery, in the midst of which both the devil and the stranger disappeared. The bishop repented of his weakness with many tears, praying that he should be allowed to know the name of his protector; and it was at length revealed to him that it was St. Andrew himself.—Vol. i. p. 22, *et seq.*

A somewhat different version of this story is given in the "Legend of St. Barthelmy" (vol. i. p. 254), to whom the discomfiture of the demon is attributed. It is stated that a certain lord had a great devotion for St. Barthelmy, which provoked the anger of the devil; and, behold, he appeared to him as a young girl of very great beauty: and the lord having cast his eyes upon her, invited her to dine with him, and when they were at dinner she endeavoured to excite in him a violent passion; and the blessed Barthelmy, disguised as a pilgrim, came and struck at the door of the chateau demanding admission with great eagerness, in the honour of St. Barthelmy. The lord did not wish to receive him under the circumstances, but sent him a loaf, which the

pilgrim refused to accept; and he prayed the lord to tell him what was peculiar to the human race. He answered that it was the faculty of laughter; but the woman said, "It is rather sin—for man is conceived, born, lives, and dies in sin." Barthelmy replied that the answer of the lord was just, but that of the woman was more profound. Then the pilgrim asked the lord to tell him what place it was, being only a foot in extent, in which God had manifested the greatest miracles the world had seen. And he answered that it was the place in which our Saviour's cross was planted, for there had God worked his greatest wonders. But the woman said it was the head of man, which contains a little world in itself; and the apostle approved both the one and the other of these opinions. At last he asked, what is the distance between the highest heaven and the deepest hell?—and the lord having said that he did not know, the woman exclaimed—"I know it well; for I myself have gone through the entire way." And then the devil uttered a frightful cry, and disappeared.

Throughout these legends the devil appears in a variety of forms, but is generally foiled by a *coup-de-main* from the particular saint to whom the chapter may be dedicated. Thus in the desert, when St. Anthony had overcome a great temptation, the devil appeared to him under the semblance of a *black child*, and confessed he was conquered. A similar story is told in one of the versions of the Irish Legend of St. Brendan, to which we shall more particularly allude hereafter. Before we leave this portion of our subject we must be permitted to give a story from the "Legend of St. Basilus," which appears to us to be one of the most pleasing of the many which are founded on a similar bargain with the demon, for the possession of a beloved object. Calderon may have had this particular legend before him when writing his "Wonderful Magician;" as the incident of the letter to the demon, and its final surrender, resemble those in his drama, with the exception that his hero Cyprian signs the instrument for his soul's surrender with his own blood; and instead of being torn from the demon's hands at the catastrophe, in the last act, the devil is represented as mounted on a serpent, in sight of all the people of Antioch, with the blank parch-

ment in his hand; the fatal writing having vanished through a miracle of God, in reward of the fidelity of Justina. The story from the "Legend of St. Basilus" is as follows:—

A nobleman, who was called Herard, had an only daughter, whom he wished to consecrate to our Lord; but the enemy of the human race knew this resolution, and he kindled in the breast of one of the servants of Herard a violent passion for the young girl. And when he saw that it was impossible for him, being a slave, to expect that he would ever obtain possession of the noble maiden, he went to consult a certain magician, and promised him a large sum of money if he would assist him in his project. The magician said to him—"That is a thing I cannot do: but if you wish, I will send you to the demon, who is my master; and if you do what he will tell you, you will obtain what you desire." And the young man said—"I will do all that he will tell me." Then the magician wrote a letter to the devil, and sent it to him by this young man; and this epistle was conceived in these terms:—"My Lord, as there is nothing that I desire better than to draw as many people as possible from the Christian religion, and to subject them to your will, to the end that your power may increase every day, I send you this young man, who is consumed with love of a certain girl. I beseech you, then, that he obtain his desire, that you may be glorified in him, and that I thus may be able to procure you other disciples." And the sorcerer gave the young man the letter, and said to him—"Go at such an hour of the night among the tombs, and stop at the sepulchre of a pagan, and call the demons, and throw the letter into the air, and immediately they will come towards thee." And the young man called the devils, and threw the letter into the air; and the prince of darkness came, surrounded by a great multitude of devils: and when he had read the letter, he said to the young man—"Do you believe in me, in order that I may accomplish thy will?" And he said—"I so believe, O Lord!" And then the devil said to him—"Do you deny Jesus Christ?" And he said—"I deny him." And the devil said to him—"You, like other Christians, are a trickster: for when you have need of me, you come to me, and having obtained what you desire, you then deny

me, and you return to your Jesus Christ, and he receives you back, because he is so very gracious. But if you wish that I accomplish your will, give me a letter under your own hand, in which you will confess that you have renounced thy baptism and the Christian profession, and that you will acknowledge thyself my slave, before being condemned with me on the day of judgment." Immediately the demented young man made the writing with his own hand, in which he denied Jesus Christ, and proclaimed himself a servant of the devil. And presently the demon called to him the spirits of impurity; and he commanded them to go to the before-mentioned girl, and to inflame her heart with such a passion for this young man that she could not resist it. And they went, and they did their bidding so effectually, that the maiden threw herself on the ground before her father, and said to him:—"Have pity on me, O my father! for I am grievously tormented with the love I feel for this young man who is in thy house. Have pity on her to whom you have given life, and show towards me the love of a father. Oh! unite me to him whom I love, and for whom I am so grievously tormented; if not, you will cruelly see me perish before thee, and on the day of judgment you will be held responsible for my fate." And the father wept, and said to his daughter—"What has happened to thee, unfortunate child? How is this? Who is he who has taken away my treasure? Who is he who has extinguished the sweet light of mine eyes? I thought to unite thee to the celestial Spouse; I thought in thee to secure my salvation,—and you deliver yourself to an insensate love. Oh, my daughter! consent that I join thee to God, as I had decided, in order that you may not lead my old age to sorrow and to hell." And she cried out, saying—"My father, accomplish my desire, or you will presently see me dead." And as she wept bitterly, seemed as if she would carry out her words. The father, by the advice of his friends, accomplished the wish of his daughter, and gave her to the young man as his wife. And when they were together, the young man would not enter the church, nor make the sign of the cross, nor recommend himself to God; and this was remarked by many, who said

unto his wife—"Know that the man whom thou hast chosen for thy husband is not a Christian, and never enters the church." And when she heard this she was seized with grief, and tore herself with her nails, and struck her breast and said—"Alas! unfortunate that I am. Why have I ever come into this world? Would to God that I were dead!" And when she had related to her husband what she had learned, he said that it was not so, but that all was false that she had heard. And she said—"If you wish that I believe you, let us enter the church to-morrow, you and I." And when he found that he could not further dissemble, he related to her everything that had passed between him and the demon. And when she heard it she began to weep, and hastened to the blessed Basilus, and she told him everything that had happened betwixt her husband and herself. And then Basilus called to him the young man, and learned from his own lips all that had taken place; and he said to him—"My son, do you wish to return to our Lord?" "Yes, lord," said the young man: "but I cannot, for I have denied Him, and have given myself to the demon." And Basilus said—"Dear friend, do not give way to despair: God is merciful, and will receive thy repentance." And he took the young man, and he made the sign of the cross upon his forehead, and shut him up alone. In three days he visited him, and said—"How do you find yourself, my son?" "Lord," said he, "I am in great torment, and I cannot support the clamours nor the terrors of the devils; for they take possession of my mind, and they taunt me, saying, 'Thou camest to us: it is not we who have sought thee.'" And Basilus said—"Do not be frightened, my son; but believe firmly in Jesus Christ." And he gave him a little food, and made the sign of the cross, and left him alone again, and he prayed for him. And some days after he visited him, and said—"How do you find yourself, my son?" And he said—"My father, I hear from afar the threats and cries of fury of the demons; but I see them no longer." And then Basilus gave him nourishment again, and made the sign of the cross, and closed the door, and went away, and prayed for him. He returned again on the third day, and he said to him—"How do you find yourself now, my son?" "Well,

man of God. I have this day seen thee in a vision; you combated for me with the devil, and you have conquered." And after that, Basilus led him forth; and he assembled all his clergy, his religious, and the people, and he recommended them to pray for the young man; and holding him by the hand, he conducted him to the church. And then the devil came, accompanied by a great crowd of evil spirits, and he was seen to seize up on the young man, and to endeavour to tear him from the hands of the saint. And the young man began to cry out—"Almighty man of God." And the Evil One assailed him with such force that he drew the saint with him when drawing the young man. And the saint said—"Almighty spirit of darkness, art thou not satisfied with thine own damnation? but thou must come to tempt the creatures of my God?" And the devil made this answer, which a great multitude heard—"Basilus, thou dost me wrong. We did not go to him, but he came to us; and he has denied his God, and he confesses my supremacy. Behold his writing, which I hold in my hand." And Basilus answered—"Let us not cease to pray until this writing be delivered to us." And as the bishop was in prayer, and held his hands extended to heaven, the letter was carried through the air, so that all saw it, until it reached the hand of the holy Basilus; and he took it, and said to the young man—"Dost thou know this instrument?" And he said—"Yes; and it is written with my hand." And then Basilus led him to the church, and made him worthy of assisting at the holy mystery, and gave him certain religious rules to follow, and restored him to his wife.

There are many other points of view in which these curious legends are worthy of notice; but our space at present forbids us entering on them at any considerable length. Perhaps the most obvious of these is the oriental character of many of them. Not only are birds and beasts introduced pretty much as we see them in the eastern stories, but tales of destiny, identical almost in every important particular with those in the Arabian Nights, are occasionally to be met with. Thus in "The Legend of St. Julien" (vol. i. page 125) the account of the young man going to the chase—his meeting with a stag, which rebukes him for his pursuit, tell-

ing him that he would be the murderer of his own father and mother—of the young man's efforts to escape the commission of the predestined crime—and of the circumstances that brought about its unconscious fulfilment—all might be told by Scherezad herself. The story of the Fisherman and the Spirit or Geni also has its parallel in the "Legend of St. Margaret" vol. i. p. 155, the mode of imprisonment adopted by Solomon being the same in both instances. The devil tells the saint that Solomon had enclosed an infinity of demons in a vase; and that after his death the Jews, believing that they would find in it a great treasure, broke the vase; and the devils, having thus escaped, filled all the air. The mention of the stag in the legend of St. Julien reminds us of the many times this animal is introduced in our Irish "Golden Legend," O'Leary's "Acta Sanctorum," particularly that recorded in the life of St. Fintan, upon the occasion of St. Finlog and Columbanus, the son of Kynclann, taking their leave of him. No part being at hand to carry their baggage, whatever it may have been, St. Fintan rang his bell, when two stags came out of the neighbouring wood, and approached them. On the horns of one of them he desired Columbanus to place his portion; and St. Finlog having placed his on the other, St. Fintan desired them to follow these miraculous porters and guides, which they accordingly did.—(Acta Sanct. c. xii. p. 12). Perhaps a still more extraordinary resemblance between the oriental stories and some of the monastic legends, particularly those which had their origin in this country, is that of Sinbad's mistaking a sleeping whale for an island; and the subsequent circumstances, which are identically the same, with, perhaps, the best known incident in the wonderful voyage of St. Brendan, to which we shall presently refer. "It would be curious," says M. Achille Jubinal, in his introduction to the version of this legend which he has given to the world, "to discover whether this narrative was transmitted to Arabia from Ireland, or whether the imagination of two peoples, situated under latitudes of civilisation so different and so remote, caused it to be created by both at the one time." This legend is not given by Jacobus de Voragine, as we shall

point out. But the oriental resemblances to which we were alluding are to be found abundantly scattered through his pages. Thus, in addition to the instances already mentioned, Simon, the magician, in the "Legend of St. Peter," made statues of bronze and marble to laugh; and more than M. Dessaire has yet succeeded in doing, made *dogs to sing*! By-the-bye, the efforts of this Simon to fly, strongly remind one of the aerial ambition of Rasselas and Peter Wilkins; with a more fatal result in his case, as may be seen in this legend—p. 297. In the "Legend of St. Martin," a dog presumed to bark at one of his disciples, who turned round, and said to the dog—"In the name of Martin, I command you to be silent;" and immediately the dog became silent, as if his tongue had been cut out—(vol. i. p. 348). This mild treatment of the canine disturber, shows at what a very early period of the world the philanthropic family of Martin were opposed to all unnecessary "cruelty to animals." In the "Legend of St. Vitus, an obliging eagle brings him food every day—(vol. i. p. 147). While in that of St. Paul the Hermit, a well-bred crow brings him a loaf for his daily repast; and on the occasion of the visit of St. Antony, with the forethought characteristic of this sagacious bird, he brings *two*—(vol. i. p. 75). With respect to serpents, vipers, &c., we have anecdotes in abundance. From one of these it appears that Ireland is not the only island from which serpents have been miraculously driven: and St. Hilarius may dispute the honour with St. Patrick. In the legend of the former saint, it is mentioned that when driven into exile by the Arian bishops, he came into the Isle of Gallinaria, which was full of serpents; and, after having disembarked, he chased the serpents, which fled before his face; and he planted a post in the middle of the island, and he ordered them to be content with that portion of the land which he left unto them—(vol. i. p. 78). From this account it will be seen that St. Hilarius acted with more generosity than St. Patrick, having made this polite and hospitable compromise with the aborigines, which would have been more characteristic of an Irish saint.

Amusing as many of those legends unconsciously are, there are some of them absolutely comic. Of this class,

perhaps, the two very short ones that follow may serve as specimens. We wonder how the latter, in particular, escaped the omniverous appropriation of Southey. A ballad by him on that subject would be worth *some* of his epics, and *all* the laureate odes, palinodes, and perennials that, unfortunately for his own fame, he was tempted to sing.

In the "Legend of Saint Nicholas" there is a story of a certain Jew, who made an image of the saint, and placed it in his house to guard his treasures, informing this sculptured representative of his patron, that if he did not faithfully discharge his duty of preserving them from thieves or any other loss, he would punish him severely for his neglect. One day robbers came and despoiled the house, and the Jew, faithful to his promise, lashed the statue, on his return, in the most vigorous manner, and with the most complete success: for the saint appeared to the robbers all bleeding from his wounds, and asked them why he was compelled to suffer such tortures and indignities for their dishonesty? There being "honour among thieves" at that period, they at once returned, mentioned the wonderful occurrence to the Jew, and restored him his property. The conversion of all parties, of course, followed this miracle—(vol. i. p. 31).

The next is still better; it is given in the "Legend of Saint Martin," already mentioned.

It appears that two beggars carried on a very profitable trade in imploring alms through the city of Tours. As one of them was blind and the other paralytic, they excited a good deal of commiseration—the latter being obliged to be carried by the former. Upon the occasion of the translation of the relics of the saint, they were informed that all the sick persons who happened to be in the way of the procession were cured of their diseases. Not being anxious for the removal of their infirmities, which brought them so good a harvest, they thought it better to get out of the way; but going, by mistake, into the very street the procession was passing through, and meeting the relics, melancholy to relate, *they were cured in spite of themselves*!—(vol. i. p. 353).

As we have stated at the beginning of our remarks, "The Golden Legend" became, after the discovery of printing, the favourite, and, for a time, the chief

work on which the professors of the new art exercised their ingenuity and skill. Before the year 1500, it is stated by Brunet, in his "*Manuel du Libraire*," that no less than seventy-four editions had appeared, and that up to that period it had been translated thirty times into foreign languages. Of these last the one that we are now about to call the attention of the reader to is that which was printed by the father of British typography, at London, in the year 1483—a remarkably fine copy of which we have had the pleasure of examining in the Grenville collection of the British Museum. Caxton's "*Golden Legend*" is not a mere translation of the work of Jacobus de Voragine. He incorporated along with the legends contained in that work some of those which are to be found in Capgrave's "*Nova Legenda Angliæ*," printed by Wynkin de Worde, in 1516, but in a fuller and more complete form—not permitting himself to take the liberties that compiler has allowed himself with respect to the various ancient legends he has collected. Of these by many degrees the most interesting and important is the "*LEGEND OF SAINT BRENDAN*."

This legend, for a long time undeservedly neglected and almost unknown, has of late years attracted the notice of some of our most sympathising and loving writers on the deeply interesting subject of the ancient ecclesiastical and national annals of this island. In the ever lively and picturesque descriptions of the western coast of Ireland left us by the late lamented *Cæsar Otway*, the venerable form of the sainted wanderer often passes before our eyes, as the enthusiastic tourist traces him from island to island, in his preparations for the marvellous voyage into the "great sea ocean," till then, and for many centuries afterwards, unexplored. While, in our own pages, the antiquarian and the poet have built upon the grey foundations of his story, either the fantastic superstructure of ingenious theory, or the more ambitious edifice of the imagination.

"The legend which concerns him," says M. Achille Jubinal, "is, without doubt, if we may judge by the multitude of narratives founded upon it which still exist, one of those which were most widely diffused in the middle ages. This kind of monkish *Odyssey* is to be found, in fact, in most

of the old European dialects; and, thanks to the marvels of which it is the subject, it must have obtained an immense popularity with our ancestors, and with the inhabitants of the British isles generally—a people that have been at all times the playmates of the ocean."

In the *Bibliothèque Royale*, at Paris, there are to be found no less than eleven MSS. of the original Latin legend, whose dates vary from the eleventh to the fourteenth century. In the old French and Romance dialects, copies, both in prose and verse, are abundant in the various public libraries of France; while versions in the German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages, are scattered through the monasteries and libraries of those countries. Indeed, the two latter peoples have not been satisfied with preserving the legend of Saint Brandon; they have, on more than one occasion, fitted out armaments to ascertain the locality of those islands which the saint was supposed to have discovered.

The first expedition, says M. Achille Jubinal, which had this object in view was that of Fernando de Troya and Fernando Alvarez, in 1526. It was not followed, as may well be imagined, by any successful result; but this did not discourage the partisans of the singular illusion which had drawn these two men to seek for the unknown island, since, somewhat later, Doctor Herman Perez de Grado fitted out a little armament destined for the same discovery. This new attempt was not more happy than the preceding.

In fine, a third expedition, confided to the renowned mariners Fray Lorenzo Pinedo and Gaspard Perez de Acosta, departed from the port of Palma, which had witnessed the disappointment of the previous undertakings; but did not obtain any greater success. It is probable that, after this, the zeal of the Spaniards chilled considerably; for during a century there was no further attempt made to discover the position of this island. But, in 1721, Don Juan de Mur, governor of the Canaries, confided a ship to Gaspard Dominguez, which departed from the port of Santa Cruz, and returned, after many months, without having discovered anything. From that time no further expedition has been attempted. It was, however, a popular belief in Spain for a long time, that the Isle of Saint Brandon,

who was called San Borondon, had served as an asylum for King Roderick against the Moors, and that this monarch dwelt there, in an impenetrable fortress: and, finally, that it was divided into seven opulent cities; that it had an archbishop, six bishops, sea-ports, large rivers; and that the inhabitants were Christians, loaded with riches and all the other gifts of fortune.

The Portuguese were not behind the Spaniards in the vividness of their imagination. They were for a long period firmly persuaded that the Isle of Saint Brandon was the asylum of King Don Sebastian; and when they beheld the Indies for the first time, they were convinced they had at length discovered the long-sought-for Island of Saint Brandon.*

There must have been something particularly captivating in this belief in the existence of some shadowy island of the blessed—some fairy paradise reposing—

“ In the giant embrace of the deep,”

within the sight of man, and seemingly within easy reach of his ambition, as it is to be met with among races the most distinct, and in countries the most widely separated from each other—not to speak of the different varieties of this illusion preserved in the traditions of the peoples inhabiting the western and southern shores of Europe, such as the *Gwerdonnau Llion*, or Green Islands of the Ocean, of the Welsh, in search of which the enchanter Merlin sailed in his house of glass, and from which expedition he never returned;† or what is founded upon the optical illusion occasionally to be seen from the coast of Sicily. It is somewhat strange to find it at the very opposite side of the globe from that in which it probably originated, and as firmly believed in by the soft islanders of the Southern Pacific as it ever was by the hardy inhabitants of our Northern Atlantic isle.

“ The Tonga people universally and positively believe in the existence of a large island lying at a considerable distance to the N.W. of their own islands, which they consider to be the place of residence of their gods, and of the souls of their nobles and mataboohes. This island is supposed to be much larger than

all their own islands put together; to be well stocked with all kinds of useful and ornamental plants, always in a state of high perfection, and always bearing the richest fruits and the most beautiful flowers, according to their respective natures: that when these fruits or flowers are plucked, others immediately occupy their place; and that the whole atmosphere is filled with the most delightful fragrance the imagination can conceive, proceeding from these immortal plants. The island is also well stocked with the most beautiful birds, of all imaginable kinds, as well as with abundance of hogs, all of which are immortal, unless they are killed to provide food for the Hotooas, or gods; but the moment a hog or bird is killed, another living hog or bird immediately comes into existence to supply its place, the same as with the fruits and flowers; and this, as far as they know or suppose, is the only mode of propagation of plants and animals. The island of Bolotoo is supposed to be so far off as to render it dangerous for their canoes to attempt going there; and it is supposed, moreover, that even if they were to succeed in reaching so far, unless it happened to be the particular will of the gods, they would be sure to miss it. They give, however, an account of a Tonga canoe, which, in her return from the Fejee islands a long time ago, was driven, by stress of weather, to Bolotoo. Ignorant of the place where they were, and being much in want of provisions, and seeing the country abound in all sorts of fruit, the crew landed, and proceeded to pluck some bread-fruit; but, to their unspeakable astonishment, they could no more lay hold of it than if it were a shadow. They walked through the trunks of the trees, and passed through the substance of the houses (which were built like those of Tonga), without feeling any resistance. They at length saw some of the Hotooas, who passed through the substance of their bodies as if there was nothing there. The Hotooas recommended them to go away immediately, as they had no proper food for them, and promised them a fair and a speedy passage. They accordingly put directly to sea; and in two days' sailing with the utmost velocity,

* Preface to “*La Legende, Latine de S. Brandaine*,” pp. 17, 18.

† See Notes to “*Madoc*.”

they arrived at Hamoa (the Navigator's Island), at which place they wanted to touch before they got to Tonga. Having remained at Hamoa two or three days, they sailed for Tonga, where they arrived with great speed; but in the course of a few days they all died—not as a punishment for having been at Bolotoo, but as a natural consequence, the air of Bolotoo, as it were, infecting mortal bodies with speedy death.”*

The description of the birds and flowers in this curious narrative presents some general resemblance to portions of the “Legend of Saint Brandon,” to which we now return. In presenting the quaint, but picturesque version of Caxton, we trust we are offering no unacceptable gift to the reader, as the work from which it is taken is one of the rarest and most costly books to be found among the treasures of the collector, and with

which but a few even of the public libraries in these islands are supplied. We trust that our present allusion to the subject may have some effect in hastening a project which, some time ago, at least, occupied the attention of some of our leading antiquaries—namely, the obtaining from a continental library the *Irish* version of this legend, no copy of which, we regret to say, is to be found in this country. This version, doubtless, is fuller, and more accurate with respect to the names of places and individuals, than any of the foreign; and we know no more interesting or more valuable publication for one of our literary and antiquarian societies, than an amply annotated translation of this M.S., from the pen of John O'Donovan or Eugene Curry, whose learning and enthusiasm would have an ample field in the investigating and elucidating of this singularly interesting subject.

THE LIFE OF SAYNT BRANDON.

FROM “THE GOLDEN LEGENDE.” BY CAXTON. A.D. 1483.

“Saint Brandon, the holy man, was a monke, and borne in Yrlonde, and there he was abbote of an house, wherein were a thousand monkes, and there he lead a full, straye and holy lyf, in grete penance and abstinence, and he governed his monkes full vertuously; and then, wythin shorte time after, there came to hym an hely abbot, that hyght Beryne, to visyte him, and eche of them was joyefull of other; and thenne St. Brandon began to tell to the Abbot Beryn of many wonders that he had seen in dyvers landes. And when Beryn herde that of Saynt Brandon, he began to syghe and sore wepte, and Saint Brandon comforted him the beste wyse he coude, sayinge ‘ye come hyther for to be joyefull wyth me, and, therefore, for Goddes love, leve your mournynge, and telle me what mervylls ye have seen in y grete see ocean, that compasseth all the worlde aboute, and all other waters comyn out of hym, whiche remeth in all the partyes of the erthe.’ And thenne Beryn began to tell to Saynt Brandon and his monkes, the mervelleys that he had seen, full sore wepyng, and sayd—I have a sonne, his name is Meruoke, and he was a monke of grete fame, whiche had great desyre to seke about by shyppe, in divers contrees, to fynde a solytarye place wherein he myghte dwelle secretly out of the besynesse of the worlde for to serve God quyetly wyth more

devocyon: and I coneylled hym to sayle in to an ylonde ferre in the see besydes the Montayn of Stones, whiche is full wel knownen. And thenne he made hym redy, and sayled thyder wyth his monkes, and when he came thyder, he lyked the place full well, where he and his monkes served our lord ful devoutely. And thenne Beryn sawe in a vysion, that this monke Meruoke was saylled ryghte ferre estwarde in the see, more than three dayes saylling, and sodely to his semyng, there came a derke cloude and overcovered them, that a grete parte of the daye they sawe no lyght; and as our lord wold the cloude passed away, and they sawe a full fayre ylonde, and thyderwarde they drewe. In that yland was joye and myrthe ynough, and the earthe of that ylande shyned as bryght as the soun, and there were the fayrest trees and herbes that ever any man sawe; and there were many precious stones shynynge bryght, and every hille there was full of flowers, and every tree full of fruyte, so that it was a glorious syght, and a heavenly joye to abyde there. And thenne there came to them a fayr yong man, and full curtenly he welcomed them all, and called every monke by his name, and sayd, that they were moche bounde to preyse the name of our Lord Jhesu, that wold of his grace shewe to them that glorious place where is ever day and never night,

* Quoted by Southey in the notes to his “Tale of Paraguay,” from the very curious and valuable work of Mr. Mariner.”

and thys place is called Paradys Terrestre ; but by this ylande is another yland, wheryn no man may come, and thys yong man sayd to them, ye have been here half a yere, without mete, drynke, or slepe, and they supposed that they had not been there the space of halfe an houre, so merry and joyeful they were there. The yonge man tolde them that thys is the place that Adam and Eve dwelte in fyrst, and ever sholde have dwellyd there, if that thei had not broken the commandment of God ; and thenne the yonge man brought them to theyre shyppe ageyn, and sayd they myghte no longer abeyde there. And when they were al shypped, sodenly thys yonge man vanquished awaye out of theyr syght ; and thenne, wythyn shorte tyme after, by the purveyaunce of our Lord Jhesu, they came to the abbey where Saynt Brandon dwelled, and thenne he with hys brethern receyved them goodly, and demanded them where theye had been so longe ? and they sayd we have been in the londe of byheest, to fore the gates of Paradys, where is ever day and never nyght, and they sayden all that the place is full delectable, for yet all theyre clothes smellyd of the swete and joyeful place. And thanne Saynt Brandon proposed soon after for to seke that place by Goddes helpe. And anone began to purveye for a good shyppe and a stronge, and vitaylled it for seven yere, and thenne he took hys leve and all his brethern, and tooke twelve monkes wyth hym ; but or they entered into the shyppe, they fastyd fourty dayes and lyved devoutely, and eche of them receyved the sacrament. And when Saynt Brandon wythe hys twelve monkes were entered into the shyppe, there came other two of hys monkes, and prayed him that they myghte sayle wyth him. And thenne he sayd, ye may sayle wyth me, but one of you shall goo to helle or ye come ageyn ; but not for that they wold goo wyth him. And thenne Saynt Brandon had the shypmen to wynde up the sayle, and forthe they saylled in Goddes name, so that on the morrow theye were oute of syght of ony londe, and fourty days and fourty nyghts after they sayld platte eest. And then they saw an ylonde ferre fro them, and they saylled thyderwarde as faste as they coude. And they saw a grete rocke of stone appere above all the water, and thre dayes they sayled aboute it ere they coude gete in to the place ; but, at the laste, by the purveyaunce of God, they fonde a lytell haven, and there went alonde everycheone. And thenne sodenly came a fayr hounde, and fylld down at the feet of Saynt Brandon, and mayd hym good chere in hys neame ; and thenne he had his brethren be of good chere, for our Lorde hathe sente to us hys messenger to lede us into some good place, and the hounde broughte hym in to a fayre hall, where they fonde the tables spredde ready sette, full of good mete and drinke. And then Saynt Brandon sayd graces, and then

he and hys brethren satte down, and ete and drunke of such as they fonde, and there were beddes redy for them, wherein they tooke theyre reste after theyr longe laboure. And on the morne, they returned agayne to their shyppe, and sayled a long time in the see after, or they coude finde ony londe, tyll, at the laste, by the purveyaunce of God, theye saw ferre from them a full fayre ylonde, full of grene pastures, wheryn were the whyttest and gretest sheepe that ever they sawe ; for every shepe was as grete as an oxe, and sone after came to them a goodly olde man, whych welcomed them, and made to them good chere, and sayd, thys is the yland of sheep, and here is never colde weder, but ever sommer, and that causeth the sheep to be so grete and whyte—they ete of the beste grasse and herbes that is onywhere. And thenne thys old man took hys leve of them, and bade them sayle for the right eest, and wythin shorte tyme, by Godde's grace, they shold come in to a place lyke Paradys, wheryn they sholde kepe thyre estertyde. And thenne they sayled forthe and came sone after to that londe ; but bycause of lytell depthe in somme place, and in some place were grete rockes ; but, at the laste, they wente upon an yland, wenyng to them they had been saufe, and made thereon a fyre for to dresse theyr dyner ; but Saynte Brandon abode styll in the shyppe ; and when the fyre was right hote, and the mete nighe soden, thenne thys ylonde began to move, whereof the monkes were aferd, and fled anone to shyppe, and lefte the fyre and mete behynde them, and merveyllled sore of the moving. And Saint Brandon comforted them and sayd, that it was a grete fyshe named Jasconye, whych laboured nyghte and day to put his tayle in his mouthe, but for greteness he may not. And then anone they sayled weste thre dayes and thre nyghtes er they sawe ony londe, wherefore they were ryght hevy ; but sone after, as God wold, they sawe a fayre yland, full of flowers, herbes, and trees, whereof they thanked God of his good grace ; and anon they went on land and when they had gone long in this, they found a full fayre well, and thereby stood a fair tree full of boughs, and on every bough sat a fayre bird, and they sat so thick on the tree, that uneath any leaf of the tree might be seen. The number of them was so great, and they sang so merrilie, that it was an heavenlie noise to hear. Whereupon S. Brandon kneeled down on his knees and wept for joy, and made his praises devoutlie to our Lord God, to know what these birds meant ? And then anon one of the birds flew from the tree to S. Brandon, and he with the flickering of his wings made a full merrie noise like a fiddle, that him seemed he never heard so joyful a melodie. And then S. Brandon commanded the foule to tell him the cause why they sat so thick on the tree and sang so merrilie ? And then the foule said, some-

time we were angels in heaven, but when our master, Lucifer, fell down into hell for his high pride, and we fell with him for our offences, some higher and some lower, after the quality of the trespass. And because our trespass is but little, therefore our Lord hath sent us here, out of all paine, in full great joy and mirth, after his pleasing, here to serve him on this tree in the best manner we can. The Sundie is a daie of rest from all worldly occupation, and therefore, that day all we be made as white as any snow, for to praise our Lorde in the best wise we may. And then all the birds began to sing even song so merrilie, that it was an heavenlie noise to hear; and after supper Saint Brandon and his fellows went to bed and slept well. And in the morn they arose by times, and then these foules began mattyns, prime, and hours, and all such service as Christian men used to sing; and St. Brandon, with his fellows, abode there seven weeks, until Trinity Sunday was passed. And they sayled ageyn to the ylonde of sheep, and there they vytalled them wel, and sythe toke theyr leve of that old man, and returned ageyn to shyppe, and then the byrde of the tree came agayn to Saint Brandon, and sayd, I am come to tell you, that ye shall sayle from here in to an ylonde wherein is an abbey of 24 monkes, whyche is from this place many a mile, and then ye shall holde your Crystinasse and your ester wyth us lyke as I tolde you. And thenne this byrde flewe to his felawes ageyn, and thenne Saynt Brandon and his felawes saylled fourth in the ocean. And soon after fyll a grete tempest on them, in whyche theye were gretely troubled long tyme, and sore forelaboured. And after that they fonde by the purveaunce of God an ylonde whyche was ferre fro theym, and then they full mekely prayed to our lorde to sende them thyder in sauft, but it was forty dayes after or they came thyder, wherefore all the monkes were so weary of that trouble that they sette lytel prys by their lives, and cryed continually to our lord to have mercy on theym and brynging them to that ylonde in sauft; and by the purveaunce of God they came at the last into a lytell haven, but it was so straye, that unnetho the shyp myght come in. And after they came to an anere, and anone the monkes went to londe, and whan they had long walkyd aboute, at the last they fonde two fayr welles, that one was fayr and clear water, and that other was somewhat troubylly and thycke. And thenne they thanked our Lord full humbly that had brought them thyder in sauft, and they wolde fayue have drunken of that water, but Saynt Brandon charged them they shold not take without licence. For if we absteyn us a whyle, our lord wyll pourveye for us in the best wyre. And anone after came to them a fayre olde man wyth hoorbaire and welcomed them full mekely and kyssed Saynt Brandon, and ledde them

by many a fayre welle till they came to a fayre abbey, where they were receyved wyth grete honour and solempne procession with 24 monkes alle in ryall copes of clothe of golde, and a ryall crosse was before them. And thenne the abbot welcomed Saynt Brandon and his felowshyp, and kyssed them full mekely, and toke Saynt Brandon by the hande and ledde hym wyth his monkes into a fair halle and sett them down a rewe upon the benche, and the abbot of the place wysshed all theyre feet with fayr water of the welle that they saw before, and after ladde them into the refectouer and then sette them among his covente, and anone then came one by the purveaunce of God whyche serveyed theym well of mete and drinke. For every monke hadde sette before hym a fayre whyte loof and whyte rootys and herbys, which were ryghte delycious, but they wyst not what rootys they were, and they drank of the water of the fayr clere welle that they saw before, when they came fyrst alonde whyche Saint Brandon forbade them. And the abbot came and chered Saynt Brandon and his monkes, and prayed them ete and drink for chartye. For every day our lorde sendeth a goodly old man that covereth this table and setteth our meat and drink before us. But we know not how it cometh, ne we ordeyre never no mete ne drinke for us. And yet we have been 80 yere here, and ever our lord worshipped, mete he besideth us. We ben 24 monkes in number, and every ferial day of the week he sendeth us 12 loaves, and every Sunday and festival day 24 loaves, and the brede we leve at dyner we ete at supper, and now at your coming our lord hath sent us 44 loaves for to make you and us merry together as brethren, and always 12 of us go to dinner, while other twelve kepe the quere. And thus have we done this 80 year, for so long have we dwelled here in this abbeye, and we came hyther out of the abbey of Patrykis in Yerlond; and thus, as ye see, our Lord hath pourveyed for us; but none of us knoweth how it cometh but God alone, to whom be given honour and laude world without end. And here in this londe is ever fayr weder; and none of us hath been sick sith we came hither, and whan we go to masse or to any other service of our lord in the church, anone seven tapers of wax ben sette in the quere and ben lyghte at every time without man's honde, and so brenne day and nyghts at every hour of service. And never waste ne mynyeshe as longe as we have ben here whych is 80 yere. And thenne S. B. went to the church wyth the abbot of the place, and then they sayde even-song together full devoutly. And thenne S. B. looked upward toward the crucifix, and sawe our lord hangyng on the crosse, which was made of fine crystal and curiously wrought; and in the quire were 24 seats for 24 monkes, and the seven tapers burning, and the abbots

seat was made in the myddes of the quire. And then S. B. demanded of the abbot how long they had kept that silence that none of them spake to other, and he said this 24 year we spake never one to another; and then S. B. wept for joy of their holy conversation; and then S. B. desired of the abbot that he and his monks might dwell their still with him. To whom the abbot said, sir, that may not do in nowise, for our lord hath shewed to you in what manner ye shall be guided, till the seventh year be fulfilled; and after that term thou shalt, with thy monks, return into Ireland in saufte. But one of the two monks that came laste to you shall dwell in the ylund of ankers, and that other shall go quick to hell; and as S. B. kneeled in the church, he saw a bright shining angel come in at the window, and lyghted all the lyghtes in the church. And then he flew out again of the window into heaven, and then Saint Brandon marvelled greatly how the lyght brenned so fair and wasted not. And then the abbot sayde, it is written, that Moyses saw a busshe all on a fyr, and yet it brennyd not; and, therefore, mervil not thereof. For the might of our lord is now as grete as it ever was. And when S. B. had dwelled there from Xmas even till the 12th day was passed, thenne he took his leave of the abbots convent, and returned with his monks to his ship, and sayled fro thence with his monks toward the abbeye of Saint *Illaryes*. But they had grete tempests in the sea from that time tyll Palm Sunday, and thenne they came to the ylund of sheep, and then were received of the old man which brought them to a fair hall and served them. And on *Sher Thursday* (Maunday Thursday) after supper he washed their feet and kissed them, like as our lorde did to his disciples. And then abode till Saturday easter even. And then they departed, and sayled to the place where the great fish laye, and anon they saw their caudron upon the fishis back, which they had left there 12 months before. And then they kept the service of the resurrection on the fishis back and after they sailed that same day by the morning to the ylund where as the tree of birds was. And then the said bird welcomed S. B. and all his fellowship and went again to the tree and sang full merrily. And there he and his monks dwelled fro easter till trinity Sunday as they did the year before in full great joy and mirth. and daily they heard the merry service of the birds sitting on the tree. And then the bird told to S. B. that he should return again at Christmas to the abbey of monks, and at easter thither again and the other dele of the year labour in the ocean in full grete perils, and from year to year till the 7 year ben accomplished, and then shall ye come to the joyful place of Paradise, and dwell there 40 days in full grete joy and mirth. And after ye shall return home in to your own abbey in safety and then ende your life and come to the bliss

of Heaven, which our lord bought you with his precious blood. And then the angel of the lord ordeyred all things that was nede-ful to Saynt Brandon and to his monkes in vyttalles and all things necessary. And then they thanked our lord of his great goodness he had showed to them ofte in their great need and sailed forth to the great sea ocean abiding the mercy of our lord in great trouble and tempysts; and soon after came to them an horrible fish which followed the ship long time casting so much water out of his mouth into the ship that they supposed to have been drowned. Wherefore they devoutly prayed God to deliver them of that great peril. And anon after came another fish greater than he, out of the west sea and fought with him, and at last clave him into 8 pieces and then returned again. And then they thanked mekely our lord of their deliverance from this great peril. But they were in great heaviness by cause their vitayles were nigh spent, but by the ordeynance of our lord then came a bird and brought to them a great branch of a vygne full of red grapes by which they lived 14 days, and then they came to a little island wherein were many vines full of grapes, and they theyn landed and thanked God, gathered as many grapes as they lived by 40 days after, always sailing in the sea in many a storm and tempest. As they thus sailed sodenly came flying toward them a great gryphe which assailed them and was like to have destroyed them. Wherefore they devoutly prayed for help and aid of our lord Jhesu Crist. And then the bird of the tree of the ylund where they had holden their easter tefore, came to the gryphe and smote out both his eyn. And after slewe him whereof they thanked our lord.

And then sailed forth continually till S. Peter's day and then sung they solemnly their service in the honour of the feast. And in that place the water was so clear that they might see all the fishes that were about theym whereof they were full sore aghast. And the monks counselled S. B. to sing no more. For all the fishes lay then as they had slept. And then S. B. said, dread ye not, for ye have kept by 2 easters the feast of the resurrection upon the great fishis back, and dread ye not of these little fishes. And then S. B. made him ready and went to mass, and had his monks to sing the best way they could. And then anon all the fishes awoke and came about the ship so thick that unthe they might not see the water for the fishes. And when the mass was done all the fyses departed so as they were no more seen. And 7 days they sailed always in that clear water. And then there came a south wind and drof the ship northward, when as they saw an island full dark and full of stynch and smoke, and then they heard great blowing and blazing of bellows, but they might see no thing, but heard great thonderyng, whereof they were sore afeard and blined them oft.

And soon after there came one starting out all brennyng in fire, and staryd full ghastly on them with great staring eyne, of whom the monks were aghast, and at his departing fro them he made the horriblest crye that might be herde; and soon there came a great number of fendes and assayled them with hookes and brennyng iron nailys which rannen on the water following their ship fast in such wyse that it seemed all the sea to be on fire, but by the pleasure of our lord they had no power to hurt ne greve them ne their ship, wherefore the fendes began to roar and crye and threwe their hookes and nailys at them. And they then were sore afraid and prayed to God for comfort and helpe, for they saw the fendes all about the ship and there seemed then all the island and the sea to be on fire. And with a sorrowful cry all the fendes departed from them and returned to the place that they came from. And then S. B. told to them that this was a part of hell, and therefore he charged them to be stedfaste in the faythe, for they should yet see many a dreadful place er they came home again; and then came the south wind and droof them farther into the north, where they saw an hill all on fire and a foul smoke and stinch coming from them. And then one of his monks began to cry and weep full sore, and said that his ende was comen, and that he might abide no longer in the ship. And anon he leapt out of the ship into the sea, and then he cried and roared full piteously, cursing the time that he was born, and also father and mother that begat him because they saw no better to his correctyon in his younge age. For now I must go to perpetual pain. And then the saying of S. B. was verified that he said to him when he entered. Therefore it is good a man to doo penance and forsake sin, for the hour of death is uncertain. And then anon the wind turned into the north and droof the shype into the south, which sailed seven days continually, and they came to a great rock standing in the sea. And thereon sat a naked man in full great misery and pain, for the waves of the sea had so beaten his body that all the flesh was gone of, and nothing left but sinews and bare bones. And when the waves were gone there was a canvas that hung over his head which beat his body full sore with the blowing of the wind. And also there were two ox tongues and a great stone that he sat on which did him full grent ease. And then S. B. charged him to tell him what he was, and he said my name is Judas, that sold our lord Jesus Christ for 30 pices, which sitteth here thus wretchedlye, howbeit I am worthy to be in greatest pain that is. But our Lord is so merciful that he hath rewarded me better than I have deserved. For of right my place is in the brennyng hell, but I am here but certain times of the year, that is fro Christmas to 12th day, and from Easter to Whitsontide be passed, and every festival day of our lady, and every

Saturday none, till Sonday that eve song be done. But all other times I live still in hell in full brennyng fire with Pilate, Herode and Cayphas. Therefore accursed be the time that ever I knew them. And then Judas prayed S. B. to abide still there all that night, and that he would keep him there still, that the fendes should not fetch him to Hell. And he said with God's help thou shalt abide here all this night. And then he asked Judas what cloth that was that henge over his head, and he said it was a cloth that he gave to a leper, which was bought with the money that he stole from our lord, when I bare his purse, wherefore it doth to me full great pain now in beating my face with the blowing of the wind, and these 2 ox tongues that hang here about me I gave them sometime to two prestys to pray for me; then I bought with my own money, and therefore they ease me because the fishes of the sea gnaw on them and spare me; and this stone that I sit lay sometime in a desolate place where it eased no man, and I took it thence and layed it in a foule way, where it did moche ease to them that went by that way. And therefore it eased me now, for every good deed shall be rewarded and every evil deed shall be punished. And the Monday against even there came a great multitude of fendes black and roaring, and bad S. B. go thence that they might have their servant Judas, for we dare not come in the presence of our mayster but if we bring him to hell with us. And then said S. B. I let not you to do your maysters commandment, but by the power of our lord Jhesu I charge you to leave him this night till tomorrow. How darrest thou helpe him that so solde his master for 30 pence to the jews, and caused him also to dye the most shameful death upon the crosse. And then S. B. charged the fendes by his passion, that they should not move him that night. And then the fendes went their way roaring and crying toward hell to their master the great Devil; and then Judas thanked S. B. so ruthfully that it was pity to see, and on the morn the fiends came with an horrible noise saying that they had that night suffered great pain by cause they brought not Judas, and saiden that he should suffer double pain the 6 days following; and they took then Judas trembling for fear with them to payne. And after S. B. sailed southward 3 days and 3 nights, and on the friday they saw an island. And then S. B. began to sing and said, I see the island where S. Paule the eremyte dwelleth and hath dwelled there 40 year without mete and drink ordeyned by man's hand, and they came to the land. S. Paule came and welcomed them humbly. He was old and foregrowen so that no man might see his body. Of whom S. B. said weeping, now I see a man that liveth more like an angel than a man, wherefore we wretches may be ashamed that we live not better. Then S. Paule said to S. B.

thou art better than I, for our lord hath shewn to thee more privilies than he hath done to me, wherefore thou oughtest to be more praised than I. To whom S. B. sayde we be monkes and must labour for our mete, but God hath provided for thee such mete as thou holdest thee plesed, wherefore thou art much better than I. To whom S. Paule said sometime I was a monke of S. Patrick's abbey in Ireland, and was warden of the place where as men enter in to S. Patrick's purgatorye. And on a day there came one to me and I asked him what he was, and he said I am your abbot Patrick and charge thee that thou depart from hence to morne early to the sea side, and there thou shalt find a ship into which thou must enter, which God hath ordained for thee, whose will thou must accomplish. And so the next day I arose and went forth and found a ship in which I entered and by the purveyaunce of God I was brought in to this i-land the 7 day after. And then I left the ship and went to land and then I walked up and down a good while. But then by the purveyaunce of God there came an otter going on his hinder feet and brought me a flint stone an an iron to smite fire with, in his two fore claws of his feet, and also he had about his neck great plenty of fishes, which he cast down before me and went his way, and I smote fire and made a fire of stykes and did sethe the fish, by which I lived 3 days, and then the otter came again and brought me fish for other 3 days, and thus he hath done this 51 year through the grace of God. And there was a great stone out of which our lord made to spring fair water clear and sweet whereof I drink daily, and thus have I lived one and fifty year, and I was 40 year old when I came hither and am now an hundred and 40 year old, and abide till it please our Lord to send for me, and if it pleased him I would fayne be discharged of this wretched life. And then he bade S. B. to take of the water of the well, and to carry into his ship, for it is time that thou depart, for thou hast a great journey to do, for thou shalt sail to an island, which is 40 days sailing hence, where thou shalt hold thy easter like as thou hast done to yore, where as the tree of birds is. And from thence thou shalt sail into the island of Byheest and shalt abide there 40 days, and after return home into thy country in safety. And then these holy men took leve each of other, and they wept both full sore, and kissed each other, and then S. B. entered into his ship and sailed 60 days even south, in full great tempest, and on easter even came to their procurator, which made to them good cheer, as he has before time, and from thence they came to the great fish, where they said matins and mass on easter day; and when the mass was done the fish began to move, and swam forth fast into the sea, whereof the monks wer sore

aghast which stood upon him, for it was a great mervyll to see such a fish, as great as all a country, for to swim so fast in the water. But by the will of our lord this fish set all the monks a land in the paradise of birds all hole and sounde and then returned to the place he came from. And then Saint B. and his monks thanked our lord of their deliverance of the great fish, and kept their eastertide tyll trinity son-daye like as they had done before tyme. And after this they took their ship and sailed east 40 days, and at the 40 days end, it began to hail right fast, and therewith came a dark mist, which lasted long after, whiche screened S. B. and his monks, and he prayed to our lord to keep and help them. And then anon came their procurator, and had them be of good cheer, for they were come into the land of Byheest. And soon after that mist passed away, and anon they saw the fairest country eastward that any man might see, was so clear and bright that it was an heavenly sight to behold; and all the trees were charged with ripe fruit and herbes full of flowers, and which land they walked 40 days, but they could not see none ende of that land, and there was always day and never night, and the land attemperate ne to hot ne to colde. And at the last they came to a fair river, but they durst not go over. And there came to them a fair young man and welcomed them courtoously, and called each of them by his name, and did great reverance to S. B. and said to them be ye now joyeful, for this is the land that ye hav sought; but our lord will that ye depart hence hastily, he will shew to you more of his secretis when ye come again into the sea, and our lord will that ye lade your ship with the fruit of this land and hye you hence, for ye may no longer abide here, but thou shalt sail again in to thine own country, and soon after thou comest home thou shalt die. And this water that thou seest here departeth the world asondre, for on the other side of this water may no man come to in this life; and the fruit that ye see here is always thus ripe every time of the year, and always it is here light as ye now see, and he that kepeth our lorde's hestys at all times shall see this land, or he pass out of the world. And then S. B. and his monks take of that fruit as much as they wold, and also take with them grate plenty of precyous stones, and then took their leave, and went to ship, weeping sore because they might no longer abide there. And then they took their ship, and came home into Irland in safety, whom theyre brethren receyved with great joye, giving thanks to our lord, which had kept them all that 7 year from many a peril and brought them home in safety, to whom be given honour and glory, world without end. Amen. And soon after this the holy man S. B. waxed feeble and sick and had but little joy of this world; but ever after his joy and mind was in the

joys of heaven, and in short time after he being full of virtues departed out of this life to everlasting life, and was worshippfully buried in a fair abbey, which he himself provided wher our lord sheweth in this holy saynt many fair miracles. Wherefore let us devoutely pray to this holy saint, that he pray for us to our lord that he have mercy on us. To whom be given laude honour and empire world without end. Amen.

"Thus endeth the lyfe of Saint Brandon."

We have left ourselves but little space to do justice to "The Golden Legend" of Mr. Longfellow—this, the latest overflowing of one of the gentlest and most pellucid "streams" that has ever

"Watered the green land of dreams,
The pleasant land of song."

Indeed, there is but little necessity for any elaborate criticism, or lengthy analysis. Of those who read poetry in this singular era in which we are living—this age of semi-advancement and retrogression, when the practical has far surpassed the poetical, and fiction toils tortoise-like after fact—who is there, we repeat, who is unacquainted with the soft modulations of that transatlantic lyre, which come to us floating like the serene halcyon through the storm-tossed waters of the intervening ocean? The success of Mr. Longfellow, and his continued devotion to the divine worship, of which he is one of the undoubtedly ordained priests, would seem to indicate that the gentle and tender Thalia—the peaceful Muse of soft and melodious song—frightened by the contentions, wranglings, and bitter social and sectarian hostilities of the old world, has fled away, we should hope not for ever, to the silent woods and green savannas of the new.

"The Golden Legend" of Mr. Longfellow, is not only in name, but in spirit, a kindred work to the singular old book that in the commencement of this article we first drew the attention of the reader to. It resembles it in its general reverence for sacred names and things; but occasionally, perhaps, more strikingly for a studied imitative grotesqueness, which, however, compared with the innocent absurdity of the original, wears rather the appearance of something approaching to profanity in the modern imitation. "The Miracle play" introduced into the poem at page 131, however cleverly executed as a scarcely exaggerated copy of

many that exist, jars unpleasantly on the mind, and somewhat disturbs the enjoyment of a poem, which, however antique in its subject, date and illustrations, is essentially modern in its language, spirit, and sentiment. The only other objection we shall make to the treatment of the poem, is with respect to the scene in the refectory, at page 191. The entire poem, no doubt, is intended as a series of pictures of the different classes of society, and sometimes of the individuals of classes likely to have existed at the period when the action of the poem is supposed to take place; but we confess, that in this particular scene, we suspect that Mr. Longfellow was thinking more of recent unhappy controversial bickerings than the condition of Europe in the middle ages. We think the poet should avoid these battle-fields of passing and local fanaticism, frenzy, or even well-provoked warmth. His poetry should be a sacred neutral ground, wherein all in which men *agree* should meet amicably and fraternally together; and his heart should be a mirror which only accurately reflects the forms of external objects, when it is unsullied by the breath of angry passion, and freed from the dust of politics and polemics.

The poem cannot lay much claim to originality of conception. It is a new version of the old story of the tempter, but perhaps more closely resembles the mode in which Marlow and Calderon treat the subject than that of Goethe, to whose Faust it is more generally supposed he has been under obligations. The plot or subject, however, is the least important feature of the poem; it being used as a very slight framework on which to exhibit those "dissolving views" of mediæval Europe, which so fantastically and so beautifully succeed each other, as the poet's panorama evolves before us. Longfellow here becomes the Banvard of the middle ages; and the baronial hall, the feudal farm, "the wide and winding Rhine," the quiet cloister, the roaring refectory, the pointed cathedral—that wondrous epic in stone, in which, perhaps, the spirit of the middle ages is as characteristically expressed as in the less perishable poem of Dante—the dialectical wrangling of the schools: all pass before our pleased and satisfied eyes, to the accompaniment of the sweet undertone of the poet's varied but subdued versification. The inte-

rest of the story is not very great, and it is solely and only confined to the character of the heroine Elsie—

“A beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.”

The hero, Prince Henry of Hohenneck fails to secure the affections of the reader; and, notwithstanding some slight opposition to the profound and almost completed self-sacrifice of Elsie, leaves an unpleasant impression of selfishness on the memory. The Abbess Irmingard and the Friar Pacificus, though disconnected from the main body of the story, interest us more than those characters who are intended to play a more conspicuous part in it; and, perhaps, no more characteristic example of the abundant beauty of description and reflection, scattered through every page of the poem, can be given, than that of the latter personage, pursuing his elaborate and tasteful labours in the quiet seclusion of the Scriptorium. The whole passage, so descriptive of the engrossing nature of the occupation in which the friar is engaged, beginning at early dawn and ending only when—

“He looks from the lattice high,
And sees the dew of eve besprinkling
The pastures green beneath his eye,”

brings strongly to mind a story mentioned by Colgan in his “*Acta Sanctorum*,” which we are confident Mr. Longfellow never saw, but of which (if it included the miracle) no more graceful or beautiful elaboration could be written. It is stated that the blessed father Cronan, on a certain occasion, wished to have a new copy of the Four Evangelists written. He applied to a celebrated writer and illuminator called Dimma, to undertake the work. The artist stated that he could only devote one day to it. The saint bade him commence, and leave off, if he wished it, when the sun set. Through the grace of God, however, and the power of Cronan, he spent forty days and forty nights at the work without being exhausted, and continuing under the impression that he was occupied but one day; and at the end of the time the work was completed.* The following is Longfellow’s description of a kindred spirit engaged in the same engrossing and enthralling occupation:—

“THE SCRIPTORIUM.

“*Friar Pacificus Transcribing and Illuminating.*

“It’s growing dark! yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is oer;
I come again to the name of the Lord!
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen;
Pure from blemish and blot must it be,
When it writes that word of mystery!
Thus have I laboured on and on,
Nearly through the Gospel of John;
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ himself, perhaps, has kissed,
Came the dread Apocalypse?
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the book,
Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah, me! when I think of that vision Divine,
Think of writing it line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of Doom, in the closing verse;
God forgive me! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,
Lest my part, too, should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

“This is well written, though I say it;
I should not be afraid to display it,
In open day, on the self-same shelf
With the writings of St. Theckla herself,
Or of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold!
That goodly folio standing yonder,
Without a single blot or blunder,
Would not bear away the palm from mine,
If we should compare them line for line.

“There, now, is an initial letter—
King Rene himself never made a better;
Finished down to the leaf and the snail—
Down to the eyes on the peacock’s tail!
And now, as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and cover,
What treasures of art these pages hold,
All ablaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of thy Word
Written out with much toil and pain;
Take it, O Lord! and let it be
As something I have done for thee!

[*He looks from the window*

“How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!
I wish I had as lovely a green
To paint my landscapes and my leaves!
How the swallows twitter under the eaves

* Colgan’s “*Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*.”—p. 16, c. iv.

There now, there is one in her nest;
I can just catch a glimpse of her head and
breast,
And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,
For the margin of my Gospel book.

[*He makes a sketch.*]

"I can see no more. Through the valley yonder

A shower is passing; I hear the thunder
Mutter its curses in the air,
The devil's own and only prayer!
The dusty road is brown with rain,
And speeding on with might and main,

Hitherward rides a gallant train;
They do not parley, they cannot wait,
But hurry in at the convent gate.
What a fair lady! and beside her
What a handsome, graceful noble rider!
Now she gives him her hand to alight:
They will beg a shelter for the night.
I will go down to the corridor,
And try to see that face once more;
It will do for the face of some beautiful saint,
Or for one of the Marys I shall paint!"
—pp. 174–178. [Goes out.]

20. C.

MORE LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER.

JOHN HENDERSON.

VERY little is correctly known of Henderson, who flitted across the theatrical horizon as a meteor, or blazing comet, immediately succeeding the retirement of Garrick, and was extinguished after a brief but brilliant career of eight seasons, before he had completed his fortieth year. His life was thus prematurely terminated by an accident. His wife gave him by mistake a liniment or embrocation, instead of a draught to be taken internally, and his death followed almost immediately. She was never made acquainted with the fact, and died in ignorance of having thus involuntarily provoked the great misfortune of her life. The public, too, were mystified by the following report of a surgeon, which will make the members of the modern faculty stare not a little:—"Henderson's liver was entirely undiseased, the lungs in perfect health, the brain had no extravasation whatever to external appearance. His stomach was preternaturally strong. His heart was the only part of the system which failed. His heart was literally broken, that is, it had lost its accustomed firmness of tone. It is by far the stoutest muscle in the human body, and the leading vessels were all ossified, or ossifying. In short, if I had not known Mr. Henderson, and seen his face, his teeth, and his hair, I should have supposed, from his heart, that his age had been ninety."

Henderson appeared at the Haymarket, in *Shylock*, on the 11th June, 1777, having gone through a very suc-

cessful novitiate at Bath, and other leading country theatres. He made a decided hit, and played through a very hot summer with extraordinary attraction. His last performance was *Horatius*, in the *Roman Father*, at Covent Garden, on the 3rd of November, 1785. He was the first actor who introduced in *Shylock* the new and improved reading in the first act—

"Signor Antonio, many a time, and oft
On the *Rialto*," &c.

The veteran Macklin saw his *début*, and congratulated him with great liberality. On Henderson's asserting that he had never had the advantage of seeing him in that character, the cynical old man replied, "Sir, it was not necessary to tell *me* that; I knew you had not, or you would have played it very differently." Like the great French actor, *Le Kain*, Henderson laboured under a combination of physical disadvantages. When he rehearsed to Garrick, Roscius observed, "Young man, you must get the worsted out of your mouth before you can become an actor." Paul Hiffernan measured him accurately with a line, and pronounced him below the tragedy standard by three inches and a-half. He had a short, ungraceful, ill-constructed figure; a flat eye, an inexpressive face, a defective voice, and an undignified deportment. He could neither dance nor fence, and so careless was he of adventitious aids, that he made a boast of playing twelve different

characters in the same dress. Yet he at once carried the public along with him, and in such opposite parts as Shylock, Benedick, Iago, Hamlet, Don John in the *Chances*, Sir Giles Overreach, Macbeth, Lear, and Falstaff. His biographer, Ireland, says, that in the winter of 1780 he appeared at Covent Garden, as Sir John Brute; but Mr. Garrick observed, "it was the city Sir John, for egad he had neither the air nor the manner of the rake of fashion." This anecdote kills itself, as the scorpion is said to do, when surrounded by fire. Garrick died on the 20th January, 1779, and therefore was incapable of giving an opinion on anybody's acting in the winter of the following year. Another clear case of *alibi*. Why will biographers be so habitually careless, and never learn to resist the temptation of a smart sentence? Henderson also was unrivalled as an elocutionist, or reciter. Whether in the pathetic story of "Le Fevre," or the humours of "John Gilpin," he could equally move his audience to tears or uncontrollable mirth. Such was the popularity he gave to "John Gilpin," that one print-seller alone sold 6,000 copies of that renowned race, which had been printed several years before in one of the papers, but scarcely noticed. An actor who could do all this, under such physical deficiencies, must have been endowed with a most comprehensive genius, a striking versatility, and a consummate judgment. Ireland, and his own immediate circle of friends, perhaps, sought to place him on too high a pedestal; but Galt, from an extraordinary spirit of disparagement, endeavours to sink him down to the level of a second-rate performer, which is sheer prejudice on the other side. Old Ned Williams, of the Dublin theatre, recollected Henderson perfectly, and used often to discourse with the writer of this article on his peculiar excellence in Iago and Falstaff, in which characters he said he was never equalled. His Iago was rich in plastic, wily roguery; and the description of his ragged regiment, in Falstaff, he worked up to such a climax, that he was obliged to support himself against the wing, and wrought the whole audience to nearly the same

paroxysms of laughter with himself. Henderson paid several professional visits to Dublin, and was invited to the Castle, where he read the story of "Le Fevre" to the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and their court, with his usual effect. But all his houses were badly attended; and once, on a Command night, he says himself (5th June, 1778), "I carried thence no more than fourteen pounds three shillings, though the Lord Lieutenant did me the honour of his presence. I have given up all thoughts of getting anything, except by a benefit, which I have reason to expect will be handsome." Again, writing from Dublin, June 29, 1779, he says, "This place is far beyond all names of poverty, at least so the people say, and I am sure the theatre bears the marks of it." Alas! poor Dublin! The cry of poverty always seems to have been thy peculiar inheritance, even before the grievances of the Union, the exodus of the aristocracy, and the transmutation of the national parliament.

Henderson was a self-educated man, fond of reading, money, and good living. He collected a library chiefly of ghost stories, treatises on witchcraft, and other points of diablerie, in black letter, which was sold after his death, and marks the peculiar turn of his mind. He possessed great powers of mimicry, which he indulged in freely, and which, more or less, imbued all his dramatic personifications. Taylor, author of "Monsieur Tonson," in his memoir says:—"Henderson made a great hit, and was very attractive. His face and person were not fitted for tragedy, but he was an excellent comedian. His Falstaff was the most facetious I ever saw, but it was a mixture of the old woman. He laughed and chuckled throughout, till he infected the audience. His Benedick was such an exact copy of Garrick, that you might almost fancy, if you shut your eyes, that Roscius was actually speaking. He made a good Shylock, but Lear was beyond his grasp. In Iago, he repeated the verses to Desdemona as if he was composing them by degrees.* He was, altogether, the best general actor since the days of Garrick."

Henderson was supposed to be paying

* This is undoubtedly the true reading. Many Iagos of established reputation (including Cooke) used to give these lines as if they had previously committed them to memory.

his addresses to an amiable widow, and it was generally understood by their mutual friends, they were engaged to each other; but a country maiden from Wiltshire (a daughter of Mr. Figgins of Chippenham), with £5,000, carried off the calculating Romeo. The widow had heard of the negotiation, and told him he was asserted to be on the eve of marriage. His answer was, that people had often disposed of him in wedlock, but he hoped they would let him choose for himself. However, in a few days after, the newspapers announced his union with the wealthy spinster.* He left one daughter, for whom and his widow a benefit was given by the Covent Garden managers, about a fortnight after his funeral, on which occasion Mrs. Siddons, then the great attraction at Drury-lane, volunteered her services. A large receipt was produced, and Mrs. Henderson was not altogether ill-provided for.

Ireland's biography of Henderson is but a flimsy affair, and the selections he gives of his letters and poems do not convey a very exalted impression of his epistolary or poetical pretensions. This John Ireland must not be confounded with either of his namesakes, Samuel and William Henry Ireland, famous for the Shakspeare forgeries. He was a watchmaker in Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, a sound connoisseur in prints and works of art, and was employed to publish "*Illustrations of Hogarth*," in the course of which he made discoveries of undoubted works of that painter, not previously known. So far, both art and literature are indebted to him; he was an intimate friend of Henderson, but his ultra panegyric must be received with qualification. He borrowed money from the actor at the commencement of his career, which interrupted their friendship. It was reported that when Henderson, by prudence, had realised £600, Ireland advised him to embark it in his business, from which he promised him more advantage than he could derive by investing it in the funds. Henderson consented, but Ireland being a literary man, finding employment among the booksellers, and preferring letters to trade, neglected his business, and became a bankrupt. Henderson, conse-

quently, lost his money. He deeply resented this failure, and never forgave Ireland, as the money was the first-fruits of his theatrical career. Jesse Foot, who had, in vain, attempted to bring them together, bitterly reviled the memory of Henderson for his obstinacy. On the other hand, Cooke, a barrister, who wrote "*The Life of Macklin*," "*Elements of Criticism*," &c., accuses Ireland, in harsh terms, of deliberate treachery to Henderson. We never had £600 to lend to a friend, and, therefore, are unable to speak from experience; but, we suspect, the wound cuts deeply, and is of very common infliction. Joe Grimaldi once picked up £600 in the streets. Having advertised for the owner, and tried all means of discovering him, in vain, however strange it may appear, he became legal possessor of the sum. But his treasure-trove did him no good. He lent it to a friend, who absconded shortly after, and never appeared more to refund either the principal or interest. This was almost as unlucky as catching a leprechaun and letting him go again.

Ireland endeavoured to propitiate the manes of his offended friend, and to console his widow by a laboured eulogium on his character and talents. This accounts for the very highly-coloured tone of the volume throughout, and differs from the practice of some of the race of Pylades, who pistol you for your money, and abuse you into the bargain. In the matchless Theatrical Gallery, at the Garrick Club, are four portraits of Henderson. The most striking is the well-known painting by Romney, representing him as Macbeth on his first meeting with the witches. Of this painting good engravings are occasionally met with. The artist has flattered the actor, and given him a countenance more handsome and expressive than Henderson could lay claim to. The witches are likenesses of Macklin, Peter Pindar (Dr. Walcot) and the celebrated, or rather notorious, John Williams, better known as "*Anthony Pasquin*." Ireland says — "If Henderson had lived as long as Garrick, he would have been at least as rich." This is a very wide mistake. Much of Garrick's fortune was made before he was forty, and by far the greatest portion by successful manage-

* See John Taylor's "*Records of his Life*." 1832.

ment. Henderson was unattractive in the country. The days of £50 per night stars had not yet arrived. His highest London salary never ranged above £10 or £12 per week; and, shortly before his death, he concluded an engagement with Mr. Harris, at Covent Garden, for four years, on higher terms than he had hitherto received, namely, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty pounds per week.

Reader, when you visit Westminster Abbey, pause in the middle of the south transept, not far from Poet's Corner.

There you will look down on four grave-stones forming a parallelogram in immediate conjunction. The mortal remains of four remarkable men are there interred: John Henderson, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Samuel Johnson, and David Garrick. On the close proximity of the two latter, the following characteristic couplet was written, but the name of the author has escaped me:—

“Here lie together, waiting the Messiah,
The little David and the great Goliath.”

THE POET OF HOPE AND THE DANISH PROFESSOR.

Does any of our readers recollect *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, which appeared either in 1823 or 1824, and, with every appearance of health and longevity, reached only six numbers, and then died suddenly? Yes—Charles Lever does, for one; for we have often talked with him of this sparkling, fresh-breathing periodical, which was redolent of youth and buoyancy, and teeming with bright and sunny pictures of life's cosmorama. We believe it died from disagreement among the contributors, more than one of whom, then very young men, have since attained distinguished positions in the ranks of literature. Whoever sees these six numbers in a sale catalogue, or at a book-stall, would do well to expend his money in the purchase, which he is not likely to repent. They are models of magazine writing in the light infantry department; and, with one or two other inciting causes, first helped to seduce our veritable self into the flowery or thorny paths of literature, according as they may prove when trodden. About that time, 1823, in Edinburgh, a knot of aspiring spirits, who were all equally bitten with the *cacoëthes scribendi*, formed themselves into a club, who agreed to sup together once a week at Ambrose's; and before the convivial portion of the evening commenced, each member was to produce and read a contribution, either in verse or prose. The intention was to publish regularly, as soon as sufficient materials were collected. Already we dreamed of a periodical, which should shake the supremacy of the *Edinburgh*, distance the *Quarterly*, and throw *Blackwood* into the shade. But our dreams evaporated in broiled bones,

devilled kidneys, and innumerable tumblers of whiskey toddy. We never published a single number. What became of the contributions I cannot recollect; but I shrewdly suspect the world has lost nothing by their disappearance. Among our members was a learned Dane, Professor Feldborg, as he designated himself, who came to Edinburgh with several good introductions from London, including one from Campbell, the Bard of Hope, to the Great Magician of Abbotsford. The worthy Professor carried about prospectuses and specimens of a work to be published in numbers, when a sufficient number of subscribers was obtained, and entitled “Denmark Delineated.” I know not whether this work was ever completed; but the members of the club, to encourage the Professor, took the stray numbers as they appeared. The work was not without merit. The engravings were well executed, and the letterpress contained an interesting biography of Peter Föersom, the Danish translator of Shakspeare; with, as a matter of course, for the particular benefit of English contributors, a very minute description of Hamlet's garden, at Elsinore, including the exact spot where Hamlet Senior was poisoned during his siesta, by his unnatural brother. The worthy Professor was heavy: and some malicious wags, by a slight alteration of his patronymic, sobriquetted him into the “Fell Bore.” But he travelled with a “lion,” which he never failed to exhibit when anxious to excite attention. This lion was a copy of verses, complimentary and extemporaneous, sent to him by Thomas Campbell, with a present of his poetical works. The

history of these verses he was very proud of dilating on, and, when pressed, would occasionally repeat them; but he declared himself irrevocably bound by a solemn promise never to suffer a copy to be taken. He was requested to give one for our first number, but he was inexorable. A member of the club, with a "pestilently" retentive memory, heard him repeat the verses twice, and, when he went home, wrote them down without a single mistake, in a feigned hand. At the next symposium, the President reproached the Professor with refusing to the club what he had given to strangers, and produced the manuscript, which he said

had been sent to him (as it was) under a pledge of confidence. Feldborg was petrified. There was no denying the accuracy of the copy: it was witchcraft. He could not comprehend it. He had never given such a thing to mortal man; but still the evidence confounded him. The paper was surrendered, that he might trace it, if possible. He was never let into the secret, but retired in disgust, and we heard no more of him. Here follow the verses, which are curious in themselves, indisputably Campbell's, and, as far as we believe, have never before appeared in print:—

TO PROFESSOR FELDBORG, WITH A COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

Think me not, Danish stranger, a hard-hearted Pagan,
If, 'mongst my war-songs, you find one call'd Copenhagen!
I thought when your state join'd the Emperor Paul,
We'd a right to play with you the Devil and all!
But the last time our fleet went your city to batter,
That attack I pronounc'd a most scandalous matter;
I gave it my curse, and I wrote on 't a satire—
To bepraise such an action of sin, shame, and sorrow,
I'll be hang'd if I'd be made Laureate to-morrow!
There is not, take my word for 't, a true Englishman glories
In that deed—'twas a deed of our merciless Tories—
Whom we hate, though they rule us; and I can assure ye,
They had swung for 't, if England had sat as their jury.
But a truce to remembrances blacken'd with pain;
Here's a health to yourself, and your country, dear Dane!
As our nations are blended in language and kind,
May the ties of our blood be the ties of the mind,
And confusion to him who our peace would unbind!
May you leave us with something like love for our nation,
Though we're still curs'd with Castlereagh's administration!
But whenever you go, or wherever you ramble,
Think there's one left in England, that loves you.—TOM CAMPBELL.

JOHN PALMER.

It is universally known that the eminent actor, John Palmer, died on the stage, at Liverpool, on the 2nd of August, 1798, while performing the character of the Stranger; and to make the tragic incident more complete and memorable, it is generally recorded, that he expired immediately after uttering these memorable words, which occur in the third act—"There is another and a better world." So strong was this belief, and so common the report, that on the first occasion of Kemble's appearance in the *Stranger*, at Drury-lane, after the melancholy event (being for the benefit of the deceased actor's family), a strong excitement prevailed with the audience until

he had pronounced the dangerous sentence; and an audible expression of relief went round the house when he did so, and no catastrophe ensued. But the fact differs materially from the current version. It was in the fourth act, in the scene with Baron Steinfort, and at the close of his story, that Palmer was stricken by the hand of death. He crossed the stage as usual at the end of his long recital, ending with the climax of passion—"What are chains or death compared to the tortures of a deceived, yet doting husband!" He tottered, and appeared exhausted; and at the following words, in reply to the inquiry of his friend, as to where his wife was now? "I

know not, nor do I wish to know," became speechless, fell, and was carried off the stage by his brother actor. Whitfield, who personated the Baron, published this correct statement, which appeared in a Liverpool paper; and the same has often been corroborated to me by the elder Hamerton, many years a member of the Dublin company, and who also acted in the play of the *Stranger*, on the night of Palmer's death. With reference to this event, a singular anecdote is related by Mr. Dendy, in his volume, entitled the "Philosophy of Mystery. 1841." "The tragedian, John Palmer, died on the stage at Liverpool. At the same hour and minute, a shopman in London, sleeping under a counter, saw distinctly his shade glide through the shop, open the door, and pass into the street. This, an hour or two after, he

mentioned very coolly, as if Mr. Palmer himself had been there." It is needless to comment on this, and other strange coincidences, recorded on responsible authority, and in which contemplating conjecture may lose itself, and never arrive at a satisfactory solution. On the 13th of August following the death of Palmer, a benefit was announced in the Liverpool theatre, for his bereaved children, by which a very considerable sum was realised. An address, written by Roscoe, was delivered by Holman, and some copies were struck off and circulated at the time, which are now very rarely met with. We do not recollect ever seeing this monody in any other form; both from its intrinsic merit, as well as the reputation of the writer, and the interest of the occasion, our readers may consider it worth perusal:—

"Ye airy sprites, who oft as Fancy calls,
Sport 'midst the precincts of these haunted walls—
Light forms that float in mirth's tumultuous throng,
With frolic dance, and revelry, and song—
Fold your gay wings, repress your wonted fire,
And from your favourite seats awhile retire!
And thou, whose powers sublimer thoughts impart,
Queen of the springs that move the human heart
With change alternate; at whose magic call,
The swelling tides of passion rise or fall;
Thou too withdraw—for 'midst thy lov'd abode,
With step more stern a mightier power has trod!
Here, on this spot, to every eye confest,
Enrob'd with terrors, stood the kingly guest.
Here, on this spot, Death waiv'd the unerring dart,
And struck his noblest prize—AN HONEST HEART!
What wondrous links the human feelings bind!
How strong the secret sympathies of mind!
As Fancy's pictur'd forms around us move,
We hope, or fear, rejoice, detest, or love.
Nor heaves the sigh for selfish woes alone—
Congenial sorrows mingle with our own.
Hence, as the poet's raptur'd eyeballs roll,
The fond delirium seizes all his soul;
And, whilst his pulse concordant measures keeps,
He smiles in transport, or in anguish weeps.
But ah! lamented shade! not thine to know
The anguish only of imagin'd woe!
Destin'd o'er life's substantial ills to mourn,
And fond parental ties untimely torn.
Then, whilst thy bosom, labouring with its grief,
From fabled sorrows sought a short relief,
The fancied woes, too true to nature's tone,
Burst the slight barrier and became thy own;
In mingled tides the swelling passions ran,
Absorb'd the actor, and o'erwhelm'd the man!
Martyr of sympathy! more sadly true
Than even Fancy feign'd, or poet drew—
Say, why by Heaven's acknowledg'd hand imprest,
Such keen sensations actuate all the breast?
Why throbs the heart for joys that long have fled?
Why lingers hope around the silent dead?

Why spurns the spirit its encumb'ring clay,
 And longs to soar to happier realms away?
 Does Heaven unjust the fond desire instil,
 To add to mortal woes another ill?
 Is there thro' all the intellectual frame,
 No kindred mind that prompts the nightly dream?
 Or in lone musings of remembrance sweet,
 Inspires the secret wish—once more to meet?
 There is—for not by more determin'd laws,
 Its sympathetic steel the magnet draws,
 Than the freed spirit, acts with strong controul,
 On its responsive sympathies of soul;
 And tells, in characters by truth unfurl'd,
THERE IS ANOTHER, AND A BETTER WORLD!
 Yet, whilst we sorrowing tread this earthly ball,
 For human woes a human tear will fall;
 Blest be that tear!—who gives it, doubly blest!
 That heals with balm the orphan's wounded breast.
 Not all that breathes in morning's genial dew,
 Revives the parent plant where once it grew.
 Yet may those dews with timely nurture aid
 The infant flow'rets drooping in the shade;
 Whilst long experienc'd worth, and manners mild,
 A father's merits—still protect his child."

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.*

WHEN a new author appears, and claims attention from the reading public, it is always very useful to inquire how much of *actuality* is in his ideas, and to examine his pretensions to being accepted as a guiding intelligence of the age. Literature, like other professions, has its charlatans and quackery; its writers, with ideas at second-hand; its poets, with spurious inspiration; its fictionists, with mere anecdotal descriptions of real life. The critic's part is to weigh in the balance each literary candidate, and in genially considering his works from the point of view in which they have been composed, to estimate their originality and tendency. He is not to copy the example too often set by Lord Jeffrey and the whole tribe of the Edinburgh Reviewers, and attack a work because it is not exactly of that kind which he should prefer. "Painters' proprieties are best;" and what the writer aims at himself should never be forgotten by his critic. As Prince Albert said in his admirable speech at the Royal Academy dinner last year—"All works of art should

be criticised with sympathy for the spirit in which they were composed."

Sir James Stephen, the late Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, and now Professor of History at Cambridge, has attracted too much attention by his brilliant compositions to be dismissed with careless notice. Nor, indeed, is it a very easy thing to gauge the dimensions of an intellect which as yet has not put forth its whole force in literature. Long before he occupied his academic position at Cambridge, we have regarded with attention the writings attributed to his pen. In the history of our modern literature, he must always be associated with one of the most remarkable social acts of the age, the religious conversion of the *Edinburgh Review*. Those who have read that periodical systematically cannot fail to have noticed a marked change from the old nature. All religious subjects are now treated sympathetically, and not antipathetically, in its pages; and, in addition to the fact of its moral and political philosophy being made to run parallel to the ethics

* "Sir James Stephen's Lectures on the History of France." 2 vols., 8vo. Longman and Co., London. 1851.

and teaching of Christianity, there is a distinct, unequivocal putting forward of the religion of the Cross before its readers. In the days when Lord Jeffrey presided over that celebrated journal, the philosophy that was congenial with the fall of man and the redemption of the world was practically ignored. With many admirable qualities, Lord Jeffrey's mind was radically deficient in depth of tone; and in those faculties which are comprised within the circle of the imagination, he was poorly gifted. He knew that there was such a thing existing in the world as religion, and he had a satirist's perception of the follies that weak intellects can commit under the stimuli of superstition or fanaticism; but practically he had no definite creed, nor any intellectual appreciation of the vastness and variety of the mysterious problem of human life. Even taking him upon his own ground—that of a mere philosopher—his views were very circumscribed. As a thinker, he was little more than a well-trained man of the world, with no originality of views, but with great versatility of intellect. He was distrustful of all novelties; and, if he had known anything of physics, would have probably written a demonstration against electricity with as much fluent contempt as he penned upon phrenology. A vastly clever man, but in no wise a deep one—such was Lord Jeffrey.

But cleverness, after all, though most agreeable and entertaining, never does anything great, or leaves any track behind it. Men of talent, without genius to give it motive force, and originality, shine with a cold and cheerless light. The highest inspiration under which the first band of Edinburgh Reviewers composed their strictures on the passing age was that of party politics. To rationalise the passions of the democracy, and to wield a tribunatian power by means of their Mordant pens, were their chief objects; and knowing that the Church was against their party, they were not over scrupulous what injustice they did to religion, so that they could scoff down their adversaries. For a time, all this succeeded very well, until after the reaction consequent on the Reform Bill; the tide set in strongly against the Whigs, and it was found that they should look to some deeper springs of action than they had hitherto employed,

in order to cope with the formidable Opposition in Parliament, and the growing democracy out of doors. The old *virus* of the *Review* had died out; Jeffrey was old; Lord Brougham was doing penance as a writer, *de omnibus rebus*, for having “fallen up stairs” into the House of Lords. Mackintosh, with his genial nature and cloudy metaphysics, was no more. Sydney Smith was directing his artillery against the camp in which he had served, and, like other literary Whigs, nearer ourselves, grown old without reward. The great families who insist upon monopolising the leadership of that party which arrogates the title of Liberal, were beginning to feel uncomfortably conscious that the wide-spread notion of the Whigs being deficient in religion was beginning to sap their strength in the country. They had truckled to the great demagogue of Ireland, with five millions of Romanists behind him. Their meetings and speeches, their journals and their orators, were all set to the tune of a frigid indifferentism; and the shrewder spirits of the party began to feel that they should endeavour to get upon terms with that important portion of the people whom they had so often satirised and scoffed at as “the religious world.”

In the meanwhile the great blue and buff *Review* had come south of the Tweed, and passed into the ownership of that honourable firm so deeply interested in English prosperity, and so necessarily hostile, from its relations with the British public, to any teaching at once un-English and irreligious. The *Review* remained only nominally Scotch, and was gradually acclimatized to warmer and more genial modes of thinking upon sacred subjects. The late Prime Minister, if reports are to be trusted, suggested the course which it was in future to pursue. Sneering at religion became unfashionable; and that very party which had conspired with O'Connell, in Lord Litchfield's back drawingrooms—which had hurled the Appropriation Clause against the Protestant Church of Great Britain and Ireland—that party which had cheered Mr. Macaulay when he denounced the Church of Usher, Bedell, Jeremy Taylor, the Leslies, Berkeley, Kirwan, Miller, Magee, and Brinkley, as “a bad, a very bad institution” (!!)—that party which had allowed the present Earl Grey to en-

deavour to inflict upon the Church of Ireland the same shallow schemes of that ill-tempered meddling, whose results have proclaimed him as the worst ruler the British Colonies ever had—that party which had given places and pay to each and all of thirty-six Members of Parliament who had voted for the dissolution of the Imperial Union—that very party became seized with a fit of religion when *in extremis*! Our readers will recollect who it was that Doctor Johnson said was “the first Whig;” and they will also remember who, in a certain distich, records the anxiety of that sable personage to turn monk when he was sick. We are afraid that in our political Whigs their religion savours unpleasantly of this world, and that it looks more to the polling-booth than to the Church. But be this as it may, the very fact of the Whigs shamming religion is a fact of prodigious import. As hypocrisy marks the homage paid by vice to virtue, so the power of the religious sentiment throughout these islands is vividly testified to by the clap-trap attempts of the late conspirators with O’Connell and company to deceive the Protestant public, that the Church is safe in the keeping of their jobbing, meddling, pension-clutching cousinhood.

But what has all this to do with Sir James Stephen’s lectures? It is of the first importance, we answer, to hold up to the empire this change of the *Edinburgh Review* upon religion. Sir James Stephen has graduated amongst those who may be called the second growth of Edinburgh reviewers; and his writings would never have found favour in Whig eyes when Lord Jeffrey was the Aristarchus of Liberalism—when the late Lord Holland, whose obscene reminiscences have damned his name, was a leader of the Whigs. Two such volumes as these before us, reviewing the social phases of French history, with a religious spirit and genial appreciation of the tendency of the religious principle in man, would have been sneered down by Lord Jeffrey and all his school; the author would, perhaps, be called an *æsthetical Methodist*; his party would be scoffed at; his religious Protestantism would be satirised. We say religious Protestantism, in contradistinction to that very active political Protestantism, which is simply the creed of the Russells and all their expediency-worshipping race. The fact

that he is a Whig, and a really religious writer, is not one of the least claims of our author to our notice. Nor are these his only claims.

Sir James Stephen may be added to that long line of historical and political authors who have written with signal force and felicity, because they were themselves conversant practically with affairs, and were in some sense men of action, as well as scholarly writers. To know political action thoroughly, and to appreciate the political habits of mankind, a man must either have been in the great drama himself, or been a close observer of the great actors, as Swift and Junius were. Tacitus, Machiavelli, Clarendon, Bolingbroke, Mirabeau, and Burke, were all in various degrees conversant with affairs themselves. If Montesquieu had been in a more active position than that of a provincial judge, his writings would have been informed with a more practical spirit than they show. In the case of Sir James Stephen, his experience at the Colonial Office gave him a prodigious series of living experiments, from which he might generalise a code of practical morals of life. Brought up in an essentially religious atmosphere—moving from his earliest life amongst those whose hearts had been kindled by the life-breathing example of William Wilberforce—having before his daily gaze patterns of domestic piety, and habitually connected with those to whom the Cross was a tremendous reality, not a mythical symbol, he imbibed spiritual aliment that gave him moral nerve to endure the drudgery of routine labour, to smother brighter conceptions, and check the play of fancy congenial to his mind. His lot was cast in the Colonial Office. He was not an aristocrat, nor had any particular aristocratic connexion. The son of Master Stephen, who had worked his own way up the hill of life, he was ready to follow the paternal example in sturdy toil, as in other stages of greater import. With remarkable facility of inducting a summary and general view from a vast assemblage of apparently incoherent particulars, his talents at the desk of office were exactly of that kind which would be most available in a Colonial department, where bales of petty particulars arrive in weekly cargoes, and where, owing to the absence of a properly reformed public opinion, aristocratic caprice of

indolence, the temper of an Earl Grey, or the drowsiness of a Lord Glenelg, can make errors by wholesale, and mar the fairest measures. Less senatorial talent has been applied to the Colonies during the last thirty years than either to Foreign Affairs or the Home Office. Out of the various statesmen with which our Colonial system has been afflicted, let our readers recollect that within five-and-twenty years our colonies have been entrusted to a Bathurst, a Lord Ripon, a Glenelg, a Spring Rice, and an Earl Grey!

It was in this thorny and thankless department that our author had to spend the better part of his manhood, responsible at once for the caprices or crotchets of his superiors, as well as for the mistakes of his subordinates. He became the most influential man in the official, but not in the *ruling* department of the Colonies. To his great talents in that department justice has been rendered publicly by the frank acknowledgments in Parliament of Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, and the Earl of Derby. A portion of the public press, however, delighted to rail at "King Stephen;" and if Lord Ripon wavered, Lord Glenelg slumbered, or Lord Grey quarrelled, "King Stephen" was the cause of the hesitation, the drowsiness, and the peevishness of his official, but certainly not his intellectual, superiors. With the anti-religious organs, the efforts of Sir James Stephen to christianise our Colonial policy, and evangelise remote lands, by means of the British power, were sufficient to bring upon his head a portion of that abuse which is never more freely poured out, than by the canting talkers against "cant." The history of the Colonial Office, before Sir James Stephen left it, is the best answer to his detractors. Lord Grey, *left to himself*, gives a crushing reply to the writers in the *Spectator*, *et hoc genus omne*.

Retiring from official life, Sir James Stephen has now found a new vent for his activity. History is at present studied with great activity in these islands. Our national literary ambition is roused to competition with the brilliant labours of the successful cultivators of the modern French school of

history. Thierry, Guizot, Barante, have found rivals in this empire: *magis pares quam similes*. The vast erudition and honest research of Grote, the succinct and carefully elaborated narrative of Thirlwall, vindicate our fame upon classical ground, without referring to the genial nerve of Arnold, and the academical spirit of Merivale. General Napier has given us the most brilliant and perfect specimen of military history to be found in any language. As a popular historian, Alison has great merits, which the universal acceptance of his conscientious labours proves to the most cavilling of critics. In dramatic narrative and picturesque description Macaulay is, perhaps, the most finished example. Works of a character hovering between biography and history, like Miss Strickland's learned and interesting volumes, which render her the *female Boswell of the British monarchy*; Lord Campbell's *omnium gatherum* "Chancellors;" and other serials, prove the existing appetite for historical fame. The highly political tendency of the age, and its almost morbid activity in religious speculation, precipitate the reading world upon history. Hence the Chairs of History in our Universities are becoming of great importance.* The lectures delivered from them will not fail to mould the mind of one of the most important classes, and influence public opinion ultimately to no small degree.

The lectures before us contain the results of extensive reading, profound thinking, and sweeping generalisation upon the course of human events. They read to us very like the compositions of a divine. There is a strong theological element running through them all. Christianity is taken as the great and stupendous moral fact, which directly or indirectly bears relation to the phenomena of society. There is little human enthusiasm, but great spiritual sympathy in the writing of the lectures. "What does it prove?" said a mathematician, of "Paradise Lost," by Milton. If Sir J. Stephen was asked, what does history teach, he might reply, "the divinity of conscience." It is, indeed, when thoroughly studied, in a proper spirit, a supplementary

* We reserve till a future occasion some remarks on the teaching in the Professorships of History in Ireland.

book of revelation, teaching that man is "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Sir James Stephen commences his lectures by stating his peculiar system. He says:—

"The eventful scene of which, during the last six thousand years, this world has been the theatre, when interpreted by the revelation which has been made to man of the Divine counsels, may be viewed as a drama of which retribution is the law, opinion the chief agent, and the improvement and ultimate happiness of our race the appointed, though remote catastrophe. And, to pursue the image one step further, the annals of each separate State may be considered as an under-plot, harmonising with the general action, and conducing to its more complete development. With the progress of time, the power of opinion has continually increased, until in these later days it has acted with a force, a consistency, and a perseverance altogether unknown in the earlier ages of the world. From our common Christianity, from the simultaneous condensation and diffusion of the ecclesiastical authority, from the art of printing, from the new facilities of intercourse between distant places, from the growth of great cities, of commerce and of wealth, and from a wider intercommunity of laws and of legal customs, have at length resulted a free interchange of thought, and a general concurrence of thought, to which mankind never before attained, and a consequent union among the chief members of the great human family to which mankind never before aspired. To trace out the progress of public opinion in moulding the character and the condition of nations, is the high office of history, and especially of modern history."

Our lecturer has there assumed a strong position, in placing himself upon a vantage-ground, by which he can descry the spirit of all great events; but we are not ready to subscribe to his further views upon the mode in which revelation can be discerned in history, and we doubt whether the following passages could meet the approval of our divines. He thus expresses himself, at the end of his lectures, when resuming his general views:—

"I have already avowed my belief, that to each of the nations of the earth belongs, by a Divine decree, a distinctive character adapted to the peculiar office assigned to each, in the great and comprehensive system of human affairs. Thus to France was appointed, by the Supreme Ruler of mankind, the duty of civilising and humanising the European world. To England it has been given to guide all other States to excellence

in the practical arts of life, to commercial wealth, to political wisdom, and to spiritual liberty. But to Germany was delegated the highest and the noblest trust which has been committed to any people since the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans fulfilled their respective commissions of imparting to our race the blessings of religion, of learning, and of law. For, in Germany we revere the prolific mother of nations, the reformer of a corrupted Christianity, and the conservator of the liberties and independence of the European commonwealth. Weakened as she has been in defensive, as well as in aggressive war, by the divisions of her territory into so many separate States, yet in that very weakness she has found her strength, in the unambitious but beneficent career which, by the prescient will of the Creator himself, she was destined to pursue. The fathers of some of the most aged amongst us witnessed her first assumption of her rank and proper station in the republic of letters; and we ourselves are witnesses how, in that comparatively new region of national power, she has exhibited the same indestructible character which, more than a thousand years ago, enabled her to lay in this island the basis of a government, of which (if our posterity be true to their trust) another thousand years will scarcely witness the subversion. That England has her patrimony on the sea, France on the land, and Germany in the clouds, is a sarcasm at which a German may well afford to smile. For reverence in the contemplation of whatever is exalted, and imagination in the embellishment of whatever is beautiful, and tenderness in cherishing whatever is lovely, and patience in the pursuit of the most recondite truths, and courage in the avowal of every deliberate conviction, and charity in tolerating every form of honest dissent—these are now, as they have ever been, the vital elements of the Teutonic mind. They may, indeed, not seldom have given birth to an unmeaning mysticism, to visionary hopes, and to dangerous errors. Yet, from their remotest ancestry, the Germans have received these gifts as their best and most enduring inheritance; and by the exercise and influence of them, they impressed upon our own ancestral constitution much of that peculiar character which it retains to the present hour."

Is not the writing in the commencement of the foregoing passage open to the charge of pantheistic nationality? Our readers recollect Mr. D'Israeli's sarcasm at "the great work of Mr. Wordy, who wrote twenty volumes to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories in the last war." We object to Providence! being appealed to as the source of all national development. We and ecclesiastical writers will : sur is, that it is en-

tremely dangerous to drag down Providence into that anomalous and jarring strife of local passions, and exaggerated phases of society, called "Nationalities." We are now looking on the question from the merely ethical and cosmopolite point of view; and we say that it is almost impossible, except for a hardened system-monger (which our lecturer is not), to assign an ethical aim to national courses. Let Burke be heard on this point:—"Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is nowhere to be found. Liberty inheres in sensible objects, and, accordingly, every nation has formed to itself some peculiar object, *which, by way of eminence*, becomes the criterion of its happiness." The political aphorism of Burke teaches us that the national spirit is intensely personal, congenial with self-aggrandisement, whether in arts, like Italy—arms, like France—or power, like England. Self-glorification in its collective form is at the bottom of all nationality. Even that late Prime Minister of France, M. Guizot, who of all French politicians sacrificed least to the national vanity of his country, once confessed, "France must remain a Catholic power—that is its national destiny:" words which he uttered when taunted with the inconsistency of his being a Protestant, while in his politics he went beyond all the moderate Orleanists in conceding power to the clergy of Rome in France. It was not without reference to this speech that our late Prime Minister, the *preux chevalier* of liberalism, talked of "the jargon of nationality." We must, therefore, object to Sir J. Stephen introducing final causes into the merely mundane distributions of society called "nations," though we are far from excluding national entities from the great penal law of retribution, to which all created being is liable. And these considerations bring us to what we will designate the most important passage in all the lectures of our author.

Our readers have, doubtless, heard of the French Atheist, M. Comte, the author of a certain work called "Course of Positive Philosophy." This work, as a matter of course, from its display of audacious assertions, and undoubted attainments attracted, on its publication in France, considerable attention. Many of our own men of science read the work with respect for its learning, and con-

tempt for the presumptuous shallowness of some of its irreverent and impious speculations. It was, indeed, with the deepest concern that we perceived both Mr. Grote and Mr. Mill—one in that admirable history to which we have given cordial praise elsewhere, and the other in his profound treatise on logic—assigning importance to one of the most perilous and unsound conclusions, in what we will call M. Comte's *system of no system*! We allude to M. Comte's pretended discovery of the true law of triple historical development: the first stage being theological, when supernaturalism is accepted as the cause of creation; the second being metaphysical, when general laws are referred to as causative; and the third being the positive or true scientific stage, when neither a creative, or subordinate and enacted laws are acknowledged, but when the facts of nature (including the general conditions of being) are taken simply as fixed, and positively self-supported and self-contained, in an universal attraction of scientific harmony. No wonder that when an extravagant theory like this is taken as the key to mundane history, Sir James Stephen should seek to grapple with the assertions of M. Comte's new science of sociology. We sympathise with him in his anxiety to overturn the *formulae* of this atheistic philosopher; but we doubt whether he has used a method of refutation which will convince a disciple of M. Comte. He has devoted half a chapter to his comments on this presumptuous system, which we regret to see endorsed by Mr. Mill and Mr. Grote. But even to criticise Sir J. Stephen's discussion of it would take us too much from the consideration of his lectures. On a future and early occasion we shall expose the utter fallacy of this new method of scientific investigation, which we should be sorry to see become current because men of talent have stamped their names upon it. We may, however, remind our readers in passing, that Mr. Grote and Mr. Mill are both members of the same section of the same political party—that arrogant party which called itself "philosophically Radical"—which had Mr. Bentham for its sage, Mr. Roebuck for its orator, Dr. Bowring for its poet. With that party religion was always practically ignored. Sir William Molesworth, one of its disciples, could

find no better mode of employing his spare money than in publishing a most expensive edition of Hobbes. Re-printing the writings of the author of "The Leviathan," and adopting the arrogant philosophy of the composer of "Positive Philosophy," are fatal symptoms of that earthborn materialism which is the main creed of nearly all the leaders of Radicalism in England. We rejoice to know that the general recognition of their anti-religious thinking has prevented all that is sound in the middle class from giving its confidence to them.

We will not deny our readers the pleasure of reading part of Sir J. Stephen's reply to Comte and the Sociologists. He says, in referring to Mr. Mill's corollary from the proposition of Comte—of "the phenomena of society being generated by the action of outward circumstances :—

"I answer, by denying that all the phenomena of society are thus generated. I refer the great number, and the more important of these phenomena, not to the action of any outward circumstances, but to the antagonistic influences of those two internal principles, to which theology gives the names of natural corruption, and of Divine grace. Now, what human prescience can make the right allowance for such influences as these on individual man, and, therefore, on collective man, that is, on human society? Regarding the corruption of our nature, we are bidden to believe that 'the heart of man is deceitful above all things,' and to inquire, 'who can know it?' Regarding the influence of the Divine grace, we are taught that 'like the wind, it bloweth where it listeth, but that no man can say whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.'

"Fifthly. This, however, is *petitio principii*. I am assuming the truth of Christianity, and that truth is neither admitted nor denied by sociology, but passed by in studied silence. As one of the 'less advanced,' I regard that silence as a just subject of serious complaint. Christianity may be (as we believe) the greatest of all truths; or it may be (as some have maintained), the greatest of all falsehoods. But that it should be true, and yet irrelevant to any system of social science, is utterly inconceivable. That the teachers of any such science should think themselves at liberty to abstain from so much as one passing allusion to it, is, therefore, at least very marvellous.

"For Christianity at least *claims* to answer many of the most intricate and arduous of their inquiries. It *claims* to supply us with some of those 'universal precepts,' against which, as guides on such subjects, sociology has given in her most emphatic warning.

Are these claims ill-founded? If so, let their futility be unambiguously asserted, and plainly exposed; for, if they are indeed fallacious, it is a fallacy diffused over a far greater multitude, and casting far deeper roots than any of those errors with which the 'positive' has hitherto wrestled.

"I anticipate the answer. No man is really free amongst us to avow his disbelief of the religion of his age and country; nay, hardly of any one of the commonly received articles of it. With whatever seriousness, decorum, and integrity of purpose, such an avowal may be made, he who makes it must sustain the full force of all those penalties, civil and social, which, more or less, attend upon all dissent, or supposed dissent, from the recognised standard of orthodoxy. I acknowledge and lament that this is so. I think that they who inflict such penalties are entitled to no praise, and to no gratitude. They give to disbelief a motive and an apology for a dishonest self-concealment. They give to the believing a painful mistrust that there may possibly be existing, and yet concealed, some potent reasons, which, if men could speak their minds with real impunity, would be alleged against their own most cherished convictions. No infidel ever did, or can do, so much prejudice to our faith as has been done by those zealous adherents of it, who labour so strenuously, and so often with such unfortunate success, to terrify all objectors into silence. The early Christians were but too successful in destroying all the writings of the early infidels. Yet, for the confirmation of our faith in the present age, a complete copy of Celsus would be of far more value than the whole of the volumes of Origen. I, therefore, should not venture to condemn, much as I might regret, the silent passing over, by sociologists, of any reference to the Scriptural solution of so many social problems, even if I were entitled (as I am not) or disposed (which I am still less) to ascribe that silence to a real, though unavowed, rejection by any of them of the authority of what Christians regard as an inspired canon. But be the reason of their taciturnity what it may, it, at least, leaves those who do acknowledge in that canon the voice of a more than human wisdom, unrebuked in their attempts to draw from it other lessons than those which the 'positive' has to teach, or than those which the 'concrete deductive method' can discover.

"Sixthly.—In reliance, therefore, upon that canon, I venture to think, that when we speculate on the phenomena of human society, it is not a mark of infantine weakness, but is rather the indication of the maturity of our strength to seek the solution of them by referring to 'supernatural agencies.' Sure, at least, I am, that from the Pentateuch to the Apocalypse, those phenomena are thus interpreted. Such, beyond all dispute, is the unbroken tenor of the writings of all and of each of the prophets. It

is utterly impossible to reconcile those writings with the doctrine, that he who would foretell the influence, on any society, of any contemplated measure, has to embrace only two elements in his calculation:—the one, the laws of human nature; the other, the circumstances in which the society in question is placed. A third, and yet more momentous element is invariably introduced in the intimations of Holy Scripture. That element is the nature of Him with whom we have to do, so far as He has been pleased to make His nature known to us.

“Seventhly.—I do not think that any student of the Bible will be able to adjust the language of it to the dogma, that we are not at liberty to assume the existence of any ‘universal precepts,’ according to the breach, or the observance of which will be the future development of the fortunes of any people. If this be, indeed, one of the dictates of the modern social science, then is that science in the most direct and absolute conflict with the dictates of what we accept and reverence as the Word of God. Every sentence of that Word lays down, or refers to, some ‘universal precepts,’ the sanctions of which, so far as communities of men are concerned, are either their temporal welfare, or their temporal misery.

“Finally.—Whoever shall attempt to interpret the past sequences of human history, or to anticipate those which are still to come, if he shall make that attempt by the aid of such lights as he can derive from revelation, must make a large allowance for one consideration, which sociology entirely overlooks. I refer to the doctrine of a particular providence.

“I cannot conceive that any man, whose mind is deeply imbued with Scriptural studies, and especially with the study of the historical and prophetic Scriptures, should also adopt that philosophy of our times, which transfers to the movements of the human will, and to the consequent condition of the members of the human family, laws borrowed from the statics and the dynamics of mechanical science. The language of the Bible is, doubtless, to a great extent, rhetorical and poetical; but after making every possible deduction from its precise literal meaning on that ground, there still remains in it an overwhelming weight of concurring testimony to the fact, that, what may be called the natural sequences of events in the affairs of men, are continually broken by the Divine interposition. Everywhere, and in every conceivable variety of expression, we meet, for example, with assertions and illustrations of the fact, that God is continually raising up individual men who, from their peculiar characters, are designed, and made, to serve as pivots, upon which the whole circuit of human affairs is to revolve. It is superfluous to quote from the sacred story examples so familiar to us all as these divine dispensations. Take an instance far more near to our own times.

Suppose a sociologist—a very long-lived one, indeed—studious of the nature of man, and of the tendencies of his motives of action—to have contemplated the circumstances of human society, as they existed in England in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and as they existed in France, in the middle of the eighteenth. He might, in either case, have foreseen an approaching increase of popular franchises at the expense of monarchical prerogatives. But it would have been utterly beyond his power to foresee that the English throne would be filled by a prince distinguished for stubborn audacity, and that the throne of France would be filled by a prince not less distinguished by timid irresolution. Yet, on those their personal characters everything was, in reality, to depend. If Charles and Louis had changed places, there would have been a reform in either country, but a revolution in neither. The Supreme Disposer of events, and He alone, could foresee that, in that crisis of the history of each of those states, the moral temperament of an individual man would work out such results. But foreseeing it, His particular providence ordained that the crown should, in either case, be worn by such a man as was necessary for bringing about the predestined catastrophe.

“In thus adhering to the revealed Word of God—not, indeed, to supersede the social science, but continually to control its authority, to supply its deficiencies, and to correct its errors—we are, of course, subject to that kind, and degree, of liability to mistake, which we incur in receiving Holy Scripture as the authentic disclosure to man of the will and the dealings of his Creator. If, in so receiving Holy Scripture, we are really mistaken, let the error be distinctly pointed out, and, if possible, established. But by merely premitting the subject, our teachers point out nothing, and establish nothing, respecting it. Unaided by them, we must, therefore, needs cling to our baptismal faith, and to the confessions of our maturer years; and in that faith reverently attempt to gather from our Bibles a higher and a surer social science than we can derive from any other source.”

Sir J. Stephen has, to say the very least, as masculine an intellect, and as great capacity in speculation, as either Mr. Mill or Mr. Grote, and he is not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, but reverently receives it. The sociologists, however, will scoff at his Christianity as being proof that he is only in the first stage, when supernaturalism is acknowledged. For the moment laying aside what they would call “the hypothesis of Christianity,” we would press upon the attention of our readers that all such philosophy as that of Comte runs counter, not only to Re-

velation, but to the sublime ideas, the far reaching views, and soaring sentiments of Socrates, Plato, and Cicero. Our full-grown French infidels lag behind the uninspired geniuses of Pagan antiquity, upon whom the light of revelation never shone. Even Cicero has himself, as every classical reader knows, anticipated and refuted the views of our modern materialists. M. Comte has said that the language "the Heavens declare the glory of God" should give place, for the "Heavens declare the glorious genius of Kepler and Newton, who established their laws"!!! The famous "Unde Autem?" of Cicero is thrown away upon M. Comte. Whence came the laws, that the intellect of Kepler and Newton ascertained; and again, whence came the mind that ascertained those laws? But we leave this subject for the present, expressing our pleasure at the Cambridge Professor having entered the lists against Messrs. Grote and Mill. The name of Mr. Grote recalls to us that Sydney Smith, in his "No Ballot," said that Mr. Grote would be a great politician if the world were a chess-board; and the endorsement by Mr. Grote of Comte's views puts us in mind of Cowley's quaint lines on "Destiny," which are not without an oblique reference to Atheism:—

"Strange and unnatural! Let's stay and see
This pageant of a prodigy.
Lo, of themselves th' enlightened chessmen move!
Lo, the unbred, ill-organed pieces prove
As full of art and industry,
Of courage and of policy,
As we ourselves, who think there's nothing wise but
we!"

Comparing the two volumes of Sir James Stephen one with another, we must give our decided preference to the second, as being more eloquent and original. His first ten lectures are to a great extent a *resumé* of Guizot and Sismondi; and he has tried to squeeze too much matter into a small space. But the second volume shows more of the genius of his own mind, and his true appreciation of human nature, as moulded by the varieties of religious opinion. We wish that we could persuade him to address himself to the history of the Protestant Reformation. There is no living Englishman more capable of linking his name with his land's language, if he engaged upon such a theme as we have now suggested. General Napier has not more special aptitude for describing a mili-

tary campaign than Sir J. Stephen for depicting a religious revolution. He can compress his powers to subtle analysis of individual, and dilate them to the grasp of collective human nature. He has the breadth without the coldness of the eclectic school; and his long official experience gives him the power of appreciating those moments of destiny pregnant with historical fate. Let the reader mark the masculine sense and large views which he applies to the important change in the religious profession of Henry IV.:—

"Henry the Fourth had been trained in the Calvinistic creed by his mother, Jane D'Albret. D'Aubigné, who knew her well, says of her, that though perfectly feminine in every other respect, she possessed a masculine intrepidity of soul; that her capacity was equal to the most arduous duties, and her heart invincible to the greatest calamities. Her son was the heir of her courage and her understanding, but not of her devotion or her constancy. The early impressions of her maternal love and wisdom were, probably, never altogether obliterated from his mind, even by the habitual licentiousness both of his early and of his mature life; yet such licence never was, and never can be, associated with the faith which prepares man, by self-conquest, to become the conqueror of the world. So far as any real religious convictions can be ascribed to Henry, he seems to have been a Protestant to the last; but that no such convictions had a very firm hold on his mind, is the inference to be drawn from almost every passage of his life. When, at last, he preferred the abandonment of his creed to the loss of his crown, it may, perhaps, have appeared to himself, as it evidently did to his friends, that he was rather incurring an imputation on his honour, as a gentleman, than inflicting a wound on his conscience, as a Christian. To this day the apostasy is defended, and the dishonour denied, by many of his countrymen, on grounds against which a protest must be made by every one to whom truth and integrity are something better than empty words.

"Consider," it is said, "the consequences which hung on his decision. By adhering to the Reformed Church, he must have prolonged the most disastrous of all civil wars—he must have seen the dismemberment of France between the League and Philip the Second—he must, himself, have been superseded in favour of the Duke of Mayenne, by the States-General, whom the Duke had convened at Paris—he must thus have abdicated the throne of the Bourbons to the House of Guise—and must have delivered up the Huguenots as defenceless victims to the bigotry of the Leaguers and their head. On the other hand, by returning to the

bosom of the Church of Rome, Henry,' proceed his apologists, 'had the certainty, not only of escaping these dangers, but of restoring peace to his kingdom, of transmitting the crown to his posterity, and of securing toleration to his ancient Protestant adherents. With what reason or humanity,' they ask, 'could he, in the prospect of such consequences, persist any longer in maintaining a religious creed, and observing an ecclesiastical ritual, to which, after all, he had never given more than a hesitating and thoughtless preference?'

"To the question thus stated may first be opposed another question. What is the depth of criminality thus imputed to Henry the Fourth, by those who represent him as conducting, during many successive years, the most deadly civil war recorded in the history of a Christendom, for the establishment of a religion, to which neither his heart, nor his understanding, yielded any genuine allegiance? His accusers have never raised so heavy an accusation against him as is thus preferred by his apologists. The reverence due to the memory of so great a man, and all the probabilities of the case, require us to reject the hypothesis that he was an hypocrite, even when leading the Huguenots in the fields of Contras and Ivry. His real responsibility is, that of having acted on the belief that, by disavowing his faith, he would best promote the interests of his people, of his descendants, and of himself. His error was that of elevating the human above the Divine prescience, and of claiming for the foresight of man an higher authority than for the immutable laws of God. Doubtless it was not without some plausible sophistry that he reconciled to himself so wilful, and so solemn a departure from the sacred obligations of truth. Doubtless he believed it to be, on the whole, expedient for others and for himself. But that it was really inexpedient we know, because we know that, by the divine law, it was unequivocally forbidden."

Henry the Fourth was, at best, an indifferentist in religion. He said to the Protestant and Romanist divines, after hearing their arguments, "*Il me semble que vous avez la raison tous les deux.*" The sensuality of his life rendered him somewhat callous to the stings of his conscience. The suggestion of Sir J. Stephen, that Henry found his honour as a gentleman, more than his conscience as a Christian, wounded by his pretended conversion, seems to us founded in truth. He probably acted instinctively, with his low standard of morality, upon the reckless principle asserted by Mr. Macaulay, "that the essence of politics is compromise"—a *dictum* that strikes at the root of all

political science—a pretty specimen of parliamentary morality and governmental ethics. But Henry the Fourth was a great man with all his faults; and there is no scene more sublime, in our apprehension, in the whole French Revolution, than that of the revolutionary rabble arrested before his statue on the Pont Neuf, and resolving to leave the hero's effigy remain unharmed, while they pulverised all other monarchical relics on which they could lay their ruffian hands.

The fact of England having embraced the Reformation, while France adopted a modified Romanism (for so must the Gallican Church be considered), is one of the leading historical facts in modern history. What Sir James Stephen has said of this remarkable difference between the cases of the two kingdoms, does not, altogether, meet our approbation; but we will allow our readers first to hear the able author state his views, at least as much of them as we have space to extract:—

"First.—The Calvinistic type which Protestantism assumed in France was alien from the national character. While yet a novelty, indeed, it was also a fashion. To sing the hymns of Marot in the *Poë aux Clercs*, or to join the multitude which thronged the pulpit of Theodore Beza, was the *mode* in a country where that capricious power has ever erected the chief seat of her dominion; but ere long the national spirit reasserted its indefeasible authority. Turning away from the cold, unimpressive worship of Geneva, the great, the noble, and the rich, followed by the crowd which usually follows them, joined again in theatrical processions to the shrines of their patron saints, and knelt, as before, around the altars, where the dramatic solemnities of the mass were celebrated amidst clouds of incense, and strains of sacred harmony. In religion, as in everything else, the craving of the French mind for spectacle, for representation, and for effect, is, and ever has been, insatiable.

"Secondly.—The Calvinistic system was distinguished from that of all the other reformed churches, by the extent to which it rejected ecclesiastical tradition, and erected the whole superstructure of belief and worship on the Holy Scriptures, as interpreted by Calvin himself. Not content to sever those bonds which, reaching back to the most remote Christian antiquity, should hold together the churches of every age in one indissoluble society, he imposed on his disciples, and on their spiritual progeny, in all future times, other bonds, wrought by himself, from his study of the Bible, and embracing the whole compass, not of theology

alone, but of moral philosophy also. His Christian institutes claimed and acquired for a season, in his church, an empire resembling that which the logic and ethics of Aristotle had so long enjoyed in the schools. But Calvin was not an Aristotle. His vivacious, inquisitive, sceptical fellow-countrymen were not schoolmen. Ere many years had passed, they became impatient of the dogmatism even of their great patriarch himself. By attempting to bring all moral science within the sphere of theology, and by converting scientific principles into articles of faith, he had exposed to the attacks of that ingenious and versatile people, a long line of positions; many of which, even when found to be defenceless, could not be abandoned with safety to the rest. The reaction which took place hurried the insurgents from one extreme to the other. Servetus may be said to have at length obtained his revenge. The doctrines for which he died were widely diffused throughout the churches, founded by the author of his death—for, in the history of Calvinism in France, we have the most impressive of all illustrations of the truth, that no Christian Society can sever itself from the ancient and once universal commonwealth of the Christian Church, except at the imminent risk of sacrificing the essence of Christianity to the spirit of independence. The Socinianism of the later Protestant Church of France was at once the proof of its inherent weakness, and the cause of its further decline.

“Thirdly.—The Reformation in France became comparatively barren of constitutional freedom and of its other legitimate fruits, because the Reformed Church there soon and widely departed from its appropriate character, to assume the office of a party in the State. The alliance of the Huguenots with the Politiques was fatal at once to the religious discipline of the former, and to their personal sanctity. Their preachers foresaw the contaminating influence of that association, and earnestly, but vainly, dissuaded it. Thus the Treaty of Milhau, of December, 1573, between the Protestants and Politiques, was little, if at all, less than a deliberate treason. Thus, also, the still more intimate connexion between the Consistorians and the Gentilhommes, in the ranks of the Huguenots, themselves, was formed at a grievous detriment to the severer virtues by which the early Reformers had been distinguished. It is the testimony of a writer of their own age and party, that the flame of piety among the Calvinists had been effectually extinguished by the dissolute and scandalous examples of their more worldly associates, and that debauchery advanced and overflowed among them far and wide, like an uncontrollable torrent.

“Fourthly.—The virtue, and with it the energy and the success, of the Protestants, was further impaired by the seductions to which their chiefs and leaders were exposed

from their too frequent contact with Catherine and her court. Rank, office, and all the other allurements of royal patronage were employed to shake their fidelity; and Mézerai asserts that more Huguenots were converted in four years by these methods, than had been induced to abandon their religion in forty years by the terrors of the scaffold and of the sword.

“Fifthly.—Even yet more fatal to the religious spirit, and therefore, to the moral and political influence of the Huguenots, were the sanguinary habits they contracted during many years of civil warfare. The atrocities of that dark era were not confined to the Catholics. As the contest proceeded, the parties on either side became gradually bereft, not only of the spirit of Christianity, but of the feelings of our common humanity; while the moral sense was paralysed, if not deadened, by the sight and the perpetration of remorseless cruelties. To men stained with such crimes, however sorely provoked to the commission of them, it was not given to raise aloft the cross of the Redeemer, and to announce the tidings of peace and reconciliation. By the lips of such heralds, even the Gospel itself was proclaimed in vain.

“Sixthly.—The relations between the Huguenot Church and the State being always those of antagonists, there subsisted between them no alliance to arrest that instability of religious opinions to which independent ecclesiastical bodies are so much addicted, or to infuse into the body politic those principles of social equality and of mental freedom by which the Protestant Churches are habitually distinguished.

“Seventhly.—It was the error and the misfortune of the French Protestants to confide the conduct of them to the Princes of the House of Bourbon. The first of them, Anthony of Navarre, deserted and betrayed it, in the visionary hope that the triumvirate would reward him by the exchange of his nominal crown for a real sovereignty. His brother, Louis de Condé, deserted and betrayed it in the persuasion that Catherine would confer upon him the office of lieutenant-general of France. The younger Condé deserted and betrayed it to rescue his life from the assassins of St. Bartholomew. Henry IV. twice abjured the Protestant creed—first for the preservation of his life, and then for the preservation of his crown. These treacheries of the four Bourbons, whom the Huguenots followed in the civil wars, were only less fatal to their interests than the unrelenting persecutions of the three Bourbons, who successively occupied the French throne between the death of Henry IV. and the accession of Louis XVI.

“Eighthly. It is to the persecutions to which the Protestants were exposed, from the time of their first appearance in the city of Meaux, till the near approach of the French Revolution, that we must chiefly ascribe their failure to acquire the authority

and influence necessary to their propagation of constitutional liberty in France. The story of these persecutions, so merciless, so unrelenting, and so continuous, fill vast volumes which have been dedicated to the memory of the sufferers, by the martyrologists of their own party. It is a story which no man would either willingly read, or repeat, or even abbreviate. It exhibits our common nature in its most offensive aspect. It pervades every era of the French annals. It assumes every conceivable form of cruelty and injustice, and many forms inconceivable to the darkest imagination, unaided by an actual knowledge of those horrible details. If the most terrific act of this prolonged tragedy was the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the most revolting was the dragonnades of Louis XIV. Catherine and her son had, at least, the excuse of believing that the enemies they destroyed were dangerous to their own safety, and their offence was not committed under the veil of any eminent devotion. Madame de Maintenon and her husband, on the other hand, neither felt, nor affected to feel, any dread of the myriads of helpless victims whom they impoverished, banished, imprisoned, and destroyed; but it was at the bidding of their confessors—with the cordial support of their priesthood—with prayers continually on their lips—and in the name of the Prince of Peace, that they daily offered up these human sacrifices. The blood of the martyrs has, indeed, been the seed of the Church, but not when the hearts of the persecutors have been sufficiently steeled against all lassitude, compunction, and remorse. In almost every part of Europe, which, at this day, acknowledges the spiritual dominion of the papacy—the sword, the scourge, the brand, and the axe, wielded by the secular powers under the guidance of their spiritual advisers, have effectually arrested the progress of the Reformation. In France those weapons were but too successfully employed by the house of Valois, and of Bourbon, to crush religious liberty, and with it to eradicate the seeds of constitutional freedom; but they were also, however, unconsciously, employed to prepare the way for the convulsions by which two whole generations of mankind have been unceasingly agitated, and by which the Capetian dynasty has again and again been subverted from its once immovable foundations.”

On a former occasion we discussed the effects on society of Protestantism and Romanism, considered simply as political systems of opinion (“Correspondence of Charles the Fifth.”) We may now offer some remarks upon the

position of Sir James Stephen, that the national character of the French was an efficient cause of their rejection of Calvinism. And in the first place we will ask whether Scriptural religion could be so little Catholic in its genius as to fail before that peculiar species of moral essence, called “Nationality?” We certainly do not think so. Nor can we believe that a severe and Scriptural religion is essentially unsuited to a lively, vivacious, and versatile race. The *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* finds Presbyterianism more congenial than Episcopacy; and we question whether minds that require a constant variety of ideas to be glittering before them, would not find a religion that painted to them in strong colours the lives of the Jewish people, and constantly dwelt on the marvellous and awful mysteries in the Scriptures, more mind-stirring and soul-captivating, more dazzling and fascinating to the head and heart, than the perpetual iteration of the formal and theatric pageants of Rome, with its apparatus of robed mimes, its ever-going factories of spurious miracles, its wardrobes of pagan and mediæval costume, and its regimental routine of sacerdotal parading. Viewed merely by an artist’s eye the solemn masquerading of Romanism may be attractive, as a pageant hovering between the suggestive and the burlesque; but does Sir James Stephen consider the staleness of custom and the weariness of mere formalism? We doubt whether the French national character can be deemed congenial with a religion of parade. Romanism has failed to retain France within its fold. Even the better species of French Papist believes about half of his religion. The truth on this point seems to us, that the lives and characters of the Protestant Reformers in France were stern and forbidding. The most intensely Scriptural form of faith is not necessarily opposed to the graces and amenities of life, which are so dearly prized in France. There was a strong taint of morbid fanaticism in some of the French Protestant writers. Several of them were not unlike our Puritan preachers, scourged by a *Hudibras*.† In his “Age of Louis the

* *Vide* UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. XXXVI., October, 1850, p. 429.

† The object which, under God’s Providence, Puritanism was to serve, has been stated with logical precision, in a masterly discourse, replete with learning and academical eloquence

Fourteenth," Voltaire comments with malign sarcasm upon the fancies and whimsies of some of them, sophistically endeavouring to confound Protestantism with Romanism in one stream of unbelieving scorn and soul-destroying blasphemy. We know of no national character in mankind antagonistic to Scriptural religion, but we admit that the fanaticism or personal rigour of its missionaries may impede its diffusion, as scowling looks and scoffing tones can mar eloquent composition in the pulpit, or a downcast air and whining utterance render an acute intellect powerless at the bar.

For it is worthy of notice that Romanism, as a system, has points at all sides likely to attract the flashes of French scorn. Started upon level ground, we would say, that Protestantism ought to be more congenial with the French intellect, that does not cower to authority like the minds of Spain and Portugal. But the missionaries of religion amongst a people like the French should, in their manners and in harmless little customs, assimilate with the national spirit. They should beware, for the sake of the immortal cause they plead, to disfigure it by being sour or fanatical. The serene face—the happy smile—the manly port—should pre-eminently accompany the preachers of the Word amongst a race of mercurial nature and keen susceptibilities. A graceful and courteous familiarity we especially urge amongst all such races. Protestants preaching the Word, whether in France or Ireland, should beware of the popular imagination looking on them as monks reading the Scriptures in their national tongue. In France, the Protestant divines were not sufficiently national

in their tastes; but we repeat that it was not the creed which they preached that was at all antagonistic to the French mind.

Some of the causes assigned by our author for the failure of Protestantism in France existed in other countries. We think that he is not sufficiently explicit in his statement of the differences between English and French society at the period of the Reformation. In England there was, even then, "a people" with municipal liberties, and with imperfect constitutional franchises. Her jury system alone was enough to beget a public opinion. Wherever opinion exists, there must be judgment and examination; and when the latter qualities are applied to religion there Protestantism is, of course, germinated. The trading towns of England, the wealth of the burghers, and their feelings of independence, were all favourable to the reception of Protestantism. In Germany, the petty independent kingdoms were favourable to the Reformation, in order to be delivered from Italian domination, and the imposed tyranny of Rome.

In France, till the time of the Revolution, the *Court* was the main source of political power, and public interests were swayed to and fro by the caprices and intrigues of the gay, the thoughtless, and the volatile adventurers, in a scene of perpetual intrigue. Opinion, in its large sense, could not be perfectly developed under the Court of the old French monarchy, and the absolutism of Rome was only too congenial with the spirit of unconstitutional monarchy in France. Something, also, ought to be allowed to the national rivalry and opposition between England and France. The fact that Protestantism

("God's Mercies in the Church Missions," by the Rev. William Quain, Rector of Dungan-non):—"As it had pleased God in his all-wise Providence, and for the accomplishment of his gracious purposes, to permit the excesses of Romanism, so likewise was he pleased, at this period, to permit the excesses of Puritanism. He would manifest his will in a manner that may not be mistaken, that the Church should walk in all time to come in the middle path which lies between these two extreme developments; and that it was in a faithful adherence to the principles of the Reformation, and to the providential mission assigned to her by this His great instrument, that she may expect the protection of His Almighty arm, and the continuance of those mercies wherewith she hath been, for so many ages, so signally blessed. The Church would likewise be moulded, and disciplined, and trained into the temper that consorted with her constitution by her severe experiences. She was to be, in the course of God's providence, the great Missionary Church of the world; her branches were to extend to the farthest ends of the earth; she would have to contend against false principles at home, and in the remote lands where her missions were to be established; and upon what vantage ground would she not be placed in her spiritual warfare, by having the practical operations of these extreme, and, to her, antagonistic principles recorded in her annals, for her guidance and instruction?"

had been embraced by the English, was sufficient to make the French view it with some degree of hostility.

We wish that we had space to extract several of the graceful portraits with which the second of these volumes is enriched. But our limits warn us to close. We must, however, notice the relationship between the minds of Mr. Macaulay and Sir J. Stephen. They both are masters in the art of picturesque essay writing. In word painting, and giving descriptions of life, they are adepts, and, perhaps, allow artistic feelings to intrude too far upon the province of literature. They write too much for the eye. Mr. Macaulay has more brilliancy and finish; Sir J. Stephen more originality and breadth of view. The first excels in analysis of the intellect; the last is superior in his penetration of the heart. The ex-Parliamentary writer treats sacred subjects too often like a mere debater; and the son of Master Stephen and friend of Wilberforce discusses common topics in the style of a divine. Both are masters of a vivid and highly-coloured rhetoric: their compositions, though written for "effect," are muscular and vigorous. They can accommodate themselves to the discussion of various topics with elastic versatility and ease; but both are commentators on philosophy rather than philosophers themselves. Their own systems of thought are fragmentary in character—the Whig partizan predominating in Mr. Macaulay; the philosophical low-churchman being ever present in Sir J. Stephen: neither having yet arrived at a synthesis stamped with scientific precision, and moulded into harmonious unity. Both have written from Protestant feelings—always with eloquence—sometimes with injudicious carelessness. The essay on "Ranke's

Popes," by Mr. Macaulay, decks the Roman Church with graces not her own. One-half of it reads like a panegyric upon the Papacy, and has been welcomed with delight by the ardent Romanists of the empire. On the other hand, in his bantering and rather maundering paper on "The Clapham Sect," Sir J. Stephen has exhibited religion devolving into what Edmund Burke called "the dust and powder of individuality." In the House of Commons—in his essays—in his "History of England," Mr. Macaulay has poured forth a contradictory mass of *dicta* on religion with all the versatility of a literary Kossuth. In his literary alliance with the Whigs, Sir J. Stephen may well cause some surprise. Both are foremost amongst the living prose writers of the Whigs; but the looseness of their ideas, and a certain want of coherence in their practical views, detract from their philosophical pretensions. Mr. Macaulay may, at a superficial glance, appear to be the more gifted man; but, on reflection, it would seem that one who, after thirty years' toil in the Colonial Office, could write with the force and encyclopædic readiness of Sir J. Stephen, must almost deserve the compliment paid to him by Mr. Henry Taylor in his dedication of the "Statesman"—namely, "that for a union of the active and speculative powers of one mind," Sir James Stephen is almost without a rival. And we are not without hopes that Sir J. Stephen, after *M. Mignet* has published his great work on the "History of the Reformation," may apply himself to the same exhaustless theme, and produce a historical piece worthy of his powers, and of the large expectations which these lectures that we have been reviewing are calculated to awaken.

The Meeting of the Flowers.

BY R. F. MC CARTHY.

PROEM.

There is within this world of ours
 Full many a happy home and hearth;
 What time, the Saviour's blessed birth,
 Makes glad the gloom of wintry hours.

When back from severed shore from shore,
 And over seas that vainly part,
 The scattered embers of the heart
 Glow round the parent hearth once more.

When those, who now are anxious men,
 Forget their growing years and cares;
 Forget the time-flakes on their hairs,
 And laugh light-hearted boys again.

When those who now are wedded wives,
 By children of their own embraced,
 Recall their early joys, and taste
 Anew the childhood of their lives.

And the old people—the good sire
 And kindly parent-mother—glow
 To feel their children's children throw
 Fresh warmth around the Christmas fire.

When in the sweet colloquial din,
 Unheard the sullen sleet-winds shout;
 And though the winter rage without,
 The social summer reigns within.

THE FAMILY OF FLOWERS.

But in this wondrous world of ours
 Are other circling kindred chords—
 Binding poor harmless beasts and birds,
 And the fair family of flowers.

That family that meet to day
 From many a foreign field and glen—
 For what is Christmas time with men
 Is with the flowers the month of May.

Back to the meadows of the West,
 Back to their natal fields they come;
 And as they reach their wished-for home,
 THE MOTHER folds them to her breast.

And as she breathes my sighs,
 A fervent ben-
 diction
 Is breathed

my sighs,
 ben-
 diction



She feeds them with ambrosial food,
 And fills their cups with nectared wine;
 And all her choristers combine
 To sing their welcome from the wood:

And all that love can do is done,
 As shown to them in countless ways;
 She kindles to a brighter blaze
 The fireside of the world—the Sun:

And with her own soft, trembling hands,
 In many a calm and cool retreat,
 She laves the dust that soils their feet
 In coming from the distant lands;

WATER-LILIES.

Or, leading down some sinuous path,
 Where the shy stream's encircling heights
 Shut out all prying eyes, invites
 Her Lily daughters to the bath.

There, with a mother's harmless pride,
 Admires them sport the waves among:
 Now lay their ivory limbs along
 The buoyant bosom of the tide—

Now lift their marble shoulders o'er
 The rippling glass, or sink with fear,
 As if the wind approaching near
 Were some wild lover from the shore;

FOREST BUDS.

Or else the parent turns to these,
 The younglings born beneath her eye,
 And hangs the baby-buds close by,
 In wind-rocked cradles, from the trees.

And as the branches fall and rise,
 Each leafy-folded swathe expands:
 And now are spread their tiny hands,
 And now are seen their starry eyes.

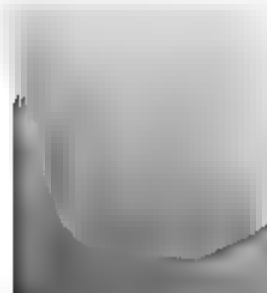
But soon the feast concludes the day,
 And yonder in the sun-warmed dell,
 The happy circle meet to tell
 Their labours since the bygone May:

THE DAISY.

A bright-faced youth is first to raise
 His cheerful voice above the rest,
 Who bears upon his hardy breast
 A golden star with silver rays:

Worthily won—for he had been
 A traveller in many a land,
 And with his slender staff in hand
 Had wandered over many a green:

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Had sat upon a mossy ledge
 O'er Baïæ in the morning's beams,
 Or where the sulphurous crater steams
 Had hung suspended from the edge.

Or following its devious course
 Up many a weary winding mile,
 Had tracked the long, mysterious Nile
 Even to its now no-fabled source :

Resting, perchance, as on he strode,
 To see the herded camels pass
 Upon the strips of way-side grass
 That line with green the dust-white road.

Had often closed his weary lids
 In green oases of the waste,
 Or in the mighty shadows traced
 By the eternal pyramids.

Had slept within an Arab's tent
 Pitched for the night beneath a palm,
 Or when was heard the vesper psalm
 With the pale nun in worship bent :

Or on the moon-lit fields of France,
 When happy village maidens trod
 Lightly the fresh and verdurous sod,
 There was he seen amid the dance :

Yielding with sympathising stem
 To the quick feet that round him flew,
 Sprang from the ground as they would do,
 Or sank unto the earth with them :

Or, child-like, played with girl and boy,
 By many a river's bank, and gave
 His floating body to the wave
 Full many a time to give them joy.

These and a thousand other tales
 The traveller told, and welcome found ;
 These were the simple tales went round
 The happy circles in the vales :

Keeping reserved with conscious pride,
 His noblest act, his crowning feat,
 How he had led even Humboldt's feet
 Up Chimborazo's mighty side.

Guiding him through the trackless snow,
 By sheltered clefts of living soil,
 Sweet'ning the fearless traveller's toil,
 With memories of the world below.

LILIES.

Such was the hardy Daisy's tale,
 And then the maidens of the group—
 Lilies, whose languid heads down droop
 Over their pearl-white shoulders pale,

Told, when the genial glow of June
 Had passed, they sought still warmer climes,
 And took beneath the verdurous limes,
 Their sweet siesta through the noon.

And seeking still, with fond pursuit,
 The phantom Health, which lures and wiles
 Its followers, to the shores and isles
 Of amber waves, and golden fruit.

There they had seen the orange grove,
 Enwreath its gold with buds of white,
 As if themselves had taken flight,
 And settled on the boughs above.

There kiss'd by every rosy mouth,
 And press'd to every gentle breast,
 These pallid daughters of the West,
 Reign'd in the sunshine of the South.

And, thoughtful of the things divine,
 Were oft by many an altar found,
 Standing like white-rob'd angels round
 The precincts of some sacred shrine.

VIOLETS.

And Violets with dark blue eyes,
 Told how they spent the winter time,
 In Andalusia's Eden clime,
 Or 'neath Italia's kindred skies.

Chiefly when evening's golden gloom,
 Veil'd Rome's serenest ether soft,
 Bending in thoughtful musings oft,
 Above the lost Alastor's tomb*—

Or the twin-poet's ; he who sings
 "A thing of beauty never dies,"†
 Paying them back in fragrant sighs,
 The love they bore all loveliest things.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

The flower, whose bronzed cheek recalls
 The incessant beat of wind and sun,
 Spoke of the lore his search had won
 Upon Pompeii's rescued walls.

How, in his antiquarian march,
 He crossed the tomb-strown plain of Rome,
 Sat on some prostrate plinth, or clomb
 The Coliseum's topmost arch.

And thence beheld, in glad amaze,
 What Nero's guilty eyes, aloof,
 Drank in, from off his golden roof—
 The sun-bright city all ablaze :

Ablaze by day with solar fires—
 Ablaze by night, with lunar beams,
 With lambent lustre on its streams,
 And golden glories round its spires !

* Shelley, speaking of the place in Rome where he himself is buried, says—"The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."—*Preface to Adonais*.

† Keats, who is also buried in the same cemetery. The allusion is to the well-known line with which *Endymion* commences—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Thence he beheld that wondrous dome
 That, rising o'er the radiant town,
 Circles, with Art's eternal crown,
 The still imperial brow of Rome.

THE MARYGOLD.

Nor was the Marygold remiss,
 But told how, in her crown of gold
 She sat, like Persia's King of old,
 High o'er the shores of Salamis.

And saw, against the morning sky,
 The white-sailed fleets their wings display ;
 And, ere the tranquil close of day,
 Fade, like the Persian's, from her eye.

Fleets, with their white flags all unfurled,
 Inscribed with "Commerce," and with "Peace,"
 Bearing no threatened ill to Greece,
 But mutual good to all the world.

FIELD-FLOWERS AND TULIPS.

And various other flowers were seen,
 Cowslip and Oxlip, and the tall
 Tulip, whose grateful hearts recall
 The winter homes where they had been.

Some in the sunny vales, beneath
 The sheltering hills ; and some, whose eyes
 Were gladdened by the southern skies,
 High up amid the blooming heath—

PANSIES.

Meek, modest flowers, by poets loved,
 Sweet Pansies, with their dark eyes fringed
 With silken lashes finely tinged,
 That trembled if a leaf but moved :

HOTHOUSE PLANTS.

And some in gardens, where the grass
 Mossed o'er the green quadrangle's breast,
 There dwelt each flower, a welcome guest,
 In crystal palaces of glass :

Shown as a beauteous wonder there,
 By beauty's hands to beauty's eyes,
 Breathing what mimic art supplies,
 The genial glow of summer air.

THE ABSENT.

Nor were the absent ones forgot,
 Those whom a thousand cares detained,
 Those whom the links of duty chained
 Awhile from this their natal spot.

THE FLAX.

One, who in labour's useful tracks
 Is proudly eminent, who roams
 The providence of humble homes—
 The blue-eyed, fair-haired, friendly Flax :

Giving himself to cheer and light
 The cottier's else o'ershadowing murk—
 Filling his hand with cheerful work,
 And all his being with delight :

THE ROSE.

And one, the loveliest and the last,
 For whom they waited day by day,
 All through the merry month of May,
 Till one-and-thirty days had passed.

And when, at length, the longed-for noon
 Of night arched o'er the expectant green—
 The Rose, their sister and their queen—
 Came on the joyous wings of June :

And when was heard the gladsome sound,
 And when was breathed her beauteous name,
 Unnumbered buds, like lamps of flame,
 Gleamed from the hedges all around :

Where she had been, the distant clime,
 The orient realm her sceptre sways,
 The poet's pen may paint and praise
 Hereafter, in his simple rhyme.

MARLBOROUGH AND HIS TIMES.*

WHEN, in a former article, we criticised the genius and writings of Alison, we confined our review to his *History and Essays*,—as the latter excellently supplement his grand work, and both combined exhibit his intellect in all its strength and beauty; and we passed over his *Life of the great Duke of Marlborough*, with the simple encomium, that it was “a brilliant military biography.” This work, however, has doubled its proportions since then, and has now grown as worthy of notice from its size, as it has always been from its merits. The second edition, just published, forms two handsome octavo volumes, embellished with portraits of Marlborough and his great rival, Louis XIV., and illustrated with an excellent map of the seat of war, and plans of the battles. It is printed uniformly with his *Essays* and the last edition (the eighth) of his *History*; and, in regard to the index and such like matters, it pos-

ses all the completeness of his standard work.

It is easy to recognise, in this “*Life of Marlborough*,” the gifted hand that traced the “*History of Europe*.” It may almost be styled a miniature of his larger work. They both belong to the epic style of history—to that style in which the historical art approaches nearest to the symmetry of poetry, and possesses in the highest degree the grand exploits, continuous interest, and momentous climax which characterise the epic. They both commemorate a well-defined era, and possess heroes by whom the leading events are accomplished, and around whom the subordinate characters move. It must be confessed, however, that the lesser work is inferior in the very point where it ought to have been strongest. To maintain correct proportion and arrangement, in a work like the *History*, filling fourteen large volumes, was a task of the greatest

* “The Life of John, Duke of Marlborough; with some Account of his Contemporaries, and of the War of the Succession.” By ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.D. Second edition. 2 vols, 8vo. Edinburgh: 1852.

difficulty, and the manner in which it is accomplished, is really wonderful. But in a work of the size of "*Marlborough*," such a task is much easier, and we expected to find it better done than it is. The occasional want of finish, which may be noticed in the *History*, becomes much more observable in the smaller work; while some of its sections are of so episodal a character, as to overlay the symmetry of the composition. Although we grant that the information these sections contain is such as we would not willingly lose, yet we very much doubt the propriety of inserting them in their present form. As the scale of a picture is reduced, a finer touch should be used by the artist, extraneous matter should be more carefully eliminated, ideas more concisely set forth, and a better polish given to the whole. In these remarks, some may think us hypercritical, but to a true artist, like Mr. Alison, we will not appear so. It is one of his highest praises to have enunciated, in his *Essays*, the true canons by which *History* may be elevated into one of the fine arts; and, while acknowledging that the actual performance never can come up to the ideal, we feel certain that these strictures, dictated solely by a love of all-beautifying art, will be accepted by him in the same spirit in which they are conceived.

The merits of the *Life*, like those of the *History*, are, a strict impartiality and high-toned principle in dealing with men and events—great research, comprehensive views, alike in social, military, and political affairs—and a stirring power of narrative, which English history has never surpassed. In battle-pieces, Mr. Alison is peculiarly animated, but in the present work these do not appear in quite as brilliant colouring as in the later volumes of his *History*, and the reason is obvious. There were fewer note-takers in those days. Men had got the length of commenting, and commenting ably, upon battles; but the mass of personal memoirs, souvenirs, sketches, &c., which now flood our literature, were then unknown. Periodical writing, which daguerreotypes passing events in all their details, is a marvel of our own day; and our ancestors of a century and a-half ago would have laughed incredulously had they been told that Englishmen would write as much about the Kaffir War of 1851, as they

did about the whole campaigns of Marlborough. Accordingly, the contemporary accounts of the War of the Succession are meagre, compared with those of the Revolutionary conflict a century later; and although the author, who has been most assiduous in his researches, has infused his usual spirit and pictorial power into his military narrative, those familiar with his *History* will miss something of that high interest produced by a skilful use of anecdotal details.

Yet the work is eminently interesting. Perhaps there is no biography, in any language, which excites livelier emotions in the reader. But for its truthfulness, it might be called a military romance. Few biographers have had a hero whose person and career were so picturesque and eventful. Rising from the rank of a Court page, to be the leader of the armies and ruler of the councils of England—generalissimo of the alliance of Europe against France—beautiful in person, gallant in bearing, fascinating in manner, so that it was said, at the time, "that neither man nor woman could resist him;"—successful in all he undertook, yet plotted against by his colleagues; deserted by his queen, slandered with a virulence, to which the annals of party malice afford no parallel; he yet lived to save the royal dynasty which had disowned him, and died, at length, amidst the tears of a nation, of whom he had been alternately the idol and the pariah.

Mr. Alison's "*Life*" has a twofold character: the one biographical, delineating the remarkable career of his hero; the other historical, showing the relations existing between this country and the Continent, in the beginning of last century. We shall endeavour to reproduce this two-fold character in our review.

JOHN CHURCHILL, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was born of an ancient family of Royalist principles, in July, 1650. From his earliest youth, he was distinguished by the elegance of his manners and the beauty of his person; and at the age of fifteen, he obtained the situation of page in the household of the Duke of York, afterwards James I. At this time his sister Arabella was maid of honour to the Duchess, in which situation she captivated the Duke and became his mistress; and, what is very remarkable,

from this illicit connexion sprang James Fitzjames, afterwards Duke of Berwick, who commanded the armies of France and Spain during the War of the Succession, gained the victory of Almanza, which decided the contest in the Peninsula, and did much to counterbalance the successes of his uncle in Flanders. At the age of sixteen, young Churchill obtained from his royal patron an ensigncy in the Guards, and almost immediately embarked in the expedition to Tangiers, where he eagerly engaged in the various sallies made from that town, then a British dependency, against the besieging forces of the Moors. On his return, after a brief absence, to England, he attracted the favours of the Duchess of Castlemaine, then the favourite mistress of Charles I., who had distinguished him by her regards before he embarked for Africa, and who, some years afterwards, made him a present of £5000 (apparently for risking his life by leaping from her window, when about to be surprised in her embraces by Charles), a fund which the young soldier, with rare prudence, invested in the purchase of an annuity. Charles, to remove a dangerous rival in the unsteady affections of the Countess, sent him to the Continent with the auxiliary force which, in those days of English humiliation, the cabinet of St. James's furnished to Louis XIV., to aid him in subduing the United Provinces. There he served for five years, under Turenne and Condé, the two greatest generals of the age, distinguishing himself in many of their operations, and volunteering on every service of difficulty or danger. At the siege of Nimeguen, especially, he gained so much honour that Turenne, who always distinguished him by the *soubriquet* of "the handsome Englishman," predicted that he would one day be a great man.

Upon his return, in 1677, to London, his brilliant reputation and personal advantages immediately rendered him the idol of beauty and fashion; and, like Julius Cæsar, he plunged into the vortex of courtly dissipation with the ardour which marks an energetic character in the pursuit of either good or evil. Next year, however—being then in his thirty-eighth year—he married the celebrated Sarah Jennings, the favourite lady-in-waiting of the Princess Anne, and one of the most admired, yet perfectly irreproachable, beauties of the

court. Possessed of many brilliant qualities, this lady's temper was ambitious and overbearing, and ultimately came to exercise a pernicious influence on her husband's fortunes. Nevertheless, her influence over Marlborough continued undiminished to the end; and his letters to her, not only during his courtship, but through the whole of life, breathe a spirit of ardent and chivalrous devotion, which appears to contrast strangely with the ordinary sedateness of his character. "This combination of tender and romantic feeling," says Mr. Alison, "with great steadiness and consequent success in life, though not usual, is far from being unnatural or unknown. It arises from the imaginative and intellectual faculties being developed in equal proportions—a combination which prevents either from attracting general attention; and is so rare in real life that, when presented in fiction, it passes for unnatural, but which, when it does exist, seldom fails to lead to the greatest civil or military distinction."

Churchill now began to be employed in diplomatic missions; but, on the revolt of the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., he rendered still more important service by saving the royal army from being surprised and cut to pieces by a nocturnal attack of the rebel forces, and gained the victory of Sedgmoor, which determined the fate of the ill-starred and unprincipled Monmouth. This exploit of Churchill's fixed James I. on the throne; but his very next act of importance was the betrayal of his royal master, by going over to William of Orange with the forces destined to oppose that Prince's progress. James had been secretly warned that Churchill was about to betray him, but he refused to believe it. The result is known—the Revolution of 1688, and the ascent of William III. to the throne of Great Britain. There can be but one opinion in a case like this. Nothing can excuse an officer who accepts a command, and then betrays the master who entrusted him with it. He who would defend Churchill's conduct on this occasion, must be prepared to defend Ney's also in deserting the Bourbons. The latter failed, and was shot; the former was successful, and became Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. There are, however, extenuating circumstances which ought not to be over-

looked. It is important to note that when James's innovations began, Churchill declared to Lord Galway that, if the King persisted in his design of overturning the constitution and religion of the country, he would leave his service; and in May, 1687, he observed, in a letter to the Prince of Orange—"In all things but this, the King may command me; but my places and the King's favour I set at nought, in comparison of being true to my religion." He was also as assiduous as it was possible for one in his situation to be, to wean the King from his religious innovations; and, on one occasion, he had the courage to reply, during a conversation with James—"As I have been bred a Protestant, and intend to live and die in that communion, and as above nine out of ten in England are of that persuasion, I fear, from the genius of the people, and their natural aversion to the Roman Catholic worship, some consequences which I dare not so much as name, and which I cannot contemplate without horror." What he ought to have done in these circumstances was, to have thrown up his command in the royal army, and then not a whisper of blame could have been raised against his subsequently joining the forces of the Prince of Orange. The fact that his betrayal of James prevented, by rendering impossible, a civil war, cannot be accepted as anything more than a palliative of his conduct, until common consent remove its anathema from the Jesuitical principle of "doing ill that good may come of it."

The new king, who mounted the throne as William III., created Churchill Earl of Marlborough, and Lieutenant-General of the kingdom; and England having next year (1689), joined the Continental league against France, this distinguished soldier received the command of the British auxiliary force in the Netherlands, and, by his courage and ability, contributed in a remarkable manner to the victory of Walcourt. In 1690 he received orders to return from Flanders and take a command in Ireland, then agitated by a general insurrection in favour of King James; but, actuated by some remnant of attachment to his old benefactor, he eluded compliance till the battle of the Boyne had extinguished the hopes of the dethroned monarch. Landing near Cork, on the 21st September, the suavity of his man-

ners quickly overcame the jealousy of the Continental troops and generals with whom he had to co-operate, and in a short but active campaign of thirty-seven days, he reduced Cork and Kinsale, cut off the insurgents' communications with France, and threw them back into the province of Ulster, where they could not subsist without the utmost difficulty. On his return from this brilliant expedition, he was received with great distinction by the King, who said, "I know no man who has served so few campaigns equally fit to command."

In the following year (1691) he was again sent to Flanders, to act under the immediate orders of William; and during this campaign, the Prince of Vaudmont being asked to give his opinion of the different English generals, said—"Kirk has fire, Lanier thought, Mackay skill, and Colchester bravery; but there is something inexpressible in the Earl of Marlborough. I have lost my wonted skill in physiognomy, if any subject of your Majesty can ever attain such a height of military glory as that to which the combination of perfections must raise him in whom they are united." A very just prognostication; yet the next event in Marlborough's history bade fair to spoil its fulfilment—for, on the 5th of May 1692, all England was thrown into commotion by his sudden arrest, along with Lords Middleton, Griffin, and Dunmore, and Sir John Fenwick, known partisans of the Stuart family, on a charge of high treason. Although later discoveries corroborate this charge against Marlborough, no sufficient evidence was adduceable at the time, and he was released without a trial. "That Marlborough," says Mr. Alison, "disgusted with the partiality of William for his Dutch troops, and irritated at the open severity of his government, should have repented of his abandonment of his former sovereign and benefactor, is highly probable. But it can scarcely be taken as an apology for one act of treason that he meditated the commission of another. It only shows how perilous, in public as in private life, is any deviation from the path of integrity, that it impelled such a man into so tortuous and disreputable a path." For the next six years Marlborough withdrew from public life, and conducted himself with such prudence and tact, as gradually to win his way back

again into the royal favour. In the summer of 1698, he was appointed preceptor to William's nephew, son of the Princess Anne, and heir presumptive to the throne; and this appointment was accompanied by the gracious words—"My lord, make my nephew to resemble yourself, and he will be everything which I can desire." So entirely did Marlborough regain the confidence of his sovereign, that William's dying advice to the Princess Anne, his successor, was to entrust him with the entire direction of affairs, both civil and military. This advice was immediately acted upon; and, in fact, Marlborough became the real sovereign during the great and glorious period of Queen Anne's reign.

In May 1702, less than two months after William's death, the War of the Succession, for which he had been preparing, broke out; Marlborough immediately went over to the Netherlands to take command of the Allied army, and with this begins the great and memorable, and withal, blameless period of his life. The next ten years were one unbroken series of efforts, victories, and glory. They embrace the early successes in Flanders; the cross march into Bavaria, and battle of Blenheim; the expulsion of the French from Germany; the battle of Ramillies, and taking of Brussels and Antwerp; the mission to the King of Sweden at Dresden; the battle of Almanza in Spain; those of Oudenarde, Malplaquet, and the sieges of Flanders; and all the important events of the war down to its close. More weighty and momentous events never fell to the lot of historian or biographer to record; and their importance will not be properly appreciated if we do not take into consideration the imminent danger then threatening all the states adjoining France, from the insatiable ambition and vast power of Louis XIV. We are so accustomed to regard the Bourbons as a fallen and unfortunate race, the objects rather of commiseration than apprehension, and Napoleon as the only sovereign who has really threatened the independence of the Continent, that we can scarcely conceive the terror with which, a century and a-half ago, the Bourbon monarch of France, with reason, inspired all Europe, or the narrow escape which the Continental states, at least, then made from being reduced to the condition of tributaries to his power.

From the day Louis XIV. first invaded Flanders, in 1772, at the head of a hundred thousand men, directed by Turenne, nothing had been able to withstand his victorious arms. England was his ally and—unwonted union—her fleet and her armies fought side by side with those of France. It was the ambition and cruelty of the Church of Rome which, by detaching Great Britain from his alliance, first gave a check to his triumphs. Intoxicated with the success which had in many quarters, and especially in France, attended its efforts for the extirpation of heresy, its leaders thought nothing was too great for them to accomplish. The well-known orthodoxy of Louis XIV. gave them the greatest hopes that he would employ his vast power and capacity in effecting that unity in the Church, which he had so long laboured to produce in the temporal administration of his monarchy; whilst, in England, a devout and daring Papist was on the throne, whose efforts, seconded by a considerable party in Great Britain, and by a very large one in Ireland, promised ere long to restore the British Empire to the sway of the Vatican. The onset of the Church of Rome against that of Luther, commenced in both countries about the same time. In 1685, the edict of Nantz was revoked by Louis XIV., and half a million of weeping citizens sent into exile. In 1687, the persecution of the Protestants, and measures designed for the re-establishment of the Romish faith, began in Great Britain. The result, however, was very different in the two countries. In France, while myriads were banished, and thousands perished in prison, at the stake, or on the wheel, the Church triumphed in the movement, which even the great Bossuet eulogised "as the noblest exercise of authority." In England, the reigning dynasty was expelled from the throne, and carried to foreign courts the inextinguishable desire to regain its inheritance. Europe was permanently divided by these momentous events. The cause of spiritual became blended with that of temporal despotism; while the insatiable ambition of the Grand Monarque became an ever-active agency for bringing these principles into collision.

The Revolution of 1688 restored England to its natural place in the van of the Continental contest for freedom.

The heroic William struggled not in vain for the independence of his own and his adopted country; and the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, saw the trophies of conquest more equally balanced between the contending parties. War ceased for the time, but mutual animosity remained unimpaired; and soon an event occurred which revived the flames of hostility with double fierceness. This was the death of Charles II. of Spain, on the 1st of November 1700, and the bequest of his vast territories to Philip Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV. The manner in which this bequest to the Bourbons was brought about is very curious, and more creditable to the astuteness of the diplomatists of Louis XIV. than to the integrity of the Allied cabinets. It appears that the principal powers of Europe, aware of the approaching demise of the Spanish king without heirs, actually entered into secret treaties with each other for the partition of his dominions. The earliest conference on the subject took place between the ambassadors of England, France, and Holland, at the peace of Ryswick; but the first treaty fell to the ground, in consequence of William secretly informing the Emperor of its signature. In 1699, however, it was renewed by the same parties, and a similar stroke of policy now turned the tables against William himself. With able duplicity, Louis had no sooner concluded the treaty, than he secretly caused it to be communicated to the King of Spain. The intelligence threw the declining monarch, as well it might, into the utmost consternation. In this extremity, he convened his council of state, who determined that a bequest in favour of the Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., was the most desirable step, as he was the only monarch capable of preventing a partition; and the old king, sacrificing the family partiality to the interests of his country, consented, and signed the bequest, which bathed Europe in blood. Thus, by a single deed, was the magnificent succession to the Spanish monarchy made over to the house of Bourbon. "Italy, France, Spain, Flanders, and Bavaria, were united in one close league, and, in fact, formed but one dominion. It was the empire of Charlemagne over again, directed with equal ability, founded on greater power, and backed by the rich trea-

asures of the Indies. Spain had threatened the liberties of Europe in the end of the sixteenth century, France had all but overthrown them in the close of the seventeenth—what hope was there of being able to make head against them both, under such a monarch as Louis XIV.?"

Louis XIV. was now at the zenith of his power, and never did a more remarkable sovereign ever exist. When he ascended the throne, France, though it contained the elements of greatness, had not yet become great. It had been alternately wasted by the invasions of the English, and torn by the fury of the religious wars. The insurrection of the Fronde had shortly before involved the capital in all the horrors of civil conflict; barricades had been erected in the streets, and Turenne and Condé had displayed their consummate talents in miniature warfare, within sight of Notre-Dame. Never had the monarchy been reduced to a greater state of weakness than during the reign of Louis XIII. and the minority of Louis XIV. But from the time the latter sovereign ascended the throne, order seemed to arise out of chaos. Civil war ceased, and even the bitterness of religious hatred seemed, for a time, to be stilled by the influence of patriotic feeling. Worn out in the internal dissensions, the fervid and reckless minds of the French longed for a *national* field for exertion—an arena in which social dissensions might be forgotten. Louis XIV. gave them this. The energies of the nation, drawn forth during the agonies of civil conflict, were turned to public objects, and the career of national aggrandisement, as those of England had been, after the Great Rebellion, by the firm hand and great mind of Cromwell; and from a pitiable state of anarchy, France at once appeared on the theatre of Europe powerful and united. It is no common capacity which can thus seize the helm and right the ship when it is shattered and reeling. It is the highest proof of political capacity to accurately discern the bent of the public mind, when most strongly excited, and, by availing of the prevailing desire of the majority, convert the desolating vehemence of social conflict into the steady passion for national advancement. Napoleon did this with the political aspirations of the eighteenth, and Louis XIV. with the religious fervour of the seventeenth

century. The character of Louis, in all its parts, was adapted to the general want. He took the lead alike in the greatness and in the foibles of his subjects. Were they ambitious?—so was he. Were they desirous of renown?—so was he. Were they set on national aggrandisement?—so was he. Were they desirous of protection to industry?—so was he. Were they prone to gallantry?—so was he. His figure stately, and countenance majestic; his manner lofty and commanding; his spirit ardent, but patriotic: he was thus qualified to take the lead among a proud body of ancient nobles, whom the disasters of preceding reigns, and the astute policy of Cardinal Richelieu had driven into the antechambers of the Court; but who preserved, in their ideas and habits, the pride and recollections of the conquerors who followed the banners of Clovis. And the great body of the people, proud of their sovereign—proud of his magnificence, and even of his foibles—joyfully followed their nobles in the brilliant career which his ambition spread, and submitted to his government with as much docility as they had once ranged themselves around the banners of their respective chiefs on the day of battle.

The system of Centralisation—attempted by Charlemagne, but quickly broken by the antagonist power of Feudalism—received such a development, in the able hands of Louis XIV., as to form the most prominent feature of his reign; and, falling in with the genius of the French people, has retained its hold on them ever since. It was by giving the strength of *unity* to the monarchy that he rendered France so brilliant and powerful. He first introduced a uniform in the army—a great and symptomatic improvement, which at once induced an *esprit de corps* and a sense of responsibility. He first made the troops march with a measured step, and caused large bodies of men to move with the precision of a single company. The artillery and engineer service, under his auspices, made remarkable progress. Skilfully turning the martial and enterprising genius of the Franks into the career of conquest, he trebled their power by conferring on them the inestimable advantages of skilled discipline and unity of action. He gathered the feudal array around his banner; he roused the ancient barons from

their chateaux, the old retainers from their villages. But he arrayed them in disciplined battalions of regular troops, who received the pay and obeyed the orders of Government, and never left their colours. His regular army was all enrolled by voluntary enlistment; the militia alone was raised by conscription. A like efficiency was imparted to the navy, and the battle of La Hogue, in 1692, alone determined, as Trafalgar did a century later, whether to Britain or France was the dominion of the seas to belong. He reduced the government of the interior to that methodical system of governors of provinces, mayors of cities, and other subordinate authorities, all receiving instructions from the Tuilleries, which under no subsequent change of government has been abandoned, and which has formed the main source of its strength. He concentrated around the monarchy the rays of genius from all parts of the country, and threw around its head a lustre of literary renown. No monarch ever knew better the magical influence of intellectual strength on general opinion, or felt more strongly the expedience of enlisting it on the side of authority. Not less than Hildebrand or Napoleon, he aimed at drawing, not over his own country alone, but over the whole of Europe, the meshes of regulated and centralised thought; and more durably than either, he attained his object. The religious persecution, which constitutes the great blot on his reign, was the result of the same desire—it was just an endeavour to give the same unity to the Church which he had done to the army, navy, and civil strength of the monarchy.

“Napoleon, it is well known,” says Mr. Alison, “had the highest admiration of Louis XIV. Nor is this surprising: their principles of government and leading objects of ambition were the same. ‘*L’état—c’est moi*,’ was the principle of the grandson of Henry IV.” ‘Your first duty is to me, your second to France,’ said the Emperor to his nephew, Prince Louis Napoleon. In different words, the idea was the same. To concentrate Europe in France, France in Paris, Paris in the government, and the government in himself, was the ruling idea of each. But it was no concentration for personal or unworthy purposes which was thus desired; it was neither to gratify

the desire of an Eastern scraglio, nor to exercise the tyranny of a Roman emperor, that either coveted unbounded authority. It was to exalt the nation of which they formed the head; to augment its power, extend its dominion, enhance its fame, that they both deemed themselves sent into the world. It was the general sense that this was the object of their administration that constituted the strength of both. Equally with the philosophers of later times, they regarded society as a pyramid, of which the multitude formed the base, and the monarch the head. Equally with the most ardent democrat, they desired the augmentation of the national resources, the increase of public felicity. But they both thought that those blessings must descend from the sovereign to his subjects, not ascend from the subjects to their sovereign. 'Everything *for* the people, nothing *by* them,' which Napoleon described as the secret of good government, was not less the maxim of the imperious despot of the Bourbon race."

No wonder that such resources, under such a leader, should awaken the apprehensions of the rest of Europe. No sooner had the Duke of Anjou mounted the throne of Spain and the Indies, than a Continental league was formed to oppose the towering ambition of the French monarch. On the one side was France and Spain, with its vast possessions in the Peninsula, Flanders, Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and the friendly State of Bavaria, containing altogether fifty million inhabitants, besides the colonies beyond seas, yielding a revenue of not less than £5,000,000 sterling. On the other side stood Austria, Prussia, and Denmark, England, Holland, Hanover, and the lesser States of Germany, comprising a population little, if at all, inferior to that of the French and Spanish monarchies, but incomparably more divided and distracted by separate interests and necessities. Prussia and Denmark gave little help in the struggle. Austria had its forces divided

the pressure of an Hungarian insurrection, and the dangers of a Turkish invasion, which French diplomacy kept constantly impending over it. And England was so ignorant of her strength, and so chary of exerting it, that, with a population, including Ireland, of little less than 10,000,000 souls, she had only, at the highest point of the war, 40,000 men under arms;

while France, with her 20,000,000, had 200,000. Such was the respective resources of the opposite parties when, on the 4th May 1702, war was declared simultaneously at London, the Hague, and Vienna. Marlborough was already at his post in Flanders, and the adverse armies came into immediate collision.

The EARL OF MARLBOROUGH, who now became generalissimo of the Allied forces, was a character of so rare and peculiar a kind, that he was not only misunderstood by his contemporaries, but has been, in a great degree, misrepresented by his successors. Nevertheless, he was thus portrayed at the time by an acute observer, and certainly no partial panegyrist:—"Marlborough," says Bolingbroke, "was the soul of the Grand Alliance against the French. Although *un homme nouveau*, a private individual, a subject, he acquired, by his talents and activity, a greater influence in public affairs, than his high birth, established authority, and the crown of England, had procured for the Prince of Orange. Not only were all the parts of that great machine preserved by him more entire, and in a state of more complete union, but he, in a manner, animated the whole, and communicated to it a more rapid and better-sustained movement. To the protracted and often disastrous campaigns which had taken place under the Prince of Orange, succeeded warlike scenes full of action; and all those in which he himself had the direction, were crowned with the most brilliant success. He showed himself at once the greatest general and the most skilful minister of his time."

The success with which Marlborough kept together the unwieldy Alliance, was characterised by a French writer of the time, as, "in itself a miracle." Never was a man so qualified by nature for such a task. He was grace and courtesy personified. All yielded to the gentle atmosphere which impregnated the very air he breathed. The ambitious Sunderland, the unimaginative Godolphin, were alike influenced by it. "It is in private life," says Mr. Alison, "that the feelings of the heart are fully proved; and there his disposition appeared in the brightest colours. Though bred up in a licentious court, and early exposed to the most entrancing of its seductions, he was in mature life strictly correct, both in his conduct and conversation. He resisted every

temptation to which his undiminished beauty exposed him after his marriage, and was never known either to utter, or permit to be uttered in his presence, a light or indecent expression. His uniform attention to the comforts of the men won the hearts of his soldiers; his invariable humanity extorted the praises of his enemies. He discouraged, to the utmost degree, all intemperance and licentiousness in his soldiers, and constantly laboured to impress upon them a sense of moral duty and Supreme superintendence. Divine service was regularly performed in all his camps, both morning and evening; previous to a battle, prayers were read at the head of every regiment, and the first act, after a victory, was a solemn thanksgiving. 'By those means,' says a contemporary biographer, who served in his army, 'his camp resembled a quiet well-governed city. Cursing and swearing were seldom heard among the officers; a drunkard was the object of scorn; and even the soldiers, many of them the refuse and dregs of the nation, became, at the close of one or two campaigns, tractable, civil, sensible, and clean, and had an air and spirit above the vulgar.' In political life, during his career after the Revolution, he was consistent and firm; faithful to his party, but more faithful still to his country. He was a generous friend, an attached, perhaps a too fond, husband. During the whole of his active career, he retained a constant sense of the superintendence of the Supreme Being, and was ever the first to ascribe the successes which he had gained, to Divine protection—a disposition which shone forth with peculiar grace amidst the din of arms and the flourish of trumpets for his own mighty achievements."

Marlborough, said Bolingbroke, was ["the perfection of genius, matured by experience." This was really his character. He began life without any of the vast advantages which knowledge affords; but he made admirable use of the opportunities he afterwards enjoyed. In the school of Turenne, he imbibed the art of war; in the palace of St. James's, he learned the mysteries of the human heart; in the House of Peers, and at the Hague, he became master of the art of diplomacy. "It is, a characteristic," says Adam Smith, "almost peculiar to the great Duke of Marlborough, that ten years

of such uninterrupted and splendid successes as scarce any other general could boast of, never betrayed him into a single rash action—scarce into a single rash word or expression." "I take pleasure in doing justice to that great man," said his old enemy, Bolingbroke, "whose faults I know, whose virtues I admire, and whose memory, as the *greatest general and greatest minister that our country or any other has produced*, I honour."

Bred in the school of Turenne, placed, like him, at the head of a force raised with difficulty and maintained with still greater trouble, Marlborough was the greatest general of the methodical or scientific school, which modern Europe has produced. He united the combinations of Turenne to the daring of Condé. The councils of war and the Dutch field-deputies, to whom he had to submit his projects, never failed to object to them from the extreme hazard with which they were attended; whilst subsequent generations have supposed they must have been of easy execution, from the uniform success with which they were carried out. It was a common saying at the time that "he never fought a battle which he did not gain, nor laid siege to a town which he did not take." No man knew better the importance of deeds which fascinate the minds of men; none could decide quicker, or strike harder, when the time for doing so arrived. But combination was his *forte*; and in this he was not excelled by Napoleon himself. To deceive the enemy as to the real point of attack—to assume, and constantly maintain the initiative—to win by skill what could not be achieved by force—was his great delight; and in this branch of the military art, he was unsurpassed in modern times. War, in the days of Marlborough, was a different art from what it had sometimes been, or afterwards became. No vehement and universal passions brought whole nations into the field, and the conqueror could not then sweep over the world with the fierce tempest of Scythian war. The forces on either side were very nearly matched, and success could be gained only by superiority of skill. The campaigns of Marlborough and his antagonists—Tallard, Boufflers, Villars, and Vendôme—resembled a game at chess between players of nearly equal ability, in which the antagonists set out at first

with equal forces, and the victory could only be gained by a skilful plan laid on the one side, or the felicitous advantage taken of a false move on the other. And perhaps in no other contests, since the dawn of the military art, was success so evidently the result of the superior generalship of the one who, in the end, proved victorious.

The generalissimo of a confederacy which a single serious disaster would break up, and the leader of the armies of a nation like ours, jealous of its commanders, and chary above all others of the blood of its citizens, has caution and circumspection forced upon him by the necessities of his position. A fourth part of the defeats from which Frederick or Napoleon recovered, and which were the price at which they purchased their astonishing triumphs, would, from the clamour raised at home, have proved fatal to Marlborough or Wellington. It has been said that, instead of attacking the French in the Low Countries, bristling with a triple row of fortresses, Marlborough should have assaulted them from Lorraine or Alsace, where no such barriers exist; and the successful results of the invasions of 1814 and 1815 are referred to as proving what may be expected from disregarding frontier fortresses, and striking at once at the heart of the enemy's power. Such objectors, however, would do well to remember, that so bent were the Dutch on obtaining for themselves a barrier of fortresses in the Low Countries, that they would at once have withdrawn their troops had he transferred the war to another quarter; and that even his temporary and indispensable absence in Bavaria, in the Blenheim campaign, elicited from them the loudest complaints. Moreover, as he was almost constantly inferior to the enemy's army immediately opposed to him, he cannot be said to have had a force adequate to so daring an invasion. He once, indeed, contemplated such an enterprise, when the battle of Blenheim had destroyed the enemy's army on the Upper Rhine, and struck dismay into France, but it may be doubted whether it would have been successful. "The result of the invasion of Germany in 1704, by Tallard," says Mr. Alison—"of France in 1702, by the Duke of Brunswick—of Russia in 1812, by Napoleon, demonstrate the extreme danger of penetrating into an

enemy's country without adequate regard to the communications of the invading army. The cases of 1814 and 1815, when a million of soldiers fell on a single and exhausted state, are the exception, and not the rule; and the narrow escape of the Allies from defeat in the first of these years proves the hazard of such a proceeding. By assailing France on the side of the Low Countries, and working by degrees through its iron frontier, Marlborough took the only certain way of bringing down its power; because he secured his rear as he advanced, and reduced the enemy's strength by the successive captures of the frontier garrisons; till, when the line was broken through, like a knight when his armour was uncase, it lay without defence."

History can show no ten years of warfare waged, between equal forces, with such unvarying success as the decade of Marlborough's triumphs during the War of the Succession. He began the war on the Waal and the Meuse, with the French standards waving within sight of the Dutch frontier, and the Government of the Hague trembling for the fate of their frontier fortress, Ninewegen. He ultimately brought the Allied ensigns to the Scarpe, conquered Flanders, took all its fortresses, and nearly worked his way through the iron barrier of France itself. Nothing was wanting but the subjugation of its last fortress, Arras, to enable the Allies to march to Paris, and dictate a glorious peace in the halls of Versailles. He defeated the French in four pitched battles—those of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet—and as many combats; he took every town to which he laid siege; he held together, when often about to separate, the discordant elements of the Grand Alliance. By his daring march to Bavaria, and victory at Blenheim, he delivered Germany when in the utmost peril; by the succours he so judiciously sent to Eugene, he won Italy by the storming of the French lines at Turin; by his prudent dispositions he arrested the utter prostration of Spain, after the battle of Almanza. He broke the power of Louis XIV., when at the zenith of his fame: and he was only prevented by

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he conquered by his mildness many enemies. "Such deeds," says Mr. Alison, "require no comment; they are without a parallel in European history, and justly place Marlborough in the place assigned him by Napoleon—at the head of European captains."

Yet the brightest genius is often broken against the unscrupulous might of faction; and the result of all Marlborough's victories was the Treaty of Utrecht, which Mr. Pitt has justly characterised as "the indelible reproach of the age." The career of Allied victory was checked by the dismissal of its consummate leader. The sword of Marlborough was broken by his own countrymen: the throne of Louis XIV. was upheld by his enemies. The history of the latter years of Marlborough's life reads like an allegory on the fickleness and emptiness of worldly renown—a homily on the melancholy words of the inspired Preacher—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" Here was a man endowed with the highest gifts of genius, with consummate beauty of person, with all the graces of manner; the hero of Protestantism, the champion of freedom, the saviour of his country, the leader of the Grand Alliance; yet, lift up the veil of military glory which surrounds his public career, and you will find him wrestling with unheard of difficulties, vexed to the very heart by the opposition of his friends, by the apathy or dissensions of his allies. Close your ears against the loud applause of the populace, and you will hear the object of all this eulogy, the most patient of men, complaining that his crosses "made his life a burden to him," or exclaiming, "I am at this moment ten years older than I was four days ago." Yet this was Marlborough in the days of his *success*. What must have been his burden in the hour of his fall? Slandered, derided, disowned; charged with errors which he never committed, with crimes which his soul abhorred; degraded from his offices; seeking a respite from malice in foreign countries: yet, finally, vanquishing the Pretender's invasion, and firmly establishing the throne of the successor of the monarch who had so deeply wronged him.

Voltaire, who omits no opportunity of representing human affairs as governed by Chance, ascribes the fall of Marlborough to court intrigue; and

has turned a well-known paragraph to the effect that a fit of passion in Mrs. Masham, occasioned by the Duchess of Marlborough having accidentally overturned a cup of water on her brocade, restored the tottering throne of Louis XIV., and changed the face of Europe. No doubt the arrogance of his duchess, and the successful rivalry of Mrs. Masham in the fickle affections of the queen, contributed, and possibly gave the finishing stroke, to the downfall of Marlborough and his party. But many weightier causes were at work, without which the animosity of Anne could not have reached beyond her antechambers. The origin of the reaction against the great Whig leader is to be found in causes of a general nature, which, more or less, in every age have exercised an important influence in English history. Notwithstanding the powerful democratic spirit which, from the earliest times, has been at work in this country, the English are at bottom a loyal and orderly people. Fidelity to their sovereigns is linked in their minds with obedience to their God. It was a rare combination of circumstances which, for a brief space during the reign of Charles I., brought the sacred names of King and Parliament into collision; and the universal grief which followed the death of that unhappy monarch, and the transports which attended the Restoration, showed how deep were the foundations of loyalty in the English heart. The tyrannical conduct of James II., and his undisguised attempt to re-establish the Romish faith in his dominions, had for a time united all parties against him, and made them feel the necessity for his expulsion. But when the deed was done, and the danger was removed—when the monarch was in exile and a new dynasty on the throne, the minds of men began to return to their old predilections; and many who had been foremost in the dethronement of the Stuarts now in secret regretted their triumph. This conduct on the part of the people cannot be censured as anything worse than fickleness; but the fault of the Queen must be painted in blacker colours, for it was mixed up with personal spite, and stained by odious ingratitude. Marlborough had been, in every sense, the architect of her fortune. By displacing her father he had been mainly instrumental in raising her to the throne; he had secured her

there by the wisdom of his measures, and illustrated her reign by the glory of his exploits. Whatever he had been to others, to her, at least, he had been a true and faithful servant, a wise councillor, a successful general. Yet she repaid all these services with the blackest ingratitude, and not only acquiesced, but took the lead, in a series of persecutions which were a disgrace to the age in which she lived, and to the end of the world will be a hissing and a reproach to human nature itself.

The overthrow of a dynasty is, of all public events, the most fraught with future troubles; and a natural result of the Great Rebellion, and the Revolution of 1688, was to leave the seeds of dissension between the sovereign and the party which had placed her on the throne. Queen Anne was perpetually haunted by the recollection of the fate of her grandfather, Charles I. She studied his tragic story incessantly, and in secret dreaded the prostration of the crown, and destruction of herself, from the ascendancy of a party which had done both to her predecessors. The sudden insurrection of the nation against her father, and the entire defection of his supporters, had inspired her with a secret distrust of men in whom the qualities of fidelity and constancy had proved to be so lamentably deficient. She naturally, therefore, felt herself attracted towards a party whose watchwords were Loyalty and Devotion; and which, in the worst times, in the field or on the scaffold, had shown themselves true to their principles, and faithful to their oaths. She was attracted to the Cavaliers as naturally and unavoidably as the friends of freedom were to the cause of Russell and Sidney. The same events had a corresponding influence on the Whigs. They had a constant sense of the insecurity of their position. They knew that the sovereign could have little reliance on a party which had beheaded her grandfather, and dethroned her father; and, therefore, they felt an insatiable desire to strengthen themselves in office, in such a way as to render themselves independent of any change in her sentiments, and beyond the reach of her suspicions. It was this which made them force Sanderson into the office of Secretary of State in opposition to her wishes, to resist the appointment of *Robert Hall*,

Masham, and labour, with vehemence, to exclude Shrewsbury. It was the exorbitant power they thus acquired, that drove Anne into bedchamber plots and secret councils, just as a vigorous and oppressive government drives the disaffected into secret conspiracies. This grasping disposition, we think, was not only perfectly justifiable on the part of the Whig ministry, but was rendered indispensable by the peculiarity of their position; yet it came to exercise a fatal influence on their fortunes, by discrediting them in the eyes of the country. The Crown was powerless—a party had become the rulers of the state, a family overshadowed the throne. In Marlborough's case this lofty pre-eminence was nowise injurious, and arose, unavoidably, from his greatness; but it awakened so much envy and jealousy in others, and aroused such an honest but ill-judged expression of loyalty throughout the country, that the secessions from his own party, and the general opposition of the people, finally enabled his enemies to command a majority and dismiss him from office.

To do the Tories justice, their opposition was not a merely factious one; for evils of so serious a kind were, at this time, afloat in the administration of affairs, that some of their effects will be felt in Great Britain to the latest generation. The war, which was the immediate result of the Revolution, was of so expensive a nature that the finances of Britain, as they were managed in former times, would have been totally inadequate to its support. The revenue, at the time, was not equal to three months' expenditure of the war; and long experience had proved the extreme difficulty of getting the people, even under the most pressing emergencies, to make any addition to the public burdens. But William brought with him, from Holland, the secret of the *Funding System*, and the able statesmen who had it in their hands felt this engine to be no less serviceable in consolidating the internal power, than in meeting the external expenses of the new dynasty. It was this system, then, new to the world, which at once occasioned the successes which equalled the external government of the Revolution, and long forestalled the internal discontent which had but produced its own fall. *James Oglethorpe* upon the point

of Ryswick, in 1797; but when the War of the Succession began, and continued with gradually increasing expenditure for ten years, the apprehensions of a large part of the nation became excessive. The public revenue, which was £2,000,000 at the Revolution, had only risen, at the death of Anne, to £5,691,000; while the debt had increased during the same period, from £661,000 to £54,000,000, or *eighty-fold*! What rendered this system peculiarly alarming was, the simultaneous development of a new mode of conducting the government, which threatened to sap the foundation of British liberty. The Stuarts had tried to reign by prerogative; and as one monarch had lost his head, and another his crown in the attempt, the friends of freedom flattered themselves that the liberties of the nation were now immovably established. But the accession of William soon showed that there are other ways of managing a people than by open force. He brought from the commercial republic of Holland, where it had been long practised, the art of veiling authority under the *name of freedom*, and of disarming opposition by attending to the *interests* of its leaders. The House of Commons stood forth in appearance as the ruler of the state, but he contrived to purchase the support of its members. The wars in which he was unavoidably engaged, and the greatly increased expenditure of the country, combined to place an unprecedented amount of patronage in the hands of Government; and this was so successfully employed in buying off opposition in Parliament, and securing a majority in the constituencies, that almost every Government measure was carried without difficulty. The gold of the exchequer proved more powerful than the penalties of the Star Chamber; and the event showed that, though the action had shaken off the prerogative of the Crown, they had fallen under its influence.

Here, then, was sufficient to justify the Tories in their efforts to supplant Marlborough and the Whigs in office; and if this were all that could be laid to their charge, they might have been remembered as patriots, and not as unscrupulous plotters. It is on the means by which they sought to accomplish their object, that censure so deservedly falls; because they abandoned all the main objects of our foreign policy, re-

linquished all the fruits of the war, and carried their political hostility beyond all bounds, into private malignity and persecution. Bolingbroke and Harley, who succeeded Godolphin and the Whigs in the government, were in secret desirous of restoring the Stuart line, and for this purpose sought to extricate Louis XIV. from his perils at the hand of the victorious Alliance. Marlborough, however, they knew would never consent to a disgraceful peace, and his removal from the command was indispensable to the success of their schemes. This was a task of great hazard, for the glow of his victories had made him the idol of the nation. But they set about it with unscrupulous energy. The order for his dismissal was accompanied by a charge against him for embezzling the public money, and the whole Tory press opened upon him with the utmost virulence. The Whig pamphleteers, Steele and Addison, had no chance with their opponents. As there were no newspapers in those days to publish the debates in Parliament, the war of parties was principally carried on by pamphlets; and the Tories were supported by a band of writers who, in that style of literature, have never been exceeded for the versatility of their powers, and the thorough knowledge they possessed of the means of rousing and inflaming the public mind. Swift was the most powerful of that unscrupulous band; and never did intellectual gladiator bring to the deadly strife of envenomed rapiers qualities more admirably adapted for success. Disregarding all remote considerations adapted only for the thoughtful, he at once fastened on Marlborough the damning charge of pecuniary cupidity; held forth the continuance of the war, and the torrents of blood shed, as entirely owing to his sordid thirst of gain; and all the wealth which flowed into the coffers of the great commander, as wrung from the labours of hard-wrought Englishmen. It may be conceived what an effect such misrepresentations had upon a people groaning under new taxes, terrified at the growth of the national debt, and inflamed with that envy, which the rapid rise of even the most exalted merit scarce ever fails to produce in the great majority of men. "In a few weeks," says Smollett, "the hero who had secured the liberties of Europe, and, as it were, chained victory to his chariot-

wheels, was dwindled into an object of contempt and derision. He was ridiculed in libels, and reviled in private conversation. Instances were everywhere repeated of his fraud, avarice, and extortion : of his indolence, cruelty, ambition and misconduct. Even his courage was called into question ; and this consummate commander was represented as the lowest of mankind."

Trusting to their majority in the Commons, and without awaiting any investigation of the charges against him," the Tory ministers dismissed the Duke from all his offices, on the last day of December 1611 ; and in order to stifle the voice of justice in the Lords, on the very next day, patents were issued, calling twelve new peers to the Upper House. They were introduced amidst the groans of the House—"the Whig noblemen," says a contemporary annalist, "casting their eyes on the ground, as if they had been invited to the funeral of the peerage."

So fell the great Duke of Marlborough. His overthrow diffused unbounded joy among the enemies of England ; and, on hearing of it, Louis XIV. exclaimed with triumph, "the dismissal of Marlborough will do all we can desire." Then appeared at once what had been owing to the genius of one man. Instantly, as if by enchantment, the fabric of victory, which had been raised with such effort, was dissolved. Spain was lost, Flanders reconquered, Germany invaded : "the arch of the Grand Alliance, when no longer upheld by his mighty arm, fell to pieces, like the roof of the Doudan beneath the roots of the sea, when the image, whose supporting arm upheld it, was pierced to the heart, by the son of Bodeira,—'the ocean-vault fell in, and all were crushed.'"

A few months after Marlborough's dismissal, just as the campaign of 1612 was opening, orders were sent to his successor, the Duke of Ormond, that the preliminaries of peace were being arranged, and that the British troops should take no further part in the war. "On the 16th July," says Mr. Alison, "the very day on which Quenoy surrendered—the last of their long line of triumphs—Ormond,

having exhausted every sort of procrastination to postpone the dreaded hour, was compelled to order the English troops to march. He in vain, however, gave a similar order to the auxiliaries in British pay. The hereditary princes of Cambré replied :—'The Hessians would gladly march, if it were to fight the French.' Another, 'We do not serve for pay, but fame.' The native English, however, were compelled to obey the order of their sovereign, and set out, twelve thousand strong, from the camp of Cambresis. Silent and dejected they took their way—the hearts of all were too full for utterance. But when the troops reached their resting-place for the night, and the suspension of arms was proclaimed at the head of each regiment, the general indignation became so vehement, that even the bonds of military discipline were unable to restrain it. A universal cry, succeeded by a loud murmur, was heard through the camp. The British soldiers were seen tearing their hair, casting their muskets on the ground, and rending their clothes, uttering, all the while, furious exclamations against the government which had so shamefully betrayed them. The officers were so overwhelmed with vexation, that they sat apart in the tents, looking on the ground, through very shame, and for several days they shrunk from the sight even of their fellow-soldiers. Many left their colours to serve with the Allies, others withdrew, and whenever they thought of Marlborough, and their days of glory, tears filled their eyes."

By this disgraceful defection from the Alliance, the English lost the fruit of ten costly campaigns, and suffered the war to terminate without attaining the main object for which it had been undertaken. Louis XIV., defeated, and all but ruined, was permitted to retain, for his grandson, the Spanish succession, and the Bourbons were left securely seated on the Peninsular throne ; while England, victorious, and within sight, as it were, of Paris, was content to halt in the career of victory, and lost the opportunity, never to be regained till a century afterwards, of satisfying by a lasting peace the ambition of France. It is as if, as if, a

few days after the battle of Waterloo, England had concluded a separate peace, guaranteeing the throne of Spain to Joseph Buonaparte, and providing only for its not being held also by the Emperor of France. No stronger evidence can be imagined of the extent to which faction and party-spirit had perverted the minds of the government and the nation, than that such a defection, after so glorious a war, could have been for a moment thought of by the one, or tolerated by the other."

To the reflecting reader, the era we have thus been painting will recal events equally momentous in more recent times. The War of the Succession presents many striking resemblances to that mightier Revolutionary one which ensued a century later. We know not in which of these eras the peril to England was greatest. If there were more danger to our national power and commercial greatness in the latter, there was more peril to our religion and liberties in the former. In both, there were invasions, actual and attempted. In both, there was a struggle for maritime supremacy; and the battle of La Hogue, in 1692, was equally decisive with that of Trafalgar, a century afterwards. In both, it was the insatiable ambition of France that roused England to arms, and in both, France laid hands upon Spain, and found support in Italy. In both, her ambition was met by a Grand Alliance, and in both, it was an English general that struck her to the earth. In both, that general's worst foes were "those of his own household," and the Opposition in the British Parliament raved, for party purposes, against the continuance of the war. Happily, however, the results were different. In the former the Opposition succeeded, and Marlborough fell; in the latter, the Ministry stood fast, and Wellington triumphed. The treaty which concluded the one was "the indelible disgrace of the age;" the peace which consummated the other, was the most glorious in our annals.

Although a century and a half have elapsed since the European struggle immortalised the name of Marlborough, yet many a lesson is to be learned from Mr. Alison's thoughtful and judicious comparison of both our people and our arms.

warmness—of selfishness, and its attendant jealousy, polluting national councils, and marring the wisdom of the cabinet and the plans of the camp—are conspicuous in every chapter. Few parallels can be so close, and none more instructive than between the prodigious military and intellectual development of France under Louis XIV. and under Napoleon; or between the Grand Alliances, ever ready to fall to pieces, which in both instances united to curb the overgrown power of the French ruler. The career of Wellington, also, in the Peninsula is, in some respects, paralleled by that of Marlborough in Flanders. Both were thwarted by their colleagues in the field, and both were jealously watched and calumniated by their enemies at home, and feebly supported by their friends. With both it was a necessity to obtain great results at a trifling cost; and both were compelled to forego many a brilliant opportunity, from knowing that partial failure in the field would be total ruin at home, and that a single disaster might not only shake the laurels from their brows, but fatally alter the whole policy of the British Government. These two greatest of British generals united, in a remarkable degree, caution with daring: and with both the caution was habitual and characteristic—the daring only flashing out at intervals, and being generally forgotten in the success which attended it. Marlborough, the Poliorcetes of modern times, captured the most cities, and never failed, though the relieving army was often equal in force to his own. Wellington won the most battles, and oftener distinguished himself by the strategical ability of his campaigns. The latter accomplished much more than ever the former did, or had the opportunity to do; but their exploits are not to be accepted as an adequate gauge of their abilities, and it is no derogation from the high renown of the Hero of Waterloo to be placed in comparison with one whom Napoleon declared to be "the greatest captain of modern times."

There is no comparison, it should ever be remembered, more difficult, or less satisfactory, than that as to the respective merits of military commanders. Even when contemporaneous, how seldom do their opportunities and permitted career correspond. Besides the different quality of the troops they command or oppose, the forces of

the one may be habitually numerous, those of the other scanty; the one may be excellently supported by his colleagues or subordinates, the other may be constantly thwarted by the jealousy or incompetence of his allies; the one may be general of a state habitually chary of its blood and treasure; the other, like Napoleon, may unite in himself the highest military with the supreme civil command, and wield the whole energies of the state for the support of his troops in the field. We will not, therefore, attempt any further comparison between the merits of Marlborough and Wellington; for though in their case the difficulty is lessened by their being generals of the same nation, and opposed by the same enemies, yet this is counterbalanced by the fact of their belonging to different ages and different systems of warfare. Nations had not then learned to put forth their full military strength; it was reserved for the rise of the Democratic principle to pour forth to the battle myriads where formerly there had only been thousands. The growth of wealth, and triumphs of mechanical science, did not then render possible the rapid transmission of large bodies of troops, and military tactics had then to be subordinated to this difficulty. In his celebrated invasion of Russia, Charles XII. of Sweden had as much difficulty with the *materiel* and commissariat of his forty thousand men, as Napoleon had afterwards with an army of half-a-million. The events of the War of Succession were on a minor scale to those of the Revolutionary contest. The leaders in the former were, perhaps, as great men as those in the latter; but in the beginning of the eighteenth century it was a war of governments—at its close, it was a war of peoples. This it was which gave such gigantic proportions to the last Continental struggle, and this it was which will produce triumphs, convulsions, and defeats more stupendous still, when Europe again plunges into the purgatory of warfare.

The resemblances which we have thus traced between the opening epochs of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, proves that time makes little change in the national characteristics, and none in human nature. And let it be remembered that what we say of nations applies still more emphatically to the Church of Rome. The name it

rejoices in is "the unchangeable." In respect to its subtle policy and daring ambition, at least, we concede the justness of the title; and we suspect that, in these matters, our own age is yet destined to furnish a closer parallel to the era of Marlborough than any that has yet intervened. The cruel bigotry which established the Inquisition in Spain and Italy—which banished the Moriscoes, and slaughtered or exiled the Huguenots; which rolled back the tide of Protestantism in Germany, and attempted to re-impose the shackles of Rome on Britain, is once more rearing its crested head. The snake has been "scotched, not killed," and now awakes refreshed from a sleep of more than a century. It leagued with Despotism in the days of Marlborough, and it is leaguening so again. Look at the Continent, and you will descry a dark cloud creeping over the crimsoned land. For years it has been advancing slowly, stealthily, making its presence known only by the blighting chillness it diffuses; but now the period of incubation is over, and the storm is ready to burst. Behind the red mantle of Despotism stands revealed the black cowl of the Priest. Neither finds he can any longer stand alone, and hence the portentous alliance. They have both a common cause, and they have both a common foe. LIBERTY is the noble quarry they fly at, and they are now hunting her down over the breadth of the Continent. It matters not whether she incarnate herself in the State or in the Church—whether she demand the liberty of the subject, or the freedom of conscience—she is alike doomed. Four years ago, Democracy was rioting or triumphing throughout Europe, and enthusiasts deemed that we were re-entering the Golden Age of mankind,—yet what is the spectacle now? To say that liberty of every kind is dead in Italy, is to say nothing. Look into Austria, and you see a new and unmitigated system of autocracy established, the rule of the sword predominant, our missionaries expelled, and Bibles seized. In France, the centralised despotism of the Empire has been revived; the press and free discussion are in abeyance; the Romish Church re-appearing in her pomp; and, in the unity of opinion sought after, dangerous symptoms of reviving intolerance. In the lesser States of Germany, the popular institutions of 1848 have been

suppressed, in some cases by the help of Austrian troops; and even in Prussia, Protestantism is growing lifeless, and Constitutionalism falling into disrepute. Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, are the last asylums of civil and religious liberty on the Continent; and against the two last of these, assaults from without have already been made. The crusade of intolerance has commenced, and we have our own forebodings as to whether the "good cause" will not succumb in the strife; whether the fair image of Divine Liberty will not temporarily be shaken from her pedestal. Even in our own island, there is enough to cause disquiet to the thoughtful. As to the power and ambitious aims of Romanism in Ireland, we need say nothing, for they are patent; but Great Britain, hitherto the citadel of the Reformed faith, is no longer free from the taint. Not to speak of that modified Romanism now prevalent in the Church of England, and which is furthering the interests of Rome as much as ever did the "High Church" principles in the days of Queen Anne—look at the swarms of Papal militia we are yearly landing on the British shores, pouring in thousands into Glasgow and Liverpool, and thence spreading through the country, and accumulating in formidable masses in all the large towns. Many a place in Great Britain, at this moment, fancies itself thriving and increasing in population—when the whole truth is, that for the last decade its closes and courts have been filling with the most ignorant and needy of Erin's progeny—ready to engage in any riot, ready to do the bidding of any priest. Ireland, in fact, has been for years past a social Propaganda of Rome—a vast hive, which is annually casting off swarms to inoculate other countries with the leaven of Romanism, and to form in them a Papal militia, formidable alike from its numbers and its recklessness.

Louis XIV. was just permitted to witness the extinction of the war which his over-reaching ambition had kindled. He expired on the fourteenth anniversary of his grandson's accession to the throne of Spain, and at the very time when the Jacobite insurrection in Scotland was apparently opening the way for the restoration to the throne of the Stuarts, whom he had so nobly sheltered in their misfortune. Independent of the public calamities which had

marked the latter years of the war, he had been severely stricken by domestic bereavements. His son and daughter-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, and their son, the heir of the monarchy, were carried off by the small-pox within a few days of each other. A single funeral service, at which the aged monarch assisted, was performed for the father, mother, and son. Though Louis bore this grievous calamity with his wonted firmness, it sank deep into his heart, and all the efforts of the courtiers were unable to divert his settled melancholy. Apprehensive of the extinction of the male line of the Bourbons, he, by an edict of 15th May 1815, called his natural sons, now legitimised (the Duke of Maine and the Count of Toulouse), to the throne, failing his grandson. When death was visibly approaching, the aged monarch ordered his infant heir, afterwards Louis XV., to be brought to his bedside, and, placing his lean and withered hand on his head, he said with a firm voice—"My child, you are about to become a great king; but your happiness will depend on your submission to God, and in the care you take of your subjects. To attain that, you must avoid, as much as you can, engaging in wars, which are the ruin of the people. Do not follow, in that respect, the bad example which I have given you. I have often engaged in wars from levity, and continued in them from vanity; do not imitate me, but become a pacific prince." Memorable words!—to be wrung by bitter experience from the dying lips of the Grand Monarque. He breathed his last, at five in the morning, on the 1st of September. "The King is dead, gentlemen!" cried the Chamberlain, when the feather no longer moved before his lips; the sumptuous doors of the apartment were thrown open, and an infant of five years old, adorned with the *cor-don bleu*, thrown over a violet velvet dress, advanced into the chamber of death, amidst cries of "Vive le Roi Louis XV., notre seigneur et maitre!"

The wheel of life is ever turning—and ere his old rival thus departed from this scene of empty glory, the star of Marlborough was once more in the ascendant. Foiled by his energy and precautions in their attempt to raise the Pretender to the throne, on the death of Anne, Ormond and Bolingbroke anticipated an impeachment for

high treason, by flight to France; and, on the 1st of August 1714, Marlborough re-entered London amidst the *feu-de-joies* of the troops, and the shouts of an immense concourse of citizens. "One day effaced the traces of years of injustice—the death of a single individual had restored the patriotic hero to the situation in which he stood after the battle of Blenheim." Nevertheless, he declined to re-enter the Cabinet, and it was only at the earnest solicitations of his friends that he resumed the office of commander-in-chief.

Marlborough was now sixty-five years old, but his remaining years were not to pass by ingloriously. The Jacobite Rebellion immediately broke out, and the Pretender landed on the Scottish coast; and it was by his prompt and skilful measures for crushing the insurrection that Marlborough added the last wreath to his crown of fame. The rebellion was crushed in Lancashire, averted in Devonshire, and in Scotland was brought to a conclusion by General Cadogan, who had long served under Marlborough on the Continent. Marlborough had now an opportunity of putting in practice an opinion which he expressed years before in Flanders:—"That if he ever commanded against the Highlanders, he would never be at the trouble of following them into their hills, to run the risk of ruining an army by fatigue and want, but would post himself so as to starve them if they kept together, or till, by their natural inconstancy, they separated; after which, every one would do his best to get terms." In Scotland, few prisoners of note were taken; and the annals of its courts are not stained by unnecessary or lamentable severity. But it was otherwise in England; and Walpole, who was Prime Minister—though by no means, as his subsequent long career proved, inclined to severity—deemed the risk run too great, the escape made too narrow, to permit lenity to be extended to the prisoners. Two noblemen—Lords Kenmure and Derwentwater—and twenty-four Commons were condemned to death, and died with equal dignity and resolution on Tower-hill, already stained by the blood of the first and the noblest in English story. These executions call forth from Mr. Alison some excellent remarks on the expedience of all civilised nations revising their civil code, and abolishing the punishment of death in purely po-

litical offences. "The true way," he says, "of dealing with such offences, is to take vigorous measures, more so than are now generally adopted, against the commencement of insurrections, or the propagation of incitements which lead to them; but when the conflict once begins, to treat the captives as prisoners of war, or at most pronounce sentence of banishment or transportation upon them. Death, or confiscation of property, seems altogether unsuitable for a civil struggle for power, almost as much as it is for a national contest for territory. If an insurrection commences with murder, pillage, and conflagration, its authors should be dealt with, not as *rebels*, but as *pirates*—as enemies of the human race; but if it is conducted according to the laws of civilised warfare, its leaders should be dealt with by the same code."

Though taking little part in general politics, Marlborough was once more at the pinnacle of honest fame; but now, in his old age, he was made to experience, as his great contemporary Louis had already done, the truth of Solon's saying, that "no man should be called happy till the day of his death." In the spring of 1714, his daughter, the Countess of Bridgewater, was cut off after a short illness; and within a short month afterwards another daughter, the Countess of Sunderland, was carried off with equal suddenness. Marlborough himself soon received warning of approaching death. He had long suffered under headaches, and heat in the head—the well-known result of undue mental exertion, and the precursor of dissolution to many of the greatest of the human race; and on the 28th May 1716, he was seized with a fit of palsy, so severe as to deprive him, for a time, alike of speech and resolution. He recovered, however, and a gleam of returning light shone upon his mind, when he visited Blenheim on the 18th October. He expressed great satisfaction at the survey of the place, which reminded him of his great achievements, and in which he had always felt so deep an interest; but when he saw, in one of the few rooms which were finished, a picture of himself at the battle of Blenheim, he turned away with a mournful air, murmuring, "Something then, but now ———." On the 27th November 1721, he made his last appearance in the House of Lords; and in the following June, he was again

attacked with paralysis, so violent that he lay for some days nearly motionless, though in perfect possession of his faculties. To a question from the Duchess, whether he heard the prayers read as usual at night, on the 15th June, in his apartment, he replied, "Yes; and I joined in them." These were his last words. On the morning of the 18th he sank rapidly, and calmly breathed his last at four o'clock, in the seventy-second year of his age. His Countess long survived him—dying in 1744, at the advanced age of eighty-four. Her brilliant talents, immense fortune, and undiminished beauty, rendered her, long after the death of her illustrious husband, the object of impassioned admiration to a variety of suitors. But she refused all offers of marriage; and to a proposal of the Duke of Somerset, she replied with a worthy spirit—"That if he were the conqueror of the world, she would not permit him to succeed in that heart

which had been devoted to JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH."

Having thus followed our hero from boyhood to his tomb, we draw to a conclusion. In the opening of our article, we criticised the merits of his biographer's work; and in tracing his eventful career, and in picturing the aspect and spirit of the times in which he lived, we have given a fair summary of the contents of his Life. If the reader do not recognise these to be in the highest degree interesting, the fault is ours, and not the author's. The critic, unfortunately, can only indicate, not describe, the beauties he meets with—he cannot copy, on his narrow canvas, the grand forms and colouring, the powerful lights and shadows, of the works he analyses. He can only give of them a faint and miniature reflection; but such as it is, in the present instance, the reader can hardly fail to perceive the lineaments of a grand and engaging original.

AUSTRALIA AND ITS GOLD DIGGINGS.

GOLD, like almost all metals, occurs in rocks called by the geologist granite, gneiss, mica slate, chlorite slate, clay slate, &c., &c.; sometimes dispersed in small crystals, or flakes, through the mass of such rocks, but more frequently in veins. These veins we may consider as great cracks or crevices in the rock, varying from a few inches to many feet in width, which cracks, having been open when first formed, have been subsequently filled (we won't attempt to explain how) by minerals, in a more or less pure or unmixed state, frequently, indeed commonly, assuming their natural condition of crystals, or definite geometrical forms. One of the most common minerals found in these veins is quartz (pure flint it may be called), occurring commonly as a white, compact, very hard stone. Gold, where it occurs, is very often associated with this quartz, occurring in little nests, lining small cavities, or dispersed through it in various ways, sometimes in a state of such extremely minute subdivision as to be invisible to the eye. It is said, moreover, to occur

sometimes disseminated in other rocks, such as limestone, for instance; but that does not appear to be frequently the case.

Now, the geologist knows that all countries are more or less covered with superficial clays, sands, gravel, or detritus; which are, in fact, nothing else than pieces of the solid rocks that have been detached from them by the action of running or breaking water, washed, rolled, ground down, and deposited by it, where they are now found. In by far the greater majority of cases, the waters which exerted this action were those of the sea. All that is now land has once been under water, and, as it emerged, by slow degrees, of course every inch of ground was once subject to the action of the breakers, and the wearing and transporting power of tides and currents, of every variety of strength and direction. This action would gradually accumulate a plaster of water-worn materials over the greater part of what is now land; and this plaster, together with the solid rocks, where they happened to be left uncovered, have, ever since

the land has been lifted high and dry into the air, been subject to all the skyey influences, the rain and the wind, everywhere, and the frost and snow, in climates where sufficient cold is possible. It follows from these facts, that wherever gold originally existed in the rock, it must, when the rock was broken up and worn away, have been washed out of it, and the fragments carried and deposited wherever the water had power to sweep them to. We find gold, therefore, not only in the veins of the rocks, but in gravel, sand, or clay, or, in other words, the water-worn materials derived from the rocks.

Now, water has power to transport all such materials as will not float upon its surface, in proportion to their size and weight. To move a large block of stone requires a torrent of great force and velocity; if it were broken into smaller fragments, a current of less power would roll them onwards; ground down into sand, any ordinary river or tidal current washes it along; and triturated into mud, the gentlest stream can half float, half propel it along its bottom; and it only finally settles when the water has been some time at rest. Gold, however, is, at least, seven times the weight of stone—that is, a cubic inch of solid gold will weigh seven times as much as a cubic inch of the heaviest stone: similarly with any other size or shape, *bulk for bulk*. A current of water, therefore, capable of rolling onwards grains of gold the size of peas, will be capable of washing away pebbles of rock seven times that size, as well as all smaller fragments, and, of course, all sand or mud. Again, in a current of water, washing along fragments of rock, &c., together with fragments of gold, the gold will sink to the bottom first, and remain at rest, while the other matters are carried away.

From these considerations we can perceive the reason why it is that sand or gravel, especially just where it rests upon the rock, is often richer in gold than the actual rock-vein itself; because the currents of water formerly have done for the great mass of rock just what the miner does now—namely, break it up into fragments, wash it, let the gold fall to the bottom, and sweep off and throw away the upper portion, which will contain nothing but fragments of rock or other matters,

much lighter than gold. We see why it is, moreover, that gold is often found in the sand of rivers, because river currents are perpetually wearing away, sifting, and carrying forward particles of the matters that form their banks; and, therefore, when they traverse sand or gravel, they are always resifting matters that have already once undergone that process by the action of the sea. It follows, too, that the farther we recede from the primitive site of the gold, the finer do its particles become, both on account of the general current becoming less strong, and because the larger fragments will all have been caught in holes, or against rocks, or wherever the force of the current may have received temporary checks. The sands on the bars of auriferous rivers, therefore, are generally the fullest of gold, as also the inside curve of bends, where the force of the current has been shot to the opposite side.

Having premised these few hasty and sketchy words, as to the mode of occurrence of gold generally on the surface of our globe, let us take a peep at the Australian gold fields—our own little property—where our friends get up when we are going to bed, and Christmas Day is the hottest of the year. Let us first take a look at the outside of the country, and sail up along the coast of New South Wales, into Sydney Harbour. We approach the coast from the south, with a fresh easterly breeze blowing, a bright sky overhead, and the long, rolling swell of the south Pacific beneath us. On our left, or, as a sailor would say, “on the port hand,” we gradually discern through the thin haze of the horizon, the dim ghost-like forms of a long range of mountainous hills—not with rounded tops, regular peaks, or gentle slopes, but of many queer fantastic forms, long flat-topped tabular hills, ending suddenly in steep indented precipices, sometimes apparently overhanging or turned up at the edges; hills like chests, hills like houses with chimney tops, hills like hats or conical caps; a ridge like a housetop, projecting now and then from the main body, at no particular angle, as if it had been dropped in a hurry when they were going to build the mountains; and hills of all sorts and sizes, in a state of ridiculous and most mutinous-looking confusion. As we draw near the coast,

we get a nearer and more distinct view of these strange hills, and then see that between them and the sea there are often strips, or broader bay-like spaces of lower ground, looking nearly flat, and covered more or less completely with wood, of a dark and rather sombre character. As we approach Port Jackson, a low cliff of white sandstone rises from the sea, and soon attains a respectable height of about 300 feet. You see a widish gap in it, leading into a lonely and desolate harbour (the well-known Botany Bay); and a few miles north of that you see a light-house tower on the summit of the cliff. A very small indentation just beyond, which from the sea is hardly perceptible, is pointed out to you as the entrance to Port Jackson; and sailing boldly at the cliff, you find that, like the scenes at the theatre, one portion of it stands some distance behind the other two, and allows of a passage on either side of it some half a mile in width. The passage on the right, or starboard hand, leads into the north arm, which is an uninhabited, solitary inlet, just in the same condition in which it was when Cook first sailed along the coast. The passage on the left, however, conducts us into the true Port Jackson. Passing over a shoal, called the Sow and Pigs, the only obstruction to the free navigation of the harbour, you find yourself in a lake-like sheet of blue water, with cliffy shores rising fifty or sixty feet in height, broken by sandy coves and bays, and farther up, by long winding arms leading in every direction. The water is usually deep up to the foot of the cliffs, so that all the ships of the world might be moored alongside of them, and all their cargoes landed on their tops, if there were a sufficient supply of cranes for the purpose. About seven miles up on the south side, on a promontory surrounded by deep and commodious bays, stands the city of Sydney, bran new, with many fine large white stone mansions gleaming from the trees about it—with churches, and towers, and small forts, and long ranges of wharfs and quays, and all the bustle of a great emporium. It is true there is an unfinished look about the environs—houses built here and there, with wide gaps between them, as if to mark where the city is to extend to. But land, and go into George-street, and the streets leading from it,

and you may walk straight on for two miles through ranges of lofty houses and handsome shops, that would do credit to any city in the oldest regions of the world.

However, we have no time to linger here; let us get into the first steamer going up to Paramatta, seventeen miles, at the head of the harbour. Here we find rows of brick houses, of all shapes and sizes, mostly standing in gardens, looking somewhat like a village near London, if it were not for the trellises of vines that arch over many of the walks, with delicious branches of grapes hanging from them, and for the orange and fig-trees, and other tokens of a warmer clime. Passing by these, let us mount our horses, and set out for Bathurst. For the first thirty or forty miles we pass over a gently undulating plain, covered for the most part with a forest of gum trees—the Australian bush. Now, this same bush is a very different thing from either a bush or a forest here at home. Imagine a boundless expanse of very untidily kept gravel walk, of a reddish brown colour, covered with a few loose dark pebbles (which are, for the most part, nodules of iron stone), and a little straggling grass here and there, that looks more like hay than grass. Springing from this illimitable gravel walk you see in every direction tall, straight stems of gum trees, of a good size and shape, with great ragged strips of smoothish bark, like worn-out matting hanging from them, all stringy and dishevelled. Here and there are great fallen trunks lying prostrate, half burnt, perhaps, and the trunks of many of the living trees are blackened and charred by occasional fires. Here and there, too, are small thickets of young gum trees, or of shrubs of other species, growing compactly together, forming what are called “scrubs.” Except where these scrubs occur—and they are mostly confined to the banks of the watercourses—you may gallop in any direction through the bush, taking care to avoid occasional branches and projecting stumps, and leaping now and then over fallen logs. For the most part, the trees do not branch till far over-head, and then they send out branches as untidy and ragged-looking as their stems, and their leaves are few and far between—small, and of a dull and sombre hue—so that our ideas of greenness and verdure, usually associated with the notion

of a forest, receive rather a rude and unpleasant shock. Few things, indeed, are more disappointing and depressing than a first entrance on an Australian bush, everything looks so ugly, so bare and brown, and arid—the ground so uncovered that you see at once there can be no living thing near you; while nothing meets the eye but bare earth, strewn with dry, broken sticks, and the stiff and ragged tree-stems rising up at intervals. So little shade is there, that the sun feels often hotter in the bush than in the open country, where if you have the sun's rays more unbroken, you also feel whatever breeze there may be blowing, which, in the bush, the trees keep from you.

Well, through this bush goes the road—pretty straight, and of a good width, but rather rutty and ill kept. Now and then we pass a long, low, piazza-fronted white cottage, most probably a wayside inn or grog shop. Then we come on a wide opening, with half ornamented grounds or park, with a handsome house and offices: this is “Ravensdale Park,” or “Willingworth Hall,” or some equally grand-sounding habitation—the dwelling of some squatter, rich in flocks and herds. Then we come on a small scattered town, in an embryo condition, putting one in mind of an English village from which a good many of the houses and cottages were out on a visit. Thus we traverse for many miles a low and uniform district, getting every now and then, from an eminence, a peep of some blue hills a-head of us.

These are the Blue Mountains, which we have to cross in order to get to Bathurst; and as it took the colonists a great many years before they could find their way across them, suppose we halt at their foot, and have a look at them.

The “Blue Mountains” is the name applied only to the ranges that are seen from the country near Sydney. Their general form at a distance is that of a long, uniform, gently sloping ridge, with a few peaky eminences rising here and there upon it. The highest of these peaks is not more than about 3000 feet above the sea; and a stranger to the country, when first catching a distant view of the range, would suppose that it would be as easy to cross it as it is to traverse the Wicklow, or any similar small group of mountains. Until the present Ba-

thurst road was made, he would have found himself awfully mistaken. Many expeditions, headed by bold, active, and intelligent men, spent weeks and months, in the early years of the colony, and failed in getting across these hills. Convicts were offered, in vain, pardon and reward if they could succeed; and it was only after many years of patient perseverance that a practicable route was at length discovered. Do you ask where was the difficulty? Stand with us on this bold rocky eminence, on the east bank of the Hawkesbury river, and let us show you the country.

The river here flows north and south, parallel to the mountains, and along their foot. It occupies a straight gorge some two or three hundred feet deep, the sides of which are composed of hard thick bedded sandstone, that form a succession of terraces and precipices, frequently with overhanging ledges, beds of rock jutting out some feet from the sides of the cliffs. Before us the general plane of the ground slopes gently upwards to the west, for several miles, with a few distant peaks rising beyond. But what a surface has this gently sloping plain! Had Nature intended to carve it into a gigantic mass of ridge and gully, ravine and precipice, for the pure purpose of puzzling mankind how to get across it, she had here perfectly succeeded. Each ridge seems but a few yards across, bounded on either hand by perpendicular walls of rock, that plunge down into dark, narrow, rocky gullies, to the bottom of which the eye cannot penetrate, except by leaning over the precipice. All the ravines and all the intervening walls of rock wind in every variety of tortuous entanglement, till they form an inextricable net-work of confusion, that it tires the eye to look at. Bare and rocky as are all the ridges and all the gullies, totally devoid of anything that we should call soil, still they are all covered with forest—not merely small shrubs and bushes, but good, stout, lofty trees, of the many varieties of gum, or eucalyptus. Each of these multitudinous winding gullies is, of course, the bed of a brook or river, but whether there is any water in it depends entirely on whether there has been any rain for the last few months. So impenetrable are many of the gullies, that when Sir T. Mitchell was surveying a group of

them, which form what is called the Grose R., he found it frequently impossible for himself or his assistants to proceed, as they came to places where a perpendicular wall of rock was on either hand, with a mass of huge fallen blocks lying between, through and among which boiled the waters of the river. When Count Strzelecki was geologising part of this tract, he descended into one of these ravines, and was imprisoned for five days, wandering in their labyrinths, living, with his servant, on the most scanty supplies, before he could find an accessible place of escape: then he only succeeded by desperate climbing from ledge to ledge, hauling up his servant and his instruments by means of the straps they had to carry them.

Now, to the early colonists, therefore, the difficulty in getting over such a country as this was, to find which, among all the multitude of narrow winding ridges, was continuous from the plains to the summit of the range—which was the one that passed between the head-waters of two adjoining systems of brooks and rivers. This was at length accomplished, and along that ridge the present Bathurst road was formed. The road proceeds, for many miles, with a very gentle slope, but gradually attains a considerable elevation; and the higher we get, the larger, wider, and deeper become the gullies and ravines on either hand of us. Take the following description, by Mr. Darwin, of one of these curious valleys.*

“In the middle of the day we baited our horses at a little inn called the Weatherboard. The country here is elevated about 2,800 feet above the sea. About a mile and a-half from this place there is a view exceedingly well worth visiting. By following down a little valley and its tiny rill of water, an immense gulf is unexpectedly seen through the trees which border the pathway, at the depth of perhaps 1,500 feet. Walking on a few yards, one stands on the brink of a vast precipice; and below is the grand bay or gulf (for I know not what other name to give it), thickly covered with forest. The point of view is situated as if at the head of the bay, the line of cliff diverging on either side, and showing headland behind headland, as on a bold sea coast. The cliffs are composed of horizontal strata of whitish sandstone; and so absolutely vertical are they, that in many

places a person standing on the edge, and throwing down a stone, can see it strike the trees in the abyss below; so unbroken is the line, that it is said, in order to reach the foot of the waterfall formed by this little stream, it is necessary to go a distance of sixteen miles round. About five miles in front, another line of cliff extends, which thus appears completely to encircle the valley.”

The entrance into this grand bay is by one of the narrow gorges lower down.

Formerly, even when one had succeeded in getting to the top of this long furrowed or worm-eaten slope, the difficulties were by no means ended, as one had to descend by a precipitous, neck-breaking sort of a road, into a valley that led into the interior. This, however, is now obviated by the new road constructed by Sir T. Mitchell some twenty years ago. He cut off the top of one mountain, and pitched it into the valley below, in order to make a causeway to a hill opposite, that gave him facilities for a gradually winding road through the western defiles of the mountains.

These western defiles are by no means of the same character as the eastern ones just described. That net-work of gullies with precipitous walls is especially characteristic of a great mass of thick-bedded sandstone that lies on the eastern flank of the mountains hereabouts, extending north nearly as far as the Hunter river, and south, down to Illawarra. It has a slightly basin-shaped form, so that in its centre it is covered by a mass of shaly rocks, forming the low, undulating plains we crossed over between the hills and Parramatta; and it just reappears at the surface, from under this shale, on the coast near Sydney, with its usual gullied and furrowed character—the gullies and ravines being in places open to the sea, and more or less filled with its waters, forming Botany Bay, Port Jackson, Broken Bay, and others farther north, with their infinity of branching creeks and coves.

The western defiles of the Blue Mountains traverse rocks which lie below this sandstone, slate rocks, gneiss, granite, &c., and there form mountains and valleys of a more civilised character, such as one has at home. Gradually issuing from them, we reach

* Darwin's "Journal of a Naturalist."

Bathurst plains. By a plain, or rather "plains," for they use not the singular number—is meant, in Australia, not an absolute flat, but an open country, one in which the trees are few, and are scattered in small groups and clumps, as in a gentleman's park. Any such district, however hilly it may be, so that it is not absolutely mountainous, and can be overlooked from neighbouring eminences, is called "Swand-so plains." When they have been blessed with their due share of rain, these plains are covered by luxuriant grass, rising up to your horse's belly. In seasons of drought they become an arid tract of brown dust, with no green thing in sight, unless, perhaps, a parrot or two.

In the middle of these plains stands the town of Bathurst, in which, as in all young colonial towns, the public buildings, the hotels, and grog-shops, and the merchants' stores, seem to bear an enormous disproportion to the private dwellings.

Although we have now reached the interior of the country, we have by no means done with hills, or even mountains. Detached groups and ranges of hills, of various sizes and characters, both as to height and extent, occur here and there for yet a long way into the interior; and we should have to make a journey of several hundred miles before we reached the great central desert plains of the interior of Australia.

A very few miles west of the town of Bathurst, is a group of hills called the Conobolae, in which was made the first discovery of gold, and where has sprung up the new settlement of Ophir.

Let us, however, first give a rapid glance at the extent of the ranges of hills we have crossed, and get a general idea of the main features of the continent of Australia.

The "Blue Mountains" are only a very small part of the extensive mountain chain that runs along the whole eastern coast of Australia, from Cape York, on the north, to Wilson's Promontory, on the south. This chain is a very complicated one; not a single ridge, but groups of parallel ridges, occasionally swelling out into knots or ganglia of hills, and sending lateral ranges out to the east and west, which either strike upon the coast, or stretch a good way into the interior. It has

not yet received any general name, although there are many designations for its several subordinate members. Through its whole extent, granite frequently appears at the surface, forming the loftiest and most massive of its ranges. On the granite rests often gneiss, mica slate, clay slate, and other rocks; and upon them rest occasionally large masses of sandstone—shale, and limestone belonging to the Palæozoic formation of geologists.

The loftiest part of this long chain, is the Australian Alps between Sydney and Port Philip, of which Mount Kosciusko, the highest peak, rises 6,800 feet above the sea. Mountains of 3,000 or 4,000 feet are common, from Wilson's Promontory up to Cape Melville; but north of that, the chain is much lower, and at Cape York it sinks into the sea. The sub-marine continuation of the chain, however, can be traced across Torres' Straits, in a line of lofty peaked islands of granitic and other rocks, running up to the coast of New Guinea. Similarly, on the south, a group of high granitic islands crosses Bass's Straits, marking the continuation of the chain into Van Dieman's Land, the whole of which is mountainous, and is occupied by the various complicated ranges of the extreme southern portion of this great chain of eastern Australia.

On the west side of the great eastern chain, the land declines gradually, with frequent short mountain ranges, into the interior, and at length spreads into an immense desert plain that, in all probability, extends across all the central part of the continent, from the Great Australian Bight to the Gulf of Carpentaria. The rivers that descend from the western side of the chain, flow from its northern portion, into that Gulf; but from all the central part, so far as is known, they gradually, as they run west, become absorbed by the sands of the Great Desert, and thus disappear. From this central desert, the only point of drainage towards the south in seasons of flood, if such ever occur, appears to be through the singular depression, called Lake Torrens, to the head of Spencer's Gulf. East of Spencer's Gulf runs another much smaller mountain chain, which, with Australia, together with the Great Australian Bight, is the only one in the world.

with Australia, and magnified by Stuart and Stanley's

range. This line of high grounds deflects the interior drainage of the southern portion of the great eastern chain, and turns it to the south, where, after forming the rivers Darling and Murray, and their tributaries, it finds an exit to the sea, through Lake Alexandrina.

The only *permanent* large river of Australia, is the river Murray. That it has a permanent running stream, is due to its rise in the Australian Alps, which, owing to their great height (nearly 7,000 feet), and southern latitude, about 36 deg., are said to be covered with perpetual snow.

On the western side of the country there is a north and south range in the colony of Western Australia, running from Port d'Entrecasteaux to Shark's Bay, the highest points of which do not exceed 3,000 feet. There appears, also, to be another range of high land, running east and west, on the north of the country, between Camden Sound and the Gulf of Carpentaria. All the rest of this large continental island is, with great probability, believed to be one vast plain, unbroken by any range of mountains of sufficient height and extent to collect the waters of the heavens, and diffuse them over the earth, and, therefore, condemned to arid barrenness for ever. As a matter of ascertained fact, no large river comes out on any part of the coast all round the continent; even the Murray, expands in the shallow waters of Lake Alexandrina, and oozes, rather than forces its way, through the sand-hills of the coast.

In the matter of rivers and lakes, indeed, it is as necessary for our European ideas to be corrected for the Australian meridian, as it is in that of forests. In the normal condition of things, the lakes and rivers of Australia *do not contain water*. The bright expanse, the rippling waves, the life and play of moving or flowing waters, do not rise instinctively in the Australian bushman's mind as they do in ours, when he hears of a lake or a river. To his mind, the expression merely conveys the idea of a place where water *may be occasionally*, after long-continued rains—a place liable to be flooded, in short. The place of the lake is marked by the depression in the country, the nature of the vegetation on it, and, perhaps, the soft, muddy or swampy nature of the ground. The

river is a river-channel only, with here and there a "water-hole," or pool. Very often these water-holes are all full of water, and the river looks like a river, indeed, for a short space—a long, clear reach of beautiful water, a hundred yards, or several hundred yards in length. A stranger to the country, coming on such a reach, would, of course, suppose, that if he had a boat he could float down till he reached the sea; but let him trace it but a little way, and he finds it end suddenly and entirely, and he comes then on a dry channel, with beds of sand and gravel more or less covered by grass and trees, and winding, perhaps, for many a weary mile before any more water becomes visible. A friend of ours rode across the Swan River once, without being aware of it, and was exceedingly puzzled at first to find one of these reaches on his right hand, whereas he knew the last time he saw the river it was on his left.

In coming, as a stranger, moreover, on any of these water-holes, you must always hold it as an equal chance, whether it be fresh or salt. Fancy in a season of drought, after a long, weary, dusty ride of many hours, with a scorching sun blasting you with its rays, and not a breath of wind, through a never-changing, boundless expanse of rock, sand, gravel, and dust, covered with dry, slender-leaved gum trees, husky banksias, spiny casnarinas, thorny acacias, and stumpy grass-trees, the last like black posts, with green mops stuck upright a-top of them, patches of brown grass here and there, that if you dropped a match into it, would burst at once into a sheet of flame, your horse and yourself alike parched with thirst, and choked with dust—fancy, I say, coming suddenly on the bank of a river, and seeing below you a deep, clear pool of heavenly-looking water, into which you both rush, tumbling down the bank with eagerness to reach it, and finding it as salt as the strongest brine—worse than the sea itself. Well, don't despair; ride up the river or down, and, ten to one, but the next pool is delightfully fresh. A salt and a fresh water-hole have sometimes but a few yards of earth between them.

Let us just sketch one more feature of the country, and we will attend to the more immediate business before us.

In some of the larger vallies or ra-

vines of the hills, especially on the eastern coast, where the rocks do not consist entirely of the sandstone before described, and where the damp sea-winds keep up a constant supply of moisture, the character of the vegetation is suddenly and totally altered, and becomes sometimes singularly beautiful and magnificent.

Large and lofty-spreading forest-trees, with thick, umbrageous foliage, interlace their heads above, and dense thickets of underwood mantle round their trunks below, among which slender and elegant palms rise gracefully here and there, or companies of tree-ferns rear their leafy and tent-like canopies, crested with new unfolding branches, as with a group of green, delicately-carved croziers. As we approach the tropics, great, cable-like stems of lianas climb from tree to tree, stretching in curves between them, and sending down trailing pendants with great bunches of leaves that swing between the vaulted trees, like decorated lamps hanging in Gothic halls.

Here you hear the sound of numerous birds, some like delicate, silver bells, some like coach-whips, some sweet and sonorous, but the majority harsh, discordant, and often, in the highest degree, strange and grotesque. Here, too, you may hear occasionally, not the *croaking*, but the *singing* of frogs, many of which emit most musical and harmonious tones, though some sound like the cracking of sticks, or the clapping of pieces of boards. Here you are, indeed, surrounded by forms of animal and vegetable life, strange, but full of beauty, and forming a most agreeable contrast to the usual character of the country, where the interest to the stranger springs from novelty alone, not often mingled with any sense of beauty or delight. These jungly bits of forest are generally called "brushes."

Over the colonised parts of this great country, a few of the more striking features of which we have thus endeavoured to describe, is scattered a thin and widely-spread European population, whose pursuits are for the most part entirely pastoral. Each man has a certain tract of country, containing five or more square miles, and called his "run." In the most convenient spot of this he has his "hut," the residence either of himself or his head man, near which are a few fields of

corn or other crops, necessary for the subsistence of himself and his shepherds or stockmen. On his run are numerous flocks of sheep or herds of cattle, the latter being always denominated stock. If he keeps sheep he has to each flock, generally about 2,000 in number, a shepherd, whose business it is to live with and tend the sheep. If he keep stock he has several "stock-drivers," whose business it is to look after their respective herds. The squatter, or his caretaker, has merely to canter his horse once a day about his "run," and see that the people are attending to their several duties. On a sheep-run there is one grand annual event, the shearing, the packing of the wool, and the sending it down to the nearest port of embarkation. It is a life which makes up for the want of frequent incidents, and congenial society, by its freedom from care, from the forms and ceremonies, and conventionalities of civilisation, and the sense of absolute liberty and independence. Health, and peace, and confidence in the future, invigorate both soul and body; and should he ever feel dull and lonely, the squatter has but to mount his horse some fine morning, and canter some twenty or thirty miles to the nearest station, to find a companion whose eyes are delighted to behold him; who will broil for him mutton-chops, *ad libitum*, or roast an ox whole, or a sheep or two, if he wish it; who will make tea for him morning, noon, and night; open his store of tobacco, and smoke and talk with him from "morn to dewy eve," or rather in that country, perhaps, from "eve to dewy morn."

In certain situations, as near the principal harbours and large towns, farms exist, composed principally or wholly of arable land, and conducted somewhat more nearly on European fashions; but "up the country" corn, &c., is only grown to eat, and not to sell. In South Australia, in consequence of the discovery of the rich copper mines, that everybody has heard of, the miners' occupation and the mining interest have introduced a variety into the pursuits of the colonists, and given them a small home market for their ordinary productions. In one part of New South Wales also, namely, at Hunter's River, they have collieries, and get very good coal, as also in two or three small and isolated localities in Van Dieman's Land.

On the discovery of the gold fields of California, a considerable emigration to that country took place from the Australian colonies, which, among others that could less be spared, carried off most of the "loose fish;" the waifs and strays, the hangers-on, and "loafers" of the population—men who cared little where they were, or what they did, so "money came withal."

Now, upon a population thus tranquilly engaged, in May of last year, and thus widely spread over the face of a great country, there came a rumour, weak at first, but gradually augmenting in strength and consistency, that their land contained gold. It was told from town to town, and from station to station, that at a certain place near Bathurst, some people had been digging for gold, *and had found it*, and that they were each earning £3 or £4 per day.

The history of the discovery is sufficiently striking. A Mr. Hargreaves had a station near Summerhill Creek, on the flank of the range called the Conobolas, some thirty miles west of Bathurst. Not succeeding to his wish, he determined, on the announcement of the Californian gold fields, to emigrate there, and try his fortune. He worked at the "diggings" there, with what success we do not know, but apparently not with sufficient to acquire a competency for the future. While there he was struck with the similarity between the rocks and the superficial deposits of the gold districts of California and those with which he was familiar in his own neighbourhood in Australia. He accordingly determined to return to his farm, and see if he could not find gold there.

Now, here we must at once protest against the soundness of his conclusions. *He happened to be right*, but he argued on premises utterly insufficient to warrant the deduction he made from them.

Granting, even, that the rocks in the

two countries were precisely similar in mineral character, and every other respect; that they ran in the same direction, were covered by sand, gravel, or other detritus of precisely the same sort; it would by no means follow that because there was gold in the one there was therefore gold in the other.* With all deference even to Sir R. Murchison, who, some time ago, stated the probability of gold being found in the eastern chain of Australia, because it ran in the same direction, and was composed of the same rocks as the Ural chain; and with similar deference to the Rev. W. B. Clarke,† who in Sydney had said or published something of the same sort; it is nevertheless true, that what they said was a mere guess, a surmise which might occur to any one, but which was not founded on any well-ascertained data.

The chemist and mineralogist can tell us but little as to the method of formation or the proximate cause of the occurrence of gold or other metals in rocks; the geologist not much more; and the knowledge of both combined only goes so far as to say in what kind of rocks, and under what conditions, it is not possible, or not probable, that gold or other metals should be found; but gives us little or no further guidance to the spot where they actually exist.

A hundred other people have probably done the same thing as Mr. Hargreaves, *and not succeeded*; or, at all events, there are hundreds of other places where the same conditions of rock, &c., exist, in which no gold has been found, and probably never will be.

Let that pass, however. Mr. Hargreaves happened to be right; he returned to the Conobolas; he "prospected" in a bar of the Summerhill creek there, and he found the gold. To keep a secret like this in these days, was probably impossible; at all events it was not kept, but flew like wildfire through

* In a pamphlet published in Sydney, by a colonial geologist, not unknown in England, the occurrence of gigantic fossil bones in the "diluvium" of Russia, and Siberia, and of New South Wales, and their reported discovery in that of California, is used as an argument for the probability of gold in all these countries; as if the animals could have possibly had anything to do with it. He might just as well have argued, from the existence of oxen or sheep now living in those countries. It is honest Fluellen's argument over again—"there are salmons in both."

† The Rev. W. B. Clarke, however, said, two years ago, that he had actually found gold, which so far takes his assertion as to the probable auriferous character of the country, out of the catalogue of *Zeregoes*. Still it might have existed only in infinitely small quantity, or so small as not to be long productive, as in the gold mines of Croghan-Kinshela, and others.

the population, and was reported to the Colonial Government. The people immediately sang—"Come let us a' to the diggings." Shepherds, stock-drivers, workmen, clerks, labourers, house-servants, all started, or were preparing to start without implements, without preparation, without food or necessities. Store-keepers and merchants speculated instantly on the sudden demand for provisions, and the future stoppage of their production; and prices of flour and other articles of food, capable of preservation, rose instantly to extravagant heights. The Colonial Government were considerably puzzled; and, as we may say, "flabbergasted" by the occurrence. Devoutly, no doubt, did they wish all the gold buried deep in the bowels of the earth, or "full fathom five" beneath the sea. Of troops there were only about 400 men within the limits of the colony, and of the few mounted and foot police, scarcely one could be spared with safety from their ordinary duties. On the other hand the gold fields were reported to be of large size, and to be scattered over a very wide country.

To secure the rights of the Crown, therefore, and those of individuals by armed force—in other words to prevent any one trespassing on either public or private property, if they knew or believed there was gold to be found there, was simply a physical impossibility.

The Government, therefore, at first, very wisely did nothing; they thought it might be a false alarm and might blow over. Mr. Stutchbury, however, the Government geologist, was in the neighbourhood, and instantly visited the spot—from which he wrote off a dispatch confirming the account of the presence of gold, stating that there were 400 persons, at least, at work.* "Many persons with merely a tin dish getting one or two ounces a day"—that many were without food, and no stores to be got, and many persons reported to be on the road. The postscript of this dispatch was characteristic:—"Excuse this being written in pencil, as there is no ink yet in the city of Ophir."

Having, thus, official and trustworthy intelligence of the existence of gold

in large quantity, the Colonial Government issued the following proclamation:—

"PROCLAMATION.

"By His Excellency, Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy, Knight Companion of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, Captain General and Governor-in-Chief of the Territory of New South Wales and its Dependencies, and Vice-Admiral of the same, &c., &c., &c.

"Whereas, by law all mines of gold, and all gold in its natural place of deposit within the territory of New South Wales, whether on the lands of the Queen or of any of her Majesty's subjects, belong to the Crown; and whereas, information has been received by the Government, that gold exists upon, and in the soil of the county of Bathurst, and elsewhere within the said territory, and that many persons have commenced, or are about to commence, searching and digging for the same for their own use, without leave or other authority from Her Majesty: Now I, Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy, the Governor aforesaid, on behalf of Her Majesty, do hereby publicly notify and declare, that all persons who shall take away, from any lands within the said territory, any gold, metal, or ore containing gold, or who, within any of the waste lands which have not yet been alienated by the Crown, shall dig for and disturb the soil in search of such gold, metal, or ore, without having been duly authorised in that behalf by Her Majesty's Colonial Government, will be prosecuted both criminally and civilly, as the law allows. And I further notify and declare, that such regulations as upon farther information may be found expedient, will be speedily prepared and published, setting forth the terms on which licenses will be issued for this purpose on the payment of a recoverable fee.

"Given under my hand and seal, Government House, Sydney, this 22nd day of May, 1851.

"C. A. FITZROY.

"God save the Queen."

Having thus entered their claim to all the gold as a royal metal, and declared their right, according to law, to do what they liked with it, the Colonial Government then proceeded to discuss what it was likely that they should be able to do with it. To prevent people going to search for gold, or even to prevent them getting it if they found it, was an absurdity. They, therefore, very wisely determined to do all they could to assist and facilitate

* We now quote from a "Blue Book," issued on February 8rd, containing the official correspondence about the Australian gold-fields. It is, for a wonder, a really interesting and instructive document.

people in their search for it, and to secure them in the fair and peaceable possession of what they found, taking for this assistance such remuneration in the shape of fees as the majority of the workers should give without grudging. First of all, however, the Government had to settle with Mr. Hargreaves, who came forward to claim a reward as the discoverer of the gold.

It appears that two years previously a Mr. Smith, engaged in some iron-works at Berima, had found some gold in quartz, and came to the Colonial Government offering his secret for a reward. The answer was, that Government could make no blind bargain, but if he trusted to the liberality of the Government, and his discovery turned out valuable, they would reward him accordingly. This was given as Sir C. Fitzroy states, not only from some suspicion that the piece of gold in question might have been brought from California, but also that he did not wish to raise an excitement and send the people gold-hunting while they were better employed. On the 3rd of April, 1851, Mr. Hargreaves came forward, stating that he had recently returned from California; that led by his experience acquired there, he had been for two months exploring a tract of country in Australia; that he had discovered gold in several places, and offered to point out the localities to Government on condition of his being paid £500. To this application a similar answer was given, as to Mr. Smith's two years previously. Mr. Hargreaves, however, closed with the Government proposal, named the localities, and in case of their value being such as he stated, left the remuneration for his discovery to the liberal consideration of the Government. This was evidently the right tack to take. Accordingly, on the 3rd of June, Mr. Hargreaves received from the Government a bonus of £500 down, and an appointment as Commissioner of Crown Lands, for the "express purpose of continuing a search on behalf of the Government for further fields of employment for the gold diggers, and that he should receive during the term of his appointment a salary at the rate of one pound per day, with a daily forage allowance of two shillings and sixpence each for two horses."

The Government having thus rewarded the discoverer according to

his desire, and made a few police regulations for the occasions of the moment, proceeded to discuss and determine the arrangements for the future, and what system should be adopted for controlling and regulating the spontaneous mining operations, thus breaking forth like an epidemic over the land. Having got the advice of the law officers, assisted by Mr. Broadhurst, as to the legality of their measures, they adopted a plan which seems to have been first suggested by a Mr. Green, a Commissioner of Crown Lands, who resided in the neighbourhood of Bathurst.

This plan was, that every one who chose to go and dig for gold should be compelled to take out a monthly license, for which he should pay the sum of thirty shillings. Now, as the first reports all spoke of great numbers of persons rushing to the diggings, and of their going all *armed*, it would not, at first sight, seem a very easy process to enforce their licensing system, and to extract the thirty shillings a month from every man who even attempted to dig for gold. We should, at all events, expect to hear of a considerable armed and well-disciplined force being required. We may here at once say, that we believe such a force would have been required, had the population consisted of any other nation or race whatever than genuine Englishmen—the Anglo-Dano-Normano-Saxons. Such, however, is that composite being the Englishman's respect for *law* and good governance, that he naturally allows himself to be ruled and kept in order by any constable's staff, no matter in whose hand it may happen to be. Confiding in this *loyalty* of the people, Mr. Hardy, formerly police-magistrate at Paramatta, to whom the Government gave the honourable charge of managing the matter, took with him *just ten men*. It is true, he selected these ten men from the mounted police: soldiers, that is, who had been permitted to be absent from their regiments for the purpose of acting as mounted police in the colony. He selected, also, as a security against desertion, such men as had but a short time to serve before they could claim their discharge with a pension. All the police, also, were told to be in readiness to afford him assistance; and he was ordered to swear in as special constables the most orderly and respectable

of those persons whom he should find at the mines. On arriving at the diggings, however, he finds all these precautions unnecessary; and it appears that he might safely have left even his body-guard behind him.

His first dispatch to the Colonial Government commences thus:—

“Camp, June 5th, 1851.

“SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I yesterday issued and received payment for two hundred licenses to dig for gold. I have, in fact, given as many as I possibly could do in the time. I was yesterday from nine o'clock in the morning till sunset so employed, and had not a moment to spare. The walking from party to party in the course of a broken creek, and high ranges full of people, the collecting them, taking their names, weighing the gold, and then marking out their ground, and occasionally settling disputes: all this makes the business of issuing licenses very tedious.

“I am happy to say that I have not experienced the slightest trouble or annoyance from any person here. They all refer their disputes to me, without attempting to settle them by violence, and submit to my decision without a murmur. I have not sworn in any special constables. It is perfectly unnecessary; for everything goes on in as orderly and quiet a manner as in the quietest English town. There is no drinking or rioting going on; any other addition to my force, therefore, is unnecessary.”

In subsequent letters, he mentions but two attempts at resistance to his orders: one of a big butcher named Webber, who, trusting to his strength, went and seized on other men's workings, where he saw a likelihood of a prize. After being ordered to desist, he began again; and, on Mr. Hardy's going up to him, dropped his pick and snatched up a spade, as if to strike him. “I instantly collared him, put him in handcuffs, and marched him off the ground for Bathurst gaol. In an hour he was very penitent, begged hard to be let off: which I did, and he has been working quietly ever since.” Mr. Hardy merely terms him “an unpleasant man,” and seems to have had no fear of either bowie-knife or revolver.

On June 24th he writes:—

“Some days ago, several persons were working on Mr. Lane's land, and on the application of Mr. Rudder, who was in charge of the ground, I ordered them off. Half an hour after I found one set of men still at work, and though alone, and two miles away from my men, I did not hesitate to

kick the cradle into the stream, and take the owner a prisoner into the town.”

As a further proof of the quiet and orderly way in which things were conducted at these Australian diggings, we may mention, that on Sunday they all voluntarily desisted from work, and service was performed by a Wesleyan minister.

The method followed by Mr. Hardy was to interfere as little as possible with the operations of the people, but to visit every party, take their names, give them a license, and receive the fee. As they seldom had so much as 30s. in coin, he was, of course, obliged to weigh gold to that amount. He then appears usually to have been appealed to, where several parties were working in one locality, to mark out a plot of land for each man, or set of men; and as fresh comers came up, he at once assigned them a spot and limits, which appear always to have been cheerfully accepted. In this way, in the first month, he issued about 600 licenses, for which he would, of course receive £900. As many people came without a penny, Mr. Hardy very wisely did not compel them to take a license before they commenced, but, after taking down their names, allowed them to try their luck for five or six days, when, if they were successful, they cheerfully paid, if not, they left the ground and usually returned home.

He says, that for an able bodied, persevering man, the work was not hard; that many gentlemen did a good day's work; and that for such men the almost certain gain was £1 per diem, on the average. Now, as living only cost from 9s. to 12s. per week for each man, he had per week a clear profit of about £5 10s., or per month say £21 10s., out of which he was, of course, ready to pay the odd £1 10s., for protection and peace. A vast number of people, however, arrived daily, who were either too weak, or too lazy, or too restless to work steadily and perseveringly; these, after trying for a day or two, or after wandering about without trying at all, departed in disgust, so that for the first week or two after his arrival, Mr. Hardy says there were from 100 to 200 fresh arrivals every day, and about the same number of departures. Provisions were soon abundantly supplied, so that in a very short time the prices of all sup-

plies at the diggings sank from the extravagant height to which they had risen at first to the ordinary colonial prices. Neither, although the nights are very cold in June (the winter month), at that height above the sea, was there any apparent hardship from exposure, as "every tent appeared well supplied with blankets and clothing."

These accounts apply to the first locality in which the diggings were commenced, namely, the Summerhill Creek, on the north side of the Conobolas. We glean from the official accounts of Mr. Hardy, and others, the following description of this locality:—

The Conobolas are a small group of hills, consisting partly of Palæozoic rocks, containing limestone, and pierced by large intrusive masses of trap, and partly of mica slate and similar rocks, with many quartz veins. From the north side of the range flow two small brooks ("creeks" in Australian bush nomenclature), called Summerhill Creek, and Lewis's Ponds Creek. After a course of a few miles, winding through narrow and deep vallies, with sloping sides and terraces, these two creeks unite and flow on as Lewis River, down to the Macquarrie.

The first digging was commenced at the junction of the two creeks, at which spot all the large pieces, from 2oz. up to 3lbs. have been obtained; and it was below this that the diggers were principally employed, in June last. Mr. Hardy states, as the result of the then experience, that in all the windings of the brooks, the bank on the inside, or in the concave portion of the bends, was the richest in gold. "Such parts form long slopes, with a perpendicular bluff opposite," and "wherever these slopes are formed opposite to such bluffs, it may very safely be declared that gold exists in abundance."

The reason of this will be clear to any one, from what we said of the action of running water at the commencement. It is just against such bluffs that the stream, especially in floods, will strike with the greatest force, and will, therefore, tend most to remove gold, and every other substance, from those spots, and deposit it in the comparatively slack water on the inside of the next bend. Several miles of auriferous ground of this character was

then being worked, each set of men having allotted to them a strip of ground on the slope, with a river frontage, varying from twenty to forty feet, according to the number of the party. The parties usually varied from three to twelve.

Mr. Hardy estimated that there was room for 5,000 men to work, with a profit of about £1 a day to each, on these creeks alone.

Meanwhile Mr. Stutchbury, the Government geologist, was not idle, and he soon announced the discovery of good gold-bearing ground at places on the river Macquarrie, and especially on a another of its tributaries called the Turon River. This river runs about thirty miles north of Bathurst; springing not from any of the outlying ranges, but from the western defiles of the Great Eastern Chain itself, and runs into the Macquarrie, after a course of about thirty miles. Mr. Hardy, in his dispatch of June 24, 1851, gives so graphic an account of this district, that we cannot forbear quoting from it largely:—

"I am very happy to be able to state, that the Turon gold field is of the most satisfactory nature, and places the settled and profitable nature of gold digging beyond question.

"The geological nature of the Turon country, its physical conformation, and the description of gold found there, are all totally different from the same at Summerhill Creek. Summerhill Creek is narrow, confined between high ranges, with a fall so great, as to make the rush of water in time of flood immensely great; and you cannot ride 100 yards along the stream, so broken, narrow, and difficult the water-course. The hills are mica slate, intersected in every direction with broad and well-defined quartz veins. On the other hand, the Turon river runs through a valley of some miles in width, that is to say, the wall of ranges that bounds it on one side is that far apart from the wall of ranges that bounds it on the other, though there are plenty of intermediate ranges breaking up the general run of the valley. Then the Turon hills are twice the height of the Summerhill ditto. They are formed of mica slate (without much mica),* and no quartz veins whatever.

"As might be expected, therefore, from the width of the valley, the bed of the Turon is broad, level, not tortuous, compared with Summerhill Creek, presenting few of those elbows so frequent in the former. In short,

* We confess we do not exactly understand this bit of geological description.

that river rolls on in times of flood (which rises about twelve feet), in a comparatively uninterrupted stream, over a smooth bed, along which, for miles, when the water is low, drays can travel with great ease.

"You will perceive the intimate relation there is between these differences in the physical character of the two places and the production of gold. In Summerhill Creek the gold is always large in the grain, often massive, seldom thin and scaly. At the Turon the gold, for the nine miles I have carefully investigated, is precisely the gold enclosed.* There the Summerhill Creek has its barren straight reaches and profitable slopes; whereas in the whole course of the Turon (for that nine miles I have mentioned), the production of gold appears to be as regular as wheat in a sown field—no sloping elbows, no narrow long gorges. I found several parties whom I knew at Summerhill, at work, several miles apart on the Turon. They had tried up and down (for that nine miles, and a few miles further down), in hopes of getting into the coarse gold of Summerhill; but the result was always the same. It does not matter where in the bed of the creek, or the impending banks, you work; any steady working man can earn ten shillings a day with the utmost regularity. I found a settler named Schofield, who has two flocks of sheep and some cattle on the banks of the Turon, at work 100 yards from his own door. He had been working at Summerhill, and said that he had left it only because what he was now getting was at his own door, and as much as he wanted, though he had averaged thirty shillings a day at Summerhill. He told me of his trials in various parts, and of his invariable success. He had just come to his work from dinner when I came up to his cradle, and showed me the proceeds of the morning's work in a pannikin, got by one cradle and himself and two men. It was exactly one quarter of an ounce, and I gave him 16s. for it. He gave it to me, and I weighed the proceeds of their work for the previous four days, and it was exactly two ounces.

"In short, from the top of the bank across the whole bed of the river (from 50 to 100 yards wide), and from the whole of that nine miles at least, the result is as absolutely to be depended upon as weekly wages, and 5,000 workers would be nothing in that space. You must, however, observe, that Schofield and his mates, and the other persons whom I knew, were steady hard-working men, who began at sunrise, and with the interval of an hour for breakfast,

and an hour for dinner, kept steadily on till sundown."

Mr. Hardy afterwards, with great probability, points to the sources of the Turon, among the hills and narrow gorges, as the place to look for the "coarse gold" and the large lumps, such as were found at Summerhill Creek—"pieces too heavy to be carried with the lighter particles, by every flood, towards the Macquarrie." This anticipation he subsequently found verified.

In a subsequent letter from the Turon, of July 10th, he reports, that he had issued 704 licenses there, and that he believed there were 300 more to be issued for that month.

"There was no occasion to ask the workers about 'licenses,' for the moment I made my appearance I was beset by a crowd, thrusting their pound notes into my face, and begging me to mark their boundaries. The boundaries I marked (fifteen feet frontage to the river, to parties of three, eighteen to four, twenty-four to six), were universally acquiesced in without a word, and each party went back to their work as contentedly as if they held a grant from the crown; and on my return, late in the evening, I had not a single complaint of intrusion. All this settlement of adverse claims and distribution of boundaries, was done by myself alone, the single policeman holding the horses at a distance; and nothing can show more strongly the love of order, and the proper feeling that exists among the people of this colony."

What renders this good feeling still more extraordinary is the fact, that at least one-half, probably much more, of this population, have once been convicts. We are, indeed, the creatures of circumstances—a reflection that has often occurred to ourselves, when sometimes alone with a party of men, who, here at home, had committed the most desperate crimes, and yet we lived and slept among them, without a suspicion of insecurity either of property or life.

Early in July, the gold fever, which seemed about to settle into a chronic state, received a fresh accession, which caused a paroxysm of intensity greater

* As we have had the opportunity of examining some of the Turon gold, we may state, that it is in small, flat, irregular pieces, rounded at the edges, and varying in size from the merest scale to about half the little finger nail. The largest pieces were about as thick as a shilling.

than any previous one. On the next river, north of the Turon, called the Maroo Creek, at a spot where the Meninda Creek falls into it, about 53 miles north of Bathurst, 30 east by south from Wellington, and 18 west by south from a little place called Mudgee, a *hundred weight of gold* was found in one block of quartz—four thousand pounds' worth of gold at one fortunate haul! The following extract from the *Bathurst Free Press*, of July 16, 1851, gives a very good account of this discovery:—

“A few days ago an educated aboriginal, formerly attached to the Wellington Mission, and who has been in the service of W. J. Kerr, Esq., of Wallawa, about seven years, returned home to his employer with the intelligence that he had discovered a large mass of gold amongst a heap of quartz, upon the run, whilst tending his sheep. Gold being the universal topic of conversation, the curiosity of this sable son of the forest was excited, and, provided with a tomahawk, he had amused himself by exploring the country adjacent to his employer's land, and had thus made the discovery. His attention was first called to the lucky spot, by observing a speck of some glittering yellow substance on the surface of a block of the quartz upon which he had applied his tomahawk, and broke off a portion—the splendid prize stood revealed to his sight! His first care was to start off home, and disclose the discovery to his master, to whom he presented whatever gold might be procured from it. As may be supposed, little time was lost by the worthy doctor. Quick as horseflesh could carry him, he was on the ground, and in a very short time, the three blocks of quartz, containing the hundred weight of gold, were released from the bed. . . .

“The largest of these blocks, about a foot in diameter, weighed 75lbs., out of which 60lbs. of pure gold was taken; the other two were something smaller, the total weighing about 300lbs. Not being able to move it conveniently, Dr. Kerr broke the pieces into small fragments, and herein committed a very grand error—as specimens the glittering blocks would have been invaluable. From the description given by him, as seen in their original state, the world has seen nothing like them yet. The heaviest of the two large pieces presented an appearance not unlike a honeycomb or sponge, consisting of particles of crystalline form. . . . The fragments when heaped together on the

table presented a splendid appearance, and shone with an effulgence calculated to dazzle the brain of every man, not armed with the coldness of stoicism..”*

While these golden rewards were regularly yielded to the industry, or showered down on the good fortune of the people of New South Wales, the inhabitants of the Port Philip district, or Victoria, as it is now called, were by no means idle, and their industry and research soon in like manner met their reward.

If we sail from Sydney Harbour down the coast of New South Wales into Bass's Straits, and double the bare granitic ridge of Wilson's Promontory, we shall see on our right hand a wide bay, round the head of which stretches some low and level land, all covered with bush, and ending in small cliffs towards the sea. At the very northern extremity of the bay a little gap in these cliffs conducts us by a narrow and rather shoal channel into a great expanse of water, that looks at first like another sea, since no land can be seen across it towards the north. After sailing a few miles, however, and reaching its centre, the tops of the trees can be discerned fringing the horizon all around, with hills and higher ground rising behind them. This is Port Philip, a basin some thirty miles across. On the northern side of it, about a mile up the little river called the Yarra Yarra, stands Melbourne, the capital of the province; and on the western side of the Port, between it and the Barwon River, which runs down to the sea outside of the Port, is the rising town of Geelong. Both these towns are built principally of red brick, and both, but especially Melbourne, are wonderful places for their age. Though exhibiting much of the colonial incompleteness and want of finish, incongruity between one building and its neighbour, and open spaces with stumps of trees standing bare and unsightly here and there among the houses, still Melbourne is a handsome town, and not unworthy of being the metropolis of a large province.

The rocks around Port Philip are partly Palæozoic and partly tertiary,

* We may just state that Dr. Kerr not having a license, this mass of gold was seized by the Government, but released on his giving a bond to pay a royalty, if demanded. He has subsequently been released from that bond by the Home Government, it having been judged that the seizure was sufficient to make clear the rights of the Crown for the future.

both composed principally of sandstone, and both cut through, traversed, and partially covered by igneous rocks of tertiary, and still more ancient periods. At a distance of from fifteen to eighty miles, rise groups of granitic hills, swelling boldly up from the gently undulating plain; and the great unbroken mass of the eastern chain shows many lofty and scrub-covered ridges, towards the east, of a most impenetrable character.

Now, in August, 1851, Mr. Latrobe, Lieut.-Governor of the colony of Victoria, sent a dispatch to Earl Grey, of which the following is an extract:—

“The discovery of gold in New South Wales has been followed within the last six weeks by undoubted proof of the extension of the gold field to this colony. . . .

“The gold at Clunes diggings is found in an alluvion, composed in a great measure of the decomposed quartz rock which constituted the original matrix.

“The specimens I have seen from the workings of the ‘Buningyong’* are all imbedded in compact quartz. Those from the Deep Creek, which is only sixteen miles from Melbourne, exhibit grains in contact with a slaty rock. . . .

“It is certain that between two and three years ago specimens of far greater richness were exhibited, as found in the district of the Pyrenees, and were most undoubtedly from that part of the country. Circumstances, however, prevented the discovery from being followed up.”

Since that date the news received from Victoria has been but fragmentary. The following is a newspaper paragraph brought by the overland mail in the beginning of February:—

“By the overland India and China mail we have received accounts from the gold diggings to the beginning of November. The excitement had been augmented a thousandfold, the colonists had nearly gone mad. This extraordinary excitement was brought about by the announcement of gold being discovered at Melbourne, Port-Philip (now called Victoria), in such prodigious abundance as to leave the Sydney diggings completely in the shade. A complete reaction had taken place, to the great injury of the sister colonies, which were daily being deserted by all classes of labourers, who were hurrying away to the new El Dorado; thousands were on their way and hundreds were

arriving, even from California itself, lured by the reputed wealth of the Victoria province. From all accounts the Melbourne diggings are inexhaustible, whilst the daily yield to each man exceeds in quantity the lucky weights of which we heard so much in the early gold history of California. About 10,000 diggers were at work at the mines at the end of October, and the average yield or earnings of each digger was from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of gold per man per day. The towns of Melbourne and Geelong, at the last-mentioned date, were deserted by the male sex. Their only population consisted of females. Flocks, herds, workshops, and the fields were all deserted by men, who preferred the moderate luck of £20 to £100 per day at the diggings, to toiling for a whole week for as many shillings. Government escorts had been established to protect the treasure in its transit to town, the daily amount transported being from 2,000 to 3,000 ounces. For example, on October 23rd, the arrival of gold under escort from the neighbourhood of Melbourne was 88 lbs. 11 oz. 4 dwts., and 186 lbs. 9 oz. 16 grs. from the Geelong and Ballarat diggings, or a total of 2,708 oz. 4 dwts. 16 grs. The quantity will increase with the increase of diggers; and the same idea may be formed of the rate at which this was going on from the fact, that on October 24 no less than 299 steerage passengers arrived in Melbourne by four different vessels from Van Dieman's Land. Some notion may be formed of individual success from the circumstance that on October 23, the large amount of 98 lbs. weight, or 1,116 oz., was exposed for sale in the rooms of Symons and Perry, in Bourke-street. The person in whose possession it was, stated that a party of seven had obtained it at the Ballarat diggings in the space of fourteen days. ‘Such an arrival,’ says the Melbourne *Argus*, ‘throws all minor quantities into the shade; but we may mention that a respectable spirit-merchant at Melbourne returned to town yesterday from Mount Alexander, who brought with him 250 ounces, which he had procured from the recently discovered gold-field in that locality.’ Mr. Westgarth, Mayor of Melbourne, has stated the daily yield of the mines to be no less than the enormous sum of £10,000 sterling. ‘So surprised,’ says the *Argus*, ‘were we at observing so extraordinarily high an estimate, that we could not help asking the hon. member for Melbourne whether he had not allowed himself to be led away by the excitement of the scene, and to forget for once his usual moderation and circumspection. The only answer we could get was to the effect that he had not expressed the opinion without careful consideration, and that he still adhered to it.’

* Where Clunes diggings may be we have no means of ascertaining. Buningyong is fifty or sixty miles west by north from Melbourne. The Pyrenees are a north and south range, more than a hundred miles north west of Melbourne.

"At Melbourne the most exciting accounts were received from the Mount Alexander diggings, and the lieutenant-governor had started off to judge for himself. A rapid emigration was taking place from Ballarat towards these diggings. A man named Sewell had returned from Mount Alexander, bringing with him gold, for which he obtained a cheque for £75, being the earnings of fourteen days' work. The following is taken from the *Melbourne Daily News*, October 26:—

"A Mr. Leete called at our office last night, and kindly communicated that he had just arrived in town from Mount Alexander, bringing with him 250 oz. of gold, which he and four others had obtained in the short space of one week. He had 61½ oz. with him, which, on inspection, we found to be precisely similar to that obtained at Ballarat, with this slight difference, that none of the particles were smaller than the head of a pin, and gradually ascending to nuggets about the size of a Turkey-bean."

"The effect of this news was that nearly every male quitted for the diggings, leaving few but women in the town. Many of these seekers had returned disappointed; they all agree in saying that gold is only to be obtained after an immense quantity of labour."

The following is an extract from the report of a lecture delivered in Melbourne by a Mr. Gibbons, taken from the *Melbourne Argus* of Oct. 7, 1851:—

"On the surface of the earth was turf, in a layer of about a foot in depth, below which was a layer of rich black alluvial soil, and below that, grey clay; below that again was a description of red gravel, which was sometimes very good; then red or yellow clay, in which gold was also found; and then a stratum, varying in thickness, of clay, streaked with various colours, and scarcely worth working; and the next stratum was of hard, white pipe-clay, which was a decided barrier. Immediately above it, however, was a thin layer of chocolate-coloured clay, tough and soapy. This was the celebrated blue clay, and was very rich.

"The ground on which the diggings were situated was a sloping bank, and the strata lay with their inclinations upwards.* The blue clay is found near the surface, on the brow of the hill, that is at the depth of about a foot; but sometimes it is necessary to dig 20 feet before arriving at it."

Private accounts, to which we have had access, confirm these statements,

and inform us that the Government clerks and employes had received an addition of 50 per cent. to their salaries, besides a bonus, in order to induce them to remain at their posts, instead of hurrying off to seek their fortunes at the diggings.

It is remarkable that South Australia, so rich in copper and lead, seems comparatively poor in gold. Gold had, indeed, been found there in small quantity, even before the discovery of that in California; but it has not yet been found anywhere in that colony in sufficient quantity to be worth working. The reason of this may, *possibly*, be sought in the comparative rareness of intrusive rocks in South Australia, compared with New South Wales and Victoria; though why that should operate differently as to gold from what it does as regards copper and lead, is just one of those numerous points that the chemist and mineralogist, as well as the geologist, has yet to learn.

As might have been supposed, the colonists did not remain long satisfied with the mere rough process of grubbing up sand and washing it by individual labour. Schemes were immediately set on foot for the formation of companies, and the application of machinery. Advertisements for companies to get Australian gold in every possible way are even now swarming in the English newspapers.

It appears, too, that, even in July of last year, gold was obtained in New South Wales by amalgamation, as well as by washing. The Colonial Government fix the price at which they receive gold at £3 4s. per ounce for washed gold, and £2 8s. per ounce for gold obtained by amalgamation. This amalgamating process is the following:—The auriferous quartz is beaten and crushed into powder, which is mixed with quicksilver. The quicksilver instantly combines with or amalgamates with the gold, and, when strained from the quartz dust, carries all the gold with it. Some quartz, even where no gold is at all visible to the naked eye, has been found to contain a profitable proportion of it. The quicksilver is then put into a small furnace and sublimed, lets go the gold,

* From this odd expression one might imagine that at the antipodes it was possible for a thing to incline *without sloping upwards*. From the next sentence, however, it is clear that, as a geologist would phrase it, the layers dipped or inclined in the same direction as the slope of the hill, but at a greater angle, so that the blue clay which, at the foot of the slope, was 20 feet deep, *cropped out* to the surface at the top of it.

and can itself be caught in another chamber, and recovered as pure quick-silver.

In answer to some of the proposed companies, who wished to take tracts of land and mine for gold upon royalties, the Colonial Government determined that the royalties should be ten per cent. of the proceeds for gold extracted from crown lands, and five per cent. for that got from private property, leaving, in the latter case, the other five per cent. for the landowner.

If our limits allowed of it, it might not be an uninteresting or unamusing subject of discussion to inquire what would be the effect—1st, on our colonies, of their possession of these rich mines of gold; 2nd, on the world in general, of the abundance of gold now being brought to light in all parts of it.

It is very easy to look back to history, and, taking the mere superficial view of these subjects, to predict, on the first, ruin to England and her colonies from the possession of gold, after the example of Spain and her colonies; and on the second, to prophesy the subversion of our standards of value, after the example of that which occurred on the discovery of the American mines. Such Procrustean adaptations of the lessons of history, however, are those of the smatterer in, rather than the master of its philosophy. The analogy between two cases may seem, at first sight, perfect, and the probability of similar results, therefore, almost certain; yet, by reason of differences, either in the circumstances or the persons, the whole course of events may be so changed that the results, instead of similar, shall be opposite.

As to the first subject, let us recollect that the Spaniards worked their gold mines by means of slaves and convicts—we ours now by our own hands and stalwart arms. Among the old Spanish colonists there were few such men as Schofield of the Turon, we imagine. For the second subject, compare the multiplied wants and resources of the world now, with those that existed in the days of Queen Elizabeth. To mention one circumstance only, look at our paper money: at that of all Europe, and the whole civilised world. By means of that device, a few thousand gold coins are made to do duty for millions. Let the gold coins be multiplied ten times, it merely gives an additional security to some of the paper, or more gold is

employed in circulation and less paper. How many millions per annum could thus be absorbed in replacing some of the depreciated paper of Austria, and other European states; how many, even in our own islands, in extending the gold circulation of England to Scotland and to Ireland, in place of the small notes. We must confess to a personal detestation of torn and dirty one-pound notes; and, without any regard to questions of political economy, shall feel grateful to any circumstances that shall replace those we are compelled to handle by the bright glitter and pleasant chink of good honest sovereigns.

P.S.—The above account was written two months ago, its publication having been unavoidably postponed. Since its date, we have had frequent accounts of the continued prosperity and rapid extension of the Australian gold-diggings. The Victoria mines, especially, have been wonderfully productive; so that their total results have been estimated, with apparent moderation, at £700,000 for the first three months. The last accounts, however, spoke of difficulties occurring, in consequence of the influx of bad characters from the neighbouring Van Diemen's Land; from the desertion or resignation of the whole of the police force, black and white, infantry and cavalry; and from the desertion of their ships by nearly all the merchant seamen. Some dissatisfaction was also expressed with the licensing system; and it may fairly be supposed that what was an admirable temporary expedient would require modification, before it could be turned into a permanent regulation.

Gold was said to have been found in Gipp's Land, on the north-east side of the Great Eastern chain, and at intervals through almost the entire length and breadth of the province of Victoria. Van Diemen's Land papers reported several unsuccessful explorations in search of gold in that country; but we have just heard that it has since been found there in at least two places—one near Georgetown, on the northern side of the island, and the other near Campbelltown, in its centre.

There is, indeed, every reason to suppose that the whole of the Great Eastern Chain of Australia, from the S. W. Cape of Van Diemen's Land up to the shores of New Guinea, is more or less auriferous. In other

words, as the constitution of the chain is everywhere nearly the same, and a large part of it is found to be auriferous, there is no known reason why the rest of it should not be so. Sir R. Murchison, in describing the chain of the Ural, says, that no gold has ever been found in the sandstones, or conglomerates, or the clays of Palæozoic rocks, inferring from that, not only that the gold was never formed in them, but that at the time when those old clays, and muds, and sands, and gravels were being deposited, the gold

did not exist in the subjacent rocks. If that should be the case in Australia also, and the gold, although found in the oldest rocks, should have been produced in them more recently than the age of the Palæozoic formations, it, of course will behove the gold-seekers to avoid the tracts composed of these formations, and to attack those districts only where the older rocks form the surface of the ground, or are covered solely by tertiary and recent accumulations of clay, sand, or gravel.

LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY.*

THE life of Lord Jeffrey is one of which the public will require a more extended account than these volumes of Lord Cockburn supply. It is not unnatural that a great lawyer should imagine that our interest is with Jeffrey's professional success, and the rank which he attained and adorned. It is not surprising that an old and ardent politician, as Lord Cockburn appears to be, should seek to awaken attention to the questions which agitated society some twenty years ago, and test Jeffrey's claims to such honours, as are his right from posterity, on the share which he had in enlarging the Scottish constituencies and carrying the Scottish Reform Bill. On all such questions we regard Lord Cockburn as a very faith-worthy and a very prejudiced witness; but the questions themselves, we think, of but little moment, in comparison of those which give Jeffrey his place among the great men of his own and all coming time. His political and forensic claims to distinction, he had, in common with others. Were he even the first man at the Scottish bar, we are not sure that we should venerate him the more for that bad eminence; but suppose that we did, we hold it all but impossible to enable the lay public of another country to form any judgment on such a subject; and on the politics of Scotland, or rather of Edinburgh, we hold it still less possible for any one to render them interesting, or even intelligible, beyond the local circle which they affect. Jeffrey was a great critic,

a great metaphysical writer; his was a mind of great subtlety, using, as its instrument, language almost transparent. There was in his style a total absence of affectation—his one object being to express clearly thoughts distinctly conceived. By this power of distinct conception and lucid exposition, he influenced the opinions of others more than, perhaps, any other writer of his time—certainly, more than any writer, whose organ of communication was the language of England. We think that his biographer would have better satisfied the obligation of his task, by extracts from the printed discussions of Lord Jeffrey, on the numberless topics of varied interest which he so often brought before the public, even though this had been done at the expense of abridging or omitting some of the letters which he has printed. The volumes are not as interesting as they might be made, if they contained a record of the shrieks and screams of afflicted authors who, now and then, were heard questioning the justice of the sentence which condemned them; but of the omission of this element from his work we do not complain. The old war with the Wordsworths, and Southey's, and Montgomeries, is scarcely adverted to; and Lord Cockburn confines himself to things that are still classed with those of this visible diurnal sphere, and escapes altogether any description of the limbo of vanity in which we, and such as we, must remember to have seen many wrecks of noble poets and

* "Life of Lord Jeffrey, by Lord Cockburn." 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1852

of goodly reviewers. Lord Cockburn tells of things he understands and remembers. His work, if not a perfect life of Lord Jeffrey, yet gives us means of judging of Lord Jeffrey, which could not be supplied by one less intimate with him; and the book is one, in many respects, valuable. Our hope is, however, that a memoir, dwelling on what we regard as more eminently distinguishing Jeffrey than his relations to the Scottish bar, may yet appear. The letters of Lord Jeffrey are the most valuable part of the work. Lord Cockburn expresses a fear that they may be considered the only valuable part of it. This is greatly underrating what he has himself done; but the fact, that the letters which Lord Cockburn has been enabled to give, are but a few of those known to exist of a most constant letter-writer, renders it probable that a further selection of letters, if not a fuller account of Lord Jeffrey's life, may be in reserve.

Francis Jeffrey was born in Edinburgh, 23rd of October, 1773. His father was bred to the law, and became one of the deputy clerks of the Supreme Court at Edinburgh. "This was not a high, but a very respectable situation." He died in 1812, when Jeffrey was thirty-nine years of age. His mother, a woman of cheerful disposition, and who, in this, was strongly contrasted with her husband, died when Jeffrey was but thirteen. Jeffrey had three sisters—one, who died in childhood; two others, Mary, married to George Napier, a writer to the *Signet*, Edinburgh; and Marion, married to Dr. Thomas Brown, physician. He had a brother John, who became a merchant. "The loss of their mother drew the children closer to each other, and the warmest affection subsisted between them throughout their whole lives." In truth the great charm of this book and of Jeffrey's letters is the manifestation of Jeffrey's personal character, and the strong affections in which he may be almost said to have lived.

"He was the tiniest possible child, but dark and vigorous." His dancing-master made but little of him; but if he danced badly he was a good walker, and that is a better thing.

At eight years old he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, where he remained till fourteen. We never

think of the High School of Edinburgh without deploring the indolence and inefficiency of our Dublin selves for any purposes of good, or in less than one month we could not be without the origination of a similar institution, and in less than a year we should have as good a school as any place in the world could present. There is not one father of a family in Dublin, who is not paying five times as much for very scrambling and inefficient instruction for his children, as would purchase the services of the best scholars in the empire, were any effort made to create such an institution for preparatory education for the higher and middle classes of society, as Scotland has, for many years, possessed.

When Jeffrey was at the High School, it was presided over by Dr. Adam, author of "*The Roman Antiquities*." The school passed from him to Professor Pillans—Pillans was succeeded by Dr. Carson, and the present rector is Dr. Schmitz.

Few establishments can present such a succession of bright names. The first master, under whose care Jeffrey found himself, was Luke Frazer—Frazer's good fortune was to have laid the foundations of their education for Jeffrey, Scott, and Brougham. In Jeffrey's time, Frazer had a class of one hundred and twenty boys, and he was unaided by any usher. We have Jeffrey's own account of his first day at school. The paper from which this sketch is taken was written in his seventeenth year, where the recollections of nine years before must have continued in great vividness:—

"My next step was to the Grammar School; and here my apprehensions and terrors were revived and magnified; for my companions, either through a desire of terrifying me, or because they had found it so, exaggerated to me the difficulty of our tasks, and dwelled upon the unrelenting severity of the master. Prepossessed with these representations, I trembled at what I was destined to suffer, and entered the school as if it had been a place of torture. Never, I think, was surprise equal to mine, the first day of my attendance. I sat in silent terror—all was buzz and tumult around—a foot is heard on the stairs—everything is hushed as death, and every dimply smile prolonged into an expression of the most serious respect. The handle of the door sounds—ah! here he comes!—I thought my heart would have burst my breast. There began my disappointment. I had expected to have seen

little withered figure, with a huge rod in his hand, his eyes sparkling with rage, and his whole attitude resembling the pictures and descriptions of the furies. Absurd as the idea was, I don't know how it had laid hold of my imagination, and I was surprised to see it reversed; and reversed it certainly was. For Mr. Frazer was a plump, jolly, heavy-looking man, rather foolish-like as otherwise, and in my opinion would have made a better landlord than a pedagogue. He seats himself, looks smilingly around, asks some simple questions, and seems well pleased with answers, which I knew I could have made. I was struck; I could hardly believe my own senses; and every moment I looked for the appearance of that rod which had so terrified my apprehensions. The rod, however, made not its appearance. I grew quiet, but still fixed in a stupor of wonder. I gazed at the object before me, and listened with the most awful attention to all the trifling words that dropped from his lips. At last he dismissed us, and I returned home full of satisfaction, and told eagerly to every one around me my expectations and disappointment."—pp. 5-6.

With Frazer, Jeffrey learned only Latin; two years were thus passed. From Frazer's class he passed to the rector, where he remained two years more. "He was here in the midst of one hundred and forty boys, one half of whom were a year in advance of the other half, but all in one room, and at the same time, and under a single master; but this master was Adam."

From Sir Walter Scott—who, like Jeffrey, remembered Adam with gratitude—we have the best account of this worthy man, whose pride was in his business. Scott only mentions Latin books as among the studies of Adam's class. It would appear that from him Jeffrey learned some Greek, and some mathematics. The course of instruction, which included Cæsar, Livy, Sallust, Virgil, Horace and Terence, occupied two years. Scott describes Adam as most anxious about his pupils, imputing to himself the merits of any success they might obtain in after life. His vanity was amusing. His being enabled to direct the lessons of some three or four sets of boys with tolerable order, he compared to Cæsar's dictating to three secretaries at once. "So ready," says Sir Walter, "is vanity to lighten the labours of duty."

It would appear that while in Adam's class, Jeffrey read, not as task-work, or in the ordinary routine of instruction, some books of travels, and natu-

ral history; and Lord Cockburn adds, that "the library register shows that he was rather steady in the perusal of Hume's History, and of Middleton's Life of Cicero." "Steady" is a doubtful word—it sounds to us not unlike "slow;" perhaps, slow and sure.

Six years were passed by him at the High School. One winter's day he found himself staring at a man of striking appearance—a person tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Aye, laddie! ye may weel look at that man, that's Robert Burns." Jeffrey never saw Burns again.

In his fourteenth year he was sent to Glasgow. There are exhibitions at Oxford connected with Glasgow, and with reference to this advantage Glasgow College was preferred for Jeffrey. Jeffrey past two sessions there. In the first, he attended Young's Greek class, and Jardine's Logic. Jeffrey formed friendships with both. In his second year, he attended a course of Moral Philosophy. Millar, who lectured on law and government, and whose books are still sometimes looked at, was then an admired lecturer. Jeffrey took occasion, in after years, to speak of Millar with high and deserved praise; but he did not attend his lectures. Politics then ran high; Millar was a Whig, and his free doctrines were held in hatred by Jeffrey's father; and long after, he used to fancy that it was Millar's mere vicinity to his son that exerted sufficient influence to destroy his principles.

Jeffrey was remembered in his second session at Glasgow, as cherishing a premature moustache, and as haranguing some of the students in the green, against voting for Adam Smith as Lord Rector. The professors were for Smith, which ranged the students on the opposite side.

Wherever the professorial system exists, you are pretty sure of debating societies establishing themselves. No man feels as if possessed of any knowledge, or any power, till it is recognised by others. For those who are to fight their way in the world, we cannot imagine a better school, but the system may be overdone, and young men may begin too soon with it. We almost think Jeffrey did. In his second session at Glasgow, Jeffrey was but sixteen, and even then he figured as one of the most acute and fluent

speakers, his subject being, in general, criticism or metaphysics. Oratory was near leading the way to another description of display. Tancred and Sigismunda was to have been performed as an exercise in elocution. Professor M'Farlane was to be Tancred, and Jeffrey, Sigismunda. The intended theatre was a chamber in the College. The authorities learned the intention, and they put a stop to the scheme.

Jeffrey must, at this period, have been a severe student. A vast mass of papers of his writing has been preserved, consisting of abstracts of lectures, essays, translations, speeches, criticisms, tales, poems, &c. Dr. Johnson has said that men are, for the most part, engaged through all after-life in teaching what they have learned before twenty; and it is a curious illustration of this, that an essay of this date, or a year or two later, contains the germ of Jeffrey's article on "Beauty," probably his best work.

Among the papers preserved of the Glasgow period, one is on "Incantation and Sorcery." In youth he was subject to superstitious fears; to cure himself he used to walk at midnight round the solitary churchyard of the cathedral.

He left Glasgow in 1789; returned home, and remained in Edinburgh, or the neighbourhood, until 1791, when he went to Oxford. While at Edinburgh he attended lectures on Scottish and on Civil Law. At this time he lived much alone, and was still accustomed to write a great deal. A poem, on "Dreaming," still exists. Lord Cockburn does not feel himself justified in giving any extracts from it, as Jeffrey, at no time, published verse. We are not quite satisfied with this reason, and hope that, in some way or other, passages from this poem may find their way to the public eye. There is a paper, of seventy folio pages, entitled "Sketch of my own Character," which Lord Cockburn wished to print, but shrunk from so doing. We are sorry also to miss this. Any self-portraiture is likely to be deceptive enough, but that by a boy of seventeen, while it could not be a perfect revelation, would yet, as a fancy-picture, have its value.

The autobiography of Jeffrey at seventeen would have its interest; it would seem that even then an old gentleman, who unconsciously has given the most perfect picture of himself

that literature has ever supplied, was looking for immortality from his young friend. He, one night, assisted to carry the biographer of Johnson in a state of great intoxication to bed. Next morning Boswell told him he was a very promising lad, and "if you go on as you've began, you may live to be a Bozzy yourself." Soon after being fixed at Oxford, he wrote to his sister:—

"DEAR MARY,—Shut up alone in my melancholy apartment—a hundred miles at least distant from all those with whom I have been accustomed to live—surrounded by chapels and libraries and halls—with hardly an acquaintance to speak to, and not a friend to confide in—what do I feel—what shall I write. If my writing must be the expression of my sensation, I must speak only of regret, and write only an account of my melancholy. But I feel too keenly the pain of such a sensation to think of communicating a share of it through the sympathy of those I love. Fancy yourself in my place, but two days parted from my father and brother, with the prospect of many irksome and weary days before I shall meet them again—ignorant of the forms and duties of my new situation—diffident of my own proficiency—and apprehensive of destroying my own happiness by disappointing the expectations of my friends—fancy yourself thus, and I think you will be able to comprehend my situation. But it is cruel to make you share in it even in fancy. I should have told you I was happy, and made you so, in the belief of my report; but let us pass from this. It is a noble thing to be independent—to have totally the management and direction of one's person and conduct; and this is what I enjoy here (did I not always so); for except being obliged to attend prayers at seven every morning, and at five every evening—except that, I say, and the necessity of coming to the common hall at three to eat my dinner, and to all the lectures of whatever denomination at some other hours—I have the absolute and uncontrolled disposal of myself in my own hands. I am dependent upon nobody to boil my kettle or mend my fire. Not I. I am alone in my rooms—for you must know I have no less than three—and need not permit a single soul to come into them except when I please. But you wish to know perhaps how long I have enjoyed this monarchy. On Wednesday morning, my father, John, and Napier departed for Buxton, and left me here alone and melancholy in a strange land. The rooms I had chosen could not be ready for me before night, and I sauntered about from street to street, and from college to college. I would not recall the sensations of that morning, were not those of the present hour too similar to let me forget them. I felt as if I were exposed to starve upon a desert

island; as if the hour of my death were at hand, and an age of torture ready to follow it. I came to dinner at the common hall—got a little acquainted with one or two of the students, and kept in their company, for I was afraid of solitude till I retired to sleep. Why must I always dream that I am in Edinburgh. The unpacking of my trunk rendered me nearly mad. I cannot yet bear to look into any of my writings. I have not now one glimpse of my accustomed genius nor fancy. O! my dear, retired, adored little window; I swear I would forfeit all hopes and pretensions, to be restored once more to it, and to you, could I do it with honour and with the applause of others. But this is almost mad too I think. I came to study law—and I must study Latin, and Greek, and Rhetoric, and Grammar, and Ethics, and Logic, and Chemistry, and Anatomy, and Astronomy—and Law afterwards, if I please—that is, I must attend lectures upon all these subjects, if there be any, and pass examinations in them by and bye. By Heaven I am serious, and they will allow neither absurdity nor inconvenience in the practice.'

"Six weeks after this he tells his cousin, (and a great favourite, Miss Crockat, afterwards Mrs. Murray)—'This place has no latent charms. A scrutiny of six weeks has not increased my attachment. It has, however, worn off my disgust; and knowing that neither the place, nor its inhabitants, nor their manners, can be changed by my displeasure, I have resolved to withdraw that displeasure, which only tortured myself, and to fancy that this is the seat of elegance, and virtue, and science. But I have made a vow not to speak again upon the subject.'"—pp. 35-38.

Why Jeffrey went to Oxford to study law, we don't well know; but to law he seems to have given his attention while there. His account of his studies does not make us think he felt more pleasure in it than most young novices. "This law is a vile work. I wish I had been bred a piper." His connection with Oxford lasted but a year. His time was not wholly lost while at Oxford; but, like Gibbon, he appears to have disregarded the proper studies of the place, and to have pursued very much, as before he went there, the same course of study, and the same habit of writing elaborate essays on every subject that interested him. It was here he wrote the essay on "Beauty," to which we have before adverted. Among his papers there remain speeches, in the manner of Demosthenes; and, what is more curious, reviews, in the manner of the future *Edinburgh*, on such modern poetry as

he then read. "A paper," says Lord Cockburn, "on the poetry of Hayley and Miss Seward, is an anticipation, both in style and opinion, of one of his future reviews." This, surely, for the curiosity of the thing, ought to be printed:—

"But there was one accomplishment of which he was particularly ambitious, but failed to attain. He left home with the dialect and the accent of Scotland strong upon his lips; and, always contemplating the probability of public speaking being his vocation, he was bent upon purifying himself of the national inconvenience. 'You ask me (says he to Mr. Robertson), to drop you some English ideas. My dear fellow, I am as much, nay more, a Scotchman than I was while an inhabitant of Scotland. My opinions, ideas, prejudices, and systems are all Scotch. The only part of a Scotchman I mean to abandon, is the language; and language is all I expect to learn in England.'

"He certainly succeeded in the abandonment of his habitual Scotch. He returned, in this respect, a conspicuously altered lad. The change was so sudden and so complete, that it excited the surprise of his friends, and furnished others with ridicule for many years. But he was by no means so successful in acquiring an English voice. With an ear which, though not alert in musical perception, was delicate enough to feel every variation of speech, what he picked up was a high-keyed accent, and a sharp pronunciation. Then the extreme rapidity of his utterance, and the smartness of some of his notes, gave his delivery an air of affectation, to which some were only reconciled by habit and respect. The result, on the whole, was exactly as described by his friend the late Lord Holland, who said that though Jeffrey '*had lost the broad Scotch at Oxford, he had only gained the narrow English.*' However, the peculiarity wore a good deal off, and his friends came rather to like what remained of it, because it marked his individuality, and it never lessened the partiality with which his countrymen hailed all his public appearances. Still, as the acquisition of a pure English accent by a full-grown Scotchman, which implies the total loss of his Scotch, is fortunately impossible, it would have been better if he had merely got some of the grosser matter rubbed off his vernacular tongue, and left himself, unencumbered both by it and by unattainable English, to his own respectable Scotch, refined by literature and good society, and used plainly and naturally, without shame, and without affected exaggeration.

"But though the tones and the words of Scotland ceased to be heard in his ordinary speech, they were never obliterated from his memory. He could speak Scotch, when he chose, as correctly as when the Doric of the

Lawnmarket of Edinburgh had only been improved by that of Rottenrow of Glasgow; and had a most familiar acquaintance with the vocabulary of his country. Indeed, there was a convenience and respectability in the power of speaking and of thinking Scotch at that period, which later circumstances have impaired. It was habitual with persons of rank, education, and fashion, with eloquent preachers, dignified judges, and graceful women; from all of whose lips it flowed without the reality, or the idea, of vulgarity. Our mere speech was doomed to recede, to a certain extent, before the foreign wave, and it was natural for a young man to anticipate what was coming. But our native *literature* was better fixed; and Jeffrey knew it, and enjoyed it. He was familiar with the writers in that classic Scotch, of which much is good old English, from Gavin Douglas to Burns. He saw the genius of Scott, and Wilson, and Hogg, and Galt, and others, elicited by the rich mines of latent character and history with which their country abounds, and devoted to the elucidation of the scenes which awakened it; and of all their admirers, there was not one who rejoiced more, or on better grounds, in the Scotch qualities that constitute the originality and the vivid force of their writings. He felt the power of the beautiful language which they employed, and were inspired by; and, as many of his subsequent criticisms attest, was most anxious for the preservation of a literature so peculiar and so picturesque."—pp. 46–48.

He returned to Edinburgh, and prepared to be called to the Scotch bar. He attended law lectures, of Hume and Wylde, and lectures on history, of Alexander Tytler. "His notes, taken from Tytler, that is the transfusion of the lectures into his own thought, occupy 436 folio pages of his writing, which would be at least double in ordinary manuscript." Cockburn expresses surprise that Jeffrey did not attend Dugald Stewart's lectures, but surely without reason. No student can study everything that is taught in his university, and it is plain that Jeffrey's was in no case an idle attendance on any lecturer. On the 11th of September, 1792, Jeffrey entered the "Speculative Society." Jeffrey read several essays there, and was an unceasing debater. The "Speculative" was not free from the kind of evil to which such societies are subject—the occasional introduction of violent politics; these, however, were but transient visitations, and blew over without doing real injury. On the 16th of December, 1794, he was admitted to practise at the bar.

It is not easy to bring before the mind the state of frenzy to which political feeling had then risen. The first shock of the French Revolution could scarcely be described, as having passed away; the Irish Rebellion had been quenched in blood; through England there was everywhere panic; ordinary faction ceased to exist, and two parties may be described as absorbing all public opinion—those who thought that the true lesson to be learned from the scenes passing around, was timely concession; and those who refused to listen to any discussion which admitted the possibility of anything wrong in existing institutions. Private life was embittered and public security endangered, by feelings entertained with a fervour and tenacity that resisted all argument, and felt it a duty so to resist.

The political passions are always more violent in a narrow, provincial circle; and Scotland suffered from this grievance in a degree which, in England, excited and maddened as it was, could scarcely be intelligible. In Scotland—we but abridge Lord Cockburn's language—there was no popular representation, no emancipated burghs, no effective rival of the Established Church, no independent press, no free public meetings, and, except in high treason, there could scarcely be said to be trial by jury—the jurors to try any case were named by the presiding judge. The Scotch representatives were forty-five—thirty for counties, fifteen for towns. The elective franchise in counties was fettered by incidents of feudal tenure, and embarrassed by technical difficulties, so oppressive and so many, that the right could scarcely be said to exist. The whole number of county electors in Scotland did not, probably, exceed 2,000—a number at all times capable of being influenced or coerced by the hand of the Government. The return of an opposition member was a thing scarcely possible. Of the fifteen Town members, Edinburgh returned one; the other fourteen were created by clusters of four or five unconnected burghs, electing each a delegate, and the delegates electing the representative. The elections were, in practice, managed by town-councils; and the town-councils, being self-elected, perpetuated what they regarded as their own interests. Little was known, by anybody beyond the small circle engaged in effecting a local job, of the

fact of the election going on, till the ringing of the town bell told the news to a people theoretically represented by the members thus returned. The farce of the election they were not even always allowed to see, for it never took place in the open air; and the apartment in which it was performed could, if convenient, be shut against the public. The Established Church (the Presbyterian) was all in all. There were few Protestant dissenters—few Episcopalians—and as to Papists, they were practically unknown. Opposition meetings scarcely existed—attendance on one was felt to be absolute ruin. The banks refused any accommodation, except to persons understood to belong to the Government party. “Politically, Scotland was dead. It was not unlike a village at a great man’s gate.” In every Whig, the men in power saw a republican, or rather a regicide. A single man, at this time, ruled Scotland; but we must allow Lord Cockburn himself to describe Lord Melville:—

“The whole country was managed by the undisputed and sagacious energy of a single native, who knew the circumstances, and the wants, and the proper bait, of every countryman worth being attended to. Henry Dundas, the first Viscount Melville, was the Pharos of Scotland. Who steered upon him was safe; who disregarded his light was wrecked. It was to his nod that every man owed what he had got, and looked for what he wished. Always at the head of some great department of the public service, and with the indirect command of places in every other department; and the establishments of Scotland, instead of being pruned, multiplying; the judges, the sheriffs, the clergy, the professors, the town councillors, the members of parliament, and of every public board, including all the officers of the revenue, and shoals of commissions in the military, the naval, and the Indian service, were all the breath of his nostril. This despotism was greatly strengthened by the personal character and manners of the man. Handsome, gentlemanlike, frank, cheerful, and social, he was a favourite with most men, and with all women. Too much a man of the world not to live well with his opponents when they would let him, and, totally incapable of personal harshness or unkindness, it was not unnatural that his official favours should be confined to his own innumerable and insatiable partisans. With such means, so dispensed, no wonder that the monarchy was absolute. But no human omnipotence could be exercised with a smaller amount of just offence. It is not fair to hold him responsible for the insolence of all his

followers. The miserable condition of our political institutions and habits made this country a noble field for a patriotic statesman, who had been allowed to improve it. But this being then impossible, for neither the government nor a majority of the people wished for it, there was no way of managing except by patronage. Its magistrates and representatives, and its other base and paltry materials, had to be kept in order by places, for which they did what they were bidden; and this was really all the government that the country then admitted of. Whoever had been the autocrat, his business consisted in laying forty-five Scotch members at the feet of the government. To be at the head of such a system was a tempting and corrupting position for a weak, a selfish, or a tyrannical man. But it enabled a man with a head and a temper like Dundas’s to be absolute, without making his subjects fancy that they ought to be offended. Very few men could have administered it without being hated. He was not merely worshipped by his many personal friends, and by the numerous idolaters whom the idol fed; but was respected by the reasonable of his opponents; who, though doomed to suffer by his power, liked the individual; against whom they had nothing to say, except that he was not on their side, and reserved his patronage for his supporters. They knew that, though ruling by a rigid exclusion of all unfriends who were too proud to be purchased, or too honest to be converted, he had no vindictive desire to persecute or to crush. He was the very man for Scotland at that time, and is a Scotchman of whom his country may be proud. Skilful in parliament, wise and liberal in council, and with an almost unrivalled power of administration, the usual reproach of his Scotch management is removed by the two facts, that he did not make the bad elements he had to work with, and that he did not abuse them; which last is the greatest praise that his situation admits of.”—pp. 77–79.

The country, in general, was paralysed—a dead and hopeless mass. In the Towns, where trade and manufactures were rising, the incidents of the French Revolution, and the sifting of all political principles forced on men by that event, awakened many minds to reflection; but prudence and fear kept men silent: and the defence of such principles, as were tacitly recognised by men in business and commercial life, was left exclusively to the leading Whigs, who were chiefly lawyers. Lord Cockburn gives the names of some of the leading persons in the different professions, to whom he ascribes the honourable duty of fostering and cherishing a spirit of freedom, which, in its own

time, would correct the evils that many thought unsusceptible of any cure, and bring Scotland within the circle of the constitution.

Lord Cockburn gives great praise to the men who, in this way, warred against old abuses. So many are the accidents that determine a man's political opinions, and the banner, under which he seems enlisted, depends so much on family connexion, on college acquaintanceship, and a thousand such things, that we are indisposed to respond to this praise, and have no doubt that numberless men were as honourably engaged in supporting the old system, vicious as it no doubt was, as Lord Cockburn's band of heroes, for whom he would, exclusively, claim the character of political honesty. At all events, the Whigs were, during Dundas's reign, the proscribed party; and the total absence of any hope or any chance for them from anything but their own personal exertions, make these exertions in the proper studies of their professions, and, in general literature, something very different from what they would have been, could they have reckoned on other patronage than what it was in the power of the general public to give.

Lord Cockburn claims for the Scottish system of law, praise which he would deny to that of England. He thinks it less shrouded in mystery. We know not how this is: its language, when we have had occasion to consult a Scotch law-book, is not less technical. It is not impossible, that when its barbarisms are got over, and the disguised thoughts translated into the language of ordinary life, that the fact of its having been founded to a greater extent on the Roman civil law, and allowed to develop itself with less interruption of legislation, may have produced the effect of its having less that appears unreasonable to laymen than the law of England. The improvements in English law, Lord Cockburn regards as little else than the unacknowledged introduction of the Scottish system. The fact is, that the system of commercial law is in truth common to Europe; that some of its leading principles are best stated in the Roman civil law; and that the Scottish system, being almost based on the civil law, exhibited these principles in the practice growing out of them earlier than it was possible to extricate them altogether from

the technicalities of pleading in England, which, though the principles themselves were not denied, often forced on the courts decisions on subjects remote from the merits of the case to be investigated. To Lord Mansfield is to be ascribed the praise of first breaking these fetters; and in England, as well as Scotland, the study of the civil law is that to which any clearness of exposition of the principles on which commercial law is based must be referred. In Scotland, literature has always been regarded as the appropriate ornament of the legal profession. "It is," says Lord Cockburn, "the hereditary fashion of the profession. Its cultivation is encouraged by the best and most accessible library in the country, which belongs to the bar."

In going to the Scottish bar, Jeffrey, then, was rather aiding than opposing the bias which directed him to literature as his fitting and peculiar pursuit. It is pleasant that Jeffrey's lawyer-life is described by a lawyer. This portion of the biography could be done by no one else so well—who else but an Edinburgh lawyer could tell us, for instance, of the outer house. What, ask our readers, is the outer house? Let Lord Cockburn answer:—

"This Outer House is a large, handsome, historical chamber, in immediate connexion with the Courts—the Westminster Hall of Scotland. It is filled, while the courts are sitting, by counsel, and all manner of men of the law, by the public, and by strangers, to whom the chief attraction is the contemplation of the learned crowd moving around them. For about two centuries this place has been the resort and the nursery of a greater variety of talent than any other place in the northern portion of our island. It has seen a larger number of distinguished men—it has been the scene of more discussed public principles, and projected public movements—it has cherished more friendships. When Jeffrey sat on its remoter benches, and paced its then uneven floor, so did Scott, and Cranston, and Thomas Thomson, and Horner, and Brougham, and Moncrieff, and many others who have since risen into eminence. These young men had before them the figures and the reputations of Blair, and Erskine, and Charles Hope, and Clerk, and other seniors, on whom they then looked with envy and despair. But they had the library, and each other, and every enjoyment that society, and hope, and study, or gay idleness, could confer. In those days, as ever since, the intercourse of the lawyers was very agreeable. They were, and are, a well-conditioned, joyous, and, when not perverted by politics,

a brotherly community; without the slightest tinge of professional jealousy; and true to their principles, whatever they may be."—pp. 85–86.

At this time there were no civil juries in Scotland; but the supreme court, consisting of no less than fifteen judges, was itself a jury, and addressed as such. The instrument, however, of addressing them was the pen, not the tongue. It was not merely that the *pleadings*, properly so called, were, as in England, in writing, but every intervening argument, every circumstance that might occasion a communication with the court, called for a written, not an oral statement. Volumes on volumes were thus heaped upon every case; "and thus, till 1825, justice could often afford to be deaf, but never to be blind." This was the sole work of many a laborious man—it was the work of every junior in any practice. Jeffrey's power in writing made this an easy course to him. It is not impossible, without this avenue to distinction, that Jeffrey might have failed of early success, for his sarcastic manner, and his English, were against him.

A great part of the interest of Lord Cockburn's account of Jeffrey arises from his pictures of Jeffrey's contemporaries. We wish we could give that of Henry Erskine, on which he delights to dwell; but it is impossible, in such space as is at our command, to do more than deal with the proper subject of the book.

The alternations of hope and of despair which most men, who choose the bar as a profession, are doomed to experience, are the subjects of many of Jeffrey's letters at this period. He meditates giving up the Scottish bar and going to the English; he speculates on India as the scene of his future practice; he plans leaving what may be called public life altogether and establishing himself as a sort of literary grub, in London. Meanwhile he always has some employment at the bar. His father, and some other relations, have in their hands the sort of patronage that enables them to give something to a young barrister, but Jeffrey was jealous of this charitable infliction, which he felt also to be precarious. Depending, perhaps, on the temper, but certainly on the life of those to whom he owed it, all his letters of the period speak dispiritedly. He had his clients; and though *his* clients, some of them were,

in the natural and proper course of things, hanged, and others transported; in fact, he had to suffer what other men have suffered. Roderick Milesius M'Cuillen—we suspect Roderick was an Irishman—employed Jeffrey to prove, contrary to some well-established facts, that he was not guilty of forgery. The facts were too strong, and the man was executed. This does not seem to have prevented other clients of the same kind from seeing what he could do for them. "The man for whom I attended last week was found guilty unanimously; and, indeed, there was no chance for him. As to my new clients, it is probable I shall have nothing to do but to sit by them and look wise."

"I should like," says Jeffrey, in a letter of this date, "to be the rival of Smith and Hume, and there are some moments (after I have been extravagantly praised, especially by men to whose censure I am more familiar), when I fancy I shall one day arrive at such a distinction." In a letter of somewhat later date—"I cannot help looking upon a slow, obscure, and philosophical starvation at the Scotch bar, as a destiny not to be submitted to." Of the friends, whose example and encouragement kept Jeffrey from any of the truant schemes which he meditated of desertion from the Scottish bar, George Bell was the principal. Of him, and of his brother, the eminent physiologist, we have striking sketches by Lord Jeffrey's biographer, but we prefer making room for his account of James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath," who died in 1811:—

"Tall, solemn, large-featured, and very dark, he was not unlike one of the independent preachers of the Commonwealth. He is styled 'sepulchral Grahame' by Byron. Neither the bar, at which he practised a few years, nor Whig principles, in the promotion of which he was most ardent (but which with him meant only the general principles of liberty), were the right vocation of a pensive nature, whose delight was in religion and poetry. The decline of his health deepening his piety, and increasing his dislike of his profession, he entered the English Church in 1808, and obtained an humble curacy, with which, however, he was perfectly contented. With the softest of human hearts, his indignation knew no bounds when it was roused by what he held to be oppression, especially of animals or the poor, both of whom he took under his special protection. He and a beggar seemed always to be old friends. The merit of his verse consists in its expressing

the feelings of his own heart. It all breathes a quiet, musing benevolence, and a sympathy with the happiness of every living creature. Contention, whether at the bar or in the church, had no charms for one to whom a Scotch tune was a pleasure for a winter evening, and who could pass whole summer days in cultivating the personal acquaintance of birds in their own haunts, and to whom nothing was a luxury that excluded the ethereal calm of indolence. Yet his virtue was by no means passive. He was roused into a new nature by abhorrence of cruelty, and could submit to anything in the cause of duty. Professor Wilson published some lines on his death, which owe their charm, which is great, to their truly expressing the gentle kindness and simple piety of his departed friend. I do not know whether he or Jeffrey delighted most in each other. With Richardson, the three passed many a happy evening in their early years. What did any of them find better in life than one of their many humble suppers, with Jeffrey's talk, and Grahame's pathetic or Jacobite songs, and Richardson's flute."—pp. 111-113.

In the beginning of 1801, his letters speak of marriage. The lady was Catherine, one of the daughters of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, professor of Church History, at St. Andrews; and in November of that year he married. "She is not" says he, in a letter to his mother, "she is not a showy or remarkable girl either in person or character. She has good sense, good manners, good temper, and good hands, and, above all, I am sure that she has a good heart, and that it is mine without reluctance or division."

The decisions of the Court of Session were not at this time reported, except by two advocates, who held the performance of the task as an office to which they were elected by their brethren. Jeffrey was a candidate for this office; the political feelings of the day rendered it a matter impossible that he should be elected. Sir William Miller, a judge, and in the Scottish fashion of the period styled Lord Glenlee, from the name of his estate, was applied to by Jeffrey for his interest, who was plainly told by Sir William, that in consequence of his politics he could befriend him no more. They parted, and scarcely exchanged words for nearly thirty years:—

"Glenlee's appearance was striking, and very expressive of his intellect and habits. The figure was slender; the countenance pale, but with a full dark eye; the features regular, unless when disturbed, as his whole

frame often was, by little jerks and gesticulations, as if he was under frequent galvanism; his air and manner polite. Everything indicated the philosophical and abstracted gentleman. And another thing which added to his peculiarity, was, that he never used an English word when a Scotch one could be got. He died in 1846, in his ninety-first year."—pp. 123-124.

We have spoken of Jeffrey's diligence, and his studies extending to every subject not connected with mathematics. Among his papers are abstracts of the *Wealth of Nations* and of the *Novum Organum*, bringing out in fullness the whole of each. No labour seems to have been spared by the student. We have said that literature was then a part almost of the vocation of the Scottish lawyer. Jeffrey wrote some reviews at the time in the *Monthly Review*, which discussed, at more extent and with more spirit than any other journal, the new publications of the day, and into which Taylor, of Norwich, had introduced the custom of occasionally reviewing subjects of interest, with little regard to the precise book, the name of which was placed at the head of the article. In this publication Jeffrey occasionally wrote; three articles of his are known—two on Whiter's "*Etymologicon Magnum*," and one on Southey's "*Thalaba*." In 1802, the *Edinburgh Review* was started. The project seems to have been started by Sidney Smith in Jeffrey's rooms. Smith was the editor of the first number. The party intolerance of Edinburgh was the chief cause of the anxiety of Jeffrey and the friends associated with him in the *Review* for wishing such a channel of communication with the public as it was calculated to afford, it being their feeling that opinion could only be influenced through the press. Literature was not contemplated as the object of life by any one of the party—all were eager for distinction in their respective walks of life, and all had abundant time on their hands. They were described, contemptuously, as young. In 1802, Allen was thirty-two, Smith thirty-one, Jeffrey twenty-nine, Brown twenty-four, Horner twenty-four, Brougham twenty-three—"Excellent ages," says Lord Cockburn "for such work," and a wonderful work undoubtedly is that which they created. The extent to which they affected public opinion may be measured by the fact,

that their views, then regarded as extreme, are now such as most men, of whatever party, would pronounce moderate. Subjects were discussed with real anxiety to put the public in the position of having the best information on the points they were interested in being acquainted with. Authors were, perhaps, too freely dealt with. It was impossible for a number of friends meeting together, writing very much in concert, dealing often with unscrupulous political opponents, not to relieve the most heavy parts of their work, by laughing loud and long at such of their opponents as presented any tangible points of attack. We are afraid that Jeffrey cannot be excused on this score. There was an intolerance in Southey's mode of dealing with opinions which he opposed, an exhibition of scornful superiority in the way in which he asserted, very dogmatically, views which seemed to others either altogether wrong, or, at least, disputable — exceedingly provoking; and Jeffrey, in the first number of the *Review*, had to deal with "Thalaba." The Lake poets were, in some respects, a very tempting subject; for while their poems were deserving of attention on their own account, and could scarcely have been disregarded in such a publication as the *Edinburgh Review*, they presented to the reviewer the additional temptation of being almost always accompanied with prefatory vindications, or postscripts of self-veneration — better omitted — which gave the critic ample opportunity of discussing the principles of the art, as enunciated by artists who ought, if they were wise, to have left this in the hands of others. Southey claimed to have invented a new style of versification—it was such rather to the eye than to the ear, the iambic cadence being, for the most part, the rule that regulated the metres of "Thalaba," and the music not being in principle different from that of blank verse. Southey complained of those who read such verse as his with a "prose mouth." The oddity of the phrase, rather than the thought, provoked attention, and disturbed the seriousness with which it is possible that the poem, if more modestly introduced, would have been received. In one of Jeffrey's reviews he speaks of Burns, to whom, he says, everything was conceded, because nothing was claimed. The claims ostentatiously and

emphatically made for the Lakers, provoked resistance and denial, and we incline to think that the critic was, in most of the questions that became matter of dispute, in the right; but the questions themselves were not of the importance that the continued controversy of years gave them. The poets and the critics did not meet on the same ground. There is little evidence of their having been well acquainted with anything but the ballad poetry of England, at this period of their career; and Jeffrey valued highly some of the French models which they disregarded—in truth, we think that both parties were less equal to the high argument involved in the controversy than they ought to be. Wordsworth, by altering almost all the passages in his poems objected to by Jeffrey, has rendered Jeffrey's criticism of the Lyrical Ballads unintelligible to those who do not possess the original edition; but to have thus corrected them seems like assenting to the critic's views. We think that, for the most part, Jeffrey's remarks were right in detail. Passages of Southey's works he praised more highly than any other person who spoke of them in reviews; but we do not think he sufficiently appreciated the true originality of those writers; and Southey, whose great skill was in the construction of a story, he must have teased exceedingly by his mode of telling the tale, giving to everything unimportant an absurd prominence, and keeping his readers, as far as he could, in fits of laughter. Still, for the most part, the best passages of Southey's poems were printed, and highly praised by Jeffrey, and the circulation of the poems greatly promoted by their frequent mention in the *Review*.

For a while the *Review* went on, we say almost without an editor, so easily was the business managed by friends meeting every day; but the business of life soon separated them; and Jeffrey, who was, after the first number, the responsible editor, then found it a laborious business, involving the occupation of considerable time in composition and in correspondence. He, however, at no time refused the small and obscure professional business that offered, nor ever gave up the bar for what he regarded as the very doubtful profession of literature.

The society which the *Review* brought

together, and which, while it lasted, Jeffrey greatly enjoyed, was now destined to break up, as man after man separated from Edinburgh.

In 1803, a club was projected by Scott; which Jeffrey, writing in that year, says was intended to connect all the literary and social persons in the city. It was called the Friday Club. Rules were first thought of, but rules soon were disregarded, and without any formal admission, persons, supposed to have a taste for learning or science, became associates. Lord Cockburn gives a list of all the members who ever belonged to it—forty-seven; the survivors were sixteen when Lord Cockburn wrote, and short as is the interval, those sixteen are now fewer. The club has been allowed to pass away. It may be described as having ceased to exist at Scott's death.

Admission as members was restricted to residents of Edinburgh, but visitors were freely introduced. This club commenced in 1803; and supper, then, and for many years after, the social meal in most houses, was the meal for which the club met. They often sat till two o'clock in the morning. "However," says Lord Cockburn:—

"However, though there be more cheerfulness, ease, and kindness, at one supper than at a dozen of heavy dinners, still, like other excellent things, they have fallen under the fashionable ban, and will soon be unknown; for, though the two be sometimes compared, nothing is less like a supper than a late dinner. Even the Friday's weekly suppers came to be aided by a monthly banquet at six o'clock; and then the Roman meal disappeared as the principal repast. But the philosophers rarely parted without supper too. The dinner took place throughout seven months in the year, and parsimony was certainly not one of its vices. We were troubled by no written laws, no motions, no disputes, no ballots, no fines, no business of any kind, except what was managed by one of ourselves as secretary; an office held by Mr. Richardson from 1803 to 1806, when he settled in London; by me, from 1806 to 1834; then by Mr. Rutherford. Nobody was admitted by any formal vote. New members grew in silently, by a sort of elective attraction. The established taste was for quiet, talk, and good wine.

"And here were many of the best social evenings of some of our best men passed. After Smith and one or two more left us to ourselves, Scott, Thomas Thomson, Jeffrey, and Playfair, were the best clubbists. Scott was absent very seldom, the other three almost never. The professional art of show

conversation was held in no esteem. Colloquial ambition would have been so entirely out of place, that there was never even an indication of its approach. The charm was in having such men in their natural condition, during their 'careless and cordial hours.' The preceding asterisks tell why the association has, for some years, been practically dissolved. Death, sickness, and age, having extinguished its lights, it has been wisely allowed to pass away."—pp. 151–152.

Jeffrey was near being carried off, by a professorship of "moral and political science," to Calcutta; but somehow or other, the project failed. In 1804, he visited London for the first time, with all the fame which the *Review* gave, and ought to give; for nothing equal to the early volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*, had ever appeared in the periodical literature of Great Britain; and Scotland, being the place of its birth, no doubt increased the wonder created by its appearance. His stay was short; and there is no record that we know of it. He admired all he saw, except the literary men. He was beating up for hack reviewers, and not likely to have seen the best of them. "The literary men, I acknowledge," he says, "excite my reverence the least. The powerful conversationists alarm me a good deal, and the great public orators fill me with despair."

He soon returned to Scotland, where he was rising each day in esteem. We cannot omit Lord Cockburn's description of Edinburgh society at this period:—

"The society of Edinburgh was not that of a provincial town, and cannot be judged of by any such standard. It was metropolitan. Trade or manufactures have, fortunately, never marked this city for their own. But it is honoured by the presence of a college famous throughout the world; and from which the world has been supplied with many of the distinguished men who have shone in it. It is the seat of the supreme courts of justice, and of the annual convocation of the Church, formerly no small matter; and of almost all the government offices and influence. At the period I am referring to, this combination of quiet with aristocracy, made it the resort, to a far greater extent than it is now, of the families of the gentry, who used to leave their country residences and enjoy the gaiety and the fashion which their presence tended to promote. Many of the curious characters and habits of the receding age, the last purely Scotch age that Scotland was destined to see, still lingered among us. Several were then to be

met with who had seen the Pretender, with his court and his wild followers, in the palace of Holyrood. Almost the whole official state, as settled at the union, survived; and all graced the capital, unconscious of the economical scythe which has since mowed it down. All our nobility had not then fled. A few had sense not to feel degraded by being happy at home. The old town was not quite deserted. Many of our principal people still dignified its picturesque recesses and historical mansions, and were dignified by them. The closing of the Continent sent many excellent English families and youths among us, for education and for pleasure. The war brightened us with uniforms, and strangers, and shows."—pp. 156–157.

In addition to this, no city in the world, in proportion to its population, brought together so many persons, distinguished for literary and scientific tastes and acquirements. The college contained, Robertson, Black, Hope, the second Munro, Gregory, Robison, Playfair, and Dugald Stewart. The Episcopal Church had Alison; and the Presbyterian, Blair, Home, Moncrieff. Of the lawyers, Lord Cockburn mentions, Monboddo, Hailes, Glenlee, Meadowbank, and Woodhouselee, judges—all distinguished and literary men, but who, we wish, were called by their names, instead of that of their estates, according to the fading fashion of the Scottish bar. There were also Robert Blair, Henry Erskine, and Henry Mackenzie—most of them old men; Scott, and Jeffrey young men, and in the vigour of their powers; Forbes, Hale, and Clerk of Eldin, are mentioned as country gentlemen, unconnected with professional life, but imbued with a love of learning:—

"And all this was still a Scotch scene. The whole country had not begun to be absorbed in the ocean of London. There were still little great places;—places with attractions quite sufficient to retain men of talent or learning in their comfortable and respectable provincial positions; and which were dignified by the tastes and institutions which learning and talent naturally rear. The operation of the commercial principle which tempts all superiority to try its fortune in the greatest accessible market, is perhaps irresistible; but anything is surely to be lamented which annihilates local intellect, and degrades the provincial spheres which intellect and its consequence can alone adorn. According to the modern rate of travelling, the capitals of Scotland and of England were then about 2,400 miles asunder. Edinburgh was still more distant in its style and habits.

It had then its own independent tastes, and ideas, and pursuits. Enough of the generation that was retiring survived to cast an antiquarian air over the city, and the generation that was advancing was still a Scotch production. Its character may be estimated by the names I have mentioned; and by the fact that the genius of Scott and of Jeffrey had made it the seat at once of the most popular poetry, and the most brilliant criticism, that then existed. This city has advantages, including its being the capital of Scotland, its old reputation, and its external beauties, which have enabled it, in a certain degree, to resist the centralising tendency, and have hitherto always supplied it with a succession of eminent men. But now, that London is at our door, how precarious is our hold of them, and how many have we lost.

"It was in this community that Jeffrey now began to rise. It required some years more to work off the prejudices that had obstructed him, but his genuine excellence did work them off at last; till, from being tolerated, he became liked; from being liked, popular; from being popular, necessary; and in the end was wrapped in the whole love of the place. His favourite social scenes, next to his strictly private ones, were the more select parties where intellect was combined with cheerfulness, and good talk with simplicity. But though a great critic of social manners, no one was less discomposed by vulgarities or stupidities, if combined with worth, when they fell in his way. No clever, talking, man could have more tolerance than he had for common-place people; a class, indeed, to which many of his best friends belonged. I have heard him, when the supercilious were professing to be shocked by such persons, thank God that he had never lost his taste for bad company."—pp. 159–161.

We have said that Jeffrey lived in his domestic affections. They were severely tried by successive shocks. An infant son, we believe, the only child of his first marriage, died. In some short time after he lost his sister, Mrs. Napier, with whom he had lived in daily habits of the most affectionate intercourse. This death occurred soon after his return from London; and, in the autumn of the following year, his wife, who had been long in feeble health, but not supposed to be in danger, suddenly died. This shock was dreadfully felt. Lord Cockburn has published Lord Jeffrey's letters to his brother, to Mrs. Morehead, and to Charles Bell, on this occasion. There is not a line of Jeffrey's that, on his own account, there could be the slightest objection to publishing; but we cannot avoid feeling, that this business of printing private letters is greatly

overdone. Letters, which we shrink from writing to our dearest friends; letters, in which the agonies of the spirit are revealed, or half-revealed—for the communication, however unreserved, must be imperfect—are dragged into light. Is it not felt that such letters never would be written, if the thought of their being thus produced passed through the writer's mind? Even the proof, which in this case they exhibit, that in this very great man there was that which is better than any intellectual greatness, namely, goodness of heart, is scarcely an excuse; but the habit of such publication has become so fixed in our literature, and yet more in the literature of the Continent of Europe, that we feel it vain to utter a voice against it. In these letters, Jeffrey speaks of the various little projects of amusement for the coming season of autumn, interrupted by this calamity. He did not shrink from business, or from society; on the contrary, he seems to have worked harder than ever, and to have had recourse to society for such temporary forgetfulness as it would bring. "I am," he says to Bell, "very much as I was; my home is terrible to me, and I am a great deal in company; I am gay there, and even extravagant, as usual; but I pass bad nights, and have never tasted of *sweet* sleep since my angel slept away in my arms." To Mrs. Morehead he says, in reference to the death of his child—"I have scarcely been able to look on young children, with composure, for these three years." To Horner, he says, "I am inwardly sick of life, and take no serious interest in any of the objects it offers to me. I receive amusement from its common occurrences, very nearly as formerly, but I have no longer any substantial happiness; and every thing that used to communicate it oppresses me. My imagination and my understanding are exercised as they used to be; but my heart is dead and cold, and I return from these mechanical and habitual exertions to weep over my internal desolation, and wonder why I linger here."

Jeffrey's *Review* did him no service with his Scottish political friends. The Whigs were in office from the end of 1805 to April, 1807. The local managers of Scotch affairs did not estimate the service done to them by the *Review*; and about a year before, an

article had appeared, reviewing a work on Political Economy, by Lord Lauderdale, which gave him mortal offence; and the offence was aggravated by a pamphlet war of replies and rejoinders that followed. Lauderdale acted as the Scotch minister, and felt sorely towards the *Review*, and all in any way connected with it. We find Jeffrey speaking of one of Lord Lauderdale's pamphlets:—"Lord Lauderdale is out; delightfully angry and pert, but I have scarcely read him through."

A volume of Moore's poems was now reviewed by Jeffrey. "It contained," says Lord Cockburn, "as severe a condemnation of these productions, on the ground of their immorality, as the English language, even though wielded by Jeffrey, could express." Jeffrey visited London soon after the publication of his review. Moore challenged him; a hostile meeting was arranged, but interrupted by the police, and the parties bound over to keep the peace. The recognizance did not extend beyond the British Islands, and they were about to proceed to Hamburg, when the business was amicably adjusted. "Mr. Moore withdrew a defiance which he had given in the idea that the imputations were personal, on which Jeffrey declared that he meant them to be only literary, and the quarrel was ended." The days of fire-eating had passed away, or the business would not have been so easily settled. Horner, Jeffrey's second, told Bell, at the time, that, with all his "admiration of Jeffrey's intrepidity, he feared there was much indifference of life." And there can be little doubt that such was the fact. The poet and critic were ever after the best friends. When Moore was in Scotland, in 1825, he was so often asked to sing his last new song, "Ship-a-hoy," that, he says, "the upland echoes of Craigcrook (Jeffrey's seat), ought long to have had its burden by heart."

It so happens, at the moment in which we are writing, that in Scotland and in Ireland national feeling is expressing itself in the erection of monuments to both the illustrious dead. This, perhaps, is as good a time as any to bring before the public a letter which does honour to Jeffrey, and which shows how truly he admired and how much he loved Moore; and among other effects of the publication of this letter, one surely must be, to force

upon public attention the cruel tyranny of that law of society, now happily passed away, which exposed the lives of such men to imminent risk, under circumstances in which it is plain, that when the first excitement, produced in Moore's mind by what seemed strong personal inculpation, had passed away, not only no one feeling of unkindness remained, but it is not improbable that each felt he had done some injustice to the other.

It is generally known that Moore at one time, through the act of another, was in severe pecuniary difficulties, and responsible for a debt which, when this ruin first fell, was understood to be some such sum as six thousand pounds, but when exaggeration gradually cleared itself away, was satisfied by one thousand. When Moore's difficulties became, as everything in these countries becomes, known, Jeffrey wrote the following letter to Rogers:—

“Edinburgh, 30th July, 1819.—My dear Sir, I have been very much shocked and distressed by observing in the newspapers the great pecuniary calamity which has fallen on our excellent friend Moore; and not being able to get any distinct information, either as to its extent, or its probable consequences, from anybody here, I have thought it best to relieve my anxiety by applying to you, whose kind concern in him must have made you acquainted with all the particulars, and willing, I hope, to satisfy the inquiries of one who sincerely shows an interest in his concerns. I do not know, however, that I should have troubled you merely to answer any useless inquiry. But in wishing to know whether any steps have been taken to mitigate this disaster, I am desirous of knowing, also, whether I can be of any use on the occasion. I have unfortunately not a great deal of money to spare. But if it should be found practicable to relieve him from this unmerited distress by any contribution, I beg leave

to say I should think it an honour to be allowed to take a share in it to the extent of £300, or £500, and that I could advance more than double that sum over and above, upon any reasonable security of ultimate repayment, however long postponed. I am quite aware of the difficulty of carrying through any such arrangement with a man of Moore's high feeling and character, and had he been unmarried, or without children, he might have been less reluctantly left to the guidance and support of that character. But as it is, I think his friends are bound to make an effort to prevent such lasting and extended misery as, from all I have heard, seems now to be impending. And in hands at once so kind and so delicate as yours, I flatter myself that this may be found practicable. I need not add, I am sure, that I am most anxious that, whether ultimately acted upon or not, this communication should never be mentioned to Moore himself. If you please you may tell him that I have been deeply distressed by his misfortunes, and should be most happy to do him any service. But as I have no right to speak to him of money, I do not think he should know that I have spoken of it to you. If my offer is accepted, I shall consider you and not him as the acceptor. And he ought not to be burdened with the knowledge of any other benefactor.” —pp. 257–259.

The generous proposal of Jeffrey was not acted on. Moore's own genius, which never deserted him, and his indefatigable industry, soon relieved him from all anxiety. In September, 1822, an arrangement was entered into with the creditors, which fixed the debt at £1000; and in the following June, the Longmans' account placed to his credit £1000 for the sale of the “*Loves of the Angels*,” and £500 for the “*Fables of the Holy Alliance*.”

We have exceeded the limits which we had proposed to ourselves for this paper, and shall return to Lord Cockburn's book.

THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MURDER IS PLANNED WHICH THE LAW CANNOT REACH.

“LET me tell you, mother, that your good news must be something superlative, indeed, before I can be induced to forgive such a piece of imprudence as you committed in writing to me last night. It nearly cost us a discovery; for had I not diverted Sir Michael's attention from your remarkable penmanship, he was quite capable of ques-

tioning the servants about the letter, and then we should have had a pretty business, as I suppose you brought it yourself.” And with this somewhat ungracious greeting, Gabriel flung himself down upon the best chair in his mother's cottage.

“And these are my thanks for walking through the cold and darkness, to

the Abbey, you ungrateful child, after toiling all day for you, besides. I wish with all my heart my interests were not so utterly mixed up with yours, and I should leave you fast enough to fight your own battles, sir; and see what sort of a plight you would be in then."

"Come, mother, don't be angry," said Gabriel, who knew it was highly impolitic to irritate this valuable auxiliary. "I have no doubt you had good reasons for what you did; only you know it is impossible for me not to be nervous about the success of this deep game we are playing. It is such a subtle, delicate business, that the slightest carelessness might ruin us for life; and surely you can write better than that."

"Not I, indeed! Your father was for educating me during the first few months after our marriage, but he tired both of the lessons and the pupil before the year was out," she said, with a bitter laugh; "and you know he took French leave one morning, and I never saw him from that day to the hour of his death; so I had little time for schooling, you see."

"But this news, what is it?" exclaimed Gabriel. "I can't stand suspense."

"Nor is there any time to lose," said his mother; "you must be up and doing, my boy, for we have got such a chance as I never hoped to see. If you profit by it cleverly, you may put an end to Aletheia's connexion with Sydney fast enough, now, or I am much mistaken."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Gabriel, starting up, his eyes glittering with the sudden hope that flashed into them. "Oh, mother, speak!—speak quick—tell me all!" And drawing a chair close to her, he placed his elbows on the table, that he might lean his head on them, and gazed into her face with the most extreme eagerness.

"That I will, my child; it does my heart good to think of the pleasure I am going to give: you shall hear all in two words. You must know I have always made a practice of going to watch Richard Sydney on the days when he goes to the Abbey, just because I thought it well to be always on the alert, in case I might glean some casual information some day; and the event has proved how wise I was in this. What do you think happened yesterday?—I never was so much amazed in my life! After having seen

him pass the gate of the avenue, on his way to visit Aletheia, I went to lie in wait for him in the meadow lands there, near the boundary, where I knew I could watch him almost all the way to Sydney Court. Well, there I was, wandering among the brush-wood, when I saw Mr. Sydney coming riding along the path, sure enough; and who do you think was with him?"

"Not Aletheia," exclaimed Gabriel.

"No, indeed; something better than that: neither more nor less than Miss Lilius Randolph!"

"Lilius!—Lilius and Richard Sydney! Impossible, mother: you must be mistaken. I know she has never seen him, and does not even know his name. She said so yesterday morning, and she is truth itself. It cannot be—it is impossible!"

"It is not only possible, but by no means so unnatural as you would think. I was as much confounded as you at first; but I found out all about it in the course of the evening. You know Sydney went over to Ireland some time since, to see his wretched sister, who is in confinement there; and it so happened that he came back in the same vessel that brought over Lilius. This I learned from the servants; and I don't suppose he had seen her till yesterday, when they seemed to me to have met by accident. But if she did not know his name on board ship, nor yet the name of Aletheia's visitor, of course she would never suspect them of being identical."

"Well, you are right; this explains their meeting. But how is it to profit me in any way?—where is the good news you promised me?"

"Patience; I have not told you nearly all yet: and I declare I think you are half asleep this morning, Gabriel, not to have an inkling of my plan already. What do you suppose were the last words I had the satisfaction of hearing them say to one another before they parted? Nothing less than an appointment for a clandestine meeting some morning next week in the woods, at the dawn of day! There, what do you think of that?" she said, in a triumphant tone.

"How very extraordinary!—what can it mean? Are you sure you heard correctly, mother?"

"Why, child, I was as close to them almost as I am to you. When I saw them together, I was determined to

hear what they were talking about; so I went on, and crouched among the bushes, just where the Sydney estate marches with the Abbey lands, as I thought they were likely to part there; and so they did; and I just heard the last words, by good luck."

"But, mother, I can tell you, if you are building your hopes on any sort of attachment between Liliás and Sydney, you are utterly mistaken. The silly, romantic child has given herself, heart and soul, to Hubert Lyle. She has carried her generous folly—for generous it certainly is—to an incredible extent."

"And who told you I had any idea of the kind, you tiresome boy? Have you not sense enough to see that it does not matter in the least whether there is really any attachment between those two, provided Aletheia Randolph is made to believe that there is? I tell you the day is ours, if she could once be persuaded that Sydney has given his heart's love to Liliás, and is only deterred by his connexion with herself from throwing his resolution to the winds, as his father did before him, and making himself happy in a marriage with her cousin. I know her well enough to feel certain that the bare idea of her being an obstacle to his happiness, even though she would not approve of his breaking his vow, would be enough to make her hide herself in the farthest corner of the earth out of his sight. You may depend upon it she would never see him again; and there's an old saying, Gabriel, that many a heart is caught in the rebound."

"Ah, mother, it is a fine scheme, if only it could be accomplished; but I confess I don't see how we are ever to deceive Aletheia to this extent."

"Not so difficult as you fancy; remember, she listens to every word I say, and knows of no motive I could possibly have for beguiling her. It is easy to assert, what is likely enough—that Sydney had known Liliás, long since, in Ireland; and Aletheia would understand fast enough, that if he had fancied her cousin, she herself was the last person he would ever have spoken to of her. Besides, Gabriel, if I am not much mistaken, there is something working just now between Sydney and Aletheia which would render it by no means so difficult to lead her to believe that he had ceased to love her.

Possibly, indeed, this may really be the case; but at all events I have gathered, from the incessant questions she asks me as to his temper and disposition in former times, that he has grown fierce, harsh, and stern with her of late."

"So far that tallies with the horrible scene which took place last time he was at the Abbey, when I heard her actually begging mercy from him," said Gabriel, shuddering at the recollection.

"Well, now then you understand my scheme. Let me but have her here one hour to myself, and I'll tell her such a plausible tale of his mad love for Liliás, and how I have heard it all from his confidential servant;—and of some obstacle, which alone prevents his happy marriage, and which they believe to be a former attachment, now grown hateful; and trust me if I can prevent her throwing herself into the river, to be out of his way the sooner, I shall soon persuade her that the marriage of this former lady-love of his, is the only way by which he can be made free and happy; and then, Mr. Gabriel, it seems to me that you have nothing to do but to present yourself, and she is yours."

"Mother, mother, what a vision of delight you have opened out before me! How shall I ever be able to endure the reaction if the scheme fails? Yet it does seem plausible; at least, it is well worth the chance, for the mere possibility of success were not too dearly purchased by any effort; but Aletheia will require some proof, mother; she will never cast away her faith in this man on your bare statement."

"Why, Gabriel, you have lost your senses this morning, I think. Don't you see that my whole plot hinges on the one fact, that I HAVE such an incontrovertible proof to offer her in the secret interview which is to take place between Liliás and Sidney? I will give my own colouring to the meeting, and she shall go herself to see them together. If they are only half as friendly as they were when I saw them separate," she continued, with a loud laugh, "there is little fear but her jealous heart will think them full of tenderness to one another; and they looked doleful enough that day, I am sure, to have persuaded any one that they were in despair."

"But how will you induce her to

go?" said Gabriel, anxiously; "Aletheia will never play the eavesdropper."

"She need not go near enough to hear what they say; in fact, the whole plan would fall to the ground, if I were not certain she is too fastidious to do so. But if you consider that her object in ascertaining whether he really does love another than herself, will be solely to make him happy by freeing him of her own claims upon him, you may trust the woman's love, and the woman's agony, for seizing the only means she has of hearing the truth."

Gradually, as his mother spoke, the expression of indescribable triumph deepened in the clear blue eyes of Gabriel, till they assumed something of the fierce exultation of a tiger, when his prey seems already within his grasp. He rose up:—

"Mother," he said, extending his hand to her, "it is a rare plan, ably conceived, and easily to be executed. If only you succeed—if only you gain me Aletheia, and the Abbey—you shall reign there as a very queen yourself, and there is nothing you can ask I will not grant."

"I take you at your word, child," exclaimed his mother, eager to swallow the bait he thus held out to her. "I bind you to your promise, mind, for the day is not far distant when I shall claim it of you."

"Tell me quickly, then, what is the first step you mean to take in this affair, and let me be gone; for I would not, on any account, have it known at the Abbey, that I was out at this time to-day."

"Why, my course is plain. The day before that fixed for Sydney's meeting with Lillas, I send to Aletheia, to tell her I am ill, and wish to see her. She promised to come to me on a moment's notice, any time, if this was the case. Then, she receiving my instructions—the woman's expression grew hideous in its malice as she said this—next morning goes to give her last look on Richard Sidney, till you take her to visit him as Mrs. Gabriel Randolph;" and she laughed scornfully.

"Mother, this is no matter for jesting," said Gabriel, with considerable sternness, for his feelings, however unbridled, were too deep for this heartless levity. "But why so late? Why not see her often, and poison her mind by degrees?"

"Because I must not leave her time

to have it in her power to communicate with either Sydney or Lillas, and I am never sure of creatures like her, who make what they call a duty of scrupulous truth. No, no, sir, I know what I am about."

"I believe you do," said Gabriel, with a smile which few would have loved to look upon. "I think I may, indeed, safely trust you. Well, you know your reward." And, wringing her hand, he sprung from the cottage, and took his way to the abbey.

With what a proud, quick step he breasted the hill as he left the valley! His heart was beating wild and high with the most ungovernable triumph. She should be his. He would win her yet. He would drag her out of the grasp of that man whom he hated, and whom he yet felt *she* so passionately loved, that she would have been content to have lain beneath his feet, had he so willed it.

And had he no thought then for her, in the midst of this deep exultation?—for her, into whose very heart he was about to plunge so cruel a knife, by his base machinations. He may lay the flattering unction to his soul, that already she is wretched—that she never can be the wife of him whom she so vainly cherishes. But what after all does he know of her existence, save this one fact, that Richard Sydney is dearer to her than the air she breathes—more to be desired of her than the light of day; and sought for by her, rather as rest in weariness, or freedom in captivity, or release in torment; and that he is beloved of her, yes, beloved with a clinging faithfulness, a boundless depth of pure devotion, which has no name in human words, and rarely, indeed, a place in human hearts. He knows this, and he knows nought else concerning her; and yet he is about to seize upon her life with his ruthless hands, that he may mould it to his will, and in so doing wring from it all hope, all joy, all peace, and crush it, haply, into the very dust of death. For it is thus that in the world many murders are committed without bloodshed!

It is an awful thing to think what power one human being may have over another in this mortal life; and it is no less a deadly crime to use that power, except by some undoubted solemn duty; for we can know nothing of those lives with which we tamper, even if we have gone hand

in hand with them from infancy. We may sit at the same board, and slumber on the self-same pillow, with those we call our friends, and yet are they mysteries to us—whose springs of action are beyond our ken; whose joys and sufferings may never rise unto the surface to tell us of their inward histories. But Gabriel feared not to wield this power, for he had indeed no thoughts for her except as the prize he coveted, which must

and should be his, though he purchased her unto himself with her own hearts' agony. So he strode on towards his home, a proud, exulting man: but he little dreams that this day's ungodly triumph shall have a deep revenge at that hour yet to come, when it shall seem to him in the madness of his vain remorse, that her pale folded hands, and cold white lips, invoke a curse upon him for his treacherous deed, and for his cruel destructive love!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RECORD OF A MADNESS WHICH WAS NOT INSANITY.

A FRESH, bright dawn, the loveliest hour of an English summer, was rousing the slumbering life in woods and fields, and painting the heavens and the earth in the gorgeous hues of the sunrise.

Beautiful it was to see the first blush of day mantling over the distant hills, tinging them with a faint crimson, and the first smile shooting, in one bright beam, through the sky, while it lit up the fair face of nature with a sparkling light. Lillas Randolph stood on the flight of steps which led from the Abbey to the park, and looked down on the joyous scene. She seemed herself a very type of the morning, with her sunny eyes, and her golden hair; and her gaze wandered glad and free over the spreading landscape, while her thoughts roamed far away in regions yet more bright, even the sunlit fields of fancy.

It was the day and the hour when she was to go and meet Richard Sydney, in order to have, at length, a full revelation of his mysterious connexion with her cousin. She knew that it was an interview of solemn import to both of those, in whom she felt so deep an interest; yet, so entirely were one thought and one feeling alone gaining empire over her spirit that, even then, in that momentous hour, they had no share in the visions with which her heart was busy. The week that had intervened since she last had spoken with Sydney, had been the brightest of her life, and memory was retracing now those golden hours, not with the bitter, mournful longing with which we look back on joys that shall return no more, but with the deep delight which derives its great charm from the sure hope of a speedy renewal of the same enjoyment.

Many hours of each day had been

spent with Hubert Lyle and his mother, hours in which he had taken delight in opening to her young mind the treasures of knowledge, which he had gathered from the master-minds of almost every age and clime. He had begun to make her acquainted, for the first time, with the literature of other countries, and there was to her an exquisite enjoyment in hearing him, first read the glowing poems, she loved so well, in their soft, foreign tongue, and then clothe them in his own words, that she might understand their beauty. One pleasure only was greater than this, to kneel at his side with folded hands, that would have sought to hush the very beating of her heart if possible, whilst he sang to her the holy strains that first had bound her soul to his; and she, the while, loved to picture to herself how beautiful his fair spirit would be one day in heaven, though now held captive in its unsightly prison; and already, to her partial eyes, it seemed as though the beauty of his inward purity and goodness had glorified the poor deformed frame.

Sweet, then, it was to her to retrace those moments of calm enjoyment; and when her old nurse appeared, for whom she had been waiting, it was with an effort that she recalled her spirit from its flight, upon the wings of hope, into the future of her bright imagination, in order to proceed on the mission of charity which had called her forth at that early hour. That it was in truth a work of charity, she was deeply convinced; for Aletheia had appeared, if possible, still more utterly depressed since the last interview she had had with Sydney: and Lillas had found it in vain to attempt any additional communication with her, as she had withdrawn herself en-

tirely from the society of her relations, excepting at the stated periods when she was compelled by her uncle to be with them; and then she maintained an impenetrable silence.

So soon, therefore, as Lillas came within sight of Richard Sydney, who had arrived first at the place of rendezvous, she resolutely banished the thoughts that were so absorbing to her own glad heart, and set herself seriously to give her entire attention to the work now before her, if, haply, it might be given her, in some degree, to minister unto their grievous misery. And truly her first glance upon the face of the man who stood there, with his eyes fixed on the path which was to bring her and her hoped-for saviour near to him, would have sufficed to have driven all ideas from her mind, save the one conviction, that in that look alone she had acquired a deeper knowledge of suffering than her own past life, in all its details, had ever afforded her. Sydney heard her step long before she believed it possible, and, bounding towards her, he seized her hand with a grasp which was almost convulsive. He drew her aside to some little distance from her nurse, who sat down on a bank to wait for them.

"Al-theia!" he said, in a voice hoarse from emotion; and she understood the question he would ask in that one word, by the restless, gnawing anxiety that gleamed with a latent fire from his eyes.

"I fear she is even more wretched than before your visit," said Lillas, very gently, yet firmly; for she felt she dared not tamper with his great agony by seeking to conceal aught of the truth. "Whatever be her anguish, it seems to have deepened since that event; and I have looked forward to this hour with increasing impatience, in the hope that, by any means, we may be able to devise some alleviation to her suffering; otherwise, I tremble—indeed I tremble lest her strength fail her altogether in the struggle."

"I knew you would tell me this," he said, with a mournful bitterness. "I knew I should hear how ably I had performed my own hateful task. Oh! wretched, miserable being that I am! why is so noble a life to be wrecked for me? But I have sworn to contain myself—to be to-day calm and self-possessed, as if it were not the question of my own life and death that is at issue, for most surely, worse—far

worse and bitterer than death—it is to me, to see my Altheia dying thus beneath my own cruel hand! Miss Randolph, I have felt, in preparing myself for this interview, that it will be utterly impossible for me to enter into all the minute details of our wretched history, as I designed at first. I must be as brief as may be consistent with the one object I have in view, which is, to give you a complete understanding of our position—For," he added smiling sadly—"although I seem to you, no doubt, a man of stern aspect and powerful strength, I yet am not strong enough to undergo the pain of living, over again, the fearful probation of the last few years. I could not act again—as it were—that deep tragedy of our miserable lives, and trace its course from the first delusive brightness which beguiled us both, through all the deepening shades of gloom, to the dark and hopeless night that is around us now, like the very sword of death itself. Forgive me, then, if I seem abrupt and unconnected—only tell me if, at any time, you do not fully understand me, and may the hope, dim and faint as it is, of brightening, even yet that precious life, give me nerve for this most bitter task. We shall be quiet here," he continued, drawing her beneath the shade of a spreading tree, and seating himself at her side.

Lillas bent down her head that she might not seem to note the workings of his countenance, as he laid bare before her the most hidden springs of his soul, and he began:—

"I was born heir to a curse. Centuries ago an ancestor of mine murdered a woman he once had loved, because his neglect had driven her mad, and that in her ravings she revealed his many crimes. With her dying breath she invoked the curse of insanity on him and his house for ever, and the cry of her departing soul was heard. There has not been a generation in our family since that hour which has not had its shrieking mania to echo in our ears the murdered woman's scream. Some there have been amongst the Sydneys of peculiar constitution, as it would seem, who have not actually been visited with the madness; but they have never failed to transmit it to their children. Of such am I; while my father died a suicide by his own senseless act, and his only other child besides myself, my

sister, wears her coronet of straw in the Dublin Asylum, and calls herself a queen.

“It would appal you to hear the fearful calamities which each succeeding family has undergone through this awful curse. At last, as the catalogue of tragic events grew darker and darker, it became a solemn matter of discussion to our unhappy race, whether it were not an absolute duty that the members of a house so doomed, should cease at last to propagate the curse, and by a resolute abandonment of all earthly ties, cause our name and misery to perish from the earth. The necessity for this righteous sacrifice was admitted; but the resolution in each separate individual to become the destined holocaust, has hitherto for ever failed before the power of the mighty human love that lured them ever to its pure resistless joys. It was so with my father—like myself he was an only son; and, in the ardour of a generous youth, he vowed to be the offering needful, to still the cry of that innocent blood for vengeance; but the sweet face of my mother came between him and his holy vow. He married her, and the punishment came down with fearful weight on both, when her fond heart broke at sight of his ghastly corpse. Then it was she knew the retribution in their case had been just; and on her dying bed, with the yet unclosed coffin of her husband by her side, she made me vow upon the holy cross that I, myself, would be the sacrifice—that never would I take a wife unto my heart or home; and that never, from my life, should any helpless being inherit existence with a curse. That vow I took, that vow I kept, and that vow I will keep, though Aletheia, beloved of my heart and soul, dearer than all beneath the skies, were to lay herself down beneath my very feet to die. Oh! shall we not rest in heaven,”

He bowed his head for a moment, and his frame shook with emotion, but driving back the tide of anguish, he went on:—“After my mother’s death and my sister’s removal, who had been insane almost from childhood, I shut myself up entirely at Sydney Court, and gave way to a species of morbid melancholy which was thought to be fearfully dangerous for one in my position. I had friends, however; and the best and truest was Colonel Randolph, my Aletheia’s father, the early companion of my own poor, hapless parent. He was

resolved to save me from the miserable condition in which I then was. He came to me and told me, with all the authority of his long friendship, that I must go with him to the M——, where he had been appointed governor. He said it was a crime to waste a life, which, though unblest by human ties, might be made most useful to my fellow-creatures. I had studied much in brighter days, and given to the world the fruits of my labours. These had not passed unheeded; he told me they had proved that talents had been committed to me whereby I might be a benefactor to my race, all the more that no soft endearments of domestic joys would wean my thoughts from sterner duties. I was to go with him; he insisted it would benefit myself, and would injure none. His family consisted of his one daughter, his precious, beloved Aletheia, for he doated on her with more than the ordinary love of a father. She knew my history, and would be to me a sister. Alas! alas! for her destruction, I consented.”

Again, a momentary pause. Lilius gently raised her compassionate eyes, but he saw her not; he seemed lost in a vision of the past, and soon went on:—

“That lovely land where I dwelt with her, it seems a type of the beauty and happiness which was around me then! And, oh! what a dream it is to think of now—the cloudless sky—the glorious sun—and her eyes undimmed, her smile unfaded! Oh! Aletheia—my Aletheia!—treasure of many lives! bright and joyous—light to the eyes that looked on her, blessing to the hearts that loved her—would that I had died or ever I drew her very soul into mine, and left her the poor, crushed, helpless being that she is! You cannot picture to yourself the fascination that was around her then—high-minded, noble in heart, lofty in soul; her bright spirit stamped its glory on her face, and she was beautiful, with all spiritual loveliness. None ever saw her who loved her not—her rare talents—her enchanting voice; that voice of her very soul, which spoke in such wonderful music, drew to her feet every creature who knew her; for with all these gifts, this wonderful intellect, and rarest powers of mind, she was playful, winning, simple as an innocent child. I say none saw her, and loved her not; how, think you, *I* loved her?—the doomed man, the desolate being, whose barren joyless life walked hand in hand with a

curse. Let this anguish tell you how I loved her ;” and he turned on Lilius a face of ghastly paleness, convulsed with agony, and wet with the dews of suffering ; but he did not pause, he went on rapidly :—“ I was mad, then, in one sense, though it was the madness of the heart, and not the brain. Poor wretch, I thought I would wring a joy out of my blasted life in spite of fate, and, whilst none other claimed her as their own, I would revel in her presence, and in the rapture of her tenderness. I knew it was mockery when I bid her call me brother—a sister truly is loved with other love than that I gave her. I would have seen every relation I had ever known laid dead at my feet, could I have thereby purchased for her, my thrice-beloved, one moment’s pleasure.

“ Lilius, does a passion of such fearful power shock and terrify you, who have only known the placid beating of a gentle, childlike heart ? Take a yet deeper lesson, then, in the dark elements of which this life may be composed, and learn that deep, and true, and mighty as was my love for her, it is as a mere name, a breath, a vapour, compared with that most awful affection which Aletheia had already, even then, vowed unto me, in the depth of her secret heart. Ah ! it needed, in truth, such an agony as that which is now incorporate with it in her heart, to cope with its immensity ; for, truly, no weak happiness of earth could have had affinity with it—a love so saint-like must needs have been a martyr. I will not attempt to tell you what her devotion to me was, and is, and shall be, whilst one faintest throb of life is stirring in her noble heart. You have seen it—you have seen that love looking through those eyes of hers, like a mighty spirit endowed with an existence separate from her own, which holds her soul in its fierce, powerful grasp.

“ I must hurry on now, and my words must be rapid as the events that drove us from the serene elysian fields of that first dear companionship, through storm and whirlwind, to this wilderness of misery where I am sent to wander to and fro, like a murderer, as I am ; condemned to watch the daily dying of the sweet life I have destroyed. You may think me blind and senseless, for so I surely was, but it is certain that I never suspected the love she bore me. I saw that she turned away from the crowds

that flocked around, and was deaf to all the offers that were made to her, of rank, and wealth, and station, and many a true heart’s love ; but I thought this was because her own was yet untouched, and when I saw that I alone was singled out to be the object of her attention and solicitude, I fancied it was but the effect of her deep, generous pity for my desolate condition—and pity it was, but such as the mother feels for the suffering of the first-born, whom she adores. And the day of revelation came !

“ I told you how Colonel Randolph doated on his daughter ; truly, none ever loved Aletheia with a common love. When he was released from the duties of his high office, it was one of his greatest pleasures to walk, or ride with me, that he might talk to me of her. One morning he came in with a packet of letters from England, and, taking me by the arm, drew me out into the garden, that he might tell me some news, which, he said, gave him exceeding joy. The letters announced the arrival of the son of an old friend of his, who had just succeeded to his title and estates, the young Marquis of L——, and further communicated, in the most unreserved manner, that his object in coming to the M—— was to make Aletheia his wife, if he could win her to himself : he had long loved her, and had only delayed his offer till he could instal her in his lordly castle, with all the honours of his station. To see this union accomplished, Colonel Randolph said, had been his one wish since both had played as children at his feet, and he now believed the desired consummation was at hand. Aletheia’s consent was alone required, and there seemed no reason to doubt it would be given, for there was not, he asserted, in all England, one more worthy of her, by every noble gift of mind, than the high-born, generous-hearted L——.

“ Why, indeed, should she not, at once, accept the brilliant destiny carved out for her ?—I did not doubt it more than the exulting father, and I heard my doom fixed in the same senseless state of calm with which the criminal who knows his guilt and its penalty, hears the sentence of his execution. I had long known this hour must come ; and what had I now to do but gather, as it were, a shroud round my tortured soul, and, like the Cæsars, die decently to all earthly happiness ! Even in that

tremendous hour, I had a consciousness of the dignity of suffering—suffering that is which comes from the height of heaven above, and not from the depths of crime below!—I resolved that the lamp of my life's joy should go out without a sigh, audible to human ears, save her's alone, who had lit that pure flame in the black night of my existence.

“Lilias, I enter into no detail of what I felt in that momentous crisis, for you have no woman's heart if you have not understood it, in its uttermost extent of misery. One thought, however, stood up pre-eminent in that chaos of suffering—the conviction that I must not see Aletheia Randolph again, or the very powers of my mind would give way in the struggle that must ensue. This thought, and one other—one solitary gleam of dreary comfort, that alone relieved the great darkness which had fallen upon me, were all that seemed distinct in my mind: that last mournful consolation was the resolution taken along with the vow to see her no more, that ere I passed for ever from her memory, she should know what was the love with which I loved her.

“Quietly I gave her father my hand when I quitted him, and he said, ‘We shall meet in the evening;’ my own determination was never to look upon his face again. I went home, and sitting down, I wrote to Aletheia a letter, in which all the pent-up feelings of the deep, silent devotion I cherished for her, were poured out in words to which the wretchedness of my position gave a fearful intensity—burning words, indeed! She has told me since, that they seemed to eat into her heart like fire. I left the letter for her and quitted the house; and I believed my feet should never pass that beloved threshold again. There was a spot where Aletheia and I had gone almost day by day to wander, since we had dwelt in that land. She loved it, because she could look out over the ocean in its boundlessness, whose aspect soothed her, she said, as with a promise of eternity. It was a huge rock that rose perpendicularly from the sea, and sloped down on the other side, by a gentle declivity, to the plain. I have often thought what a type of our life it was; we saw nothing of the precipice as we ascended the soft and verdant mount, and suddenly it was at our feet, and if the blast of heaven had driven us another step, it had been into destruction.

“Thither, when I had parted, as I believed, for ever, with that darling of my heart, I went with what intent I know not: it was not to commit suicide; although in that form, in the mad longing for it, the curse of my family has ever declared itself. I was yet sane, and my soul acknowledged and abhorred the tremendous guilt of that mysterious crime, wherein the created dashes back the life once given, in the very face of the Creator; not for suicide I went, yet, Lilias, as I stood within an inch of death, and looked down on the placid waters that had so swiftly cooled the burning anguish of my heart and brain, I felt in the intense desire to terminate my life, and in that desire resisted, a more stinging pain than any which my bitter term of years has ever offered me. Oh, how shall I tell you what followed? I feel as though I could not: and briefly, and, indeed, incoherently, must I speak; for on the next hour—the supreme, the crowning hour of all my life—my spirit enters not, without an intensity of feeling which well nigh paralyses every faculty.

“I stood there, and suddenly I heard a sound—a soft, breathing sound, as of a gentle fawn wearied in some steep ascent—a sound coming nearer and nearer, bringing with it ten thousand memories of hours and days that were to come no more: a step, light and tremulous falling on the soft grass softly, and then a voice,—Oh, when mine ears are locked in death, shall I not hear it?—a voice uttering low and sweet, my well-known name. I turned, and when I saw that face, on whose sweet beauty other eyes should feed, yea, other lips caress, for one instant the curse of my forefather seemed upon me; my brain reeled, and I would have sprung from the precipice to die. But ere I could accomplish the sudden craving of this momentary frenzy, Aletheia, my own Aletheia, was at my feet, her clinging arms were round me, her lips were pressed upon my hands, and her voice—her sweet, dear voice—went sounding through my soul like a sudden prophecy of most unearthly joy, murmuring, ‘Live, live for me, mine own for ever!’

“Oh, Lilias, how can I attempt with human words to tell you of these things, so far beyond the power of language to express! I felt that what she said was true—that in some way, by some wonderful means, she was in very deed and truth, ‘mine own, for ever,’ though, in

that moment of supremest joy, no less firmly than in the hour of supremest sorrow by my mother's dying bed, my heart and soul were faithful to the vow then taken, that never on my desolate breast a wife should lay her head to rest. 'Mine own forever!'—as I looked down, and met the gaze of fathomless, unutterable love with which her tearful eyes were fastened full upon my own, I was as one who having long dwelt in darkest night, was blinded with the sudden glare of new returning day. I staggered back, and leant against the rock; faint and shivering I stretched out my hands on that beloved head, longing for the power to bless her, and said, 'Oh, Altheia, what is it you have said; have you forgotten who and what I am?'

"'No!' was her answer, steady and distinct; 'and for that very reason, because you are a stricken man, for ever cut off from all the common ties of earth, have I been given to you, to be in heart and soul peculiarly your own, with such a measure of entire devotion as never was offered to man on earth before.'

"I looked at her almost in bewilderment. She rose up to her full height, perfectly calm, and with a deep solemnity in her words and aspect.

"'Richard,' she said, 'the lives of both of us are hanging on this hour; by it shall all future existence on this earth be shaped for us, and its memory shall come with death itself to look us in the face, and stamp our whole probation with its seal; it becomes us, therefore, to cast aside all frivolous rules of man's convention, and speak the truth as deathless soul with deathless soul. Hear me, then, while I open up my inmost spirit to your gaze, and then decide whether you will lay your hand upon my life, and say—'Thou art my own;' or whether you will fling it from you to perish as some worthless thing?'

"I bowed my head in token that she should continue, for I could not speak. I, Lilius, who had looked death and insanity in the face, under their most frightful shapes, trembled, like a reed in the blast, before the presence of a love that was mightier than either! Altheia stretched out her hand over the precipice, and spoke—

"'Hear me, then, declare first of all, solemnly as though this were the last, that, ———— that last

to meditate, would I ever consent to be your wife, even if you wished it, as utterly as I doubt not you abhor the idea of such perjury—not to save you from death—I say—the death of the mortal body, for by conniving at your failure in that most righteous vow, once taken on the holy cross itself, I should peril—yea, destroy, it may be, the immortal soul, which is the true object of my love. Hear me, in the face of that pure sky announce this truth, and then may I freely declare to you all that is in my heart—all the sacred purpose of my life for you, without a fear that my worst enemy could pronounce me unmaidenly or overbold, though I have that to say which few women ever said unasked.'

"Unmaidenly! Oh, Lilius, could you have seen the noble dignity of her fearless innocence in that hour, you would have felt that never had the impress of a purer heart been stamped upon a virgin brow."

"Have you understood and well considered this my settled purpose never to be your wife?" she continued.

"And I said—'I have.'"

"Then speak out, my soul," she exclaimed, lifting up her eyes as if inspired. 'Tell him that there is a righteous Providence over the life that immolates itself for virtue's sake! and that another existence hath been sent to meet it in the glorious sacrifice, in order that this one may yield up its treasures to the heart that would have stript itself of all! Richard, Richard Sydney, you have made a holocaust of your life, and lo! by the gift of another life, it is repaid to you.'

"Slowly she knelt down, and took my hand in both of hers, while with an aspect calm and firm, and a voice unflinching, she spoke this vow:—

"I, Altheia Randolph, do most solemnly vow and promise to give myself, in heart and soul, unto the last day of my life, wholly and irrevocably, to Richard Sydney. I devote to him, and him alone, my whole heart, my whole life, and my whole love. I do for ever forswear, for his sake, all earthly ties, all earthly affections, and all earthly joys. I will love him only, cherish him, and make it my duty to minister to him in all his needs, and tenderly

in defiance of all allurements which might induce me to abandon him. I will seek to abide ever as near to him as may be, that I may bestow on him all the care and tender watchfulness which the most faithful wife could offer; but absent or present, living or dying, no human being on this earth shall ever have known such an entire devotion as I will give to him till the last breath pass from this heart in death!

"I was speechless, Lilius—speechless with something almost of horror at the sacrifice she was making! I strove to withdraw my hand—I could have died to save her from thus immolating herself; but she clung to me, and a deadly paleness spread itself over her countenance as she felt my movement.

"Hear me! hear me yet again, Richard Sydney!" she exclaimed; "you cannot prevent me taking this vow; it was registered in the record of my fate—uttered again and again deep in my soul, long before it was spoken by these mortal lips!—it is done—I am yours for ever, or for ever perjured! But hear me!—hear me!—although the offering of my life is made, yea, and it *shall* be yours in every moment, in every thought, in every impulse of my being, yet I cannot force you to accept this true oblation, made once for all, and for ever! I cannot constrain you to load your existence with mine. Now, now, the consummation of all is in your own hands; you may make this offering, which is never to be recalled, as you will—a blessing or a curse to yourself as unto me! I am powerless—what you decree I must submit to; but hear me, hear me!—although you now reject, and scorn, and spurn me—me, and the life which I have given you—although you drive me from you, and command me never to appear before your eyes again, yet, Richard Sydney, I WILL KEEP MY VOW! Even in obeying you, and departing to the uttermost corner of the earth that you may never look upon my face again; yet will I keep my vow, and the life shall be yours, and the love shall be around you; and the heart, and the soul, and the thoughts, and the prayers of her, who is your own for ever, shall be with you night and day, till she expires in agony of rejection.

"I will curse you, and curse me if you do not love me! And now I might be

if you so willed it. In spiritual union we should be for ever linked, soul with soul, and heart with heart—all in all to one another in that wedding of our immortal spirits only, as truly and joyously as though we had been bound in an earthly bridal at the altar; abiding for ever near each other in sweetest and most pure companionship, whilst my father lives under the same roof, and afterwards still meeting daily; one in love, in joy, in hope, in sorrow; one in death (for if your soul were first called forth, I know that mine would take that summons for its own), and one, if it were so permitted, in eternity itself. This we may be, Richard Sydney, this we shall be, except you will, this day, trample down beneath your feet the life that gives itself to you. But wherefore, oh, wherefore would you do so? Why cast away the gift which hath been sent, in order that, by a wondrous and most just decree, the righteous man who, in his noble rectitude, abandoned every earthly tie, should be possessed, instead thereof, of such a deep, devoted love as never human heart received before? Wherefore, oh! wherefore? Yet, do as you will, now you know all; and I, who still, whatever be your decree, happen what may, am verily your own for ever, must here abide the sentence of my life.'

"Slowly her dear head fell down upon her trembling hands, and, kneeling at my feet, she waited my acceptance or rejection of the noblest gift that ever one immortal spirit made unto another. Lilius, I told you when I commenced this agonising record, that there were portions of it which I would breathe to no mortal ears, not even to yours, good and gentle as you are. And now, of such is all that followed in the solemn, blessed hours of which I speak; you know what my answer was; it cannot be that you doubt it—could it have been otherwise, indeed? She had said truly, that the deed was done—the sacrifice was made—the life was given. What would it have availed if I, by my rejection, had punished her unparalleled devotion with unexampled misery? and for myself, could I—could I—should I have been human if I, who, till that hour had believed myself of all men most accursed on earth—had suddenly refused to be above all men blest?

"When the sun went down that

night, sinking into the sea, whose boundlessness seemed narrow to my infinity of joy, Aletheia lay at my feet like a cradled child; and as I bent down over her, and scarcely dared to touch, with deep respect, the long, soft tresses of her waving hair, which the light breeze lifted to my lips, I heard her ever murmuring as though she could never weary of that sound of joy—"Mine own, mine own for ever."

Suddenly Sydney paused, and Lilius looking up, saw that these recollections had, at length, utterly overcome him. He trembled from head to foot; his voice faltered, and the stern eyes of

the wretched man were wet with burning tears. She could not bear to look upon him thus; it seemed, to her native delicacy of mind, a very sacrilege. She rose hastily, and said, with an effort at the calm she could not feel—

"I will return in one moment; but I must go and take care of dear old nurse, who, I see, has fallen asleep on the bank. I must cover her with my cloak, and then I will at once come back."

He merely bowed his head in token of assent, and she glided away, leaving him to regain the strength that seemed so utterly to have abandoned him.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEATH-BED VOW AND ITS RESULT.

WHEN Lilius had returned, she found that her thoughtful consideration had produced the desired effect. Sydney's countenance was once more stamped with the severe calm which was its wonted expression. He at once resumed the singular detail to which she was called to listen, with a rapid and energetic brevity which showed that he was as one on the rack, till he could bring his history to a conclusion:—

"The period which followed that wonderful hour," he said, "was one of an Eden-like happiness, such as, I believe, this fallen world never could before have witnessed—it was the embodiment, in every hour and instant, of that blessing of which my Aletheia had so fervently spoken—the spiritual union which linked us in heart and soul alone, was as perfect as it was unearthly; and the intense bliss which flowed from it, on both of us, could only have been equalled by the love, no less intense, that made us what we were."

"But Lilius, of this brief dream of deep delight I will not and I cannot speak. This is a record of misery and not of joy," he continued, turning round upon her almost fiercely. "It becomes not me, who have been the murderer of Aletheia's joyous life, to take so much as the name of happiness between my lips. It passed—it departed, that joy, as a spirit departs out of the body; unseen, unheard; you know not it is gone, till suddenly you see that the beautiful living form has become a stark, and ghastly corpse!—and so, in like manner, our life became a hideous thing. * * * *

"Colonel Randolph asked me to go on an embassy to a distant town; the

absence was to be but for a fortnight. We were to write daily to one another, and we thought nothing of it. Nevertheless, in one sense, we felt it to be momentous. Aletheia designed, if an opportunity occurred, to inform her father of the change in her existence, and the irrevocable fate to which she had consigned herself. She had delayed doing so hitherto, because his mind had been fearfully disturbed by grievous disappointments in public affairs; and as he was a man of peculiarly sensitive temperament, she would not add to his distresses by the announcement of the fact, which she knew he would consider the great misfortune of his life. It was impossible indeed, that the doating father could fail to mourn bitterly over the sacrifice of his one beloved daughter, to the man who dared not so much as give her barren life the protection of his name, lest haply, he wed her to a maniac."

"It was within two days of my proposed return to their home, that an express arrived in fiery haste to tell me Colonel Randolph had fallen from his horse, had received a mortal injury, and was dying. I was summoned instantly. He had said he would not die in peace till he saw me. One hurried line from Aletheia, in addition to the aid-de-camp's letter, told how even, in that awful hour, I was first and last in his thoughts. It ran thus:—"He is on his death bed, and I have told him all. I could not let him die unknowing the consecration of his child to one so worthy of her. But, alas! I know not why it seems almost to have maddened him. He says he will tell you all, come then with all speed."

"In two hours I was by the side of the dying man, Aletheia was kneeling with her arms round him, and he was gazing at her with sombre, mournful fondness. The instant he saw me he pushed her from him. 'Go,' he said, 'I must see this man alone.' The epithet startled me. I saw he was filled with a bitter wrath. His daughter obeyed, she rose and left the room; but as she passed me she took my hand, and bowing herself as to her master, pressed it to her lips, then turning round she said. 'Father, remember what I have told you, he is mine own for ever; not even your death-bed curse could make me falter in my vow.' He groaned aloud—'No curse, no curse, my child,' he cried; 'fear not, it is not you whom I would curse. Come—kiss me, we may perhaps not meet again; and if you find me dead at your return——' He waited till she closed the door, and then added, 'Say that Richard Sydney killed me, and you will speak the truth! Madman, madman, indeed! What is it you have done? Was it for this I took you into my home, and was to you a father? That you might slay my only daughter—that you might make such havoc of her life as is worse than a thousand deaths.'

"I would have spoken; he fiercely interrupted me. 'I know what you would say—that she gave herself to you—that she offered this oblation of a whole existence—but I tell you, if one grain of justice or of generosity had been within your coward heart you would have flung yourself over that precipice, and so absolved her from her vow, rather than let her immolate herself to a doom so horrible; for you know not, yourself, what is that doom! Yes, poor wretch,' he added more gently, 'you knew not what you did; but I know, and now will I tell. I, who have watched over the soul of Aletheia Randolph for well nigh twenty years, know well of what fire it is made; I tell you I have long foreknown that there was a capacity of love in her which is most awful, and which would most infallibly work her utter woe, except its ardent immensity found a perpetual outlet in the many ties which weave themselves around a happy wife and mother. And now, oh! was there none to have mercy on her, and save her noble heart and life from such destruction; this soul of flame, fathomless as the deep, burning and pure as the spotless noonday sky,

hath gone forth to fasten itself upon a desolating, barren mournful love, where, hungering for ever after happiness, and never fed, it will be driven to insanity or death! Yes, I tell you, it will be so; my departing spirit is almost on my lips, and my words must be few, but they are words of fearful truth. I know her, and I know that thus it will be; one day's separation from you, whom the world will never admit to be her own—one cloud upon your brow, which she has not the power to disperse, will work in her a torment that will sap her noble mind, and will make her, haply, the lunatic, and *you—you*, descendant of the maniac Sydneys, her keeper! Oh, what had she done to you that you should hate her so? Oh, wherefore have you cursed her, my innocent child, my only daughter?"

"I fell on my knees, I gasped for breath; Lilius, I felt that every word he said was true, that all would come to pass as he foretold; for he spoke with the prophetic truth of the dying; he saw my utter agony. Suddenly he lifted himself up in the bed, and the movement broke the bandage on his head, whence the blood streamed suddenly with a destructive violence; he heeded it not, but grasped my arm with the last energy of life.

"'I see you are in torments,' he said, 'and fitly so; but if you have this much of grace left, now at least to suffer, it may be that every spark of justice is not dead within you, and that you will save her yet.'

"'Save her!' I almost shrieked. 'Yes, if by any means upon this earth such a blessing be possible! Shall I die?—I am ready—oh, how ready.'

"'No; to die were but to carry her into your grave,' the cruel voice replied; 'but living, I believe that you may save her. From what I know of that most noble child's pure soul, I do believe that you may save her yet. Man! who have been her curse and mine, will you swear to do so, by any means I may command?'

"'I will swear!' was my answer, and his glazing eyes were suddenly lit up with a fiercer delight. 'And how?' I cried.

"'Thus,' he answered, drawing me close to him, and putting his lips to my ear: 'by rendering yourself hateful to her! To quit her were to bid her lament you unto the death; but *by her very side to render yourself abhorrent to her*, thus shall you save her!

You have sworn—remember, you have sworn! Go! When I am dead, give up that voice and look of love; put on a stern aspect; treat her as a cruel taskmaster treats a slave; be harsh; be merciless; tell her the love she bears you, by its depth of passion, hath become a crime, and you have vowed to crush it out of her; but say not I commanded it; let her believe it is your own free will; punish her for that love; let her think you hate her for it; trample her soul beneath your haughty feet; let her hear nought but bitterest words—see nought but sternest looks—feel nought but a grasp severe and torturing—to tear her clinging arms from around you!—so shall you save her, for she will suffer but a little while at first, and then will leave you to be for ever blest,—so shall you crush her love, and send her out from your heart to seek a better. Sydney, you have sworn to do it—you have sworn!”

“He repeated the words with fearful vehemence, for life was ebbing with the blood that flowed. Gathering up his last energies, he shrieked into my ear—‘Say that you have sworn!—answer, or my spirit curses you for ever!’—and I answered—‘I have sworn!’”

“He burst into a laugh of awful triumph, sunk back, and expired.”

“Lilias, I have kept that vow!”

At these words, uttered in a hoarse and ominous tone, which seemed to convey a volume of fearful meaning, a cold shiver crept over the frame of the young Lilias: a horror unspeakable took possession of her, as the veil seemed suddenly lifted up from the mysterious agony which had made Altheia's life, even to the outward eye, a mere embodiment of perpetual suffering; and her deep and womanly appreciation of what her unhappy cousin had endured, caused her to shrink almost in fear from the wretched man by her side, who had thus been constrained to become the cruel tyrant of her he loved so fondly. But he spoke again in such broken, faltering accents, that her heart once more swelled with pity for him.

“Yes, Lilias, I kept that fearful vow: the grasp of the dead!—his hand, which, even as he stiffens, is a mass of senseless clay, as my own as with an iron gri to have bound it

alas! believed in the efficacy of this means for her restoration from the destructive madness of her love to such an one as I. I believed I thus should save her, and turn her pure affection to a salutary hate. Yes; with energy, with fierce determination I did keep that vow, because it was to bind myself unto such untold tortures, that it seemed a righteous expiation; and what, oh, what has been the result!—Her father thought he knew her. He thought the intensity of her tenderness would brave insanity or death; but, not my hatred and contempt!—and he knew her not, in her unparalleled generosity! for behold her glorious devotion hath trampled even my humanity under foot, and hath risen faithful, changeless, all perfect as before.

“Oh, Lilias, I cannot tell you the detail of the cruelties I have perpetrated on her—redoubled, day by day, as I saw them all fall powerless before her matchless love. I told her that because of its intensity, her affection had become a crime, for one whose eternal abiding place was not within this world, and that it inspired me with horror and with wrath; and since she had taken me for her master, as her master, I would drive this passion from her soul, by even the sternest means that fancy can devise; and then, I dare not tell you all that I have done; but she, with her imploring voice, her tender, mournful eyes, for ever answered that if she were hateful to me I had better leave her, only with me should go her love, her life, her very soul! Alas! alas!—I could not leave her till my fearful task was done. I have laboured—oh, let the spirit of that dead father witness—I have laboured according to his will, and what has been the upshot of it all? Lilias,” he spoke with sudden fierceness, “I have learnt to crush the life out of her, but not the love!—the pure, devoted, boundless love is there, still, true and tender as before, only it abides my torture, day and night, chained to the rack by these cruel bands.”

He buried his face on his knees, and a strong convulsion shook his frame. Lilias laid her hand on his arm—

“‘a calm,’ she said, ‘for Al theia’s he’

“‘I know and I have said I will stay within

"Yes, yes!" he replied, stretching out his shaking hands towards her, "Save her! oh, save her!—for this I have told you all. But how, what is to be done?—except she knew the fearful vow that is upon me, she never would understand that I do love her in very deed and truth—I, her cruel task-master—with a love that hath suffered more—yes, I dare to say it—more even than she has done: but how is she to know it? The vow is yet upon me, and my lips are sealed."

"But mine are not," said Lilius. "I have made you no promise not to tell her all you have now told me, and she shall be told! From the first moment that I gathered the real truth of your position with regard to her, I saw in this means a solution of your fearful difficulty—I saw a better chance of saving her. Little, indeed, did her father, or did you, comprehend the woman's heart, if you thought thus to kill the love once given. Be very certain, all the happiness she ever can know upon this earth, must come from your answering tenderness. She will be faithful, come what may, only it is yours to crown that beautiful devotion with torments or with joy. There may yet be a hope—a little time of peace ineffable will haply bless her even yet on earth, when she shall learn, poor, noble, gentle, victim, that you hate her not, but love her—love her truly, almost as she deserves. I go—I go this day at once to reveal the whole dark mystery to her—none shall hinder me; and when, after my disclosure, con-

cealment on your part were a mockery, you will come and pour out to her all your heart's deep tenderness, till joy and hope return unto that matured life, and she is saved."

Lilius rose while she spoke, as though she could not wait another instant, to fly upon that errand of mercy, and Sydney springing from the ground followed her, with every nerve quivering with emotion. He saw hope in her words—the first for months. He seemed to have no power to thank her, only his eloquent look besought her, indeed, to hasten. He essayed in vain to speak, until they reached the spot where his horse awaited him, and then, as they were about to separate, he exclaimed, with a vehemence which caused his voice to ring through the silent air—"Dear, sweet Lilius, how can I thank you for having come to me—a very vision of joy and mercy have you been to me?—but oh, let me see you soon again. Remember, I scarce shall live or breathe until that hour—soon, soon—in pity, meet me soon again."

"I will; fear not—*very, very* shortly, I hope to be with you once more, and bring you tidings of the deepest joy. And now, farewell, be strong, and trust to me."

He responded by a look of passionate thanks, sprung on his horse, and disappeared. And Lilius, summoning her nurse, took her way homewards; but from the spot where they stood, as their last words were spoken, there went one faint gasp—one low deep sigh.

A COINA FOR MOORE.

Another! Genius is not slow
To gather home her jewels now;
Nor might she spare the opal rare
That shone on Erin's brow;
That caught from ev'ry changing light
A flush, a sparkle, or a hue,
That trembl'd 'twixt them both—but oh!
'Twas beautiful all through.

Moore! At the watchword of his name,
What witching scenes before us smile—
The sunny landscapes of the East,
The old mysterious Nile;
Bright fancies, glist'ning while they weep,
Or glowing 'till those tears depart,
In sweet uncertain strains, that hang
Like rainbows round the heart.

How many earnest eyes have watched
 The lifting of the silver veil,
 Or linger'd o'er the resting spots,
 'Twixt each pathetic tale ;
 Have marked through each delightful scene
 The Peri on her flight to bliss,
 And felt that ne'er was Peri's song,
 More fairy-like than his :

Have seen the spirits of the wave
 Adorn the gentle Hinda's bier,
 Or caught a glimpse—that moonlight glimpse—
 Of beautiful Cashmere ;
 Have lov'd those last imaginings,
 That round the martyr'd maiden play,
 With holier beams, the moonlight pure,
 That clos'd a gorgeous day.

The Titian of his finer art,
 O'er myriad hearts *at once* he threw
 His coloured lights, and each he touched
 Became a painting new.
 But dearer to his own green land,
 Because he stirred her into song ;
 “ The chord alone ” that broke “ at night,”
 That night so dark and long !

As sunshine fills her vapoury skies
 With clouds magnificently bright,
 He threw a glory o'er her gloom,
 He touched it into light.
 But dearest for one kindly gift,
 Those precious Melodies that be
 To all true, loving Irish hearts,
 The Bard's best legacy.

The gentle airs, the grand old tunes,
 That throne and altar had survived,
 Were dying from the land ; he came—
 Breathed o'er them—and they lived !
 Those Ariels, delicate, he bound
 As captives to his wizard spell ;
 And sent them round, and round the earth,
 Of Eriu's fame to tell.

Of days when glory mantled her,
 Of saint and warrior, bard and prince,
 Her rainbow lasts, the triple leaf
 Hath been “ immortal ” since.
 The “ Twisting Hay Rope ” in his hand,
 A wreath of lustrous pearls could be,
 He put old Tara's harp in tune,
 It swells to “ Gra-ma-chree.”

Upon “ Saviourneen Deelish ” poured,
 The passion of his wild lament—
 A new voice to the ancient dirge
 Of mournful beauty lent ;
 Creating, as his thoughts flowed out,
 To tinge those notes so richly sweet,
 A new Avoca, where the streams
 Of song and music meet.

My mother sang them by the fire,
Her voice was true and soft of tone,
It was my childish thought that Moore
And *Melody* were one.
My love to thee, my country's bard !
Thy praise is a familiar theme ;
My very cradle hath been rocked
Unto the " Young Man's Dream."

Oh ! go upon some river calm,
O'ershadowed by the ruin tall,
While twilight lets her soft grey veil
Most gradually fall ;
Shut round by trees, whose smallest leaf
Hath its unbroken outline there,
While not the lightest branch can stir
Upon the breathless air :

So still, thou art constrained to hear
The dripping of the lifted oar ;
Then pause, and let the " Coulin" float
The sleeping waters o'er.
Let woman's voice and mellow flute
Blend with the deeper tones of men ;
Drink in that softened gush of sound,
And talk of music then.

Mark how that tender fancy suits
That warbling, wild, delicious thrill ;
What broken sweetness echoes back
From ev'ry listening hill !
The air, the woods, the dreamy light
Will such enchantment round thee call,
Some bard of old will seem to lean
Above that crumbling wall :

In wonder that those Saxon words
Like moonbeams on a streamlet strewn,
Do thus so exquisitely melt
Into his fav'rite tune.
Sad tribute!—when our Poet's soul,
That cunning harp did tuneless lie,
Still quivered all its loosened strings
To Irish melody.

He knew them not, those strains beloved,
As echoes of his ancient skill,
Forgot he heard the sounds before,
But felt their beauty still ;
Felt it through ev'ry clouded sense.
Oh ! was that darkness of the mind,
The shadow of the Almighty hand,
Laid there in purpose kind.

Perhaps some hour that holy thoughts,
And pure, were to his spirit given,
The prompting spirit sealed them up,
To keep it filled with heaven.
Oh ! fain would we our Minstrel's grave
Were wept upon by Erin's showers,
But still, though England holds his dust,
His fame—*himself*—is ours.

And I—that I should write of him,
 As one who all for love would come,
 To plant a wild forget-me-not
 Beside a marble tomb.
 Farewell, farewell! I love to think
 Thy "minute" of eternity
 Made earth look dim when angels moved
 "The crystal bar" for thee.
 The sparkling garland thou hast dropped,
 Unlike the Peri's, fadeeth never,
 'Tis bound about thy country's brows,
 For ever and for ever.

LIZ.

Kinsale, March 11th, 1852.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE POET MOORE.

A TESTIMONIAL to a great warrior or statesman during his lifetime is a matter not of unfrequent occurrence. The masses of mankind are moved more by their passions or immediate interests, than by those nicer and more deeply-seated feelings of gratitude and veneration, which are, nevertheless, amongst the redeeming attributes of man. In the moment of triumph—whether it be a victory by battle and death, or the result of political sagacity and daring—the dazzled multitude conceive no honour too great, no expression of grateful feeling too strong, no public elevation too high, for the happy mortal of the hour.

We are far from detracting from the merit of the motive, or the usefulness of such demonstrations: we, on the contrary, think it right that men deserving of public honour should be crowned with approbation whilst they live, as well as commemorated when they have passed away. Nay more, we think the stimulus to the energies of man in a triumphant career is often of greater value than the tribute rendered to the dead. The former tends to develop the greatness of the individual; whilst the latter, however valuable as marking the estimate a great man's contemporaries make of him, may chance, out of thousands to whom it is addressed, not to arouse one genius of equal magnitude. Yet, it may raise many, and must elevate the tone of all.

It so happens, however, as we have said, that public honours to the living are generally bestowed upon men of action, involved in the living interests of the day; whilst *post mortem* honours,

at least in this iron age of ours, are reserved for the men of letters, or of art—for the men whose genius has served to delight and educate the feelings of their contemporaries, rather than advance their worldly interests, but whose works are an heir-loom of enjoyment to posterity. Nor do we war with this social polity of man, if such we may call it. Like most prevailing social arrangements, it is a wise one: for we are free to confess, that men of genius—embracing the whole range of literary or artistic intellects—men of vivid imaginations and abstract creations of beauty are more prone to vanity than are men of positive action. In the palmy days of Greece, a great artist strolled through the streets of Athens with his name emblazoned in letters of gold upon his robe, and refused to *sell* his pictures, they being only *worthy* to be presented to monarchs or nations. Sir Godfrey Kneller is reported to have said, profanely, there "was but one God Almighty, and one Sir Godfrey Kneller;" and innumerable instances of vanity being idiosyncratic to the poetic temperament are on record. In short, we think the statue of a great living poet or painter in the public place would be far more likely to upset his equilibrium, and arouse the vanity of his nature, than would the statue of warrior or statesman be to impede the onward ambition of his active temperament. The Duke of Wellington's placidity, calmness, or detachment, are less likely to be disturbed by the multiplication of statues of himself or other great men of many

(continues)

that might be named, by similar tributes of admiration. Truth to say, poets are saved from the temptation; and not a few cases could be cited, in which the neglect of the man whilst living has been but ill atoned for by the monument when dead.

Moore is certainly not one of these. No poet was ever more loved, caressed, and honoured during life than he was; and, be it said, few ever deserved such universality of fame more richly. Few men have ever more happily combined the rarest gifts of genius with social qualities the most attractive, with self-reliant energy, and modest self-respect. We are not unmindful that Moore had his errors, as "which of us have not;" that he had the sins of his youth, unfortunately, immortalised against him for "aye"—at least, in the morbid and unforgiving minds of those who love to dwell on men's weakness or error, rather than their strength or their noble qualities.

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

So let it *not* be with Moore. No man more heartily regretted the errors of his youthful genius—not of his heart; nor did poet ever atone to mankind at large for early follies more amply than Moore, by the heart-stirring eloquence of his lyrics, the beautiful imagery and cultivated elegance of his varied works. If any man point with opprobrium to "Little's Poems," we point to "Paradise and the Peri"—the most beautiful poetical embodiment of religious principle—the Solomon's Song of modern minstrelsy.

But we are getting into a discussion—the thing, of all others, we hate—the thing least suited to the memory of Moore. So, to return to our subject: Moore was undoubtedly honoured and deservedly loved when living—ten-fold the reason that he should be suitably commemorated—or rather that we, his contemporaries, and before all, we, his countrymen, should commemorate our estimate of him. In the last number of this magazine we sought to pay such tribute to his memory as, even in the first short interval after his death, space permitted us. It was strongly urged in that number that a testimonial should be erected to him in his native city, Dublin; that Moore should be honoured—Moore, distinctly and pre-eminently the Poet of Ireland—should be honoured in his native city, as Scott and Burns are in Scotland—as, unfor-

tunately, none of our great men are. At the time of writing, we were aware a movement was being made to promote the erection of a testimonial to Moore; but we did not deem it right to anticipate a great public purpose: and thus our number for April appeared concurrently with the meeting at Charlemont House, on the 29th of March last. Of this meeting, whether we regard its object, its happy combination of Irishmen of the most diversified sects and parties, its subdued tone of eloquent admiration of Moore, of educated feeling and warm zeal in its particular object, we can only speak in terms of approbation and pleasure. There are, unhappily, so few rallying points for all men in Ireland, at least so few made available, that it was cheering to find one "green spot" not in "memory's waste," but of actual living verdure, and almost of spontaneous growth—illuminated by the rays of chastened feeling and genial warmth—gladly seized on as a neutral ground of co-operative assembling for an ultimate purpose of national honour—that we record that day, as the Romans did in their calendars their festive occasions, *cum alba nota*, not only as a pleasing retrospect for the past, but of cheering promise for the future.

And nowhere could that meeting have been held more appropriately than in Charlemont House—a mansion erected under the auspices of Patrician taste and refinement; consecrated to Art, Literature, and Patriotism. Nor was the place of meeting without its touch of saddening association in consonance with the object of honouring a recently deceased friend—an extinguished light in the realm of Intellect. Few could enter that house, and not regard it as almost a monumental link between the present and the past—the last of the many noble mansions which sprung up, as if by magic, within a few years, in the Irish metropolis, and with equal rapidity, having flashed in the brilliancy of a short-lived splendour, were as suddenly left desert, or changed to other uses.

We mean not to discuss the political question involved in, or involving this metamorphose; nor is it needful to inquire how far in some cases the different purpose avails for good. The fact, and its suggestive promptings to imaginative minds, is all we point to. Those promptings of thought will lead

to various results, according as the hopefulness that looks forward, or the longings which are retrospective, actuate the minds of men in this our phase of social and political transition.

It is little more than a century since the first stone mansion, as a private residence, was raised in Dublin—that was Tyrone House, now occupied by the Commissioners of National Education. Leinster House, Powerscourt House, Charlemont House, and many others, were rapidly erected. Now Charlemont House is the only one still retained by its noble possessor; and that noble possessor acted under the impulse of a high patriotic feeling, and in honourable fulfilment of his hereditary duty, in calling a meeting—not confined to his own class in politics, but embracing all the most eminent men of every creed and every party—at Charlemont House to initiate the movement for the erection of a testimonial to Ireland's most admired and beloved Poet. It would seem, too, that, at his advanced age, Lord Charlemont seemed to regard his noble zeal in the cause and his presidency at that meeting, as one of those closing acts of life which result from the operations of our best feelings, and are best calculated to be favourably remembered by posterity; for thus his Lordship concluded:—

“At my advanced period of life, and with my declining health, I had imagined that the time was come when retirement was more suited to me than coming forward in any public capacity; but, gentlemen, when an appeal was made to me to preside at such a meeting as this, and for such a purpose, I felt it was utterly impossible for me to refuse, and it will be to my latest hour a source of pleasurable recollection to me that I have so presided, and been so received by such a distinguished assembly. To compare very small things with very great: The great Lord Chatham died in the House of Lords. Why should not the little Lord Charlemont spend his last breath in commemorating the memory of such a man as Thomas Moore, and in aspirations for the welfare and prosperity of his native land? Yes, gentlemen, here I am, old and weak; but as long as I live the prosperity of my country shall be the first wish of my heart, and such efforts as I may be able to make shall ever be at the disposal of my countrymen whenever they may require my services. Gentlemen, I cannot look at this assembly—I cannot contemplate the room in which we now are, without calling on the spirit of my departed sire, who was himself, from the day that he could understand any-

thing to the day of his death, the true and firm friend of Ireland—I call on him—if it be given to spirits from above to look down upon this earth—to sanction our efforts, and to sanction the act of his son in having presided over such a meeting.”

However to some minds a saddening strain might have seemed to moan, like the night-breeze over the Æolian harp, along the classic passages and through the splendid library, once wont to reverberate to clanging footsteps and to the sound of voices raised in animated discussion of chivalrous darings or political movements, on the occasion of the 29th of March last the sadness only gave suitability of tone to the expressions of regret, of admiration, and of national intention to do honour to Moore; and, as if from the very tomb of national aspirations, sprung up a new opportunity and a new hope in the cordial assembling of Irishmen of all sects and all parties; reversing, as they entered the mansion, the Italian poet's motto, “*lasciate ogni speranza*,” by leaving dissension outside, and, within, taking hope for the future.

Great as is our admiration of Moore, proud as we feel of our illustrious fellow-countryman, we do confess that the erection of a testimonial to him in his native city, is fourfold enhanced in interest to us by the great opportunity it affords for all Irishmen to rally together, and to regenerate that spirit of wholesome and self-respecting nationality, which is independent of, and superior to, mere forms of government; which springs from the heart and is nurtured by the intellect; which expands instead of contracting the sphere of our brotherly affections; possessing which no people can ever be despised; without which none ever can be respected.

To generate such a spirit was the proudest and fondest aspiration of our poet. Whilst his poetic spirit reversed the operations of the prophet, and sought back in the remote annals of our country glimpses of sunshine, few and far between, he embalmed their memory in deathless song with a prophetic intention. Whilst he sung the wrongs and sufferings with which Irish history is but too rife, it was in no whining tone of despairing lament, but in the lofty strains of indignant remonstrance; and whilst thus striking the chords of sorrow, pride, and anger, he interwove the history of Ireland into

verse so full of descriptive beauty, of harmonious utterance, of "high-thoughted daring;" so happily blended sadness and mirth—love and martial spirit—wit and deep feeling; withal, wedding his verse, like body to spirit, with the immortal ancient music of the country, as to have stirred not only the hearts of Irishmen, but to have gained the ear of the stranger—to have won respect and attention for Irish misfortune, and for Irish song a home in the universal heart of man—a first place in lyric poetry from and through all time.

To Moore, then, the testimonial which shall represent national fusion, Irish reunion, and world-wide admiration, is the only true one. In erecting such, Irishmen will not only be raising a memorial of the past, but a hope for the future. For, assuredly, those enduring testimonials to the great men of any country, are of far higher importance than as mere tributes to the dead: they are lessons and encouragements to the living—they are links which bind past generations with present and future, and unite men in the bonds of fellowship by community of pride of country.

One of the grandest ideas of the present age, is perpetuated in marble on the banks of the Danube, in central Germany. On a lofty hill, whence a far-spreading view over the plains of Germany is obtained—with beautifully wooded hills on either side, and the great river, flowing in its unchanging course, like life, ever on to the eternal sea, is raised a Grecian Doric temple, consecrated to the great men of Germany. It was the conception of the ex-King of Bavaria, when Prince Louis. The execution is, perhaps, neither as perfect, nor grand as the conception; but still it is a noble thing, placed on the crest of the hill. It is approached by long flights of steps and terraces; and, in the clear atmosphere of that region, its cream-coloured columns gleam softly and sunnily to a great distance, and fix the memory of it on the mind of the traveller, as an object of unique pleasure ever afterwards. The structure consists of one vast hall, paved with various coloured marbles, and lined on either side with the busts of the men who have shed lustre upon Germany, upon humanity. The men of historic repute of remoter ages, of whom no

likeness exists, are commemorated by votive tablets set in the wall. This reunion of the great princes, poets, painters, authors, musicians, is, as it were, a collection of the scattered rays of past glory into a perpetual halo for the brow of Germany, and the Walhalla is truly what Lamartine describes the Parthenon to be—"A poesy in stone."

A poesy—all the more beautiful that it is true to the instincts of sublimated humanity, and is the embodiment of glorious realities. But we dwell upon it here more to record the estimate that some nations make of their great men, and the value they attach to enduring monuments. Having always in view what is practicable, as well as what may be to be desired, we do not mean to suggest a Walhalla to Irish genius now; but we wish, that whatever form the testimonial to Moore may assume, it shall be in the same direction—a public object of admiration—an ornament by its artistic elegance, in the native city of the Poet, as well as a tribute of feeling to his memory.

The originators of the present movement, have wisely avoided, for the public testimonial, either cemetery or church. In either we have ever been averse to monuments, which indicate human pride rather than feeling, and, at all events, such only as truly indicate grief are admissible. But the monument of a great poet is not the expression of grief, though those who seek to raise it may sorrow for his loss; but a memorial of a nation's gratitude and pride.

There may and must be much of the feeling actuating those who erect such memorials, which Moore so beautifully expressed in his lines on the death of Grattan:—

"Shall the harp, then, be silent, when he who first gave

To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?

Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave

Where the first, where the last of her patriots lies?

"No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,

Tho' his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,

Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,

And proclaim to the world what a star had queen lost."

Yes, it is our duty, as well as our labour of love, to "proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost." The "minstrel of Erin," now passed to the same realm of spirits as the great "patriot" whom he thus immortalised in verse, may have left none so adequate to embalm his memory. Nor does he need it: whilst language survives, the name of Moore can never perish from the minds of men. But he has not alone immortalised his own name, he has left in his melodies a deathless legacy of fame to his native land; and with pride and exultation, however we deplore his loss, should we raise a material monument, to testify to the world and to future generations what "a star hath been lost."

By a curious coincidence, the last of those delicious melodies, which have so linked soul, sentiment, and song together, as to come ever fresh upon the ear, and to afford almost equal pleasure in perusal, so eternal are the principles and feelings they convey;—the last of those strains was dedicated to him with whom, conjointly, they were commenced—Sir John Stevenson; and by a strange provision of poetical justice, are far more appropriate to the Poet than to the Musician—in fact, so true, so appropriate, as to seem the foreshadowed epitaph for himself:—

"Silence is in our festal halls—

Sweet son of song! thy course is o'er;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,

Her minstrel's voice responds no more;
All silent as the Eolian shell

Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell
At sunny morn, hath died away.

"Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long

Awak'd by Music's spell, shall rise;
For name so linked with deathless song,

Partakes its charm and never dies;
And even within the holy fane,

When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given."

The appropriateness of this last verse to Moore himself can best be appreciated by those who have heard that glorious outpouring of sacred melody, "Sound the loud timbrel," sung in a house of worship! How prophetically true, too, are the lines in the fourth verse:—

"And sung those songs, whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last."

The closing verse, like the last note of the dying swan, seems the sweetest and the fondest, for it is addressed to the Erin of the Poet's affections:—

"Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame—

Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrowed glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.

Enough, if Freedom still inspire

His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,

One ray upon its chords for thee."

Similar to the happy admixture of graceful imagery and warm feeling should be the proposed monument to Moore. The inspiration for it should be drawn from his own poetry. Sculptural art, which has, nevertheless, its own high range of poetic conception, could never embody sufficiently the flowery idealism of the Poet; but the work of marble or bronze will attain much from the locality in which it is placed.

Even an open-air testimonial, the most suitable and public, requires judgment in the selection of the site. The noisy *carrefour* is not the place in which the spectator can enjoy or properly read the lesson of its erection. To say nothing of the risk the gazer runs of premature immortality to himself by furious charioteers, the noise and dust are disturbing accidents; and the Poet's monument, be it statue or such other structure as may be devised, whilst it should be in a public place in the city, free of access to all, should yet have space about it, and comparative quiet. Such share of sunshine as city atmosphere permits; such green sod beneath and leafy umbrage around, as might tempt the birds to nestle in the branches, and greet the morning sun with the carol of their song, in honour of its favourite child.

Such a spot may easily be found in Dublin; and its citizens have a peculiar interest, besides their national and local pride, as being the Poet's fellow-citizens, in securing, by generous promptitude, an object of universal interest, which the traveller from the remotest regions of the earth would love to visit. Who visits Edinburgh without seeing the monument of Scott?—

who visits Antwerp without seeing the statue of Rubens?—or Rouen, without seeing Joan of Arc? And who could visit Dublin—who, at least, with soul for poetry or music—without visiting Moore's testimonial?

Not only was Moore born in Dublin, but he spent the first nineteen years of his life in it, and his warmest feelings were connected with it. He was no undistinguished *alumnus* of Trinity College; and the first poems which brought him into public notice—his translation of "Anacreon"—were written under the inspiration of *Alma Mater*. Whenever Moore visited Dublin, he was a *fêted* guest; it is but natural, therefore, that Dublin, and all it boasts of, noble and distinguished, should zealously concur to raise an enduring monument to Moore in his native city.

Some of our English cotemporaries, who look for nothing good "out of Egypt," vented, rather *malapropos*, some spleen upon us for neglect of our great men. *Bentley* was savage with Dublin for not raising a voice of lament for Tom Moore, even whilst the subdued echoes of the eloquent speakers in the library of Charlemont House were tingling in our ears; and the *Art Journal* suggested the formation of a committee in London to provide a monument to Moore, as it was hopeless to expect Ireland to stir in the matter, inasmuch as she neglected her great men "living and dead." The counter-hit to this hard-aimed blow was given in the committee—already formed in *Dublin*, the money already *actually* subscribed, and the communications open with London for the establishment of a committee of co-operation. The Marquis of Lansdowne, the life-long friend of Moore, being the noble leader there, as with equal propriety the Earl of Charlemont is in Dublin.

As in the matter of a tribute to Moore, we would cultivate unanimity, we shall no further allude to such silly attacks; but as a broad question we must ask is it so universally true, that Ireland neglects her great men "living or dead?" Falsehood, passed as current, obtains the value of truth; therefore, we enter a *veto* against this writer's assertion. The grateful feelings of Irishmen purchased a noble estate for Grattan. There are statues of Grattan and of O'Connell. After the lapse of many years the remains of Curran have been transferred to his na-

tive land, and a cenotaph is raised over them in Glasnevin Cemetery—where also O'Connell is interred, and to his memory a triune monument is not only designed, but the funds for its erection more than two-thirds provided.

We are free sometimes to rebuke our countrymen for want of unanimity and perseverance in such objects. We often quarrel with our own, but resent the harsh word of the stranger. Irishmen have their failings, but want of generous impulse, or grateful affection, is not amongst them; and if they have been hitherto deficient in that class of enduring memorials which wealthier and more united communities can boast, we trust a new spirit is growing up, and a new era will be inaugurated by a testimonial to Moore, who has a singular claim on the unanimous outpouring of affection.

For nearly two years the genius which had delighted millions was veiled, and the shadows of death gradually clouded the brightness of the setting luminary. Moore slumbered out existence, and Ireland awaited till the hour of his translation to another sphere should let loose the tongue of acclamation. That hour is come, and Ireland asserts her share in the immortality of that intellect which by poesy, song, and independent aspiration of soul, has long won the world's applause. From the palace and the cottage, the appeal which has gone forth to national sympathy and the love of the beautiful will meet a response.

For it is not in the palace, nor the mansion where wealth and cultivated taste preside, alone, that the thrilling melodies of Moore are heard or treasured. There, the classic imagery of the poet, and the educated beauty of his style, may be most highly appreciated; but the deep passion of his song, its patriotic aspiration, are not veiled from the uneducated by the elegance of his diction. Rather, for such is the true result of purity of language, the "thoughts that burn," or the strains that melt, are brought home to the least educated. We know that even Moore himself thought that, perhaps, too much refinement pervaded the "Melodies" to make them entirely popular; but the more we study those matchless lyrics, the more we feel convinced that all that is essential—all that is most beautiful in them—is clothed in words so few, so simple,

as to tell home to the hearts even of the humblest of his countrymen.

Nor can we doubt that amongst the dearest relics of Fatherland which the wandering Irishman carries in his heart of hearts are the melodies of the land of his birth; and that whether in the bustle of the crowded city of strangers—on the wide ocean, or the broad savannah—in the log-but of the forest, or as he drives his team—ever, ever onward, over the vast prairie, no Irishman with a heart or an ear, can fail to chaunt betimes some melody of Moore's. Or if, perchance, another sing them, to feel emotions—which we have felt, not in banishment or solitude, but even in the gay *salon* of other lands—awaking that indescribable “home sickness” said to be peculiar to the wandering natives of insular or mountainous countries. Such emotions are difficult to describe; but Moore himself has pictured similar in his exquisite lines on “Music,” when he says:—

“Oh, how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.”

And if, perchance, long habituation to the fame of Moore have deadened any to its freshness or full value—if the changes of fashion have obliterated in any the vividness of the first admiration of his melodies—if the clouded interregnum of his intellect have dulled in any the sense of his greatness: read but a melody—hear but an air truly played, and the matchless eloquence of the Poet will resume its sway. This, truly, is the

great power of the genius who lives in verse—slumbering from time to time, but rekindling in others to remotest time the fire of feeling, and awaking the sense of gratitude. Take, reader, the conclusion of those lines on “Music”—perhaps the most perfect utterance of the sensitive rapture from which they sprung—and say do not we, and will not men ever after, owe a debt to him, who could so truly embody sentiments, eternal in their nature, but untranslatable, save by the magic power of *one*—of one who, like Shakespeare, clothes the thoughts of every man in simple speech, and unravels to our mind's eye the mystery of our own sensations, thus:—

“Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So when P'asure's dream is gone
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

“Music, oh, how faint, how weak!
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou can'st breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy bonds may feign;
Love's are ev'n more false than they:
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.”

We forgive the *lèse-majesté* here to the Poet's own eloquent thoughts for the happy expression they convey of the otherwise ineffable magic of music—the pervading spirit of his own inspiration—the voice of diurnal nature, and, we are led to hope, the language of future realms of bliss.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ROSAS AND LA PLATA	663
HOW THE THEATRE ROYAL IN HAWKINS'-STREET CAME TO BE BUILT. BEING A FEW MORE LEAVES FROM A MANAGER'S PORTFOLIO	679
KRAZINSKI'S SLAVONIC NATIONS	698
THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES	707
LORD JEFFREY. SECOND ARTICLE	722
A SUMMER SOUVENIR	731
THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY. CHAPTER XVII.—THE WORKING OF THE INVISIBLE POISON. CHAPTER XVIII.—THE UNSEEN RETRIBUTION COMMENCES. CHAPTER XIX.—AN UNWELCOME GUEST	733
WAR AND ITS RESULTS	747
STRAY LEAVES FROM GREECE. PART III.—ARGOS—THE TOWN, THEATRE, RUINS, ETC.—PRESENTIMENTS OF EVIL—A GREEK QUARREL—FAITHLESSNESS OF THE AUSTRIAN CAPTAIN—OUR DESERTION—PELASGO—THE HOTEL AT NAUPLIA—DINNER THE CHEF D'ŒUVRE—WE START FOR CORINTH—INCIDENTS OF THE ROAD—NEMEA—ADVENTURE—MANQUE—ARRIVAL AT CORINTH—DETEN- TION AT CALAMAKI—WE SAIL FOR ATHENS—DEAD CALM, AND NIGHT AT SEA	758
THE BRAVE MAN	766
MISREPRESENTATIVES OF IRELAND—OUR M.P.s	769
INDEX	781

DUBLIN

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WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN

NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD

BY HIMSELF.

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VOL. XXXIX.

ROSAS AND LA PLATA.

For the last six or seven years, La Plata affairs have been an enigma to the general public. The locality where the little-known proceedings were going on could be found out by reference to the map; but what all the fighting, revolting, blockading, and protocoling was about, few persons out of the Foreign-Office could tell. Now and then, a question was put in Parliament about the matter; but the answer was either so curt, or contained so many allusions to unknown personages and events, that ordinary readers were not a whit the wiser. Of Rosas, indeed, we had heard, "by the hearing of the ear," as a despot by no means scrupulous as to how he got rid of his opponents; but as to the war itself, it was generally set down as one of those convulsionary disorders which have become chronic in the South American republics, of no earthly importance to us nationally, and likely to burn itself out at last with little smoke and no noise. The news brought us two months ago, however, of the battle of Santos Lugares, and the capture of Buenos Ayres by Rosas' antagonists, made people prick up their ears; and the arrival at Devonport of Rosas in person, brought confirmation strong of the conclusion of the war. As this newly-finished struggle on the shores of the Rio Plata is not uninteresting, and is possessed of much commercial importance, we propose to devote a few pages to its consideration.

Until the year 1810, the sceptre of Spain extended over the greater part of the New World. Besides the vast territories of Mexico and California in the northern half of that continent, it possessed the whole of South Ame-

rica, except Patagonia and Brazil—the former independent, the latter belonging to the crown of Portugal. Some idea of the value of these colonial possessions of Spain may be formed from the fact, that the exports from the mother country to these alone annually amounted to fifteen millions sterling, or not far short of the whole exports of Great Britain to her colonies at this moment, which do not amount to sixteen millions and a-half. During the mortal struggle with Napoleon, which commenced in 1808, Spain was able to do nothing to maintain its authority in the New World; and at length in 1810, when the whole country except the Isle of Leon was in the hands of the French, and the government of Spain was virtually vested in the inhabitants of Cadiz—the very city which enriched itself by its monopoly of the colonial commerce—the American provinces resolved to declare themselves independent. They were too valuable possessions, however, to be abandoned without a struggle; and no sooner was the European war terminated by the overthrow of Napoleon, than General Murillo, the best of the Spanish commanders, trained under Wellington, was despatched from Cadiz with twelve thousand men, and speedily revived the sinking courage of the Royalists—Bolívar, the great leader of the Independents, being forced to fly to Jamaica, where he endeavoured to raise funds from the English merchants for a renewal of the war. For three years this deplorable struggle between the Royalists and Independents continued—success, on the whole, inclining to the side of the former: when two

unlooked-for events occurred, which finally decided the contest the other way. One of these was the revolt at Cadiz, in January 1820, of the whole army, twenty thousand strong, destined for South America—an event which was followed by a democratic revolution in the government at Madrid, and the resignation by General Murillo, who was deeply implicated with the Royalist party, of the command he had so long and ably maintained in the New World. The other was the insidious intervention of Britain in favour of the Independents. Although we were then in the closest alliance with Spain, loans to a great extent were advanced by English capitalists to the insurgent authorities; and stations were openly appointed at London, Dublin, Glasgow, Liverpool, and other places, to enrol recruits for British legions to serve in South America. These troops soon acquired a most formidable consistency from the number of discharged soldiers from Wellington's army who joined their ranks, and who communicated to them the inestimable advantages of discipline and experience. Above ten thousand men, a large proportion of whom were Peninsular veterans, were sent out at different periods between the years 1817 and 1820; and although not half that number ever appeared in the field, from the dreadful mortality which attacked them in their depôt in the unhealthy island of Marguerita, they sufficed totally to overthrow the Spanish power in Venezuela, by the battle of Carabobo, and hence allowed Bolivar afterwards to march into Peru, and put the finishing stroke to the war by his victory over the Royalists at Ayacucho.

Never was there a Revolution from which more was expected, or which terminated more disastrously. Unprepared for freedom, the South Americans fell into a series of political calamities almost without a parallel, and so frequent in their recurrence, that history, in despair, has ceased attempting to trace their thread. Such was the ferocity of the combatants during the long wars of the Revolution, that the population was reduced nearly one-half; some of the greatest cities were depopulated; and commerce shared, proportionably, in the general decline. The mines, both in Mexico and in Peru, for long ceased to be worked; so that, from 1810 to

1830, the average annual supply of the precious metals was not more than a third of what it had been in the twenty years preceding. The effect of this diminution on the civilised world was incalculable—especially as it occurred at a time when the re-establishment of peace had greatly augmented the commercial intercourse of the world; when an increasing population called for an enlargement of the circulating medium; and when the general progress of luxury was yearly absorbing a larger quantity of the precious metals in plate and objects of private ornament. England, which had recently been the great workshop of the world, and the centre of all commercial intercourse, experienced the disastrous effects of this change more powerfully than any other country. Combined with the simultaneous contraction of the currency by the Act of 1819, which compelled the Bank of England to resume its payments in gold, it exercised a more ruinous influence on private fortunes in England than anything recorded in her annals. Thence the gradual decline of prices, which was felt as so sore an evil by the commercial classes, and which is only now being fully counteracted by the extraordinary influx of Californian and Australian gold. The feverish excitement of 1823 and 1824, originating chiefly in the unbounded expectations of commercial prosperity which were entertained from the establishment of South American independence, only augmented the general distress, by the frightful monetary catastrophe in which it terminated. All attempts to work the mines by British capital failed, in consequence of the turbulence and insecurity of the country; and above a hundred and fifty millions of British money were lost in those mining speculations, or in loans to the faithless insolvent republics of the New World. All classes suffered by this diminution in the supply of the precious metals, and consequent fall in the money-price of articles (except the fundholders and capitalists, who have proportionably gained); and thence that general discontent and desire for change which resulted in the Reform Bill of 1832. Such was the fruit which England reaped from its insidious aid, in defiance of solemn treaties, to dismember the Spanish empire, and assist revolution among a people unprepared

for freedom. "France, as the natural consequence of, and just retribution for her iniquitous interference in the North American insurrection, received the Revolution of 1789, and twenty years of bloodshed; England, for her perfidious support of the South American revolt, received fifteen years of distress, and the Revolution of 1832."*

The most important of these Republics, in regard to extent and geographical position, is that of La Plata, called also the Argentine Republic, which is a confederacy of a dozen small provinces, on the model of the United States. Its territory, 1200 miles long by more than 600 in average breadth, forms a parallelogram more than three and a-half times the size of France, and includes the vast plain or valley-land watered by the broad streams of the Paraguay, Parana, and Uruguay, whose united embouchures constitute the estuary styled the Rio de la Plata—in the same way as the river Garonne in France has a different title (the Gironde) at its mouth than in the upper part of its course. Two-thirds of the La Plata territory lie north of the latitude of this estuary. The portion to the south extends uninterruptedly from the Andes to the Atlantic, but the northern and larger portion is separated from the sea by Brazil and the independent State of Uruguay. Its population exceeds a million, but its exact amount has never been ascertained. Five-sixths of the country consist of plains; but, despite its numerous magnificent rivers, it is far from being the fertile region it is so generally supposed, and a large portion of its extent is condemned by nature to perpetual sterility. Such is the sandy, arid, and uninhabitable desert, lying between the Salado and Rio Dolce, as well as the great Salt Desert of Salinas, stretching westwards from the latter river—both of which form portions of the *Gran Chaco*, a vast plain lying in the northern half of the Argentine territory. The great southern plain, called the *Pampas*, one-half larger in extent than all France, is fortunately of a different character. It is almost a dead level over its whole

expanse, and is interspersed with innumerable lakes; but these, as well as most of the rivers which feed them, are brackish, and the soil is strongly impregnated with salt. Singularly enough, however, perfectly fresh and drinkable water is found at the depth of twenty or thirty feet.

Substantially, the Pampas are divided into several regions, differing in climate and produce, though under the same latitude. On starting from Buenos Ayres, the traveller finds himself in the first of these regions, which stretches westwards for 108 miles, covered alternately with clover and thistles; the second region, extending 450 miles, produces long grass; and the third, which reaches to the base of the Cordilleras, is a continuous grove of low trees and shrubs. "The second and third of these regions have a nearly uniform appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter, the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover at this season is rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the thistles have extended their leaves along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month, the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is comparatively obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and, though it would be an unusual occurrence in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with the country, might be imprisoned by these thistles

* See "Alison's Europe," chap. lxvii. and his "England in 1815 and 1845," in the latter of which works he treats this important subject at length.

before it had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change. The thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze against one another, until the violence of the *pampero* (or hurricane of the Pampas) levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear; the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant. The vast region of grass in the Pampas for four hundred and fifty miles is without a weed, and the region of wood is equally extraordinary. The trees are not crowded, but in their growth such beautiful order is observed, that one may gallop between them in every direction. The whole country is in such beautiful order, that if cities and millions of inhabitants could suddenly be planted at proper intervals and situations, the people would have nothing to do but to drive out their cattle to graze; and, without any previous preparation, to plough whatever quantity of ground their wants might require.

“The climate of the Pampas is subject to great difference of temperature in summer and winter, though the changes are very regular. The winter is as about as cold as our month of November, and the ground at sunrise is always covered with white frost, but the ice is seldom more than one-tenth of an inch thick. In summer, the sun is oppressively hot. The difference, however, between the atmosphere of Mangoda, San Luis, and Buenos Ayres, which are all under nearly the same latitude, is very great. In the two former (that is to say, in the regions of wood and grass), the air is extremely dry; there is no dew at night; in the hottest weather there is apparently very little perspiration, and the dead animals lie on the plain dried up in their skins. But in the province of Buenos Ayres (or in the regions of clover and thistles), vegetation clearly announces the humidity of the climate, and the dead animals on the plain are in a rapid state of putrefaction. The travelling across the Pampas is a very astonishing effort. The country has no road, but a track, which is being con-

stantly changed. The huts, termed posts, are at different distances, but, on an average, about twenty miles from each other; and in travelling with carriages, it is necessary to send a man before to request the Gauchos to collect their horses. The country is intersected with streams, rivulets, and rivers, with *pantanos* (marshes), &c., through which it is absolutely necessary to drive. In some instances, strange as it may seem, the carriage goes through a lake, which, of course, is not deep. The banks of the rivulets are often very precipitous; and “I constantly remarked,” says Sir Francis Head, “that we drove over and through places which, in Europe, any military officer would, I believe, without hesitation report as impassable.”*

Many of the minor plains are of a very different character from either this or the Gran Chaco; and some, as those of Tucuman, yield corn and maize, rice, tobacco, the sugar-cane, &c., in the greatest abundance. In general, the north-western provinces are the most productive of grain; while the eastern provinces, or those between the Parana and the Uruguay, and the south-eastern ones, abound most in cattle, and furnish the greater portion of the exports from Buenos Ayres.

The Pampas are true American *Steppes*, and their roving inhabitants (Gauchos and Indians) are the Tartars of the New World. Yet, although the vast plains of South America are identical in character with those of Northern and Central Asia, a Nomadic race was unknown in the early history of the former continent. Had they existed, the long-established and highly-civilised empires which arose in the New World, would have undergone the same vicissitudes and downfalls as those of Nineveh and Persepolis, Rome and Byzantium, in the Old. But America had originally no animals capable of conveying the human race from place to place, like the horse and camel, or of yielding them sustenance during a pastoral life, like the cow; and it was not till after the Spanish invasion that these companions to men were introduced, and that the vast solitudes of the Pampas became peopled with countless herds, and daring horsemen. These Nomads, styled

* Head's Journeys across the Pampas.

Gauchos, are the most remarkable, and the most important in a military point of view, of the various sections of the South American population. They are the descendants of European colonists, but have not scrupled to intermarry at times with the native Indians. They are at once the most active and the most indolent of human beings. They have the roaming propensity and enterprising spirit which everywhere characterise pastoral races. They never accompany their flocks of cattle, but merely collect them once a-week to see that none have strayed; the rest of their time is spent in riding or breaking horses, or in apathetic indolence—sleeping, like hounds when the chase is over, in their rude cabins. Mounted on their swiftest steeds, the shepherds pursue the cattle at full gallop, each armed with a *lasso*, or rope, with a noose at the end of it, a spear and knife. With incredible dexterity this noose is thrown so as to catch, occasionally at the distance of fifty yards, the horns or one of the hind feet of the flying animal, by which means it is thrown down, and immediately pierced with the spear—sometimes darted from a distance. They fish on horseback, carry water from the well on horseback, and even attend mass on horseback—remaining at the church-door, seated on their steeds, while the ceremony is being performed. Rude in their manners, illiterate in their ideas, filthy in their persons and habits, they are so habituated to the slaughtering of cattle, that their temperaments have acquired an extraordinary degree of ferocity. Passionate and revengeful, they are alike incapable of control by others or by themselves. They shed blood without scruple, on the slightest provocation; and the inferior class of them, bound to their masters by no ties of gratitude or necessity, are ever ready to fly to the solitudes, and, carrying with them a few horses and cattle, are soon beyond the reach of pursuit, and commence the roving life of independence.

Of the many rivers which flow through the Plata territories, the largest is the Paraguay; but after its junction at Corrientes with the Parana, it loses its own name in that of its tributary. At Santa Fè, the united stream divides into numerous branches, formed by pretty large islands, which become more frequent lower down,

until at length the river opens into the estuary of La Plata, by a long but narrow delta. The depth at the mouth is seldom less than two fathoms, and there is an uninterrupted navigation for vessels of 300 tons from Assumption, upwards of 800 miles from the mouth. It has been assumed, says Mr. Dadwin, that “the river, at its source, has only a fall of one foot per mile, and much less lower down its course; indeed a rise of only seven feet at Buenos Ayres may be perceived, 180 miles from the mouth of the Parana. But, notwithstanding these advantages, we met, during our descent, very few vessels. One of the best gifts of nature seems here wilfully thrown away, so grand a channel being left nearly unoccupied—a river in which ships might navigate from a temperate country, as surprisingly abundant in some productions as destitute of others, to another possessing a tropical climate, and a soil, perhaps, unequalled in fertility in any part of the world. How different would have been the aspect of this country, if English, instead of Spanish colonists, had first sailed up this splendid river?” Although a large portion of this region is perfectly similar to the great interfluvial plain of Mesopotamia, yet nowhere have the population had energy enough to adopt the all-fertilising system of irrigation formerly practised on the banks of the Euphrates, and which still renders prolific the arid flats of Egypt. The inundations of the Parana and Paraguay bear a close resemblance to those of the Nile. “Both rivers,” says Sir Woodbine Parish, “rise in the Torrid zone, nearly at the same distance from the Equator; and both, though holding their course towards opposite poles, disembody by deltas in the same latitude. Both are navigable for very long distances, and both have their periodical risings, bursting over their natural bounds, and inundating vast tracts of country.” The Parana begins to rise about the end of December, soon after the commencement of the rainy season in the southern tropic, and increases gradually till April, when it begins to fall somewhat more rapidly till the beginning of July. A second rising, called *repunte*, is occasioned by the winter rains, south of the tropic of Capricorn, but it seldom overflows the banks.

The Uruguay river, which, in the lower part of its course, forms the boundary between the Argentine territories and the State of Uruguay, is 800 miles in length; but its course is broken by so many reefs and falls that navigation is only possible during the periodical floods. It joins the estuary of La Plata about fifty miles below the mouth of the Parana; and its clear, blue stream may be distinguished from the muddy stream of the latter for miles after their junction. The estuary of La Plata itself is about 185 miles in length, its breadth at the mouth 130 miles; but it gradually narrows as it ascends, till opposite Buenos Ayres it has a width of only twenty-nine miles. Its northern coast is in general high and rocky, whereas on the south side its shores are low, extending inwards in immense pampas. Its depth at the mouth averages ten fathoms; but at Monte Video it scarcely exceeds three fathoms, and no vessels drawing more than sixteen feet of water, can ascend above Buenos Ayres. The currents are extremely irregular, both in rate and direction, and so powerful as generally wholly to conceal the action of the tides; and owing to this, and to its sand-banks, the navigating of the Plata has been styled "*El Infierno de los Marineros*." Such difficulties, however, are no permanent obstacles to the increased navigation of this important river, and will be obviated in course of time, as those greater ones at the mouth of the St. Lawrence are being now. It is very remarkable, however, that this estuary, which in the sixteenth century, is reported to have been deep enough for ships of any burden, is gradually silting up. There is little doubt that the vast level forming the Pampas is an immense bed of alluvial sand, quietly deposited, during the lapse of ages, in what was anciently a gulf of the Atlantic. Of this gulf, the estuary of La Plata is the only remaining portion; and we may expect that, at some future period, instead of discharging its waters by a wide mouth, as at present—or as

the Nile, probably, in the most ancient times—the Plata will enter the ocean by a delta, like the Amazon, Ganges, and Nile of our day.

The vast region to which these streams form navigable outlets, yields several products of great commercial importance. The precious metals, with copper, lead, iron, &c., are found in many parts of the country. Cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, indigo, and many other articles of primary importance in the markets of Europe, may be produced to almost any extent—the want of population being the chief drawback to the development of the vast natural resources of the country. But the chief source of wealth is the immense herds of horned cattle which wander over the wide plains of the Pampas. It has been estimated that in the single province of Buenos Ayres there are from three to four million head of cattle, and about half that number in the other provinces. Their numbers must certainly be immense, for hundreds of thousands have at times perished through drought or inundation, without sensibly affecting the supply of the market. In the great drought of 1831-2, it was reckoned that from one and a-half to two millions of animals died; and the borders of the lakes and streamlets in the province of Buenos Ayres were long afterwards white with their bones. While thus possessed of many valuable materials for carrying on a trade with Europe, its wants and deficiencies render such a commercial connexion not less desirable. La Plata has hardly any manufactures; almost everything of this kind is imported, and mostly from Great Britain. "The Gaucho," says Sir W. Parish, "is everywhere clothed in British manufactures. Take his whole equipment, examine everything about him, and what is there (not of raw hide) that is not British? If his wife has a gown, ten to one it is made at Manchester; the camp-kettle in which he cooks his food, the earthenware he eats from, the knife, spurs, bit, are all imported from England."*

* In the independent State of Paraguay, averaging 400 miles in length by nearly 200 in breadth, bounded on three sides by the rivers Paraguay and Parana, and lying between the north-eastern part of the La Plata territories and the vast empire of Brazil, manufactures have received a considerable impulse from the truly despotic, but not un-salutary rule of the late dictator, Francisco. There used to be no such thing as a good workman in Paraguay, but during his reign the exercise of ingenuity was excited, not only by necessity, but by terror. On one occasion he caused a glibet to be erected, and threatened to hang up a poor shoemaker.

With a Government so sharp-sighted as ours in all matters relating to commercial interests, it is not to be thought that the attention of statesmen has only recently been directed to so inviting a field for the enterprise of our merchants and manufacturers. It has occupied public men for many years; and so far back as 1806, when Sir Home Popham attacked Buenos Ayres, a letter is extant, in which he describes the admirable position of the city, and of those rivers which fall into the estuary of La Plata, with regard to the commerce of Great Britain. The disastrous failure of that expedition, however, when our troops were glad to get back to their ships by virtue of a capitulation, quickly extinguished the popular excitement in favour of making a settlement in that quarter; and it was not till 1828 that we again appeared on the scene,—this time in the more engaging character of peacemakers. A war had broken out between Brazil and the Plata Republic, and there was every prospect of the little State of Uruguay—(otherwise called the Banda Oriental, or Eastern Confederacy), lying on the north shore of the estuary, opposite to the province of Buenos Ayres—falling into the hands of one or other of its more powerful neighbours. Accordingly, we interfered in its behalf, and the result was a treaty between Brazil and La Plata, by which both States recognised its existence as an independent State.

It was at this time that Don Manuel Rosas first appeared prominently on the scene. He was the son of a wealthy Gaucho, proprietor of the Southern districts of Buenos Ayres, rich in flocks and herds; and, as he grew up, young Rosas (as was then the custom) came to exercise a sort of patriarchal sway over his neighbourhood. With the Indians he was constantly at strife; and, from his fort, at Guarda del Monte, he did his utmost to repel those murderous and marauding forays which, whenever pressed with hunger, the aborigines made into the cultivated domains of the Spaniards. In 1828, when about his thirty-third year, he

was employed by the Government of Buenos Ayres to fix a new Southern boundary-line for the State; and the influence of his name went far to induce the more peaceably disposed tribes of the Pampas to enter into treaties for their lands, and to engage to co-operate in defending them against their roving and hostile brethren. Several hundreds of them, with their wives and families, were located in the rural establishments under his immediate charge—where they were employed in a variety of agricultural, pastoral, and other industrial pursuits, with every promise of their being weaned from their vagabond and predatory habits. Unfortunately, however, for that experiment, as well as for the peace of the Republic, whilst all were rejoicing at the honourable conclusion of the war with Brazil, the victorious army returning to Buenos Ayres, headed by their commander, General Lavalle, mutinied against the governor, General Dorrego—took possession of the capital—dissolved the Sala or Assembly, and set up a military despotism.

The only forces which could be immediately assembled to oppose the insurgents, were the country militia under Rosas. With them, Dorrego took the field in defence of his own authority, and the legal institutions of the Republic; but hastily collected, and indifferently armed, they were routed at the first encounter, and Dorrego, being taken prisoner, was barbarously put to death by the orders of Lavalle. This inhuman act, instead of terminating the contest, roused all who were free to act against the usurper, and they flocked by thousands to range themselves under the banners of Rosas, who declared his determination never to sheath his sword till he had put down General Lavalle and his mutinous troops. A long, and most disastrous struggle ensued, in which, finally, the cause of order was everywhere triumphant—the army broken up, and its rebel leaders obliged to fly for their lives. The people, grateful for the re-establishment of their legiti-

maker who had not made some belts of the size he wanted; and once he sentenced an unfortunate smith to hard labour because he had improperly placed the sight of a cannon! His arbitrary measures in regard to agriculture had more beneficial results, and produced a salutary effect on farming economy at large throughout Paraguay. The present President of Paraguay is said to be an enlightened ruler, with whom our Government hope to effect a commercial treaty highly favourable to the interests of our British manufacturers.

mate institutions, elected Rosas to be their Governor, in place of the unfortunate Dorrego; and thus was that extraordinary man—for such he has certainly shown himself—first raised to that power which he so long held, and has so recently lost.*

The Argentine Confederacy, at this time and subsequently, was disturbed by the dissensions of two violent parties, known by the respective titles of Unitarians and Federalists; and so hostile were they to each other, that Rosas, who was now President, and who belonged to the Federalist party, used to head his proclamations with the words—"Death to the savage Unitarians!" Soon afterwards war broke out between France and La Plata, and the former power unlawfully availed herself of the independent territory of Monte Video, as a basis for her military operations. General Oribe, then President of Monte Video, objected to his country being made use of for such purposes; but a revolution took place in the city, Oribe was expelled, and General Ribeira was appointed in his place. The new president forthwith joined the French in their operations; a number of the Unitarian party came over from Buenos Ayres, and an invasion of the Argentine territories by-and-by commenced. Rosas availed himself of the services of General Oribe, and sent him at the head of a Buenos-Ayorean army, to encounter the advancing forces of Ribeira. The armies met about half-way in Entrerios, and the Monte-Videoans were routed. Oribe followed up his victory by advancing against the Oriental Republic, of which he claimed to be the legitimate president, and finally surrounded and laid siege to the capital, Monte Video.

Such is a meagre outline of the not very important transactions which preceded our renewed interference with La Plata affairs in 1845, but it is sufficient to enable the reader to understand the bearing of subsequent transactions. Although democratic in theory—having a junta, chosen by popular election, and

a senate of deputies from each province, the Argentine (or La Plata) Confederacy is pervaded by a strong spirit of absolutism. The lower classes bow with obsequious deference to the nominees of the upper; and "if any appeal to the people be ever made by the latter, it is generally from the necessity of supporting, by a demonstration of brute force, the pretensions of some particular candidate." When Rosas was called to the Presidency, he refused to act unless invested for a period with extraordinary powers; so that the government thenceforth became an absolute dictatorship. It is not to be denied that, in his government of the rude and indocile people committed to his charge, Rosas has displayed considerable abilities; and that his administration, tyrannical as it was, had some advantages over the incessant and deplorable anarchy that formerly prevailed in most of the Spanish settlements on the Rio de la Plata. By the restless Gauchos, he was looked upon as one of themselves. He had, in fact, all the qualities of those rough-riders of the Pampas—fierce, vain, bold, adroit, and convinced that the world did not contain a greater man than himself. A military adventurer, he had, at one time or another, been at war with every one within his reach—with the Indians, with his fellow-Spaniards of Monte Video, with Brazil, with France and England, and last of all with a majority of his own subjects. Nothing could exceed the arrogance of his foreign policy, and of his attempts to impose the most ruinous and humiliating restrictions on the neighbouring states. Although the treaty of 1828 gave to Brazil a right to the free navigation of the Plata waters, Rosas threw so many obstacles in the way as effectually to bar any such commerce. Buenos Ayres was the head-quarters of the ambitious dictator; and the general course of his policy was to augment the wealth and importance of that city at the expense of all the neighbouring states, whether independent or belonging to the confederacy, of which he

* For the subsequent successful measures of Rosas and his lieutenant, General Pacheco, against the Indians; for the number of Spanish women whom he rescued from a horrible slavery; and of crafty aborigines whom he merited by law, as well as for a great variety of interesting details connected with the Argentine Confederacy, we would refer our readers to the new and enlarged edition of Sir Woodbine Parish's "*Buenos Ayres from the Conquest*," 1 vol. 8vo. with plates. Murray, London. 1852.

was head. He resolved that the whole commerce of the great valley of South America should pass through his capital of Buenos Ayres; and for this purpose he directed his efforts, and finally succeeded in closing all the other harbours on the estuary of La Plata. Monte Video, however, the capital of the Banda Oriental, and situated nearly opposite to Buenos Ayres, on the northern shore of the estuary, belonged to an independent state, and was little inclined to close its harbour against the lucrative commerce of Europe. Rosas, accordingly, was glad of any excuse for going to war with it; and the siege which it stood against his forces under Oribe, if not quite so eventful as the siege of Troy, was almost as long—having lasted unsuccessfully for nine years.

This attack on the independence of the Oriental Republic was as much in defiance of the treaty of 1828, as the exclusive system of Rosas was adverse to the interests of European commerce. Manifestly, it was now high time that foreign powers were looking after their own interests; and, in compliance with the entreaties of Brazil, France and England again appeared on the scene. Lord Aberdeen, who was then at the head of our Foreign-Office, in his instructions to Mr. Gore Ouseley, dwelt chiefly on two points. The first was the preservation of the independence of Monte Video. “To this condition,” said his lordship, “the honour of England, France, and Brazil is respectively pledged; and it is one on which no compromise can be admitted.” The other was, the free navigation of the river Plata and its tributaries upon a secure footing. “To open the great arteries of the South American Continent,” he remarked, “to the free circulation of commerce, would be not only a vast benefit to the trade of Europe, but a practical, and perhaps the best, security for the preservation of peace in America itself.” Such were the objects for which we intervened in 1845; and justly did Lord Aberdeen lately remark in the House of Lords, that, although seven eventful years had elapsed since these instructions were drawn up, “there was not one word of them to alter at this moment.”

On both points, however, the intervention failed; and Lord Palmerston, able diplomatist though he be, did not

properly follow out the judicious measures of his predecessor. From the July of 1845, we kept an immense squadron in the Plata waters, seldom consisting of less than a dozen ships; and, concurrently, France had a force there nearly as great. We filled Monte Video with our marines; we occupied the important island of Martin Garcia—called by some, but we know not with what truth, the “Gibraltar of South America,” and commanding the navigation of the Parana; we took many merchantmen, and seized the Argentine fleet. But Rosas stood firm. A maritime blockade, however strictly enforced, was not sufficient to reduce him, while it inflicted much loss on the European merchants of the place. Moreover, Brazil, at whose solicitation we had interfered, no sooner saw the European forces engaged, than she relapsed into inaction. And at length, after spending a fortune in this unsatisfactory warfare, on the 24th of November 1849, we concluded a treaty with Rosas, which virtually gave up all we had been contending for—which stipulated for the independence of Monte Video, but in effect abandoned it, and resigned to Rosas the free navigation of the Plata and its tributaries.

But nothing was enough for Rosas. In defiance of this treaty, he continued his troops in the territories of Monte Video; and the whole commercial importance of that city, as well as the independence of the state to which it belonged, were fast disappearing under the protracted hostilities. The native states, however, thus left to themselves, took the matter into their own hands, and succeeded in a task which the united forces of England and France had attempted in vain. Brazil, it was obvious, if she had any regard for her future interests, could never submit to the conquest of the Monte-Videan territory by Rosas. Nor could Paraguay, and the other provinces through which the tributaries of the Plata flow, consent that the free navigation of their rivers should depend on the caprice or selfish interests of the despot of Buenos Ayres. Accordingly the standard of revolt was hoisted, and things came to a crisis. The origin of this important movement—the first outbreak of the general discontent seems to have been as follows. Rosas had of late frequently declared his intention of resigning the Presi-

dency of the Republic on account of his health; and a year ago, on the 1st of May, 1851, the provincial Assembly of Entrerios, and its Governor, Urquiza, boldly took him at his word, and published their acceptance of his resignation. In a proclamation, after quoting the expressed desire of Rosas, that he might be allowed to retire from the head of affairs, they declared "that it is the will of the people of Entrerios to resume the exercise of the powers inherent in their territorial sovereignty, hitherto delegated to his Excellency the Governor and Captain-General of Buenos Ayres, for the administration of foreign affairs and the direction of the matters regarding peace and war, of the Argentine Confederacy;" and thereafter declared themselves competent to treat directly with the other governments of the world, until a new President should be appointed. This proclamation drove Rosas into a paroxysm of rage. On the 25th of May, he denounced Urquiza as a traitor, and had him burned in effigy on the Plaza of Buenos Ayres. Entrerios (which is said to have acted from the first at the instigation of Brazil) immediately avowed its intention of supporting the independence of the Banda Oriental; Paraguay and Corrientes joined in the movement; and about the same time, an offensive and defensive alliance was formed between the Oriental Republic and the Empire of Brazil. By the sixth article of this treaty, the latter power engaged that "effectual aid should be rendered by both the land and maritime forces of the empire, at the request of the constitutional government of the Oriental Republic of Uruguay, if any armed movement should be made against its existence or authority, under any pretence whatsoever." Subsequently, Brazil entered into treaties both with the Oriental Republic and with all the River States which took part against Rosas. These documents were six in number. The first is a treaty of alliance, having for its object the preservation of the independence of Uruguay, and the integrity of its territories; the second is for regulating the boundaries between Brazil and Uruguay, hitherto a source of perpetual discord; the third provides for a loan on the part of Brazil to Uruguay; the fourth is simply an extradition treaty; the fifth contains the necessary

arrangements for carrying on the war; and the sixth is one of commerce and navigation, by which the navigation of the Plata, and its confluent rivers, is declared free for all the states on their borders—as free, for example, as the Mississippi is for all the States of the Union which it waters.

About the middle of July, the Entrerian and Corrientino troops crossed the Uruguay (the boundary stream of the Oriental Republic), in three divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Urquiza—Vivasorro, captain-general of Corrientes—and Garzon, commander-in-chief of the Oriental army. On the arrival of Garzon and his division on the east bank of the Uruguay, Servando Gomez, Oribe's oldest officer, who had been sent to dispute the passage of the river, went over to the liberating army, with all his force, a thousand strong; and his example was quickly followed by several other Rosista officers, and the troops under their command. The result was, that the liberating army arrived on the banks of the Rio Negro (which flows diagonally through the territories of the Oriental Republic, and falls into the Uruguay near its mouth), without encountering the least opposition. Within a few days, and without firing a single shot, Urquiza found himself in possession of the northern half of the country, and with the entire population in his favour. Advancing southwards, the liberating army received continual accessions from the ranks of its enemies; and, by the time it reached the vicinity of Monte Video, its numbers amounted to nearly 25,000 men. Meanwhile, acting in concert with the liberating forces, 12,000 Brazilian troops, under Count Caixas, were likewise advancing upon Monte Video, around which city the remainder of Oribe's blockading forces still lay; and the junction of the Brazilians and Urquiza seems to have taken place on the 6th or 7th of October. On the morning of the 8th, General Oribe, whose force had been reduced by desertion to 4,000 men, capitulated; and on the same day, Urquiza entered Monte Video in triumph. In the evening the city was illuminated, and the citizens knew no bounds to their joy, at being at length delivered from their nine years' state of siege. The personal safety of Oribe was guaranteed by the liberating ge-

nerals; his troops joined the standards of Urquiza, and not a single soldier of Rosas any longer remained on the northern shores of the Plata.

No sooner were affairs settled in Monte Video, than the allied forces of Urquiza and the Brazilians—leaving, it is said, 16,000 men (an extraordinary number in the circumstances) behind in the Oriental Republic—marched to attack Rosas in his own province. On the 24th of December, the allied army, composed of 28,000 men, and 40 pieces of artillery, commenced the passage of the broad stream of the Parana. The Brazilian fleet was in command of the waters, so that, by the 8th of January, they were all safely landed on the southern shore, in the province of Santa Fé. The inhabitants welcomed them as deliverers, and joined the league against Rosas—a circumstance of great importance in a military point of view, as the province of Santa Fé cuts the communication between Buenos Ayres and the insurgent states. Four thousand regular troops in the service of Rosas here went over to the ranks of Urquiza, whose army was still further strengthened by the junction of two thousand Santa Fecinos. On the 10th January, the inhabitants of San Nicolas, the frontier town of the province of Buenos Ayres, pronounced against Rosas, notwithstanding the proximity of a considerable force of Rosista cavalry, who on the same night attacked the town, but the citizens being well armed and prepared to receive them, succeeded in repulsing them with some loss. Commodore Parker, who commanded a division of the Brazilian squadron which guarded this part of the Parana, immediately despatched the brig *Calliope* and several launches, to protect the inhabitants, and some families who had taken refuge on the frontier island, in case of a second attack; while General Urquiza rapidly sent forward two cavalry divisions, one of which, under Colonel Santiago Orono, came up with the enemy on the 13th, and routed them at the first charge.

During these operations, there occurred one of those ferocious events

which are but too characteristic of the system of Rosas. There was in the liberating army at this time, a cavalry regiment five hundred strong, which had served under Oribe at Monte Video, but subsequently took service with Urquiza. On the night of the 10th, a Major Aguilar and two other officers, who had likewise belonged to the Rosista army in the Banda Oriental, bribed for that purpose, introduced themselves into the quarters of the regiment, and incited them to revolt. The colonel of the regiment (Aquino, a distinguished officer), the lieutenant-colonel, and three other officers, were massacred in cold blood, and the revolted troopers, taking horse, fled towards Buenos Ayres. They were pursued, however, by brigadier Medine, and a detachment of cavalry, who inflicted on them a bloody retribution. Only eighty escaped to Buenos Ayres; all the rest were either captured and shot, or found refuge in the Pampas.

In the hour of peril, a government like that of Rosas' finds no support in the population which has so long trembled beneath its severity and its caprices. Even before the allied army appeared on the banks of the Parana, the language of the population of Buenos Ayres had assumed an unaccustomed freedom. The policy of the government was denounced in terms that would have been punished, a few months before, by torture or by death; and it was evident, that the terror by which alone the existence of such a power had been prolonged, was rapidly changing into disaffection and contempt. Rosas himself seems to have foreseen his approaching downfall, for the last few weeks of his administration were employed in collecting means to support himself in exile,* rather than in preparing vigorously for defence. So early as the 1st of January, a letter from Buenos Ayres states that he was concentrating all his forces at Santos Lugares, but that it was doubtful whether he would join the army, or embark in the English steamer *Locust*, which was waiting in the river for him. Some time before, however, he had been taking vigorous measures to

* Other accounts say that Rosas and his daughter, when they escaped, had not even a change of clothes, and only very little money. He must have left large flocks and herds, and other property behind him; but some maintain, with considerable probability, that he has a large sum in the English funds.

strengthen his squadron, and regain the command of the La Plata waters. He had already received the English steamer *Courier*, purchased for £13,800 sterling, and also a brig of war, which he had built at Trieste, and armed in England; and was daily expecting three other vessels, with ammunition and military stores, from the same quarter.

His fate was sealed, however, before their arrival. On the 15th of January, the army of Urquiza crossed the Arroyo del Medio, the frontier stream of Buenos Ayres, and everywhere met with entire success. In a fortnight they drove the troops of Rosas from the whole northern part of the province, and with such loss, that of the 13,000 horse who had opposed them since passing the Parana, only 1,000 crossed the River Conchas, within six leagues of the capital. The route of the invaders, after entering the Buenos Ayrean territory, lay across extensive plains, such as we have previously described, covered with the tall dry grass of the Pampas; and the design of Rosas had been to set fire to the plains in several places at once, so as to involve the liberating army, and one-half the province, in the vast conflagration. This diabolical scheme, however, which might otherwise have been attended with a frightful success, was providentially foiled by unexpected and copious falls of rain, which rendered it impossible to spread the conflagration; and, as a righteous retribution on the unscrupulous despot, the very dispersion of his corps, in order to effect this object, ensured their easy overthrow, by exposing them to be cut up in detail.

Affairs were now hurrying to a crisis. General Pacheco repaired to Rosas' country-house at Palermo, in the immediate vicinity of Buenos Ayres, to urge him to join the army at Santos Lugares. For long the President (who seems to have held himself a doomed man, and wished to keep near the sea-coast) is said to have excused himself, on the ground that, having withdrawn all the troops from the city, his departure would leave Buenos Ayres completely paralysed. On the 27th, however, he set out with all his writers and personal adherents, and advanced about half-way towards Santos Lugares; but, so great was the general confusion, that even on the 29th no one knew who was to have the chief command of the troops, nor had any

plan of defence been concerted. Meanwhile our countryman, Admiral Grenfell, in command of the Brazilian fleet, seeing things coming to a crisis, left his station in the Parana, where he had assisted the passage of the allied army, and made sail with two steamers for Buenos Ayres, where three Brazilian corvets and a steamer were already at anchor.

Urquiza continued his march from the Arroyo del Medio without resting; and on the 31st January came in contact with the vanguard of Rosas' army, posted at the bridge of Marques, about twenty miles from Buenos Ayres. It consisted of some 5,000 men, under Lagos and Sosa; but after a brisk action, the position was forced by a division of Entre-riens, and the 2nd Regiment of Brazilian cavalry, commanded by Colonel Ozerio. Urquiza, perceiving that a pitched battle was at hand, hastened to the front; and arriving on the 2nd of March within half-a-league of Santos Lugares, he made preparations for a general action on the following day. In front of that village, the Rosistas were awaiting his attack, in an intrenched position, defended by numerous field pieces, and from twenty to five-and-twenty thousand men, under the command of General Pacheco. Urquiza's forces are said to have been somewhat less; many, probably, having been left behind in the march, or to protect his communications. The action commenced at six in the morning, by cannonading and charges of cavalry, in which a body of Schleswig-Holstein horse, who had entered the Brazilian service after the war in the Duchies was ended, particularly distinguished themselves. The horsemen of the Pampas, wild and daring as they were, were no match for the strength and energy of Northern Europe; and the Holsteiners literally rode over the Gaucho ranks, as a Crusader would have dispersed a swarm of Saracens, or as the Varangian body-guard of the Byzantine court towered over the Greeks of the Lower Empire. This defeat of the Rosista cavalry virtually decided the fate of the battle. The infantry remained firm in the trenches; but, after the ranks and spirit of the cavalry were broken, they must have fought against terrible odds. With them the action continued till about noon, when a charge of bayonets by Urquiza's left wing (Brazilians and

two regiments from Monte Video) drove the defenders from their intrenchments. Thrice did the Rosista infantry, commanded by Maza, attempt to reform and make a stand; but nothing could withstand the victorious advance of the Brazilian and Monte-Videan infantry, or the impetuous charges of the Entrerian and Rio Grande cavalry. By half-past three, the rout was complete. A large body of the infantry was surrounded and surrendered, and all the artillery fell into the hands of the victors; but, strange to say, it is thought that not more than two hundred were killed and six hundred wounded on both sides, Urquiza having given strict orders to make prisoners, but not to kill except in case of resistance. The cavalry of the conquering army pursued the routed enemy close up to the city, but they did not enter it. The troops passed the night in Santos Lugares (a town of soldiers' huts, built by Rosas in 1836), and head-quarters were established at Rosas' quinta of Palermo.

An unfortunate incident marked the close of the fight. Mr. Payne, master of her Majesty's ship *Locust*, who rode out to see the fight, was met by some of the retreating Gauchos, who demanded his horse; but on his refusing, they took it by force, wounding him so severely that he died in consequence. Rosas was on the field, and is said to have been wounded in the hand; but he seems to have displayed little gallantry, and took an early opportunity of looking after his own safety, by seeking the protection of our consul, Mr. Gore. Disguised as a marine, and with his daughter Manuelita in the dress of a sailor, he escaped on board the *Locust*, from which he was afterwards transferred to the *Centaur*.

The following version of the battle, taken from a private letter of a British resident at Buenos Ayres, is worth quoting. It presents a different aspect of the affair from that already given; but we would beg our readers, while perusing this article, to bear in mind that nothing is more difficult than to sift out truth from the abundant chaff with which all embryo history is enveloped:—

“Rosas' line extended for about two miles on the edge of a gentle slope—cavalry on the wings, infantry in the centre, artillery in front and between the intervals. There is not a tree or house on the field of battle, except a

house of brick or mortar, with a tower called Monte Caseros, which formed Rosas' extreme right, and which he occupied in force, and a round pigeonhouse of brick, about seventy yards from it. His arrangements were very bad (his centre and left being evidently without support), for he had no knowledge of strategy, as he himself confessed, and he was so demented that he refused to take the advice of any of his generals, some of whom told him that he must lose the battle. Urquiza, with a force of from 25,000 to 28,000 men, from Entrerios, Uruguay, Corrientes, Santa Fé, and Brazil, arrived from the neighbourhood of Moron on the evening of Monday, and bivouacked at a distance of about two miles from the enemy. At daylight, on Tuesday morning, he drew up his men in a line, opposite Rosas' army, on the edge of an opposite slope, at the distance of about a mile. He was inferior in artillery, but much superior in the quality and discipline of his troops. The cannonading began at daylight, and, as I said, was heard in town. Urquiza commenced the battle by outflanking with his cavalry Rosas' left, which was completely turned and routed, and it was some of these gentlemen who came early into the town giving out that the battle was lost, while their comrades were still fighting. While this was going on on Rosas' left, Urquiza's centre and left, composed of Brazilian and Oriental infantry, crossed the valley and took at the point of the bayonet the two houses which formed the strong positions on Rosas' right, while Urquiza's cavalry on the left completely surrounded the whole of Rosas' right; thus both his wings were turned. The cavalry fled, the infantry and artillery made a stand for a short time in a new position towards their former left, but it was only for a very brief space. Surrounded on all sides, they surrendered or fled in all directions, and the rout was complete. It was difficult to gather exactly how long the battle lasted. The real fighting began probably about six, a.m., and ended near twelve. Rosas was on the tower of the house for some time, and then in the field; at length, seeing all was lost, he took to flight, and, thanks to a very magnificent horse, and the dust and smoke of the battle, he succeeded in getting into town.”

The same writer thus describes the scene of battle some days after the fight:—

“The ground for some miles in the neighbourhood of the battle-field was strewn with relics of military clothing, either stripped from the dead and wounded, or cast away by the fugitives; bayonets, gunstocks and barrels, scabbards, spears, and cuirasses were also lying about in great numbers. About 100 dead bodies in all (Buenos Ayreans, for the Brazilians and Urquiza had removed theirs) lay in different directions over the

field. About fifty bodies of those who had been killed in defending the house of Monte Caseros lay in front of it, having been taken out. Human hair and gore covered the steps leading to the tower of the house, and these were very offensive. Cannon-balls, bullets, and a few discharged rockets showed where the line had been; but, excepting that the grass was entirely trodden down, there was little to show that so many men had there contended. We returned to town through the encampment of Santos Lugares, which was now entirely deserted. Urquiza's men had broken into every house, and robbed it of everything they could make available; all the doors were thrown open, the officers' papers covered the floors; the prison (*La C'rugia*), the dread of the whole country, from the many deeds of atrocity committed there, was entirely open—the prison records lying about the floor, the gaoler's book, containing the date of admission and fate of the prisoners, and among them that of the priest and his mistress who were shot in August, 1848. The irons with which the poor prisoners were fettered for years all lay scattered, to be taken by any one who pleased, for the whole place was given up to destruction."

By noon, stragglers arriving from the field of battle brought tidings to the capital that the Rosista forces were worsted and retreating; and General Manzilla, who had been named military governor of Buenos Ayres, at first made preparations for defending the city with the passive guard (2,500 men), and commenced opening trenches in the streets. But perceiving that the rout continued, and seeing Admiral Grenfell's squadron entering the inner roads to attack the city, Manzilla sent him a message that he would capitulate, and begging of him, therefore, not to open his fire on the city. In fact, he immediately went to the ministers of the foreign powers (England, France, the United States, and Portugal), requesting them to obtain a capitulation from Urquiza which should save the city from sack; and at six in the evening they proceeded to Palermo, to seek an interview with General Urquiza. This they did not obtain till next day.

The General is described, by an eye-witness, as "a short man, rather stout, about fifty, dressed with great care, with patent leather boots, &c.; rather more like a dandy than we expected to see; the expression of his countenance is rather determined than benevolent, and more animal than intellectual. Soldiers were encamped in all directions; the grounds of the quinta

(formerly so carefully attended to that men were actually employed to cleanse every leaf of the orange trees from dust with a tooth-brush) were occupied by men and horses, who tramped it down in all parts, and I fear will inflict lasting injury upon it. We saw on the ground the bodies of two men who had been shot."

The city of Buenos Ayres did not wholly escape the ravages of war. At daybreak, on the morning after the battle, some of the routed cavalry, assuming Urquiza's badge (a piece of white calico passing over the head and shoulders, worn above their red coats, the only distinction between the opposing forces), commenced plundering the shops. A few of Urquiza's men quickly joined them; the frightened citizens offered no opposition; and it looked as if the town was going to be sacked, when, about eleven o'clock, the American marines, at the door of their Consul, coolly shot down two men who were pillaging a shop in their neighbourhood. This turned the tide. An hour after, a division of Urquiza's troops, which had been sent for, came into the town; the militia and many foreigners patrolled the streets; and every man or woman found plundering was immediately shot down—400 persons thus expiating their crimes. By Thursday order was restored; and General Urquiza issued a proclamation to the people on this day, congratulating them on the downfall of their oppressor and tyrant, "the monster Rosas," and announcing a complete amnesty to all except Rosas, and those Argentine troops who, having been engaged with Oribe, in the siege of Monte Video, surrendered to Urquiza, in October, 1851, promising never to bear arms against him, and which promise, when they came over with him to this place, some of them broke, and went over to Rosas. These he declared to be outlaws, and some of them, including General Santa Colonia, and General Chilabert, were shot by his orders. Every day citizens who had been proscribed and banished by Rosas, returned to their country. A provisional administration of some of the best men was formed, and decrees, annulling Rosas' infamous laws, were issued, and restoring the liberties of the people, which, for twenty years, had been taken away. On the 19th, he entered the capital in person, at the

head of his army, 25,000 strong ; but, although there was a display of fireworks in the evening, the people did not receive him with much enthusiasm.

So fell the power of Rosas. For upwards of twenty years, the history of the Argentine Confederacy has been absorbed in the personal dominion of this one man ; for, as the State of Buenos Ayres had succeeded in monopolising the whole executive power of what was miscalled the Confederation, so Rosas has been, since 1829, the absolute ruler of Buenos Ayres. "His character," says the *Times*, in an able article—but which overlooks too much the difficulties of Rosas' position, and shuts its eyes to the benefits he conferred by his firm rule—

"Is a compound of the arrogance and stubborn prejudices of his Spanish descent, mingled with the cruelty and craft of the savage races of the South American Indians. He established his power by proscriptions the most ferocious and unsparing which even a semi-civilised community ever endured, and by the ascendancy he gave the Gaucho population of Buenos Ayres over the inhabitants of the towns. No precaution was too minute for his jealousy of power—no means of execution too sanguinary for him to employ them. Every act of his government was headed by the cry of 'Death to the savage Unitarians ;' and the mere possession of a knot of blue riband, instead of the scarlet cockade of the Federalists, was a capital crime in Buenos Ayres. With an inflexible will, with the cunning of a fox, with egregious vanity and self-importance, and a perpetual distrust of every human being, except perhaps his daughter, he ruled in solitary terror over states apparently adapted by nature for the rapid extension of prosperity, happiness, and freedom. Against his rivals at home, or his antagonists abroad, he relied on the sole principle of terror. Blood flowed by his commands as freely as water, and the extermination of his political adversaries was for years the daily business of his Government. But this blood was shed neither on the scaffold nor on the field. The approach of his mutes was more stealthy—the blow he struck more inevitable. We quote the words of one who was not his enemy when we say that he visited the city of Buenos Ayres like a destroying angel. His dagger struck his victims from behind an inscrutable and impenetrable shield. No man felt himself safe. No man went to bed with the assurance that he should be permitted to sleep out the night ; for, like the fiercer animals, the night was his time of

counsel and of action. Neither friendship, relationship, past service, nor even obscurity, was a secure protection from his mortal vengeance ; and he only ceased to strike when the inordinate fear he had inspired sat like death upon the people, and rendered them absolutely prostrate to his will."

Such was his tenacity and daring, that he succeeded in beating off several successive invasions of French and English squadrons, and in defeating or deluding a whole series of diplomatic agents, until the affairs of the River Plate became the opprobrium of the first government of the world. He endeavoured to sow dissensions between the English and French agents in their negotiations with him, and affected a preference for this country. But nothing could surpass the insolent language in which he spoke of Great Britain in his last message ; and when Mr. Southen was sent out as our Plenipotentiary, he refused, for weeks and months, to receive him in that capacity. An edict even appeared announcing that any Englishman from the squadron taken on the Argentine territory should be made away with ; and, to prove that this was no idle threat, no redress has ever been obtained for the murder of Lieutenant Wardlaw. Such is a brief summary of the acts and policy of a man whose recent fall has again demonstrated that a power founded upon terror may be unbounded, but is never secure. Had General Rosas employed his authority differently—had he encouraged the alliance and enterprise of European nations, respected life and property, established law, and given force and reality to the Confederation—he might now be regarded as the Washington of South America, instead of being abhorred as a ruler who reminds us of the tyrants of antiquity.

It now only remains for our diplomats to open up for our commerce the vast region of La Plata ; and we rejoice to see, from recent debates in Parliament, that effective measures are being taken for this purpose. The English and French joint naval mission which is about to sail for the River Plate, with equal forces and common instructions, under the command of Sir Charles Hotham and Admiral Suin, will arrive, we trust, in time to witness the commencement of a new

era of peace and freedom in the Argentine Confederation; and we know that it is the earnest desire of both Governments to promote these laudable objects, without any unnecessary interference in the internal affairs of the country. It may be hoped that General Urquiza will continue to display the same ability and moderation in government which have marked his conduct of the late successful campaign. He was himself educated in Buenos Ayres, and served under Rosas, but rose by his own merits and courage to be elected President of the State of Entrerios. He commanded the division of that province in the army which invaded the Banda Oriental under Oribe in 1842, and continued to support the cause of Rosas until he became satisfied that his system was based on war and persecution, which could never restore order or happiness to the country. Urquiza then threw off the yoke, allied himself to Brazil, raised the siege of Montevideo at the head of the combined army, and eventually marched upon Buenos Ayres, where the power of Rosas was speedily overthrown. Urquiza is now in possession of complete authority in the Argentine Confederation. He is in friendly intercourse with Don Carlos Lopez, the present enlightened President of the State of Paraguay, and we hope to learn that these able men have restored constitutional government to the Republics on the eastern coast of South America, and have opened the rivers of that magnificent territory to the commerce and immigration of all nations.

The three great battles which have marked the history of South America, are those of Carabobo, Ayacucho, and Santos Lugares. On the first of these occasions, the battle was decided against the Royalist forces of Old Spain by British valour alone. After a fatiguing mountain-march, the Independents came face to face with the enemy. The Columbian infantry, who formed the first line, were dispersed like chaff by the Royal regiment of Burgos; the insurgent cavalry were so wearied that they could not stir a step to protect the fugitives; and the Royalists, taking the second line, composed of twelve hundred British, for Creoles, boldly advanced against them with level-

led bayonets. They soon discovered their mistake. The word "charge!" was given in the British line; and the Spaniards, as they advanced in disorder to achieve what they fancied an easy victory, beheld the dense and steady line of the English emerging, with deafening cheers and levelled bayonets, through the smoke. That charge decided the independence of South America, east of the Andes,—the battle of Ayacucho achieved the same result on the shores of the Pacific. The conflict there was almost an exact parallel to that of Marengo. The Independent infantry was routed, and all seemed lost; when General Miller, whose brigade of Gauchos was the last republican reserve, led his wild lancers of the Pampas to charge the victorious Royalists in flank. The Spanish ranks, disordered by success, were completely broken, their artillery taken, and, as at Marengo, a handful of horsemen snatched victory from the grasp of a whole army. Thus the horsemen of the Pampas were the heroes of the western war; the soldiers of Northern Europe of the eastern. It remained for the battle of Santos Lugares to bring these rivals to the same field, and there the sabres of the Schleswig-Holsteiners bore away the palm from the lances of the Gauchos.

The tide of war, which has so long rolled over the South American plains, has thus, for the present, subsided. Permanent peace is as yet hardly to be looked for; but it cannot be denied, that both east and west of the Andes, the Republican Governments have been gradually assuming a greater appearance of stability, and we may yet see them become as peaceful and prosperous as they have hitherto been quarrelsome and poverty-stricken. "A great destiny," says Mr. Alison, "awaits that once noble people, if they can cast off their corruptions. The Revolution came too soon for the interests of the existing generation in Spanish America, and England has been justly punished for the part she took, from selfish motives, in bringing it about. But Providence can overrule even the sins of men to the ultimate welfare of humanity; and those who despair of the fortunes of the Spanish race in South America, because they have slaughtered each other with such cruelty, and their Revolution has hitherto

brought nothing but disorder, would do well to look back to the usages of war in England, during the contest of the Roses, or the national freedom she enjoyed under the usurpation of Cromwell, and reflect on the issue to which

Supreme Wisdom has, in the end, conducted bloodshed as universal, and military despotism as oppressive, as that which has hitherto blasted all the hopes of humanity in the New World."*

HOW THE THEATRE ROYAL IN HAWKINS'-STREET CAME TO BE BUILT, WITH A CURSORY GLANCE AT WHAT HAS BEEN DONE THERE DURING THIRTY YEARS.

BEING A FEW MORE LEAVES FROM A MANAGER'S PORTFOLIO.

THE history of national amusements, and pre-eminently that of a national drama, has been pronounced, by many deep-thinking philosophers and statistes, to comprise, in a great measure, the history of national manners, taste, and civilisation. Individual objections have been raised from time to time, which, like obscure riders to private parliamentary bills, have passed into currency, as being considered too unimportant for debate or opposition. The question, in all its details, has been worn so threadbare, that any argument on the subject now would be, as Sir W. Napier, the great historian, has elsewhere expressed himself on self-evident deductions, "a sinful waste of words." The small section of our readers who may think differently and take no interest in the matter, can pass those pages over, remembering that their perusal is, according to Liston in *Lubin Log* (on donations to stage-coach drivers), "quite optional," and an affair of free-will election.

When Mr. Henry Harris came over to Dublin in 1820, with a patent in his pocket, which he had obtained through personal interest with the late Duke of York, he was very anxious to take a lease of the old theatre in Crow-street. It proved fortunate for him in the sequel that he was foiled by the impracticable temper of the parties concerned, with whom he found it impossible to treat. Crow-street Theatre was then in a state of tottering dilapidation, which would have required nearly as much outlay as building a new one, and was finally pulled to pieces by instalments, in

1824-5. I stood on the stage, soon after my arrival in Ireland, in October, 1824. The scenery was gone, and there were sundry rents and chasms in the roof. The audience part of the house was still tolerably perfect, but many detachments of unlicensed plunderers were busily employed in all directions (apparently with no one to interfere), knocking out the panels of the boxes, tearing up the benches for firewood, and carrying all off bodily, for such other purposes as pleased their fancy. It was a painful, a humiliating scene, with a profound moral lesson attached to it; a striking illustration of "*sic transit gloria mundi*," which called up before the mirror of the mind, embodied thoughts of all the beauty, rank, and fashion so often congregated in that mouldering temple of the Muses, with the departed talent they came to admire. This theatre was originally built by Barry and Woodward, on the site of an old music-hall, which, with other adjacent edifices, was pulled down for the purpose. It was opened on the 22d of October, 1758, and the final performance occurred on the 13th of May, 1820. On the 11th of December, in the preceding year, Miss O'Neill made her last appearance there on any stage, in the characters of Juliet, and Maria in *The Citizen*. The building existed altogether sixty-six years. The only tangible record that now remains, is the great bell (transplanted to Hawkins'-street), which Barry imported from London, to toll for the death of the conspirators in the last act of *Venice Preserved*; a theatrical relic of considerable interest,

* "History of Europe," chap. lxvii. s. 91.

well worthy of inspection, and with a much better authenticated pedigree than the tomb of Juliet at Verona, so carefully preserved for the especial benefit of curious and credulous English travellers.

The interior of Crow-street Theatre presented, in its days of splendour, a very handsome and imposing area, capable of holding, at the good old prices, nearly £600. The outside was an unshapely mass, and the avenues of approach so incommodious that, during the spring tides, the pit audience had to flounder through (not pellucid) water, reaching considerably above their ankles, before they could get from the pay-office to their seats. But in those days people frequented the theatre from pure love of the art; nobody minded trifling inconveniences, and the incumbent generation, patient of little defects in the social system, were content to take the world as they found it, without seeking to hand it over to posterity in an improved state.

When Mr. Harris arrived in the Irish metropolis, and issued his prospectus, he had nothing to do but, as Lord Byron says of himself in his latest verses, "to look around and choose his ground," which he did at last in Hawkins'-street, a more ineligible locality, if possible, than that of the old theatre; more abounding in objections, more out of the gangway of fashion, and cooped up in a corner, which it requires some study of the map of Dublin to find out. There stood a pile of buildings, then the Mendicity, formerly the Dublin Society-House, on ground belonging to Trinity College, and subject to the trifling rent of £600 per annum, Irish currency—a perpetual, irremovable incubus, weighing down the property, and producing strangulation and paralysis more effectually than the old man of the sea did while slung round the neck of Sindbad. This rent has since been reduced to £400 British, during pleasure, being about double the value according to most competent estimate, and the half of which it is very unlikely to bring, if ingulphed in the Incumbered Estates Court, or in the mutations of worldly affairs, appropriated to other than theatrical purposes. The landlords, as a matter of course, will not believe this until experience proves its truth. The writer has some grounds for venturing an opinion on the subject, having for

twenty-one years suffered almost to death, under this fundamental error of the original patentee. There were situations in Dublin a thousand times preferable, the rent of which exceeded not one quarter of the sum above named. But Mr. Harris was a stranger in a hurry, imbued with very expanded notions of expenditure derived from a long apprenticeship at Covent Garden; and he had, moreover, the misfortune to fall into the hands of interested and incompetent advisers. He was taught to consider Dublin an inexhaustible dramatic El Dorado, but he lived to discover his mistake.

The theatre in Hawkins'-street was run up at railroad speed, in ninety-five days. The presiding architect was the late Mr. Samuel Beazley, well known also as a successful dramatic writer. His English version of the *Sonnambula* keeps the stage in every theatre throughout the kingdom. He erected several Thespian edifices in London, full of strange errors and inconveniences. This is the only one of his construction in which the entire auditory can see and hear in every compartment. When looked at, in the interior, it may almost be considered a model as to shape and size, although much too large for the resources of the Irish capital. Of its outward pretensions, the less that is said the better. It has a very commodious arcade, and if finished according to the proposed plans, would have been an ornament to the city, were it easy of discovery. The theatres in Dublin have ever been an exception to the other public buildings, which are as remarkable for their external beauty as for the commanding prominence of their situations. The London architects might study these with advantage, and take profitable lessons, where they are often more disposed to undervalue and deride.

Mr. Harris not being disposed to let his patent lie fallow, while the new theatre was building, engaged and fitted up the Rotunda at a great expense, and with admirable taste, for a temporary season. Accordingly he commenced his reign as patentee and Master of the Revels, on the 19th of June, 1820, with a very efficient company, who continued to perform with good success until the 21st of December in the same year. During these six months, eighteen new pieces were produced—a reasonable amount of no-

velty, although it would be found insufficient to satisfy the cravings of the public in the present day. The most successful were, *Henri Quatre*, *Virginius*, *A Roland for an Oliver*, *Don Giovanni in London*, and the pantomime of *Harlequin Gulliver*. The stars were Miss M. Tree, Mr. Macready, Mr. J. Wallack, and the inimitable Grimaldi. In the meantime the new theatre rose almost as rapidly as Aladdin's palace. The enchanter's wand appeared to multiply human labour. Mr. Harris, being unprovided with superfluous capital, was advised to raise £12,500, on one hundred transferable debentures, thus adding another formidable incumbrance to his patent and property, already subject to the enormous ground-rent we have mentioned before. After a few years, more than half of these admissions began to be sold nightly by public advertisement, at reduced prices—a proceeding not contemplated in the original contract, but teeming with ruin, although unfortunately there was no legal remedy or restriction, as such an attempt had never been foreseen. It was not until the year 1839, that this suicidal practice, having reached its full measure of mischief, was finally abolished by a new deed, setting aside certain provisions in the former one, and establishing fresh conditions. Transferable free tickets, given judiciously, are not so injurious as may appear at first sight. They often induce others to join a party and pay, and help to make a respectable show in the boxes, on what are called slack nights, when Diogenes and his lantern would find it difficult to stumble against anything but empty benches. But when sold, and, above all, at reduced prices, each becomes a mortal *aphis vastator*, drinking up the sap, and eating into the vitals of the very body from which its own existence is derived. As a commercial mistake, this was soon tested by the fact that a debenture, originally costing £120, could, with difficulty, obtain the market price of fifty, and for one of these it has, more than once, been considered by prudent capitalists a rash investment to involve *twenty*!

On Thursday, the 18th of January, 1821, the new theatre opened, being scarcely more than half-finished, and many workmen still busy both before and behind the curtain, when the audience were admitted. Mr. Harris made an involuntary first appearance,

being discovered on the stage, by an accident, and told the public, in a brief impromptu, that he was very happy to see them, and hoped they would often repeat their attendance. The theatre is now in its thirty-first year, “a ripe age,” as Touchstone says to William of the Forest. During these six lustra, it has been twice in the jaws of Chancery; once put up to public auction (without bidders), by the renowned George Robins, as a “mine of wealth;” and has been governed by five successive sovereigns—Mr. H. Harris, who ruled five years, with an interregnum; Mr. W. Abbott, two years; Mr. Bunn, three years; Mr. Calcraft, twenty-one years; and Mr. J. Harris, the present lessee, who has only just commenced his bold experiment.

On the first night, the occasional address we have subjoined, was spoken by the stage-manager, Mr. Percy Farrow (since dead), and written by no less a personage than the celebrated dramatic author, George Colman:—

“Hail, generous natives of green Erin's isle!
Welcome, kind patrons, to our new-raised
pile!
Three fleeting months have scarcely slipped
away,
Since a mere waste this scene of action lay.
Not long the block was laid, which all
must own
Damps eagerness—the slow foundation
stone,
Ere, expectation kept no more aloof,
The architect was Hope-crown'd with the
roof.
Brisk went the work, exertion still increas-
ing,
Hods, trowels, hammers, chisels, never
ceasing;
Labour was wing'd on expectation's plan,
And every labourer—an Irishman!
After a brick-and-mortar chase, so hot,
Take our historic outline of the spot.
Here once a market rear'd its busy head,
Where sheep, instead of Tragic heroes, bled.
Bright cleavers form'd a band to charm
the ears,
Joints dangled in the place of chandeliers;
Stout butchers, stern as critics, had their
day,
And cut up oxen, like a modern play!
Soon science came—his steel the butcher
drops,
Removes, with awe, the shambles and the
shops,
And learning triumph'd over mutton-chops.
Then, in the school of patriotism rear'd,
Arts, agriculture, chemistry, appear'd,
Botanic lore, and studies all too great
For our inferior powers to emulate!

No merit we in agriculture claim—
 To cultivate *your* favour is our aim ;
 Which gain'd, by learned chemists we are
 told,
 It turns, by play-house alchymy, to gold ;
 While all the botany we dare to boast,
 Lies in those plants your breath may cher-
 ish most.
 Again the scene was chang'd by wisdom's
 rule—
 Want's refuge then succeeded learning's
 school.
 No more in streets the shivering beggar
 stood ;
 Vice found correction here, and famine
 food ;
 Morality rejoic'd at sloth's defeat,
 And pity smil'd to see the hungry eat.
 At length, and following these wretched
 elves,
 Behold another race—we mean ourselves ;
 Who, leaning to our predecessors' laws,
 Now beg, most heartily, for your applause ;
 Beg you, brave Erin's sons, and Erin's fair
 To make your nation's Theatre your care.
 Two wonder-working virtues, 'tis confess,
 Lurk'd in the lamp Aladdin once possess ;

Beyond all common method or device,
 It rais'd both house and money in a trice.
 Our building, the first wonder keeps in
 view,
 The second miracle, remains with *you* !
 Crowd hither nightly, then, from every
 quarter,
 'Till coin, in speed, has rivall'd brick and
 mortar."

It must be admitted, this address is rather flimsy and commonplace, below the reputation of the writer. The occasion should have inspired him with a little poetic fervour. Many native bards might have been readily invoked, who would have sung with superior grace and melody. The opening performance consisted of Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*, (to which the two Dromios of Williams and Johnson gave an attraction) beginning and ending with themselves ; with the farce of the *Sleep-Walker*. As an historical document scarcely attainable, a copy of the bill may not be without interest :—

The New THEATRE ROYAL Will Open,

On Thursday, January the 18th, 1821, when His Majesty's Servants will perform Shakspeare's

COMEDY OF ERRORS,

With incidental Songs, Glees, Duets, and Choruses, taken from his works, and adapted to the Stage,

BY BISHOP.

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus	Mr. Armstrong.
Ægeon	Mr. Cunningham.
Angelo	Mr. Rowsell.
Cleon	Mr. Digges.
Dromio, of Ephesus	Mr. Williams.
Dromio, of Syracuse	Mr. Johnson.
Ctesiphon	Mr. Balford.
Abbess	Mrs. Vaughan.
Lesbia	Miss Cunningham.
Adriana	Miss Byrne.
Antipholis, of Ephesus	Mr. Humby.
Antipholis, of Syracuse	Mr. Farren.
Balthazar	Mr. McKeon.
Dr. Pinch	Mr. Chippendale.
Cerimon	Mr. A. Lee.
Chares	Mr. Horrebrow.
Officer	Mr. Leonard.
Hermia	Miss Curtis.
Luciana	Mrs. Hamby.
Kitchen Maid	Mrs. Gray.

The following new Scenery will be exhibited in the course of the Evening :—The Drop Curtain will represent the Acropolis at Athens—*Dion*. A Corinthian Palace—*Whitmore*. A chamber in the house of Antipholis—*T. Griere*. The mart at Ephesus—*W. Griere*. A chamber—*Phillips*. A garden—*C. Griere*. Street in Ephesus—*Whitmore*.

Previous to the play, an address will be spoken by Mr. Farren. (written for the occasion by George Colman, Esq.)

To conclude with the popular farce of the

SLEEP-WALKER.

Sir Patrick Macguire	Mr. Hamerton,
Alibi	Mr. Chippendale.
Somno	Mr. J. Russell.
Jorum	Mr. Leonard.
Squire Rattlepate	Mr. Humby.
Spy	Mr. Rowswell.
Mrs. Decorum	Mrs. McCullagh.
Sophia	Mrs. Simon.
Susan	Mrs. Johnson.

Boxes, 5s. 5d.; Pit, 3s. 3d.; Middle Gallery, 2s. 2d.; Upper Gallery, 1s. 1d.

Tickets and places (for the present) to be had of Mr. Lowther, at Mr. Willis's Music Warehouse, 7, Westmorland-street.

Of thirty-four persons, including the painters, named in this bill, not more than five are now in existence. The box-office was not available for use until the 23rd of April, and the saloon, which might have been dispensed with altogether, or at least much curtailed in its unnecessary dimensions, was first opened to the public on the 18th of July. Wednesday, August the 22nd, 1821, is a memorable epoch in the annals of the Dublin stage. On that evening, His Majesty King George the Fourth visited the theatre in state, and was received with a perfect tempest of enthusiastic loyalty, such as an Irish public only can be worked up to when they are in the mood. Throughout the performance, Earl Talbot, then Lord Lieutenant, stood behind the monarch's chair (such being the court etiquette), which somewhat lessened his viceregal importance. The receipt amounted to £520 Irish currency, being the largest sum ever returned from the Hawkins'-street Theatre. The house would not fairly contain this sum, allowing for the debenture-holders' tickets, and a numerous press free list, with the loss of two public boxes for the state accommodation. But hundreds were content to perambulate the lobbies, or thrust themselves into corners behind the scenes, catching an occasional glimpse at the unique exhibition of royalty; and many, when the doors first opened, paid box-price, ran up stairs, and jumped over into the pit, where they obtained comfortable places without trouble. The rush and crush at the ordinary entrance, impeded the legitimate customers, who, as usual, were exercising their accustomed privilege of trying as hard as they could to prevent each other from getting in. They arrange these little

details much better in Paris. There, no crowds are permitted, no bonnets are squeezed to death, and no skirts of coats are immolated. A sturdy *gens-d'arme* shouts "à la queue, mesdames et messieurs, à la queue!" as each successive reinforcement arrives; which being interpreted, means, "ladies and gentlemen, fall into the rear!" And thus a long line is formed in Indian file, resembling an uncoiled serpent, which glides in imperceptibly in very little time, and without apparent effort, as if by the operation of *vis inertiae*. A little dapper Dublin attorney, now defunct, once described this in a company where I was present, with graphic distinctness, and in all the exuberance of his native vernacular, the only language with which he held communion. "Bedad," said he, "if you attempt to push or jostle at the door of a French theatre, you'll get the worst of it, for a big lump of a *John darme* comes up, and cries out, 'ally kew, mounseer,' and you must *ally kew*; for if you don't *ally kew* at once, he'll make you *ally kew* in a moment."

Subjoined is a bill of the performance on the command night of King George the Fourth. The selection certainly did not show the strength of the company to much advantage, and, with one or two exceptions, was singularly weak; but the audience cared little for the actors or acting; his Majesty being the cynosure and attraction of the evening. Of the individuals included in the *dramatis personæ*, we know but of three spared by the relentless scythe of time at this present writing. Miss Curtis, many years since, married and retired from the stage; Paul Bedford, still flourishing in full bloom at the Adelphi Theatre in London; and Miss Stephens, now the Countess Dowager of Essex:—

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.

By command of His Majesty.

This Evening, Wednesday, August 22nd, 1821,
His Majesty's servants will perform SHERIDAN'S COMIC OPERA, called

THE DUENNA.

Don Carlos—Mr. Duruset (of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden).
Don Jerome—Mr. Fullam. Don Ferdinand—Mr. Bedford. Don Antonio—Mr. A. Lee.
Isaac Mendoza—Mr. Johnson. Father Paul—Mr. Chippendale. Lopez—Mr. Rowsell.
Louisa—Mrs. Austin. The Duenna—Mrs. McCullagh. Isabella—Mrs. Chippendale.
Agnes—Miss Cunningham.
Clara—Miss Stephens (of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden).

To conclude with SHERIDAN'S FARCE of

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

Lieutenant O'Connor—Mr. Hamerton. Justice Credulous—Mr. Fullam.
Dr. Rosy—Mr. Chippendale.
Sergeant Trounce—Mr. Rowsell. Countrymen—Messrs. Good and Hart.
Drummer Crackskull—Mr. Sutcliffe.
Soldier—Mr. Turner. Robin—Mr. Swan.
Mrs. Bridget—Mrs. McCullagh. Lauretta—Miss Curtis.

This first season concluded on the 11th of September, on the one hundred and eighty-second night of performance, with the second part of Shakspeare's *King Henry the Fourth*, to which was appended a facsimile of the coronation of King George the Fourth, most gorgeously produced, with the grand banquet in Westminster Hall, and the entry of the champion in complete armour, on horseback. This pageant had been repeated eleven nights with corresponding attraction. On the 14th of December, in the year 1822, the celebrated "bottle row" took place, on the first state visit of the Marquis Wellesley, who had succeeded Earl Talbot as Lord Lieutenant. The particulars of this expensive incident (as it turned out) have been fully discussed in a former article;* it is therefore unnecessary to do more than allude to it here. Mr. Harris, at the end of four seasons, grew tired of management. He had reaped all the harvest, of which he discovered symptoms, and apprehended the coming stubble. He was an absentee sovereign, governing by a somewhat indolent viceroy, to whom very limited powers were entrusted. His visits were like those of angels, "few and far between," and he cared little to busy himself with studying the peculiarities of Irish character—a book of many pages and diversified composition. He admitted but a small circle of intimates into his cabinet councils, and

they were not particularly well adapted to enlighten him. I became acquainted with the majority of them at a later period, and soon discovered that their knowledge was obscured by prejudices, and although living in Dublin, they were unsafe authorities as to the social, political, or theatrical tendencies of their native city. Mr. Harris had great experience, and remarkable tact in collecting together effective performers. But his notions of management were exclusively London notions. These he endeavoured to engraft on Dublin, by the same parity of reasoning, and with much the same chance of success, through which some legislators have sought to persuade themselves and the community, that a measure which works well in one country, must of necessity be equally suited to another.

In 1824, the theatre was let to Mr. W. Abbott, of Covent Garden, at the enormous and unpayable rent (as he soon discovered) of £4,000 per annum. He entered on his career in high spirits, and with a host of introductions, which carried him at once into the best society, where he became a general favourite. He was a very agreeable, versatile actor, an unrivalled table companion, with exhaustless spirits, and a gentleman of accomplished mind and manners. But, unfortunately for himself, he was not a man of business. He loved a lord with more devotion than even Mrs. Heidelberg did, and bowed

* No. CCXIX., for March, 1851.

down before the spell of aristocratic notice. Society held him as completely in her thralls as Venus was enmeshed by the net of Vulcan. Nothing could induce him to look into a ledger or face an account, while answering letters was in his eyes an utter abomination. His neglected correspondence lay piled on his table for a month, and then he disposed of it in a twinkling, by a holocaust. On these quicksands, added to the accumulated abuses and enormous expense under which he found the theatre groaning in every department, his vessel was wrecked. The resources of all the Rothschilds could scarcely have extricated it. Nevertheless, his receipts in two years exceeded £40,000. If any of his successors could have averaged this sum, a large fortune might have been realised in a gallop. That fatal year of panic, 1825, has left impressions not yet obliterated.

Mr. Abbott, by his personal interest, brought back to the theatre the Marquess Wellesley, who had been driven from it by the bottle outrage. He gave a command soon after his marriage. The house, as might have been expected, was crowded in every part. There was much curiosity, and anxiety as to how he would be received. He came down alone to the front of the state-box, as bold as Achilles, bowed his acknowledgments to the reiterated plaudits with which he was greeted, and then walked back, and gallantly handed in his lady, who looked, as the Page describes Jane de Montfort, in Miss Baillie's play—

“So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,”
that her appearance caused the whole theatre to ring again with acclamations. In grace, in beauty, and in dignity, she

might have challenged competition with the proudest of England's coronetted matrons, and filled the viceregal chair beside her noble consort as if she had been “native and to the manner born.” While I pen these lines, the scene presents itself as vividly to my memory as if it occurred yesterday. About this time, Sir Walter Scott, then on a tour in Ireland, being in the theatre, was recognised by the audience, who insisted on a speech from the Wizard of the North, with which he good-humouredly indulged them. An entertaining account of this will be found in Lockhart's “Life.” Early in Mr. Abbott's first season, the late Charles Mathews, an intimate friend of his, accepted an engagement in Dublin, and commenced with the characters of Goldfinch and Morbleu, in Moncrieff's popular farce of *Monsieur Tonson*. On the nights when he appeared in the legitimate drama, the houses were thinly attended. When he gave his own peculiar entertainment, they were filled to suffocation. In the farce of *Monsieur Tonson*, the part of Morbleu had been originally personated with great success by Montague Talbot, an actor of long standing in the Dublin company, and still remembered by the patriarchs of the expiring generation.* During the first scene, whenever Mathews produced an effect, some half-dozen malcontents in the gallery raised a cry of “Talbot, Talbot!” which operated like an epidemic, and was speedily caught up by a few more. The actor paused, appeared astonished, and at length said, “I hear a cry of ‘Talbot, Talbot,’ but I am unable to follow the meaning.” “We want Talbot,” was the reply. “You may have him,” muttered the

* Talbot was a gentleman of good family and education, a graduate of Trinity College. His *forte* lay in light comedy and Frenchmen, but his tragic assumptions were ineffective. He is greatly lauded in the following lines of the “Familiar Epistles”:—

“By art and nature chastely fit
To play the gentleman or wit;
Not Harris's, nor Colman's boards,
Nor all that Drury-lane affords,
Can paint the rakish Charles so well,
Give so much life to Mirabel;
Or show for light and airy sport,
So exquisite a Doricourt.”

Talbot was the original Rezenvelt in Miss Baillie's heavy tragedy of *De Montfort*, at Drury-lane, a character unsuited to him, and in which he made little impression. I only saw him in his decline, when his notions of acting had become very peculiar. Among other eccentricities, he played the Ghost in *Hamlet* with tin eyes, and a sort of revolving, ambient motion, under the idea that a disembodied spirit should not stand fixed on the earth, but float ethereally. I have seen more than one Hamlet much disconcerted by this demeanour of his father's spirit. In 1826, Talbot's partizans concocted a “row,” which lasted several nights, the object being to compel Mr. Harris to engage him contrary to his wishes.

indignant Mathews, *sotto voce*, bowed, and walked off the stage considerably excited. The interruption then increased to an uproar. The manager came forward and stated that his friend Mr. Mathews was merely there for a short engagement to oblige him; that he performed, as a matter of course, his usual round of characters, and that he was not come to displace Mr. Talbot, or remove him from his position. This address was received with universal acclamations, which redoubled when Mathews immediately after entered and reassumed his character. But in a few moments, the mischievous spirits again shouted, "Talbot, Talbot!" Mathews, never the most patient of men, came forward and said, brusquely—"Either you want to see this farce, or you do not, so make up your minds at once. If I am interrupted again by this cry of 'Talbot, Talbot,' I shall relieve you from my performance; but it is rather too amusing, after having acted this part with universal applause in London, and all the principal theatres in England, to come here and be annoyed by your disapprobation." Many thought he had now committed himself beyond recovery, and would be pelted off; but the audience succumbed, took it all in good part, and there was no more "Talbot" for the rest of that evening. It is amazing what the public will sometimes endure without anger, from favourite performers, when they are either taken by surprise, or the good-humoured vein predominates. George Frederic Cooke told the people of Liverpool to their teeth that they were a disgrace to humanity, and that every stone in their city was cemented by human blood. A figurative mode of conveying that their commercial prosperity sprang from encouraging the slave trade. They saw that he laboured under his "old complaint," and forgave the actor while they pitied the man. At Washington, in America, when the President had come expressly to see him in *Richard the Third*, he flatly refused to commence his character, or act before the king of the Yankee Doodles, as he called him, until the band had played "God save the King," in addition to their own national air. And in this extravagance the stiff republicans actually indulged him.

During Elliston's management of the Surrey Theatre, a very poor play was one night unequivocally damned. He

rushed from his dressing-room on the stage, under a tempest of disapprobation, and when silence was with difficulty restored, exclaimed, with a face of bewildered astonishment, "I thought I heard a hiss—unusual sound! Ladies and gentlemen, you are under a very grievous mistake here. I can assure you (and I think you will allow my opinion is worth something) this is a most excellent piece, and so you will find out, when you exercise your unbiassed judgment, and have seen it three or four times. A British audience invariably gives fair play to everybody. With your kind permission, therefore, I shall announce the new drama for every evening until further notice." This address was received without a dissentient voice, and procured for the condemned play a long and successful run. But the climax of public endurance occurred in the case of Edmund Kean at the Victoria, formerly the Cobourg, on the Surrey side of the water. He had been tempted into an engagement there by the large salary of £50 per night. He opened in *Richard the Third*, to an enormous house, and all passed off with great éclat. On the second night he appeared as Othello, on which occasion Iago was enacted by Cobham, a prodigious Victoria favorite.

The house was again crowded as before, but noisy and inattentive. The best effects in the most striking scenes were marred by such unclassical expletives and interruptions, as a Cobourg audience are wont to dispense with more freedom than taste—by the incessant popping of ginger-beer bottles, and by yells of "bravo Cobham!" whenever Kean elicited his most brilliant points. The great tragedian was disconcerted, and by the time the curtain fell, overflowing with indignation, a little assisted by copious libations of brandy and water. He was then loudly called for, and after a considerable delay came forward, enveloped in his cloak, his face still smirched, not more than half cleansed from the dingy complexion of the Moor, and his eyes emitting flashes as bright and deadly as forked lightning. He planted himself in the centre of the stage, near the foot-lights, and demanded with laconic abruptness, "What do you want?" There was a moment's interval of surprise, when "You, you!" was reiterated from many voices. "Well, then, I am here!" Another short pause, and

he proceeded. "I have acted in every theatre in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. I have acted in all the principal theatres throughout the United States of America; but, in my life, I never acted to such a set of unmitigated brutes as I now see before me." So saying, he folded his mantle majestically, made a slight, contemptuous obeisance, and stalked off with the dignity of an offended lion. Then ensued an awful silence for a minute or two, until, at last, pent up revenge burst forth in one simultaneous shout of "Cobham, Cobham!" Cobham, who was evidently in waiting at the wing, rushed forth at once, bowed reverentially, placed his hand on his heart, and acted emotion and gratitude after the prescribed rules. When the applause subsided, he delivered himself nearly as follows—"Ladies and gentlemen, this is unquestionably the proudest moment of my life. I cannot give utterance to my feelings; but to the latest hour of my existence I shall cherish the remembrance of the honour conferred upon me, by one of the most distinguished, liberal, and enlightened audiences I ever had the pleasure of addressing."

Mr. Abbott abdicated in September, 1826,* when Mr. Harris most unexpectedly, and with little preparation, was compelled to take the reins of government once more into his own hands. He finally retired in 1827,† wearied out by the disastrous result of a season which began with great brilliancy, but ended in a heavy loss—*Finis coronat opus*. During this year, half price was first introduced in the Dublin theatre. As a proof of the change of times and taste, this same half price, which was considered by many a damaging experiment, as being too low, exceeded in scale the full price of the present day. In the year following, it was denounced by the new management in the annexed paragraph, which headed the opening bills and advertisements—"The experiment of second price having proved a failure, is abandoned by general desire."

Mr. Bunn, the new lessee, com-

menced with a capital of £2,000, which, from diurnal demands, soon became "fine by degrees and beautifully less," dwindling before long into an infinite decimal. Yet his efforts were fully equal to those of his predecessors, his company excellent, his novelties well selected, the attractions he produced equal to any reasonable demand, and his expenditure liberal. As an instance of the latter item, he engaged a celebrated vocalist, at the rate of £50 per night for a long series of performances, to many of which the entire receipts fell below the sum claimable by the auxiliary. As a case on the per contra side and to show the impossibility of estimating theatrical results by experience or analogical reasoning:—In 1826, Mr. Abbott engaged together Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham. His actual expenses on each evening of this "unprecedented combination of talent" (as the play-bills invariably designate all exotic monstrosities), amounted to £150 before he could realise a farthing. Yet, in twelve nights, the profit exceeded £1,000; but then followed an exhausting reaction, from which the season never recovered. "These violent delights have violent ends." Read the memoirs of Charles Mathews, and will it not be found written there, how, at the close of what was called one of the most successful seasons the Adelphi Theatre ever witnessed, when the house could scarcely contain the crowds who nightly thronged the doors, the managers wound up their account with a surplus on the left hand side—simply because the expenses exceeded any possible receipts. The great secret of profitable management consists less in the sum you take, than in the sum you can contrive to keep. The old song says—

"How happy's the soldier that lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day."

But we never yet heard of any manager disposed to join chorus in this canticle.

We presume it will be admitted by the most disputatious dogmatist as a self-evident axiom, that everything

* Mr. Abbott on leaving Dublin, took the first English company to Paris. He afterwards became lessee of the Victoria Theatre, London, in conjunction with Egerton, of Covent Garden; and finally died at Charleston in America, having been very popular, both as actor and manager, in the United States.

† Mr. Harris, who was very partial to a country life, retired with his family to the neighbourhood of Boulogne, and died there not many years since.

which is limited must come to an end. The longest purse has two ends. Now, the best replenished manager will find his banker's account bounded by a given figure. If his private drafts are not replaced by *good* bills on the public treasury, his balance will soon become *nil*, and his book will be politely enclosed to him, labelled *no effects*. As the British constitution is admirably poised by a judicious amalgamation of the three estates, Sovereign, Lords, and Commons, so is a theatrical government equally sustained by its three indispensable constituencies—manager, actors, and public. In either case, the latter furnish the supplies. If they are contributed with a niggardly hand, or withdrawn altogether, the wheels of the machine will stop for want of oil, and the whole fabric falls to pieces. It cannot fail to be observed, by all who take an interest in the subject, that from the earliest to the latest period, ever since Dublin had a theatre, the constant cry has been—not as Macbeth says, “they come!” but, “they come not!” In every record, we read of gigantic efforts followed by diminutive results.

Mr. Harris's last letter, which closed a long correspondence, is now before me, dated August the 14th, 1827. In this he says—“I rejoice that your disastrous season is over—a season which must ever be renowned in Dublin for unparalleled exertions on the part of the management, and unparalleled apathy on the part of the audience.” During this very season, in addition to an unexceptionable stock company, including many new candidates of established pretension, as well as old favourites, the public were treated to visits from Mrs. Waylett, her first appearance, Miss Paton (afterwards Mrs. Wood), her first appearance, in the high zenith of her reputation; Monsieur Laporte (his first appearance), *Il Diavolo Antonio* (his first appearance), Edmund Kean, Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. John Reeve (his first appearance), Mrs. Fitzwilliam (her first appearance), Mr. Wood (his first appearance), Mr. and Mrs. Noble (formerly Miss Lupino), with a ballet company; Miss Hughes (her first appearance), Mr. Braham; and, to conclude, Madame Pasta, in nine performances, for which she received one hundred guineas per night. A system may fail, an experiment may break down, a ministry may

prove incompetent or mistaken; but when successive systems invariably fail, when no experiment ever succeeds, and no ministry can be found with a pilot sufficiently able to “weather the storm,” it is but reasonable to conclude “there is something rotten in the state of Denmark,” and that the state vessel is unmanageable. On the inauguration of Mr. Bunn, the following highly poetical address, written by the Right Honourable Richard Sheil, was spoken by Mr. Calcraft, who continued to hold the office of stage manager, which he had filled for the three preceding years, under Messrs. Abbott and Harris. There are some pungent lines in the original copy, which bear rather heavily on the supposed puritanism of those who object to the theatre on what are called religious grounds. These were omitted (though sufficiently humorous), as not eligible for public recitation:—

ADDRESS,

Spoken at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins'-street, Dublin, on Saturday, November 2nd, 1827; written by R. L. Sheil, Esq.

Why droops the Drama, in the isle so long
Fam'd for the love of laughter, tears, and song—

Amidst a people o'er whose fervid soul
Pale Tragedy should hold her high control,
While over bosoms, vivid, warm, and gay,
Thalia should assert her equal sway?
On Barry's, Macklin's, Mossop's, Ryder's
shore,

Why should the Actor's magic charm no more?

Say, shall the land that gave such genius birth,

In Jordan's wild variety of mirth,
And where the fond Melpomene's cares
Nurs'd fair O'Neill in tragic loveliness—
Say, shall that land neglect the glorious art
That lights the fancy and dissolves the heart,
Life's real griefs with joyous fiction cheers,
And melts the airiest spirit into tears?

Alas! the stage declines; and where, of yore,
It triumph'd, all its pride and power are o'er.
The Tragic Muse, deserted on her throne,
In place of others' woes, now mourns her own;
While her gay sister, in her liveliest mood,
Looks from the boards on dreary solitude;
And her own laughter, with a hollow sound,
From empty boxes sadly echoes round.

Whence is this cold oblivion of the stage?

Alas! we live in an o'er-righteous age,
And all our pretty women are so sage!
[“While laden o'er with piety and paint,
“Each rouged and wrinkled sinner turns a saint.

“When all her days of youth and joy are past,

“She takes to Mary Magdalen at last;

"And having given the devil her age of glee,
"Makes heaven her heart's residuary le-
gatee."]

Ah, me! the sad "good people" of the day
Our innocent enjoyments scare away;
["And, to attract the soft, elected fair,
"Set up their rival playhouses of prayer.
"There, to speak truth, pleasures demure
and holy
"Relieve religion of its melancholy;
"And passion, like Prometheus, from above,
"Steals heaven's best fire to light the feasts
of love.
"From box to box ne'er amorous glances
flew,
"One half so melting as from pew to pew.
"It is no marvel, then, that they prefer
"To ours their more convenient theatre;
"For there, in dim, accommodating light,
"That faintly glimmers through the fav'ring
night,
"The 'moral agents' of each titled belle
"(Who fill the mystic situation well),
"Amidst devotion's ecstasies, askance,
"On pious countesses securely glance:
"And while, in nasal uproar, to the sky,
"The *Mawworms* howl their barbarous
psalmody:
"With eyes uprais'd, and hands discreetly
down,
"Each glossy *Cantwell* feels—a lady's
gown!"]*

But still, despite of all the boiling rage
From new-light rostrums hurl'd against the
stage,
Of life and hope the Drama is not reft:
There are some stanch, unflinching vot'ries
left.

The love of harmless pleasure is not fled;
The Muses only sleep—they are not dead.
Let us awake them. In a stranger's name,
Your ancient hospitality I claim.
A bold adventure here that stranger tries,
And risks his fortunes in the enterprise.
Wherever genuine talent can be found,
He'll strive to win and lure to Irish ground;
While Irish genius, with a liberal hand,
He'll nurse to glory in its own green land.
By others' losses, he arrives unscared:
Nor pains to please, nor gold, shall here be
spared.

In brief and simple phrase he bids me say,
That for a noble stake he'll boldly play.
For all that labour, cost, or care can do,
He'll pledge himself—the rest depends on
you.

Mr. Bunn retired at the end of three
seasons, finding that the receipts would
not enable him to meet his prescribed
condition of £3,000 per annum rent.
The theatre was then offered to Mr.
Calcraft, at what appeared a tempting
reduction, £2,000 annual payment:

which sum was subsequently much mo-
dified; and, after an abortive attempt
on the part of the lessee to purchase
the entire interest in the property,
finally resolved itself into a per-centage
on the receipts. Had it been on the
profits, he would have made a more
propitious bargain. Mr. Calcraft had
no desire to grasp this truncheon of
command. "It lay in his way," like
Hotspur's insurrection, according to
Falstaff, and circumstances induced him
to pick it up. His views had pointed
in a different direction; and far hap-
pier would it have been for himself
and those belonging to him, had they
ripened into reality. When the Vice-
Chancellor decided the Covent Garden
litigation in favour of Mr. Harris, he
made his arrangements to place himself
once more at the head of that impor-
tant establishment. His intentions
were to appoint Mr. Calcraft his acting
manager and representative, with a
large fixed salary, and other contin-
gent advantages. But Lord Brougham
reversed the decree, Mr. Harris re-
tired for ever into the privacy of do-
mestic life, and all these stately visions
"vanished into thin air."

The public voice in general predict-
ed success to the new lessee. There
was a lull in politics, and trade had
begun to revive. He entered on his
task under very promising auspices.
The Duke of Northumberland, the re-
tiring Lord Lieutenant, sent him, with
a complimentary letter, a handsome
present, as a token of good will. His
successor, the Marquis of Anglesey,
was in the height of his popularity, just
commencing his second Viceroyalty,
and known to be a liberal encourager
of the drama. Many abuses and in-
cumbrances had been progressively
swept away, although there still re-
mained in that line, as David Gam re-
ported of the French army at Agin-
court, "enough and to spare." His
rent was low beyond former precedent;
six years' experience had given him
ample knowledge of his ground; he
had diligently studied the tactics of
his predecessors; his footing in society
was established; he was supposed to be
universally popular, and the press was
enthusiastic in his favour. That power-
ful engine continued to support him
steadily and effectively during a long

* All the lines pointed with inverted commas were omitted in the recitation.

series of years, with the occasional exception of one or two growlers of the *nil admirari* school—individuals who pass through life without an interval of enjoyment, more constitutionally lugubrious and discontented than Heraclitus the crying philosopher, or than even Agellastus, grandsire of the rich Roman Crassus, of whom it is recorded by Cicero and Pliny, that he only laughed once in his life, and that upon seeing an ass eat thistles. An honest expression of independent opinion in the public journals is an invaluable auxiliary, and the more so when not influenced (as sometimes occurs) by undue obsequiousness on the one side, or blinding partiality on the other.

The resources of the manager depended much on success. His available capital was chiefly invested in health and industry—an active body with a vigilant mind; while his realised estate very closely resembled that of Joseph Scaliger, which, according to his own account, all lay under his hat. But he went to work in downright earnest, and pushed aside many difficulties. Demosthenes pronounced that the three components of oratory were, action! action!! action!!! Montecuculi, the renowned opponent of Turanne, paraphrased this theory in application to war:—“*Pour faire la guerre avec succès, il faut trois choses, L'Argent! L'Argent!! L'Argent!!!*” To which may be added, in reference to theatrical speculations, that three very important essentials are, Capital! Capital!! Capital!!! It being always understood that, whether in battle or business, the sinews must be directed by ability and economy.

On opening nights, final retirements, and other incidental occasions, it has usually been considered popular and graceful to court the Muses, and to propitiate the public in measured hexameters. When Garrick left the stage he broke through this conventional formula. “I, too,” said he to his last admiring auditory, “had meditated a poetical leave-taking, and turned my thoughts that way; but I found myself as incapable then of writing, as I should now be of uttering prepared sentences. The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings.” It has often been asserted by disparaging cavillers, that the actor's art is entirely mechanical: that he is a mere machine—a mirror

which reflects on the surface, without personal impression; and that the long habit of simulating character has made him a shifting Proteus, devoid of sensibility. According to these Zouli, he either understands not, or disregards the injunction of Horace:—

“*Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent.*”

If you wish me to weep for your misfortunes, you must begin by shedding tears yourself. It is recorded of Barry, in *Lear*, that his natural emotions so overpowered him that he became inarticulate, while Garrick, by only acting the passion of grief, retained all his power, and produced a superior effect. “You and your friend Murphy, sir,” said he to Dr. Johnson, “talk so loud in the entrances, that you disturb my tragedy feelings.” “Pooh, pooh, David,” retorted Lexiphanes, “punch has no feelings!” A smart repartee is an irresistible temptation, and wit must have its fling; but be this as it may, it is a trying moment of practical life, to stand for the last time before an array of faces which have never turned towards you but with favour and encouragement, and to sever a tie which may have subsisted for a quarter of a century. It is also a severe test of equanimity to announce for the first time a decisive undertaking to the public, through whose agency alone you are to find success or ruin. Mr. Calcraft, on his appearance in his new capacity, following the example of responsible authorities, eschewed poetry, and addressed a crowded house in unpretending prose, and in nearly the following terms:—

Ladies and Gentlemen—After having for several successive seasons appeared before you as the representative of others, I now present myself in the somewhat novel character of my own ambassador. The situation is peculiar, but not without precedent. The Emperor Majorian personated his own envoy at the Court of the Vandal Monarch Genseric. But he stood alone amidst a host of enemies, while I on every side am surrounded by friends. The occasion on which I now come forward is the most important event of my life, and involves in its consequences all my future fortunes.

During the six years that have passed, since I first had the honour of ap-

pearing before a Dublin audience, the theatre has witnessed many changes, and gone through many vicissitudes. Before I speak of myself, permit me to do justice to the managers who have preceded me. Great exertions have been made by them, great expenses have been incurred, and great losses sustained. Each has displayed ample talent, zeal, and liberality; but the uniform conclusion has been failure and disappointment. Why, then, it may be asked, should I imagine myself capable of steering a vessel which has wandered from its course in far abler hands? I answer, the human mind is naturally sanguine in the vigour of life, and more disposed to surmount difficulties than to calculate their extent. The retrospect presents but little to cheer a new adventurer, and may argue presumption in him who embarks in so perilous and unpromising a speculation. Let me emphatically disclaim all such feeling. Divested equally of arrogance and despair, I rest my hopes of the result on better fortunes and improving times. Should I be enabled, through your liberal support, to place the national Theatre of Ireland on the proud pedestal of pre-eminence on which it ought to stand, I trust I may then fairly indulge in an honourable feeling of pride, in thinking that I have succeeded where superior pretensions have failed, and that I have been permitted to conquer obstacles which proved too formidable for those who had hitherto grappled with them. Whether it is reserved for me to bend this bow of Ulysses, time only can determine; but to effect this object, I am aware I cannot slumber on a bed of roses, or expect to advance in an even progress on a well-trimmed lawn, without encountering a few thorns and brambles in my path. At every hazard, "I have screwed my courage to the sticking place;" my *all* is on the issue, and I will stand or fall, boldly and alone.

During the recess, I have endeavoured to form a company, full and efficient in every department, comprising many artists who have long filled

distinguished situations in leading theatres, and whose reputation will be confirmed, if sanctioned by your approval. I have also taken advantage of every moment of time, which my anxiety to commence the season permitted, to place the theatre in a state fitted for your reception. We have not yet been able to complete our preparations, but trust to do so in a few days, and to omit nothing that can contribute either to elegance or convenience. To the gentlemen of the upper regions—(here, loud cheers and laughter proceeded from the upper gallery, with cries of "oh, boys, he's flattering us," "he has kissed the Blarney stone," &c.) I must now beg leave to address myself particularly. They will find that in the alterations they have not been forgotten, and that now for the first time, they can both see and hear in full comfort to themselves. Gentlemen, your territories have been enlarged, and rendered much more commodious, and I am confident as there no longer exists either a necessity or temptation, you will cease to feel any desire to encroach on the rights and privileges of the neighbouring potentates—(loud cheers and laughter from the gods).—You will, I have no doubt, long enjoy in peace, the *otium cum dignitate* you are thus provided with, and in which, during many a tumultuous session, I have often wished you were fully installed.*

The address terminated in the usual manner, expressing something about the deepest respect for public opinion, and a lively sense of favours to come. Mr. Calcraft was listened to with the most earnest attention, and frequently interrupted by loud applause. Let not the writer be accused or suspected of egotism for perpetuating these details. They have become historical documents, connecting a series of events, each growing out of the other, and telling a tale which would be imperfect without them.

It had often been asserted that a prominent cause of former failures was to be found in the system of exotic

* To render this passage intelligible to the uninitiated reader, it is necessary to explain that the Dublin galleries did not formerly, as now, run round the entire audience portion of the theatre, but were hemmed in on each side by upper boxes and slips called, *Hibernice*, lattices. On all crowded nights, particularly benefits, when more were admitted than the legitimate number, there arose a deafening cry of "Open the lattices." This confounded the performers, greatly annoyed the box and pit company, and established a perpetual *casus belli* between the gods and the manager.

stars. The press loudly re-echoed this opinion, to which the new lessee yielded, backed as it was, in some degree, by his own judgment, and the advice of counsellors whose name was legion. Accordingly, having expended at least one thousand pounds on repairs and decorations, he determined to stake his first season on the efficacy of a stock company, which included the following names:—Messrs. Vandenhoff, Sapio, Browne, Johnson, Rees, Calcraft, Montague Stanley, H. Cocke, King, Mathews, Gattie, Cunningham, H. Bedford, Maeder, Brough, Barry, Hamerton, Bland, W. Bennett, Stothard, Attwood, Coveney, Barnett, Duff, Shean; Mesdames W. West, H. Hughes, Pearce, Bland; Misses Betts, Barry, F. H. Kelly, Coveney, H. Eyre, Hamilton, Chalmers, Garbois, Milton, A. Crawford, &c. &c. &c. Many of these performers before and since have occupied important positions with success in the principal London theatres. Such a company could not be collected together now, simply because they are not in existence. The highest war bounty ever offered would fail to enlist a similar corps dramatique, although heralded by royal proclamation, and accompanied by a flourish of more double drums and Jericho trumpets than Jullien ever attempted to harmonise. These artists had been trained in the good old legitimate school, and had gone through a regular apprenticeship; whereas the young ladies and gentlemen, theatrical neophytes of the present day, despise all schools, are much too self-dependent to profit by example, and expect to reach maturity all' improvise, without study or training, by some Cadmean process of sudden creation. Vanity and self-approbation are besetting sins of the flesh in general, and, as it would appear, of theatrical flesh in particular. These feelings are fostered, fed, and strengthened by applause, and are weaknesses rather than positive crimes, hurtful to the proprietors, but scarcely detrimental to the general weal. Neither are they without the colour of high authority, for the wise king says, "there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works." Vanity is not only tolerably harmless, but also very comfortable. As Sancho Panza says of sleep, "it wraps one all round like a cloak." Lord Byron, who had been for several seasons on the

Drury-lane Committee of Management, accuses actors of hating each other with an intensity of detestation found only on the stage. The charge of the noble satirist is exaggerated. Professional jealousies have long been proverbial, but they are not more keenly exemplified in the children of Thespis than in other votaries of Apollo and Euterpe, in the followers of Æsculapius, and the disciples of Themis. While many voices are actively raised in the disparagement of actors, it ought in justice to be remembered as a well-known characteristic, that they are ever ready to assist their brethren in distress, and have hands "open as day for melting charity."

On winding up the balance-sheet of 1830-1, the ledger, that dumb but unanswerable evidence, showed a loss of £2,500! It was thus proved on full and fair experiment, that the stock company system was not the real one. This first season, which, from unusual circumstances, began much later than usual, comprised one hundred and eighty acting nights, during which thirty-three novelties were produced, many of them with all the scenery and appointments entirely new. The Lord Lieutenant gave three state commands, and four publicly announced patronages, which produced seven crowded houses. The Committee of the Musical Festival paid £530 for the use of the theatre, not being able to obtain either of the cathedrals, or any other building sufficiently large for their purpose; and Paganini, when the town was empty, received nearly £1,200 for five concerts. During the winter, an unlooked for incident darkened the horizon, which until then had been tolerably clear. On the first of February, there commenced a heavy fall of snow, such as had not been witnessed in Ireland since the year 1814. The theatre was closed in consequence for four days, and the Lord Lieutenant's first state visit postponed. The loss sustained, amounted to several hundred pounds, and turned the scale of the season, which never recovered itself after this misfortune. The attraction of the new opera of *Cinderella* was checked in the height of its popularity, and a general damp thrown on the business. During these four days no carriages could pass the streets; here and there a solitary pedestrian glided noiselessly along, and Dublin

resembled a city of the dead. All was silence and suspended animation. Vast consternation was excited among the mercantile community, and bills were protested to an immense amount, owing to the non-arrival of the country mails with the expected remittances. The snow was not entirely removed for a fortnight.

Command nights in Dublin have always been, more or less, exhibitions of political feeling. An inveterate mistake, equally injurious to the theatre and to society, but one which neither argument nor coercion has yet been able to reform. Nothing can mitigate the rancour of party politics—

“*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurrit.*”

Overheated zealots seldom pause to reflect on the mischief they do to others, without any advantage to themselves. On the first command night of Lord Anglesey, the manager was assured by many anonymous and avowed warnings that his theatre would be torn down, and a riot take place, compared to which the “dog” and “bottle” rows, of historic notoriety, would sink into insignificance. Nobody pretended to assign a cause, or say why this should be, as all parties admitted that the noble Viceroy was universally and deservedly popular. But the riot was certain. Among other suggestions, the following note was anxiously penned by a celebrated barrister, dramatist, and political agitator, who was much interested in the result:—

“9, Leinster-street, Feb. 8th, 1831.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I saw Lord Anglesey yesterday. He is *evidently anxious* to have a good reception to-morrow night. You should send *plenty of orders*. I think it will be of great importance to fill the upper gallery before the house opens. It is of great moment to your interests that Lord Anglesey should go often to the theatre. Therefore, as a friend, *I advise you* to omit nothing in order to have him warmly welcomed, by which he will be much pleased. The upper gallery should be chiefly attended to. This note is written with *good cause* for doing so. I dread some disturbance which would greatly prejudice the interests of the stage. Orders! orders! orders!

“Yours most truly,

“RICHARD SHEIL.”

The manager did not follow the course pointed out to him, which would have materially diminished his certain

receipts, without counteracting the uncertain danger. As the event proved, the danger was quite imaginary. But he took his own precautions after a different plan, and all went off in what the London play bills usually designate, “a blaze of triumph.” It has been often and truly said, a theatre is a kingdom in epitome. Here is an instance to prove how much dramatic affairs are sometimes mixed up with the complex machinery of government. On the Continent, the theatres are supported by public grants, and are employed as state engines to occupy the minds of the people with amusement, and keep them from brooding over mischievous combinations. Our legislators sneer and scoff when anything of this kind is suggested, and treat the whole subject with contempt. In Ireland, the intended “ruction” of 1848 was, undoubtedly, kept down by the energetic measures of the Executive, and the loyalty of the well-disposed; but the engagement of Jenny Lind made all the world forget political agitation for the moment, and produced a very wholesome, well-timed, and social reaction. Superficial thinkers may laugh at the assumed importance of the Drama, in serious affairs, but they would do well to study the question deeply before they dismiss it with a shrug of derision.

During the summer of 1832, the dreadful scourge of cholera first lowered on the Irish metropolis. The onward, unerring march of the destroying pestilence had been long predicted; but when the blow fell, everybody was paralysed, and taken as if by sudden surprise. Some of the measures at first adopted, such as publishing daily a list of cases when the mortality was at its height, were ill calculated to allay the general apprehension. It is not to be wondered at that such a heavy visitation produced a most baleful effect on the second and third seasons, and turned the thoughts of many entirely from lighter amusements. Then began to spring up political and controversial animosities, with renewed vigour, from a temporary cessation. Monster meetings, to promote unanimity by clamour, and pacification by club-law; conciliation quarrels and national grievances, interminable as a lease on lives renewable for ever; with voluntary subscriptions, coerced much after the fashion in which the one-legged beggar in Gil Blas levied charity from road-side passengers.

These, and many other local difficulties, shadowed themselves out in palpable outline, and soon began to assume substantial "form and pressure." To the ordinary obstacles of a dramatic campaign elsewhere, must be added in Dublin a liberal per-centage of formidable indigenous barricades, of peculiar home construction.

On the 14th of March, 1831, Mr. Young, who had always deservedly been a great favourite, took his leave of the Dublin audience, in the character of Hamlet; and on Friday, January the 6th, 1832, Edmund Kean made his last appearance, as Octavian, in the now obsolete play of *The Mountaineers*. He was engaged for the following season, but a contrary fiat issued from superior authority, and he returned no more. On the occasion of his final benefit, on the preceding Monday, January the 2nd, he performed an Olio, compounded of five acts, selected from different plays of Shakspeare—an illegitimate and detrimental experiment, calculated to inflame receipts, but to diminish reputation. During his last engagement, he sometimes failed from exhaustion and general debility, but the bright effulgence of genius now and then burst forth, and triumphed over decaying powers. On this particular night, although tired and beaten down by sickness, he wound up with the third act of *Othello*, in a style that no other actor ever approached. It resembled the last ray of the setting sun, or the expiring burst of a thunder-storm. He electrified the audience, and reminded them of his best days, when his startling originality and epigrammatic force, produced an entire revolution in preconceived opinions.

In September, 1836, Madame Malibran de Beriot was engaged for six nights. The announcement produced a most extraordinary sensation, and the box-office was literally besieged every day during the hours it was open. The operas intended to be performed were, *La Sonnambula*, *the Maid of Artois*, and *Fidelio*. Templeton, who had supported the unrivalled cantatrice with much credit at Drury-lane, was secured as the tenor; other auxiliaries were engaged, all the necessary preparations were in train, and the manager indulged in a golden dream of profit. He was rudely awakened by this most unexpected communication from M. de Beriot:—

"Manchester, le 16 Septembre, 1836.

"Mon cher Monsieur,—l'épreuve le vif chagrin de devoir vous envoyer le présent certificat. Mad. de Beriot est très gravement malade et se trouve dans l'impossibilité absolue d'aller à Dublin. Son état de souffrance est tel qu'elle ne peut quitter le lit. Croyez mon cher monsieur à tout le regret que j'éprouve de ce fâcheux contretemps, et recevez l'assurance de ma parfaite estime.

"C. DE BERIOT.

"Manley Arms' Hotel."

Mr. Calcraft, struck with consternation, but little foreseeing the fatal catastrophe so immediately impending, hurried over to Manchester, and communicated the result to the public, in the following advertisement:—

"THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.

"Mr. Calcraft regrets extremely to be under the painful necessity of stating to the public, that having, on Thursday, received a letter from Manchester, informing him that MADAME MALIBRAN DE BERIOT had been suddenly seized with alarming illness, and was unable either to finish her engagement there, or come to Dublin, he immediately repaired to Manchester, when the accompanying certificate was placed in his hands by the medical gentlemen whose names are signed to it:—

"Manchester, 18 c'est-à-dire, Sept. 16, 1836.

"Madame Malibran de Beriot has passed a very restless and distressing night, and the symptoms of her complaint require confinement to her room. It is our decided opinion, that Madame Malibran de Beriot cannot undertake the voyage to Dublin, without danger to her life. We think it necessary to add, that from the nature of her complaint, there is no probability of her being able, for some considerable time, to resume the duties of her profession.

"S. A. BARNISTON, M.D.

"JOHN HALL, M.D.

"H. T. WORTHINGTON, Surgeon.

"Mr. Calcraft regrets still further to add, that in consequence of the very precarious state of Madame Malibran's health, he is, at present, quite unable to say when her engagement in Dublin can be resumed."

The gentlemen whose names are appended to the certificate, were among the most eminent practitioners in Manchester, and were not then apprehensive of a fatal result. Had the patient been left in their hands, all might have ended differently. In a few days more, and in the same week when she should have appeared in Dublin, the news arrived, that the fair and gifted vocalist had closed her earthly career, cut off suddenly in the full bloom of youth, fortune, and professional reputation. She sank under ex-

(Produced by medical capabi-

lity; and as was generally believed, by the mistaken treatment of her own foreign physician, in whose skill she had the most unbounded confidence. Malibran was undoubtedly one of the greatest artists the world has ever produced. It is difficult to say whether she excelled most in acting or in singing, in comedy or in tragedy. There was a reality, an identity, an intensity in all her theatrical assumptions, which have never been equalled. Enthusiastically devoted to her art, her mind was in a perpetual fever of excitement. To her may be aptly applied the impressive lines of Dryden:—

“A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay,
And o’er inform’d the tenement of clay.”*

The untimely death of Madame Malibran proved a heavy blow to the Dublin manager. He had effected the engagement with much difficulty, and after long correspondence. His expectations were raised to a flattering extent, and the expenses incurred were very serious. Then followed the most unwelcome operation of refunding the large sums received at the box-office, and paying the performers, expressly retained, whose services were rendered unavailable.

It is not the intention here to enter into a minute analysis of Mr. Calcraft’s long period of managerial sovereignty, which may be reserved for another occasion; but merely to give, as is stated in the heading of the article, a cursory glance at a few leading incidents. The vicereignty of the Marquess of Normanby stands forward among the enlivening episodes which brighten a long series of gloom and discomfiture. During four years, the noble marquess, and his accomplished lady, by unremitting public patronage, and marked private attention, did everything that their powerful influence could effect, to promote the interests of the lessee, and support the national stage of Ireland. Among other delightful reunions, they gave suppers after the performance, to which the habitual frequenters of the theatre were specially invited. Their state visits were more frequent, and better attended, than any in the annals of Hawkins’-street. Temporary or casual objections never kept them away, and they endured the political ebullitions of the gallery, or the interruption

of a fight in the pit, with undeviating good humour and equanimity. Almost the last public act of Lord Normanby, on his recal, was a farewell command, the concluding one of three in less than half a season, the aggregate receipts of which nights exceeded £1,000. Even those most violently opposed to the viceroy in opinion on public matters, acknowledged his unequalled suavity of manner and unvarying kindness of disposition. This humble tribute of gratitude is offered in sincere respect, and in remembrance of favours never to be forgotten.

Early in the season of 1839, the successful play of *Richelieu*, by Sir E. Bulwer, was produced, and acted by the stock company, without auxiliary aid. The author happening at that time to be on a visit in Dublin, was present at the first representation, and when recognised and greeted by the audience with enthusiastic applause, acknowledged the compliment in a graceful reply. On the following morning his satisfaction drew forth the following letter, highly complimentary to the manager and his company:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot resist the pleasure of repeating to you the gratification I had in your performance of *Richelieu*, and my surprise at the splendour and correctness of your decorations and arrangements. I shall be sincerely glad if it repay you. I take at the same time a liberty, which I am sure you will not misconstrue, in pointing out one or two situations that I think may produce a heightened effect, by a simple alteration in the grouping. In Act 3rd the production of Julie, by Richelieu, to the amaze of Mauprat, always produced a great effect at Covent Garden. This was not so much the case last night—because Mauprat did not throw into his attitude sufficient surprise and consternation. He ought, in fact, to be startled to the other end of the stage. His sword should fall from his grasp—and, above all, full room should be left for the Cardinal to stand in plain view between the two parties, as he pronounces the words—‘Lo, my witness!’

“Secondly, Act 4th, when the Cardinal, supposed to be dead, reappears, as Mauprat is to be dismissed, your courtiers ought again to express much more dismay and astonishment. I do not know if your scene admits of your coming down the middle of the stage, but you were a little too long in coming last night, and were in the midst of the courtiers before they perceived what all the rest of the audience did. The alarm and astonishment

* Absalom and Achitophel.

at his resurrection, make the effect of that situation. At your swoon at the close of the act, I think you will find it more effective to omit—'Heaven save my country!' The theatrical point is at the hysterical triumph of—'How pale he is.' Act 5th. I think, considering that Richelieu has been represented by Julie and Joseph as dying or nearly so, it would be better for you to mark your weakness by leaning on Joseph at your approach, and during your speech to the King. In the same scene your group again want to be admonished as to *natismment*. They ought to take more interest while the secretaries tell the news of Portugal and Charles I.; turning to each other with surprise at each piece of news. Joseph does not exactly time the 'Fall back, Sir, it is your turn now.' He should say it before Haradas advances so near to the King, and from the back of Richelieu's chair. In a previous part of this scene, when Haradas says—'Hence to the headsman,' the announcement 'His Eminence the Cardinal Duke,' &c., should follow directly. There was too much pause between.

"I have already spoken about softening De Beringhen. He is not meant as a sop or hulloon, but a light-hearted, unprincipled, careless Frenchman. I may also add, as a small point, that Mauprat, in the first scene, ought to wear black, as Julie observes that he wears 'sable.' If you keep his dress, she had better say that he wears *crimson*. By the way, there was an effect Macready makes which you either softened or abridged last night in this scene, though I think you might use it to advantage. While the lovers are kneeling to the King, you turn to receive the salutations of the courtiers. But at Covent Garden, they form themselves into a lane, and Richelieu passes haughtily down it, with the consciousness and enjoyment of recovered power, as they bow obsequiously to right and left. This is all I venture to suggest to you, and I do so with the less scruple inasmuch as the very points I now mention, we had the greatest difficulty with in the rehearsals at Covent Garden, viz., the *grouping*. This may excuse what I have said. Will you do me the favour to send the enclosed order, for twelve copies of *Richelieu*, to the agent of Messrs. Saunders and Otley (Mr. J. Cumming), and direct him to send your performers, with a

ties with which the writer of plays can be endowed. Many possess active imagination, inventive genius, and the poetic faculty of expression, but the want of practical knowledge often renders their best efforts ineffective. Sheridan Knowles and Sir E. Lytton Bulwer unquestionably rank foremost in the list of living dramatists. Of the two, we should be inclined to assign the first place to Knowles. He has written longer, and more frequently. No modern play, on the whole, can compete with *The Hunchback* or *Virginia*. But Sir E. Bulwer has produced three dramas of great popularity, *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, and *Money*. It is much to be regretted that he does not increase the number.

The ancient Romans were accustomed to distinguish their fortunate days by a white stone. In the history of the Dublin Theatre, the 20th of June, 1841, should be marked by a black one. That evening witnessed the last performance of Tyrone Power, when the crowded building re-echoed such peals of merriment as have never since been heard within those walls. In all my long experience, I know no actor who so thoroughly carried an audience along with him with such untiring spirit, such unflinching humour. He was then in the full tide of his popularity and attraction, and drew as much money to the treasury as any visitor on the list. He was engaged to appear again early in the following season, but that anticipation was not permitted to be realised. At the time when his bright career was so suddenly and fatally brought to a close, he was worth a clear thousand a-year to the manager of the Dublin Theatre.

In 1841 commenced the first series of Italian Operas on the grand scale, which, on more than one occasion, combined the talents of Grisi, Mario, and Lablache. They were supported in every way, and up to the unpardonable standard set by Jenny Lind. A taste for the musical exactness and the dramatic which

nouncement of a single name, such as that of Catalani, or Pasta, in two or three detached songs, crowded a theatre from cellar to roof-tree—when a single ballad opera, without additional chorus or orchestra, would run for fifty nights; and a comedy, by Colman, Reynolds, or Morton, on which nothing was expended, comprised novelty enough for an entire season. The upholsterer, the mechanist, the scene-painter, and the property-man, are become front-figures among the leading dramatis personæ. More money is now expended on accessorial appendages than sufficed formerly to purchase the talent of a Garrick, a Siddons, a Kemble, or a Kean. Whether this system is overdone—whether it is in itself good or bad, wholesome or pernicious—is a question open to endless discussion, with as little prospect of finality, as that of Reform in Parliament. But most certainly it is inevitable, and must be persevered in by all managers who are sufficiently wise in their generation to go with the times, instead of hopelessly fighting against them.

"Then let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice."

The modern demand for lavish expenditure is, at the same time, coupled with another antagonistic condition, not easily reconciled—cheap prices. You are expected to produce the best article in the market, and to be satisfied with little or no remuneration. This principle applies more potently in the leading theatres of England and Scotland, than it does in Ireland. It has never yet been observed that the Dublin public pause to consider the price, if they fancy the commodity. They will pay cheerfully for what they like, but are not to be tempted by the reduction of a shilling, if the proffered entertainment has no charms for them. The "sons of freedom," who never disburse at all, are generally the first to complain. The paying public are the real critics and true patrons of the drama. They come predisposed to be satisfied; they put their hands in their pockets, merry hearts, and draw them out incessant in applause. A large salary list operates as a damp-ener to the cheerfulness of the manager, who is thus dragged down on the

statement, not viewed through the attractive prismatic variations of a kaleidoscope, but in the homely, unromantic form of calculated figures. During the twenty-one years expiring in 1851, six hundred and four new pieces were produced, being an average of twenty-nine in each season. There were expended, in alterations, repairs, improvements, and additional stock, £11,250; in payments to Trinity College, £10,400; for insurance, £5,800; for the services of "stars," as they are technically called, £88,923; and for law and litigation, £3,600. From this short bill of particulars, it will appear that the principal beneficial interest has been derived by the ground landlords, the leading performers, the insurance companies, and the solicitors; leaving an imperceptible residue to the representatives of the patent, and their working engineer, the lessee. The latter may solace himself with the philosophic consolation of our ancient friend Dogberry, "I am one that has had losses too!" But they are not unaccompanied by some balancing advantages. They have impressed on him salutary habits of reflection—have indurated some troublesome sensibilities—have satisfied him that evils which "cannot be eschewed must be embraced;" and, above all, they have taught him the inestimable price of individual friendship, and the fleeting value of popular applause. The curtain has fallen, the last note of the finale has been played, and he retires from the scene of many anxious labours—many fruitless triumphs; leaving the field to other speculators, as high in hope as he was in the dawn of his undertaking, ere "time had thinned his flowing locks," or the remorseless visitations of gout had checked his activity. On the ultimate destiny of the theatre itself, it would be idle to hazard a prophecy. *Davus sum non Œdipus.*

These "leaves" are simply managerial, without pretending to be either sibylline or oracular. We assume not to disentangle Gordian knots, or to elucidate complicated enigmas. That classic temple, where such brilliant scenes have been enacted, may rise in resuscitated vigour, like the phoenix springing from its own ashes, or it may be swept away, as was its predecessor in Crow-street, and leave no memorial behind for the hand of curiosity to point out,—beyond the history, the associations, and the moral.

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KRAZINSKI'S SLAVONIC NATIONS.

It is some ten or twelve years since, in a paper by the late Professor Butler, we called the attention of our readers to Count Valerian Krazinski's "*History of the Reformation in Poland*."* During the interval that has since elapsed, he has been engaged in the effort, by lectures and publications, to call the attention of the British public to the peculiar circumstances of the Slavonic nations; bringing before us a body of facts calculated to lead us to the belief, that a war of races is not unlikely to agitate Europe. No reader of his works could for a moment discover, by the style, that English was not his native language. It is not alone always accurate, but often graceful, and even idiomatic. He is a Protestant—earnest and anxious for Protestantism, as the sole security for civil liberty; but this language is kindly and affectionate to Roman Catholics, among whom, he tells us, he has many friends and relatives. Through all his works there is somewhat more of political prediction than we feel it quite safe to follow, or think of moment to record. The present volume is, however, properly historical, mixed, no doubt, very much with anticipations arising in that temper of prophecy in which our author's inspiration chiefly consists. He records the past, not in the spirit of one who dwells on a romance, of which the actual facts are matters of indifference so that they occupy an idle hour or amuse a languid imagination, but as one who is receiving or communicating instruction which will affect the future. His book is throughout animated with living and life-giving truth; and we think it impossible that it should not be operative for good.

In Herder's "*Outlines of the Philosophy of Man*," as the English translator calls it, we have probably the best account of the various populations of Europe, though there is not a page of the work in which modern ethnologists would not find something to correct or cavil at.

Herder tells us, that the Slavian, or Slavonian, nations, do not occupy a

space in history proportionate to the extent of country which they peopled; and this he ascribes, among other causes, to their remoteness from the Roman Empire. To Rome, directly or indirectly, all European civilisation is to be referred. The Slavonians are first mentioned by writers of the sixth century, but there can be no doubt of their being the same people who are mentioned under other names by Herodotus, and whom we have in Pliny and Tacitus under the names of Vinidæ, Serbi, &c. Herder, speaking of them when they first re-appeared, says, "We first discern them on the Don, among the Goths; afterwards, on the Danube, among the Huns and Bulgarians, with whom they frequently disturbed the Roman Empire, though chiefly as auxiliaries or vassals." Herder represents them as following in the wake of the Teutonic conquerors, and possessing themselves of the places evacuated by the Teutons in their onward progress, till they were at length in possession of the vast territory extending from the Don to the Elbe, and from the Adriatic to the Baltic. On the north of the Carpathian mountains, their settlements extended from Luxemburg over Mecklenburgh, Pomerania, Brandenburg, Saxony, Lusatia, Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Poland, and Russia. Beyond the Carpathian mountains, where at an early period they had settled in Wallachia and Moldavia, they were continually spreading further and further. The kingdoms of Slavonia and Bosnia, Servia and Dalmatia, were formed by them. In Pannonia they were equally numerous. They possessed all the south-eastern angle of Germany from Friuli, so that their domains terminated with Stiria, Carniola, and Carinthia. "An immense region," says Herder, "the European part of which is now chiefly inhabited by one nation."

They were a peaceful and industrious people. They settled everywhere on lands relinquished by others. The warrior seems to have cleared the way for them; to have perished in his voca-

* DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. Vol. XVIII., p. 284. October, 1841.

tion, or to have moved onward; and this pastoral people occupied, with their flocks and herds, the deserted plains. Herder has not stated his authorities for the picture he gives; but he is in general accurate, and we assume that he may be relied on. He tells us that the "noiseless industry" of those colonists was of infinite advantage to countries from which other nations had migrated, or which they had passed over and plundered. They everywhere opened a beneficial trade with the produce of their land and their industry. Along the shores of the Baltic they built several seaport towns—Lubec was one. Herder calls Vineta, one of their towns, "the Amsterdam of the Slavians." They maintained a commercial intercourse with the Prussians, Courlanders, and Lettonians. They built Kion on the Dnieper, and on the Wolkoff they built Novgorod—thus uniting the Black Sea with the Baltic, and conveying the productions of Asia to the north and the west of Europe. In Germany, they followed the occupation of miners; they smelted and cast metals, prepared salt, manufactured linen, hewed wood, planted fruit-trees, and "led," says Herder, "a gay and musical life." It is the destiny of such a people to be oppressed. They had not cultivated the arts of war; no great man arose among them. They seem to have paid submissively, nay, without reluctance, any tribute that powerful neighbours exacted, for the sake of being allowed to remain in peace on their lands.* There ap-

pears to have been no period in which they were free from persecution; the Germans on the West, and the Tartars on the East, alike attacked them. In Charlemagne's day, the object, or the pretext—we are disposed to think it was the real object, and not a pretext for plunder, which latter is the theory of Herder and Krazinski—under which they were attacked, was to outroot their idolatries, and plant Christianity among them. "It was," says Herder, "very convenient for the heroic Franks to treat an industrious nation, addicted to trade and agriculture, as vassals, instead of learning and pursuing those arts themselves. What the Franks began, the Saxons completed; in whole provinces the Slavians were extirpated or made bondsmen, and their lands divided among bishops and nobles. Northern Germany ruined their commerce on the Baltic; the Danes brought their Vineta to a melancholy end; and their remains in Germany were reduced to that state to which the Peruvians were subjected by the Spaniards. Is it to be wondered at that, after this nation had borne the yoke for centuries, and cherished the bitterest animosity against its Christian lords and robbers, its gentle character should have sunk into the artful, cruel indolence of a slave? Yet still, particularly in lands where they enjoy any degree of freedom, the ancient stamp is universally perceptible. Herder anticipates their recovery from this condition under more favourable circumstances; and it would appear from a late writer, quoted by

* The character of the Slavonian peasantry is very happily described in the following lines, by a modern poet, which it gives us pleasure to quote:—

"Behold, yon hamlet home ———

Where woodbine's beauty smiles in sweet array :

There oft beneath the shade, his labour spent,

At eve the swain reclined in calm content ;

In harmless mirth his children play around,

With all that buoyant glee that baffles bound ;

While gentle jokes and conversation cheer,

And playful fondness warms his partner dear.

Here, as amid the needle's quiet art,

She feels the honest pulse of pleasure start —

And, as her fever'd face the zephyr fans,

Each humble scheme of homely pleasure plans.

But now that home, where once each harmless jest

Woke calm delight within the raptured breast—

And that sweet garden, once the grateful scene

Of calm contentment's cottage joys serene,

Owens the invader's stern and ruthless might,

For ever fled the spirit of delight,

And, by the spoiler marred, forgets to charm,

Rent with the cries of rapine and alarm."

—*Poland : and other Poems.* By J. C. Ferguson. London : Longman. 1852.

Count Krazinski, that Herder either underrated them at the time he wrote—about eighty years ago—or that they have greatly improved. Karl Preusker, who wrote in 1843, gives very much the same character of the Wends of Lusatia, as we find in Herder. lively, laborious, engaged in agriculture and fishing; pious, honest, hospitable, social, frugal, faithful in the relations of domestic life; though subjected to predial bondage, cheerful, nay, joyous; they are fond of dancing—delight in their national songs. They have their love songs; and, as in the music of Ireland, it would seem that an elegiac plaint often breaks in wildly, almost capriciously, on notes of a gay character. The infidelity of the fair one is a favourite, or at least a constant subject, the beauty of natural objects, with the instability of all things—the destiny of man, and, above all, the marvellous and the miraculous, are for ever among their topics:—

“This little population, which has still preserved its Slavonic nationality, and is not yet Germanised, although living in the midst of a Teutonic population, amounts to about 144,000, of whom 60,000 live under the Saxon, and the remainder under the Prussian dominion: about 10,000 belong to the Roman Catholic Church, and the rest to the Lutheran confession. Notwithstanding their very small number, they have a national literature, consisting, besides the Bible and several devotional works, of collections of national songs, traditions, tales, &c., &c., as well as of some modern productions. They have a literary society for the promotion of the national language and literature, and which is chiefly composed of Protestant and Roman Catholic clergymen.”

The oppression which the Slavonian tribes suffered from the Germans was such, that all which Turk or Mongol had done, fades in the comparison. The Mongols who conquered, under the descendants of Gengis Khan, the north-east of Russia, left the conquered their lands, and full religious liberty, exempting their clergy from his capitation tax, which was imposed on the rest of the inhabitants. They did not make war on their language or their national customs; they left them their local municipal institutions. The Turks admitted many of the Slavonians and

their descendants to the highest dignities of the Porte, even that of Vizier. With the Germans, their fate was different. The descendants of the Slavonians, even though Christians, were held in a state of bondage; they were not permitted to remain in towns or villages inhabited by German colonists settled upon the lands taken from them; and they were excluded from guilds or corporations of trades. To become a burgher of Hamburg, it was necessary to prove that the candidate was not of Slavonic descent. The Bishop of Halberstadt, in 1248, ordered that the Slavonic inhabitants of lands belonging to the convent of Bistorf should, in case of their not abandoning what he called their Pagan customs, be expelled, and replaced by good German Catholics. Another bishop, in 1493, ordered that all the Polish peasants of a particular district should in two years learn German, or be expelled. A Slavonian met by a German on the public road, and who could not give a satisfactory reason for being found absent from his village, was executed on the spot. The Slavonic language, which had extended westwards as far as the river Eyder, and southward beyond the banks of the Saale, has disappeared, those who spoke it being either exterminated, or entirely denationalised, and converted into German.

Krazinski apologises for detailing grievances which he wishes buried in oblivion. It would seem, however, that they are at present too much dwelt on in political pamphlets to leave this a possible course; and he anticipates the sympathy of England with the Slavonians as the result of a full statement. The story of the Slavonians, as told by other writers, is not that of such a peaceful, pastoral people as Herder and Krazinski picture. Gibbon's account of them is far different, of a people less amiable, but of more spirit, more power, and more promise.

Krazinski's present book* is an account of the religious history of the Slavonic nations, and is recommended by describing the origin and progress of the people when first they were converted to Christianity. They were then in a state of barbarism, and their customs were

* See Krazinski

to this deity cattle and other victims. They did not believe in destiny or fate; and in strict consistency with their belief that events were unfixed, they offered sacrifices in sickness or in danger of any kind, hoping thus to avert the calamity. They worshipped rivers, and nymphs of water and air, and believed in fairies and genii. Such is Procopius's account, and it seems one to be depended on. It is the earliest, the simplest; and we think that, in all the accounts from what are called native sources, there is evidence that the more artificial mythology ascribed to these people, has the air of later fabrication, or, at least, exhibits an effort at systematising that which was without any very consistent system. The Pantheon devised for them some five hundred years after, was not absolutely inconsistent with Procopius's. There was the great god Perun, *i.e.*, thunder—a wooden idol, with silver head and golden whiskers. There were gods and goddesses, some of whom have such life as embodiments in the metaphoric language of love verses can give. Lada is the goddess of love and joy; Kupala is the god of the fruits of the earth; and Koleda is god of festivals. Kupala is worshipped or honoured with bonfires on the eve of St. John the Baptist; and Koleda's festival is observed on the 24th of December. Koleda is the word used in Poland and some parts of Russia for Christmas.

Of the Baltic Slavonians the most celebrated deity was Suiantovid, or Suiantovit, whose temple was at Arcova, in the island Rügen. In the middle of the town was a level place, constructed of wood. The interior wall of the edifice was painted with figures of different things, executed in a rude and imperfect manner. The temple was composed of two enclosures; the exterior consisted of walls, with a roof painted red; the interior, supported by four posts, had, instead of walls, hangings of tapestry. It had, in common with the exterior, the same roof and a few beams. The idol which in the edifice was much larger than the natural size of a man. It had two heads, and as many necks; and two backs, one turned to the right, the other to the left. The face was carefully combed, and he held in his right hand a bow, and in his left a shield. He was filled with gold and silver, and his feet were fixed in the earth.

priest. His left arm was bent on his side in the form of a bow. His garment reached to the legs, which were made of various kinds of wood. His feet stood on the earth, with their soles fixed in it. Placed near him were his sword, his bridle, and other articles belonging to him, among which was prominent his sword of very large size, with a silver hilt and beautifully wrought sheath. The solemnities of his worship were thus performed:—Each year, after harvest, the population of the island gathered before the temple of the idol, sacrificed cattle, and held a solemn banquet. On the following day, the priest brought before the people assembled at the gate of the temple the horn taken from the hand of the idol, and augured from its contents the prospects of the next year. He then poured out the old wine, and filled it with new, and having first prayed to the idol, he emptied the horn at a single draught. He then filled it again, and replaced it in the hand of the idol. The rest of the day was spent in feasting, and at those religious feasts intemperance was considered as an act of piety, sobriety a sin. The idol had his own white horse, from whose tail and mane it was sinful to pull a hair. Evidence was given that the horse often fought against the enemies of the country in far-off places, as he used to be found in the morning covered with sweat and mud, though left made up for the night in circumstances that seemed to secure him rest. The god was consulted in case of war by means of the sacred horn. Three rows of spears were placed before the temple, over which the priest led the horse. If in passing over the spears he first lifted his right foot, the omen was fortunate. The idol had three hundred horsemen, who, in the name of the god, scoured the country round, and gathered what booty they could.

In the year 1168, the idol was destroyed by Waldemar, King of Denmark. Our account of it is taken from the Danish historian, Saxo Grammaticus, who accompanied Waldemar on the expedition.

The Slavonians, to the south of Europe embraced Christianity early. In the north their conversion was late, perhaps three centuries after it had prevailed over the other races. This difference our author ascribes to the fact that in the first case it was preach-

ed to them in their own language, while with respect to the Slavonians of the Baltic, the sole thought seemed to be the destruction of ancient manners and habits—an important lesson. Bishop Berkeley somewhere asks, was there ever an instance of a people converted to Christianity except through the instrumentality of their own language?

The Slavonians of Mæsia were conquered by the Bulgarians, a people of Asiatic origin. They gave their name to the country, but adopted the language and manners of the Slavonians, so that the two races were, in the course of two centuries, blended into one. In the year 861 the sovereign of Bulgaria was converted; and the foundation of a Christian Church was laid by commencing a translation of the Scriptures into the language of the country. The translation was begun there, but completed in Great Moravia.

"The kingdom of Great Moravia must not be confounded with the Austrian province which bears this name at present. It was a powerful state, which extended from the frontiers of Bavaria to the river Drava in Hungary, and from the banks of the Danube and the Alps northward beyond the Carpathian Mountains to the river Stryi in southern Poland, and westward as far as Magdeburg. Its period of political grandeur was very transient, but its intellectual achievements performed during that short period are still lasting; for the translation of the Scriptures, and of the liturgy of the Eastern Church, into the Slavonic tongue, which was then completed in Great Moravia, is now used by all the Slavonians who follow that church, and even by that part of it which has submitted to the supremacy of the Pope. I shall, therefore, give a few particulars on this subject.

"Moravia fell, with other Slavonic countries, under the influence of Charlemagne, and acknowledge him and his son Louis the Debonnaire as its sovereigns. Moravia recovered its independence in 873, under Sviatopluk, or Sviatopolk, a valourous soldier, and a wise ruler. Christianity was introduced into that country by western missionaries during the reign of Charlemagne. Bishopsrics were erected there under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Passau, and partly under that of the Bishop of Salzburg; but the conversion of the people, accomplished by foreign priests imperfectly acquainted with the language of the country, to a worship performed in Latin, was only nominal. It was, therefore, the Moravian prince Rostislav, uncle of Sviatopluk, requested in 882 Emperor Michael to a

well acquainted with the Slavonic tongue, in order to translate the Scriptures into it, and to organize the public worship in a proper manner. I shall relate this event in the words of the earliest Slavonic chronicler, Nestor, a monk of Kioff.

"The Moravian princes Rostislav, Sviatopluk, and Kotzel, sent to the Emperor Michael, and said,—“Our land is baptised, but we have no teachers who would instruct us, and translate for us the sacred books. We do not understand either the Greek or the Latin language. Some teach us one thing, some another; therefore we do not understand the meaning of the Scriptures, neither their import. Send us teachers who might explain to us the Scriptures, and their meaning.” When the Emperor Michael heard this, he called together his philosophers, and told to them the message of the Slavonic princes; and the philosophers said, “There is at Thessalonica a man named Leon: he has two sons, who both know well the Slavonic language, and are both clever philosophers.” On hearing this, the Emperor sent to Thessalonica to Leon, saying, “Send to us thy sons Methodius and Constantine,” which hearing, Leon straightway sent them; and when they came to the Emperor, he said to them, “The Slavonic lands had sent to me, requesting teachers that might translate for them the Holy Scriptures.” And, being persuaded by the Emperor, they went into the Slavonic land to Rostislav, to Sviatopluk, and to Kotzel; and having arrived, they began to compose a Slavonic alphabet, and translated the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles; and the Slavonians rejoiced, hearing the greatness of God in their own language; after which they translated the Psalter and the other books.”—(*Nestor's Annals*, original text, edition of St. Petersburg, 1707, pp. 20-22.)

We cannot follow our author in his narrative. Suffice it to say, that his account of Huss and the spread of his doctrines, of his trial and execution, while it contains little that is not familiar to most readers, is, perhaps, the best account that we have in our language of this important chapter of ecclesiastical history. The story of Giska is next told—admirably told, and the history of Bohemia and its fortunes to our own days. The account closes with the following sentences. With our author something of prophecy, though he would disclaim it, always blends with his narrative:—

“We can predict at this moment what
the future of this country will be.
It will be a land of
peace and prosperity,
and its people will be
happy and contented.”

events the greatest loyalty to the Austrian dynasty, have done so because they expected to receive by it the full enjoyment of their nationality; and the latest news from Croatia fully confirms what I ventured to predict three years ago, that the Slavonians will no more consent to become Germans than Magyars; and I may add to this, that if the political movement which now agitates Bohemia be allowed to develop itself in a peaceful manner, and lead to a really constitutional government, it must soon be followed by one of a religious nature, and bring about in the Church a change similar to that of the State, and towards which there is a strong tendency amongst the most enlightened minds of Bohemia."

From the history of religion in Poland to which our author now passes, we learn more that is likely to be of use to ourselves:—

"The ecclesiastical history of Poland contains not that stirring interest which is presented by the contest of religious and political parties in Bohemia; but it conveys lessons of far greater importance for the present time than those which may be gathered from the great exploits of the Hussites, or the overthrow of Protestantism in Bohemia by Ferdinand the Second, as well as the melancholy consequences which that event brought upon the country. The battle of Protestantism was fought and lost in Poland, not by a physical struggle, but by a moral contest—not by the sword and the cannon, but by what is now called *peaceful agitation*, though occasionally degenerating into acts of violence; in short, by the same means which are now employed for the same object in Great Britain, and in every free country, although modified, to a certain extent, by circumstances peculiar to the age and the country in which that contest took place. It is on this account that the history of Protestantism in Poland should, I think, have a greater interest for the British public than the relation of all those bloody wars by which its triumph or fall was brought about in other countries. It furnishes not only, like that of Bohemia, an additional evidence of this great truth, that the spread of scriptural religion has always and everywhere powerfully contributed to the intellectual, and consequently political and material development, of the nations amongst which it has taken place, and that its decline and suppression have produced corresponding effects upon that development; but also another no less important though melancholy truth, namely, that in a moral as much as in a physical contest, it is not the best, but the best defended cause, which has the greatest chance of success. And, indeed, the events which I am about to relate will sufficiently show that the most

ardent zeal, and talents of the highest order, when acting separately and without a fixed plan, are generally unable to withstand a system having a determined object, which, combining all individual efforts into one whole, directs them to one and the same end; and that a well-organised and disciplined force generally overcomes, not only, in a physical struggle, the most daring courage of irregular bands, but also, in a moral contest, the isolated efforts of the most talented and zealous individuals."

Christianity made its way into Poland in the ninth century, and was very prevalent in the tenth. It appears to have been chiefly preached by Germans, who established convents everywhere. To those convents there was often a positive rule of admitting only Germans. The Polish bishops in their turn sought to create a national Church; and there are pastoral letters of the thirteenth century enjoining the parish clergy to preach in the national, and not in the German language, and prohibiting the appointment to parish churches of priests unacquainted with the language of the country. A popular proverb is still in the mouths of the Poles—*This is a German sermon*—when they mean to designate anything wholly unintelligible. The German monks were for a Latin ritual. Against this, however, the native language succeeded in maintaining its ground to the fifteenth century, and in the next the Reformer found and used in public worship many canticles of the old Polish national Churches.

To our author himself we must refer our readers for the history of religion in Poland. It would, in fact, be altogether impossible for us to condense what he says into the compass of an article. There is much which, absolutely necessary in his plan of a connected history, is not new, and which, therefore, as easily accessible through other sources to our readers, we should, under any circumstances, pass over altogether. There is a good deal, too, which we could not give an account of without entering more fully into doctrinal disquisitions than would be fitting in a magazine paper, or dogmatising on very important and very disputable subjects, which would be still less to our taste.

The history of Bohemia and Poland is followed by some accounts of Russia—of the Church there—the several religious sects, and the state of educa-

tion. The object of the author is to force upon the British public the desirableness of sending missionaries among the Slavonic Protestants; but political views are presented so much more than religious ones, that we think the work not very likely to do much

towards effecting this object. The tabular view of the Slavonic population being in many respects important, we wish to preserve. Ten years, no doubt, have greatly varied all these tables, but we suppose they were the latest that could be obtained:—

Survey of the Slavonic Populations, according to the different States to which they belong. Computed by Szoffarik, in 1842.

	Russia.	Austria.	Prussia.	Turkey.	Republic of Croatia.	Saxony.	Total.
Great Russians, or Muscovites . . .	35,314,000	35,314,000
Little Russians, or Ruthenians . . .	10,370,000	2,774,000	13,144,000
White Russians . . .	2,726,000	2,726,000
Bulgarians . . .	80,000	7,000	..	3,500,000	3,587,000
Servians, or Illyrians . . .	100,000	2,294,000	..	3,600,000	5,994,000
Croates	801,000	801,000
Carynthians	1,151,000	1,151,000
Poles . . .	4,912,000	2,341,000	1,982,000	..	130,000	..	9,265,000
Bohemians and Moravians	4,370,000	44,000	4,414,000
Slovaks in Northern Hungary	2,753,000	2,753,000
Lusatians, or Wends, Upper	38,000	68,000	98,000
Do. Lower	44,000	44,000
Total . . .	53,502,000	16,791,000	2,108,000	6,100,000	130,000	60,000	78,691,000

Survey of the Slavonic Populations, according to the different Religious Persuasions to which they belong. Computed by Szoffarik, in 1842.

	Greek or Eastern Church.	Greek united with Rome.	Roman Catholics.	Protestants.	Mohammedans.
Great Russians, or Muscovites . . .	35,314,000
Little Russians, or Malorusses . . .	10,154,000	2,990,000
White Russians . . .	2,376,000	..	250,000
Bulgarians . . .	3,287,000	..	50,000	..	299,000
Servians, or Illyrians . . .	2,880,000	..	1,964,000	..	330,000
Croates	801,000
Carynthians	1,118,000	18,000	..
Poles	6,923,000	442,000	..
Bohemians and Moravians	4,270,000	144,000	..
Slovaks (in the north of Hungary)	1,953,000	300,000	..
Lusatians, or Wends, Upper	10,000	88,000	..
Lusatians, or Wends, Lower	41,000	..
Total . . .	54,011,000	2,990,000	19,239,000	1,531,000	629,000

We cannot describe ourselves as feeling much confidence in any theory which relies on the distinction of races as the sole, or the chief element in the creation of a State. It is impossible, in thinking of any community, where man has advanced in civilisation, not to feel, that in cities at least, in the most unmixed populations, there is always a blending of races, which disproves any calculations of the kind. We believe that a strict examination of facts will not support the governing view of the

humblest form—is of different blood from the governed. We, therefore, think that such cries as those of Germanism and Pandalavism, are not likely to be responded to as generally as our author seems to expect. The bond of a common language is a stronger one than that of race. This, of language, is one which in a very short time supersedes, or rather absorbs, all other. M. Krazinski says, that the common bond of a long

tionality of the conquerors become absorbed in that of the conquered, as with the Franks in Gaul, the Danes in Normandy, or the French Normans in England. The solution of the difficulty will probably be found to depend on the fact of whether the conquering people has come as a migratory nation seeking settlements for themselves and their families, or been, in truth, but a victorious army, coming without wives, and dividing among them the spoils of a vanquished people. In this latter case, we have the men everywhere murdered or enslaved, and the women, particularly where they have any claims of property, becoming the wives of the conquerors. In the former case, the language of the conquerors is likely to become, with some struggles, the language of the future people. In the latter case, a single generation is enough almost to efface the language of the conquerors; as the language of the children will be that of their mothers. Nay, the very names will be lost, and except some connexion continue to be preserved with the parent country of the conquerors, we can imagine the very tradition of a conquest dying away.

In M. Krazinski's book there is a very interesting account of the population of Hungary; but we wish he had distinguished with more particularity the circumstances attending the introduction of the different parts of its population. In the beginning of the tenth century, the Magyars, an Asiatic people from the Oural mountains, destroyed the Slavonic state of Great Moravia, and conquered the lands which formed the ancient Dacia, inhabited partly by Slavonians and partly by Wallachians. The Wallachians are descendants of Roman colonists. In the twelfth century the Slavonic kingdom of Croatia was added to Hungary. There were then three great bodies of population in Hungary—the Magyars, the Wallachians, and the Slavonians. Besides these there were many of German blood.

The circumstances in which the respective conquerors came into the country were calculated to preserve their languages, and the Slavonic and the Magyar districts were in fact different countries, and the Wallachians remained separate from both. It is curious that a war of race never seems to have existed between what would ap-

pear irreconcilable elements, although there were struggles enough for political and religious objects, which one might expect to find inflamed by this additional element. Krazinski ascribes this to the circumstance that public business was transacted in Latin, a language foreign to all, but in which all official documents were written—which was the language of the Diet and of the courts of law. To this fact he ascribes the kingdom having survived internal and external agitation, and its preserving its free constitution, under a line of monarchs who ruled with absolute power over the rest of their dominions.

Krazinski mentions it as exhibiting a want of wisdom in the Magyars, or Hungarians proper, that they have lately introduced their own peculiar idiom in place of Latin, for all public documents; thus disuniting from them the provinces of the kingdom which do not speak the Magyar language, and breaking up the feeling of nationality, which, while there was a common language for any purpose, in some sense might be conceived as subsisting. The object of creating a nationality, of which their own language should be the basis, has been pursued by the Magyars since 1830, and the Imperial assent was given to resolutions passed at the Diet of 1844, declaring that Hungarian should be employed in all the official transactions of the country: that it should become the medium of instruction in all the public schools; that the Diets should deliberate in Hungarian, the deputies of Croatia and Slavonia being permitted, in case they did not understand Hungarian, to give their votes in Latin—this privilege, however, to last only for the next six years; the correspondence from Hungary to the provinces to be in Hungarian, they, however, being permitted to address their own to the Hungarian authorities in Latin; Hungarian to be taught in all the schools of these provinces. These resolutions have produced the most violent resistance, threatening the dismemberment of the kingdom. Each of the provinces has a literature of its own, worthy of preservation, and of promise equal to that of the Magyars. Without reference at all to recent events in Hungary, which have to a great extent verified the sagacity of our author, we should say, that at no time can the

Magyar movement be successful. It would be more possible to think of its existence as a separate and independent state, unconnected with Croatia and Slavonia, than succeeding in thus making its language that of their provinces.

A curious fact is stated from "Fallmerayer's History of the Morea, during the Middle Ages." He says:—

"That this part of Greece was in the possession of Slavonians from the sixth to the ninth century; which accounts for the many Slavonic names of places still found there, and explains in a satisfactory manner the name of Morea. A common notion is, that it was so called from the number of its mulberry trees (though it was not more noted for them than many other parts of the Byzantine empire); but it is far more reasonable to derive the name of that seagirt peninsula from *more*, the sea, in Slavonic, especially as the Byzantine writers never used it, and always retained that of Peloponnesus, since they would not have objected to its adoption had it been a Greek word; and their only reason for rejecting it must have been its barbaric origin.

"It is well known that the Slavonians, who had begun to make frequent incursions into the Greek empire under Justinian the First, were conquered during the second part of the sixth century by the Avar nation of the Avars, who had been induced by the court of Byzantium to attack the Slavonians. The Avars, however, became more formidable enemies to the Greek empire than the Slavonians had been; and these last, now marching under the banner of the Avars, and as their vanguard, penetrated to the very walls of Constantinople. The whole of the Peloponnesus was devastated by the Slavonians, with the exception of the Acrocorinthia, with its two seaports (Cenchrea and Lecheum), Patras, Mycenæ, Corinth, Argos, with the adjacent country Anapli, in the present district of Prætor, Vithos on the western slope of the Taygetus, and the highlands of Marna. The rest of the Peloponnesus was reduced to a complete desert, and the inhabitants who had not perished or been dragged into captivity, fled either to the above-mentioned strong places, or to the islands of the Archipelago. The Slavonians having thus conquered Morea, made there a permanent settlement.

"The dominion of the Avars, who had nearly ruined the Greek empire, was shaken to its very foundation by the revolt of the Slavonians in the West during the reign of the Emperor Heraclius (610-41),—the Slavonic nation of the Serbs and Croats (Servians and Croats) having been called by that emperor to expel them from the provinces south of the Danube. This left

the Slavonians in quiet possession of the Peloponnesus, and the other lands they had wrested from the Avars, where, as they had done in other countries, following the bent of their natural disposition, they adopted the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and industry, and soon lost that warlike character they had displayed during their invasion of the Greek empire. This afforded to the Byzantine monarchs the means of attacking them with success; and Constantine the Second (612-68) began a war on the country of Slavonia, in order to open a communication between the capital on one side, and Philippi and Thessalonica on the other. Justinian the Second (685-95 and 705-10) also made a successful expedition against the Slavonians, and transplanted a great number of prisoners he took into Asia Minor. The Greek empire having become invigorated for a time, under the Isaurian dynasty, Constantine Copronymus advanced in his conquest of Slavonia as far as Heræa, to the south of Thessalonica, as is evident from an inspection of the frontiers of the empire made by order of the Empress Irene in 783. The Slavonians of the Peloponnesus were conquered under the reign of the Emperor Michael the Third (842-67), with the exception of the Malinzi and Esarita, who inhabited Lacedæmonia and Elis, as is related by Constantine Porphyrogenetus; and their final subjugation was accomplished by the Emperor Basilus the First, or the Macedonian (867-86); after which, the Christian religion and the Greek civilisation completely Hellenised them, as their brethren on the shores of the Baltic were Germanised.

"The influence of the occupation of Morea by the Slavonians is still traceable in that country. Many localities described by Pausanias, and even Ptolemy, have disappeared, and have been replaced by others, bearing Slavonic names, as Goritza, Slavitzæ, Veligost, &c., &c. It is almost superfluous to observe, that the inhabitants from whose language the names of localities were derived must have remained a considerable time on the spot, when the names continue in use after the people themselves have disappeared as a nation from the country where the places named by them are situated."

In one of his great poems, Goethe has represented the Peloponnesus as colonised by Teutons, and the feudal system, or something like it, introduced by a barbarian Prince, whom, with bold defiance of time, he represents as wedded to the Helena of Menelaus.

What he precisely wished to convey to the readers of his allegory, will by different minds be interpreted differently, and

as

the disregard of the supply

us with some plausible key—each deriving such key from their own peculiar studies—to the mystery. This extravagant caprice of the German poet did not, when we first met it, startle us more than the broad fact, for such it seems to be, of the Morea having received so large a portion of

its population from the Slavonians, “that its present population has as much Slavonic as Hellenic blood in its veins.”

There are several portraits in the volume, which add greatly to its value, “being designed from likenesses considered the most authentic.”

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES.

SIR,—I feel that when desirous to call public attention to any matter affecting the condition and well-being of Ireland, I could not ask for a more fitting medium of communication than the pages of *THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE*. I apprehend that few will now doubt that the education of the people is an essential agent of our national advancement; and, among all the disputes to which this great question of education has lately given rise, there is none so important in its direct and indirect results as that connected with the Queen's Colleges. The magnitude of the undertaking, the influence of the class for whom it was especially designed, the great principle which the question involves, the fierce opposition which they have encountered, and the quality and the authors of that opposition, have all contributed to render the history of these Colleges far more interesting to the public than any account of such institutions generally can be. But still more, the condemnation of the system of united education, as exhibited in the Queen's Colleges, by the Synod of Thurles, followed, as it was, by the establishment of a Papal Hierarchy, with territorial sees, in England, excited that violent outburst of feeling which led to the enactment of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Nor have we yet done with these decrees. They have been sent back from Rome with the infallible sanction of the Papal assent; and loud are the rejoicings of a portion of the press, and vehement their thanksgiving, at another Act of the Imperial Legislature being not only violated, but wholly nullified and set aside. I propose, then, to give a short account of the circumstances under which these Colleges were found-

ed, of the objects which they have in view, and of the controversy in which the more violent portion of the Roman Catholic Church are opposed to the Government and people of this country.

For a considerable period a strong feeling had existed in Ireland in favour of the extension of academical education. That feeling rested mainly on four grounds. In the first place, it was asserted, and with truth, that Ireland had fewer Universities, in proportion to its population, than any other country in Europe. The case of Scotland, in particular, was referred to. That country, with only two and a-half millions of people, supported five Universities; while Ireland, with, at that time, upwards of eight millions, possessed but one. If we compare with the population of 1841 the number of students attending the five Scottish and the one Irish University, we shall find that while in Scotland one out of every 546 individuals received a University education, the proportion in Ireland is but one out of 5034. The extension of academical education was, therefore, so far from being likely to injure our only University, that its direct tendency would be to benefit it. In proportion as the new institutions created a taste for the advantages of a University education among those who at present do not appreciate them—in proportion as the supply reacted upon the demand that had occasioned it—was there reason to expect an increase of pupils to the time-honoured halls of the wealthy University of Dublin. At the same time, the wholesome influence of competition was likely to act upon the old and the new establishments, to their great and mutual benefit; while an additional stimulus would be thereby

given to education, and a still greater amount of advantage secured for the public.

And not merely was there an actual want of University education in Ireland, but the influence of the existing University was artificially and unduly restricted. Trinity College had been founded and endowed for the express purpose of supporting and extending the Protestant faith, and of educating a priesthood to recruit the ranks of the Established Church. Originally none but members of the Established Church were permitted to enter or take degrees in Trinity College. In 1794 this law was so far relaxed, that Roman Catholics were allowed to enter and to graduate; but they are still excluded from scholarships and fellowships, although they are admissible to several professorships. This concession was, at the time, hailed as a great boon by those who now denounce as a grievance still ampler concessions. However, their exclusion from the chief emoluments of the College, and the lower position in which they were thus placed, operated very powerfully in keeping Roman Catholics away from their natural place of education. The Earl of Derby, in introducing the Colleges Bill to the House of Lords, stated, that at that time there were about 100 Roman Catholics receiving their education in Trinity College. From a Parliamentary paper, it appears that the average number of Roman Catholics who entered yearly, from 1829 to 1844, inclusive, was 32; while the corresponding average of Protestants was 358.

The third ground on which the advocates of the extension of Academical Institutions rested their claims, was the gradual, but steady and decided, progress of the middle class in intelligence and wealth. One great cause of this advance was, of course, the removal of the restrictions which the poor laws had placed upon the industry and enterprise of the Roman Catholic population; and the peculiar improvements which have taken place in the condition of the Irish peasantry, which have fact itself to Lord Devonploring the hardships and declares that steadily of the

of Dublin, and a member of the Devon Commission, stated in the House of Commons, in the debates on the Colleges Bill, that he "had made particular inquiries, and had found that in nearly every part of Ireland there was a great want of good academical institutions for the practical instruction of the middling classes."

But while this want so seriously pressed upon the middle classes, education was advancing rapidly among the lower. In 1845, there were 400,000 children receiving instruction in the National Schools, and about 100,000 in the Kildare-street Schools; and notwithstanding our subsequent misfortunes, these numbers are now considerably increased. It was clear that the process was here going on at the wrong end. It was evidently dangerous to allow the masses to find themselves intellectually superior to those to whom they were socially inferior. It was an evil which could only be cured from without; for, as Mr. Hamilton acutely observed, although education might possibly descend of itself from the higher classes to the lower, it was not likely to ascend from the lower to the higher.

Influenced by all these considerations, Sir Robert Peel's Government, in 1845, proposed to endow Provincial Colleges in Ireland, the basis of which was to be the most complete equality in point of religion. While the expenses should be moderate enough to place them within the reach of almost every class, the system of education was designed to be adapted to the progress of science, and the strong necessities of an eminently practical age.

The object of the original measure, in the form in which it was first introduced, may be stated briefly in the words of its author, Sir Robert Peel:—"We not only propose," he said, "at the cost of the State, to establish an excellent secular institution, and to provide professors in every branch of instruction, but we propose to give to the students the distinct advantage of being able to pursue their studies in a country where the language of the people is the same as their own."

tion for the students who belonged to their respective flocks. At the same time, the bill afforded every facility for such instruction; and permission was given to the College authorities to appropriate lecture-rooms "wholly, or in part, for the use of such religious teachers as shall be recognised by such governing body." Three objections to this measure were urged in Parliament:—First, that it made no provision for any central body, or for any mode of conferring degrees. Second, that the patronage of these institutions rested with the Government. Third, that there was an extension of secular education, without any attempt to impart religious instruction. With regard to the first point, it was distinctly stated that these Colleges would either be attached to, or would form an University, although it was unnecessary, and at the time inconvenient, to include this determination in the Act. Accordingly, this promise has been duly carried out; and the three Colleges have been incorporated by Royal Charter into the "Queen's University in Ireland," which possesses the "full power of granting all such degrees in arts, medicine, and law, as are granted by other Universities or Colleges in their several faculties." The charter also provides that students who shall have obtained degrees from the Queen's University, shall be fully possessed of all such rights and immunities, and shall be entitled to all such rank and precedence as may belong to similar degrees granted by all other Universities or Colleges.

As regards the appointment of Professors, an amendment was introduced, by which the power of the Crown is limited to the end of the year 1848—that is, to the first appointments; afterwards, "as shall be otherwise provided by Parliament."

The grand objection, however, to the measure was the religious one. Both within and without the House a violent opposition was offered to the unhallowed project of a "godless," or, as Lord Brougham remarked, a *priestless* education. Without entering into the various debates on this subject, I shall proceed at once to consider the celebrated memorial to the Lord Lieutenant, of the Roman Catholic Prelates of Ireland, assembled in Dublin in 1845. In this document the Prelates state that "they are disposed to co-operate with Her Majesty's Government and the Legislature, on fair and reasonable terms, for establishing a system for the extension of academical instruction in Ireland;" and after observing that it was their indispensable duty to secure to the utmost the faith and morals of the Roman Catholic students, who might reasonably be expected to form a large proportion of those attending the new Colleges, they make the following demands:—

1st. That a fair proportion of Professors and office-bearers should be Roman Catholics. 2d. That all appointments should be vested in local boards of trustees, of which the Roman Catholic Prelates of the province should be members. 3rd. That lectures on history, logic, metaphysics, moral philosophy, geology and anatomy were dangerous to faith and morals, unless Roman Catholics were appointed to each of these Chairs. 4th. That any interference on the part of any of the College authorities with the faith of any of the students should be punished by dismissal. 5th. That Roman Catholic chaplains should be appointed to each of the Colleges, to superintend the moral and religious instruction of the Roman Catholic students; and that the appointment of each chaplain, with a suitable salary, should be made on the recommendation of the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese in which the College is situated; and that the same Prelate should have full power to remove such chaplain from his situation.

As to the first and third of these, it was allowed on all sides they were wholly inadmissible. If the very essence of the Bill were religious test whatsoever should be added either to Professors or students.

It is plain that these demands are consistent with this fundamental

principle. In some respects also they appear rather unreasonable. In the particular subjects specified, the danger to be apprehended was not proselytism, but infidelity. The question lay not between Roman Catholics and Protestants, but between Christians and unbelievers. Unless, then, the Prelates were prepared to deny that any outside of their own Church could be other than infidels, their demand has no weight. I can hardly believe that such was their meaning. It is, at least, more charitable to suppose that they meant not that Protestants were unfit, but that Roman Catholics were more fit. All that they required was that security should be given, in connexion with these subjects, for the faith and morals of the Roman Catholic youth, and this security is afforded by the declaration of each Professor, which we shall presently notice. In the case of history there is much more reason in their requirement; but it was evident that either the subject must be altogether omitted, or separate Professors appointed for each creed—a method not very likely to conduce to the discovery of truth, the benefit of the students, or the harmony of the Colleges. I am inclined to think that the better way would be to leave out history as a distinct Chair, and to require attendance on a course of lectures on constitutional history, which the Professor of Jurisprudence might give. I believe that this plan would remove every difficulty, and would be of infinitely more service to the students than any course of general history can be.

Experience, however, has shown, at least to those who regard experience, that even in these matters Protestants are not wholly destitute of good feeling, nor incapable of fair dealing towards their Roman Catholic brethren. The venerable and accomplished James Roche, a faithful adherent and zealous advocate of the Roman Catholic Church, states, that in the University of Paris the Protestant Professors have shown more liberality in estimating Roman Catholic merit, than the Roman Catholics themselves. It was only last summer that a Protestant Court of Examiners, in the Protestant University of Dublin, nominated to a Professorship founded by a Protestant Archbishop, in preference to several Protestant candidates, the only Roman Catholic who presented himself, and a

board of Protestant divines confirmed their choice. Again, in the “*seminary of sin*,” at Galway, in the “*Infidel College*” itself, we find a faculty of eight Professors, of different creeds, electing as their representative, during three successive years, the only Roman Catholic of their number. I wonder how many similar instances could be found at St. Jarlath’s or at Thurles.

The general demand for a fair proportion of Roman Catholic Professors and office-bearers, however plausible at first sight, appears to have been singularly impolitic. It was plainly the only chance of success for such institutions, to have the best men that could be got connected with them. If the Roman Catholics were as good as the other candidates, they did not require any external support. If they were not, it would be most damaging to the Colleges, (not to speak of the violation of principle) to have appointed them. The very fact of so few Roman Catholics having been appointed, instead of being an objection to the Colleges, as their enemies maintain, speaks volumes for the necessity which existed for their institution. The appointments were made with extreme care, and with admitted fairness. The President of the Galway College seems to have been fully warranted in asserting, that, “*The country has ratified the choice; from no opponent, however unscrupulous in assertion; from no organ, however malignant in opposition; from the disappointed hopes of no rejected candidate has a whisper of unfairness proceeded.*” The leaning, however, was avowedly in favour of the Roman Catholics. Sir James Graham, in speaking of this very demand, observed, “*beyond a doubt, on the part of many of the Professors, an adherence to the Roman Catholic faith would be an additional recommendation; one, too, which I have as little doubt would not be overlooked in the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown, acting under responsible advisers.*” That this recommendation was not overlooked, appears from the fact, that the office-bearers—the Registrar, Bursar, and Librarian—whose duties did not require any unusual skill or ability, are, in the Colleges of Cork and Galway, without exception, Roman Catholics. As regards the Professorships, the Rev. Mr. Burke, one of the leading opponents of the Colleges,

tells us that there were 2,000 candidates; and that they were—as indeed might have been expected—the best educated men in Ireland; and yet after all, not more than ten Roman Catholics were appointed. This circumstance was owing not only to the actual want of fitness of members of this religion, but to their want of means of proving that fitness. The principal distinctions in Trinity College, Scholarships and Fellowships, are exclusively confined to members of the Established Church. The science and classical medals are seldom sought for, except by successful Scholars, or Candidate Fellows, and in practice, have been rarely obtained by Roman Catholics. Thus the Roman Catholic, whatever his attainments might actually be, was placed in this position: a certain kind of evidence was demanded from him, and he was at the same time deprived of all means of obtaining that evidence. Men, therefore, ceased to render themselves fit, when they could make no use of that fitness. Strongly confirmatory of these views is the fact that almost all the Roman Catholic Professors connected with the Colleges belong to the Professional Faculties, in which these difficulties did not exist. It would be hard to find a stronger proof of the insufficiency of the existing means for developing the talents of our Roman Catholic countrymen. The demand for a local governing board was also considered, and with good reason, inadmissible. This method had been adopted in the Belfast Academical Institution, and gave rise to desperate contentions between the Unitarian and the orthodox Presbyterians. The result, as stated by Sir James Graham, was that, “in order to prevent the academy from going to destruction, it became necessary to appoint two sets of professors, one Presbyterian, to obviate the want of orthodoxy, and the other Unitarian, in conformity with the local predominant influence.” However, as the object of the demand was to secure to the Roman Catholic Prelates some influence in the management of the Colleges, and as it was not to be supposed that they were devotedly attached to that particular method which experience, in full accordance with all reasonable expectation, had so emphatically condemned, a concession was made to them of far greater advantage than the plan which they had proposed. I refer to the clause which

provides for visitors. The Crown cannot, by its prerogative, delegate its visitorial powers to any person except the Lord Chancellor, unless the power should be created by statute. To obviate this difficulty a clause was introduced, which enacts, “that the visitor or visitors of said College shall be such person or persons as it shall please her Majesty, her heirs and successors, from time to time, to appoint.” Under this clause visitors have accordingly been appointed, including the Protestant and the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops in the several provinces, the Moderator of the General Assembly, and many eminent laymen. In order, in some degree, to meet the two last demands, in which he could not fully concur, Sir James Graham proposed the addition of clauses which sanctioned the establishing, by private benefactions, religious teachers, and which also gave facilities for the endowment of halls for the reception of students, giving also full power to the founder to make whatever rules for his hall he pleased, provided that the principal should be approved of by the Board of Visitors.

Such were the concessions made to the Roman Catholic Prelates by the authors of the measure, the Government of Sir Robert Peel. Such was the measure which, even in its amended form, as we have endeavoured to describe it, was denounced by Dr. MacHale as a “penal and oppressive enactment.” The Irish Roman Catholics were to write under the persecution of (we quote the words of Sir Robert Peel) “Professors of high character, moral and scientific, giving excellent secular education to the youth of Ireland.” It is worth while to observe what his Grace of Tuam is pleased to call *penal*. In these days, when we hear so much of persecution and penal laws, and such-like general terms, it may be consoling to reflect that Dr. MacHale does not attach to these words the same meaning that ordinary mortals do. I fear that “his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Tuam,” like the boy in the fable, has been so long shouting “wolf,” that the people are rather slow in giving credit to his lusty remonstrances at being really shorn of his beloved beams. The laity seem very much inclined to give the same answer to the mild pastorals that are poured forth from St. Jarlath's, that the deluded philanthropists made to the pathetic appeals of the sturdy

impostor whom Horace describes—
*“ Querre peregrinum, vicinia rauca re-
 clamant.”*

I have stated that the measure, in its original form, merely proposed to establish, at the public expense, an institution for giving to all creeds, without distinction, a purely secular education, merely giving certain facilities for imparting religious instruction within the College walls. I have pointed out the various amendments which were effected during the progress of the bill. I have shown how the boards of visitors were established, how the power of the Crown to appoint the professors was limited, how encouragement was given to individuals to endow Divinity Professorships, and establish halls for residences upon any conditions they might please. It remains to be shown what further alterations have been made by her Majesty's late Government.

I have already had occasion to remark that the several Queen's Colleges have been united into one University, with equal privileges and power to any of the old establishments. I have also referred to the development of the visitorial powers contained in the bill. Power was reserved in the act to her Majesty to make statutes for the government of the Colleges. Availing themselves of this power, and perhaps straining it, the late administration added the Deans of Residences, clergymen of the several religious denominations, “who have the moral care and spiritual charge of the students of their respective creeds.” No clergyman can assume, or continue to hold, the office of Dean of Residences, unless approved by the Bishop, Moderator, or constituted authority of his Church, or religious denomination. The students, who are under twenty-one years of age, must reside either with a parent, relative or friend, or in some of the licensed boarding-houses. It is over this latter class that the several Deans have especial charge. The following extract, from the statutes, will show the important duties of these officers:—

“That the Dean of Residences shall have authority to visit the licensed boarding-houses in which students of their respective creeds reside, for the purpose of affording religious instruction to such students; and shall also have power, with the concurrence of the Bishop, Moderator, or other ecclesiastical authority respectively, to make regulations for

the due observance of the religious duties of students, and for securing their regular attendance on divine worship; such regulations, before coming into force, to be laid before the President, and certified by him, as not interfering with the general discipline of the College.”

It merely remains to notice the precautions which have been taken to secure the faith and morals of the students from any undue interference on the part of the Professors. I may, however, observe that the danger on this subject has been absurdly exaggerated. Dr. Crolly, the late Roman Catholic Primate, was asked by a Parliamentary Committee, “Have you ever heard complaints that the attendance of Roman Catholics on the Belfast Academical Institution was attended with any danger to their faith?” His reply was, “Never. If I had, I should have interfered to prevent it; but I never apprehended, in the slightest degree, anything of the sort.” And Dr. Crolly goes on to state, that the “Professors of the Institution, so far from having acted in any way offensive to the Roman Catholics, had paid, although they were ministers of the Presbyterian religion, proper and respectful attention to the principles of the Roman Catholic scholars.” Again, in Trinity College, where it would be natural to suppose that the Roman Catholic students are exposed to peculiar dangers, we find, that whatever temptations may exist to conform to the religion of the Established Church, none of the Fellows have ever been suspected of tampering with the students entrusted to their charge. “What,” asked Sir Robert Peel, “was the testimony of Mr. Wyse, Mr. Sheil, and Mr. M. J. O'Connell on this point? Why, that each of them had been for four years resident within the walls of the exclusively Protestant University of Dublin, and were bound to say, that none of them had, during those four years, ever heard any Professor utter one word against the Roman Catholic religion, or attempt to take any advantage, or gain them from their faith.”

It is not very difficult to see, that the danger would be much less in an institution where no religious test existed, than in one avowedly and exclusively Protestant. A provision, however, was added, to give still greater security. Each Professor in the Queen's

Colleges subscribes a declaration to the effect, that he will carefully abstain from teaching, or advancing, any doctrine, or making any statement derogatory to the truths of revealed religion, or injurious or disrespectful to the religious convictions of any portion of his class; and further, that he will not introduce or discuss, in his capacity of Professor, any subject of politics or polemics tending to produce contention or excitement. For the first violation of this declaration, the delinquent is to be formally warned and reprimanded by the President, and on a repetition of the offence the President is directed forthwith to suspend him from his functions, and to recommend, officially, to the Crown, his removal from office. Let us now compare these rules with the demands of the Roman Catholic Prelates. They required a fair proportion of Roman Catholic Professors; as many of that religion as deserved to succeed, were appointed. They required that the Prelates of the several provinces should be members of a local board of trustees; these prelates were appointed visitors, if they only chose to act. They apprehended danger in certain subjects; the Professors are all bound, in the most solemn manner, not to tamper with the religious persuasion of any of the students. They required that any Professor who should be convicted of any such offence should be dismissed; it was granted to them. They demanded the appointment of Chaplains to be named by the Bishop of the diocese; they obtained this also. And in addition to all this, they obtained—what they did not ask—the privilege of erecting halls, or of having exclusive boarding-houses licensed for one religious denomination. By this arrangement they can have the most complete control over their students. I believe most men would consider that “the fair and reasonable terms,” on obtaining which the Roman Catholic Prelates were pledged to support the Colleges, had been fully and fairly given. I am sure that no such securities exist in any other country, and I am much mistaken if they will not appear perfectly satisfactory to the Protestant portion of the community. But so far from receiving the promised co-operation, the Colleges have been incessantly assailed with the most daring and unscrupulous fury. No calumny

was too gross, no imputation too foul, no assertion too unfounded for the organs of the intolerant party of the Romish Church to bring forward against Colleges which, to use the words of the *Edinburgh Review*, no mean authority, “offer the most solid and enlightened education of any institution in Europe.” “Infidel, Atheist, seminaries of sin, sinks of corruption, putrid fountains, primrose paths which lead to the eternal bonfire, vampire institution”—such are a few of the titles so liberally bestowed. The most tremendous penalties are threatened against all who are connected with these Colleges, and spiritual authority has been strained to the utmost to keep away, or withdraw, the Catholic youth. And to crown all, the authority of the Pope is clamorously invoked and graciously bestowed, and the voice of an Italian priest is to frustrate the wise and beneficent efforts of our Legislature. In all this, there certainly appears, in the proceedings of the Roman Catholic clergy, something unusually mysterious.

In 1845 they thankfully received the proposal of united education, and professed their readiness on certain terms to co-operate with the Government. In 1850—after all that they asked, and still more, was granted to them—they declare that no system of united education can be safe for the youth of their Church. In 1845 the Synod of Dublin demanded the appointment of a Roman Catholic clergyman “to superintend the moral and religious instruction” of the Roman Catholic students. In 1850 the Synod of Thurles denounce suspension *ipso facto* against any ecclesiastic who “arrives at such a degree of temerity” as to hold that office. For several years they adopted this very principle of united education in the National Schools; it was not till last year that they discovered its danger. The condemnation of the Queen's Colleges implies an *a fortiori* condemnation of every other system of instruction, except such as can be obtained in the Roman Catholic seminaries. It certainly is strange that the light has dawned so late upon these sensitive Prelates. Our fathers were stunned with their clamorous entreaties for admission into Trinity College. Even at the present day, their partial exclusion is one of the regular stock grievances. For nearly sixty years, however, they

have acquiesced in the education of the Roman Catholic youth in that University, in which even some of their own members were educated. The medical students have been hitherto allowed to learn anatomy in any heretical way they liked. No objection was ever raised to the irreligious beef and mutton of the most learned benchers. Engineering students might look after their faith and morals as they best could. In France, in Belgium, and other Continental states, systems of education have been gladly sanctioned, without any of the securities which the Government and Parliament of Great Britain have granted. We must remember, too, that most of the leading Roman Catholic Colleges are affiliated to the hopelessly *Godless* University of London. Even the very College of St. Patrick, Thurles, in which so many most reverend members of the Synod reposed in all the odour of sanctity, while they were forging their ecclesiastical thunderbolt for the Queen's Colleges, proudly assures an admiring world that it is empowered to grant certificates to candidates for degrees in arts and law, from this infidel University. It was indeed only a few months ago that a paragraph went the round of all the papers glorifying a student who had spoiled the Egyptians, and brought back from Somerset House the high distinction of LL.B. All this appears to ordinary minds somewhat strange; and, again, when we compare the unanimous vote of 1845 with the *doctored* majority of *one* in 1850, it is not easy to resist the conclusion, that some invisible influence has been in operation. The nature of the arguments urged against the Colleges, and the mode of controversy, seem to strengthen this belief. When we collect and compare the various objections to the Colleges, we find them consistent only in their inconsistency. When Archbishop MacHale strives to gain over the Pope, he terrifies his Holiness with the assurance that these Colleges are revolutionary establishments, and are supported only by "audacious and seditious men." Such is the rather uncomplimentary description which this eminent Prelate gives of the "Young Ireland" party, who, with all their faults and follies, were at least honest and consistent. On the other hand, Father Burke, in addressing the Irish public, proclaims the great fact,

that the Colleges are the "birthplace and nurseries of political corruption, baseness, and venality." This worthy divine, who is inexpressibly shocked at the idea of the students being possibly expected to indulge in the extravagant luxuries of shoes and stockings, and an occasional clean shirt, finds himself utterly at a loss how to express his horror at Colleges where the Irish youth might, perhaps, learn that the potato disease could have arisen from any other cause than the malice preposse of Lord Clarendon and Lord John Russell. So, too, when the probable future of the Colleges is to be illustrated by a reference to continental experiences, we are told that they are infidel and Atheistic. When it is found convenient to allude to the history of education in our own country, they become proselytising and heretical. The Wizard of the North must in future hide his diminished head before the logical legerdemain of his Grace of Tuam, and his worthy *confiere* Friend Lucas.

The mode of controversy, too, betrays a want of candour and straightforwardness that looks hardly honest. Father Burke, who, with all his feebleness, is one of the best opponents of the Colleges, argues that the Roman Catholic clergy, from their having generally travelled a good deal, must be much more competent to instruct in modern languages than "your Professors of the Colleges, who have probably never trod a sod of continental ground." Yet the least inquiry—even the very names of the gentlemen to whom he alludes—might have saved him from this blunder, for they are in fact natives of the countries whose languages they teach. We may believe, however, that this mistake proceeded, not from any want of honesty, but from gross and culpable negligence. I am afraid I can hardly say so much for another instance.

In the *Dublin Review* for July, 1850, there is a notice of Dr. Hancock's "Impediments to the Prosperity of Ireland." After praising that admirable little work—not certainly in higher terms than it deserves—the reviewer draws a comparison between it and Sir Robert Kane's "Industrial Resources"—very much to the disadvantage of the latter—and contrasts the free teaching of a Professor in an independent institution like Trinity College, with the slavish doctrines of a Go-

vernment official. It is just possible that the reviewer may not have known that the "Industrial Resources" was written some years before Sir Robert Kane became President of the Cork College; although here too—as in the preceding case—the writer ought to have taken the trouble to inquire before he made a serious attack upon a great public institution: but it is perfectly impossible that he did not know that Dr. Hancock was not only Professor of Political Economy in Trinity College, but also Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in the Queen's College, Belfast; because this fact appears in the title page of the book, and is transcribed at full length at the head of the very article in which these most shameless statements are made. Thus it appears that the servile theories were put forward by a man who had at the time no connexion with the Colleges, because they had not been founded; while the independent and national theory, as it is stupidly called, is found in a book not only written by a Professor actually engaged in teaching in the Colleges, but even dated from Queen's College, Belfast. The newspapers of the day, and Sir Robert Kane himself, protested against the inference sought to be drawn; but although nearly two years have since passed by, the *Dublin Review* has never had the manliness to avow its error, and to remove from the minds of its readers the effects of its most unfounded and wanton attack. I believe that the annals of controversy will not afford a similar instance of a respectable journal lending itself to so coarse and palpable a fraud.

Another most unjust attack, having for its object the ruin of an individual, and through him an injury to the institution, may be found in the case of Professor De Vericour. This gentleman published a work entitled the "Historical Analysis of Christianity." Mr. Charles Dickens, no lover of infidelity, though a warm lover of freedom of thought, describes it as "a very innocent work, a sort of supplement to Guizot, embodying the religious eclecticism of that statesman, very reverent in its tone, and containing even a formal protest against all teaching founded on infidelity." This book was received with a burst of the most furious and calumnious invective. Garbled extracts, and passages separated

from the context, were quoted to prove it blasphemous nature. Leading articles appeared, week after week, in the worthy organ of a truth-loving party, denouncing as well the writer, as the institutions with which he was connected. So violent was the outcry that it induced the authorities of the College to which M. de Vericour belongs, to suspend that gentleman, in his absence, and to memorialise the Lord Lieutenant for his removal. Subsequently the matter was hushed up, and M. de Vericour was reinstated in his functions.

Perhaps I may add here an instance of the ludicrous inconsistency which may be found on the subject of education. The *Waterford Chronicle*, after a somewhat exaggerated, as we hope, account of the educational condition of Waterford, continues his lament in the following words:—

"You will get hundreds to spout politics with you; they will talk of the glorious Hungarians and pugnacious Caffres; they will tell you of California or Cuba. Take down a map of the world, and ask them to show you any one of these places on it, and you might as well send them to seek for Sir John Franklin in a cock-boat. This is a bitter truth, but it is truth. Public institutions where the mysteries of science are unfolded we have none. . . . In consequence of the want of opportunities of teaching our children an education suitable to the requirements of the age, we can give them but mere rudimentary knowledge, and then send them on the public streets to waste their youth in idleness, or in the acquirement of habits whose pernicious tendencies are blots upon their after-life."

Yet in the very same page, of the very same paper, which describes so melancholy a state of things, and indicates its immediate cause, we find the following flourish from Bishop Walsh of Halifax, a native of Waterford:—

"Our steamer arrived last night, bringing the glorious news of the confirmation, by his Holiness, of the Synod of Thurles. I hope we will now present an united and unbroken front to the common enemy."

It is curious also to observe the different degrees of respect paid to the Papal authority on the subject of the Colleges, and on some other questions of a less congenial nature. Many of our readers will remember, that in 1814 a rescript appeared from Monsignor Quarantotti, the acting Prefect of the

Propaganda, allowing the Roman Catholics to accept the offer of Emancipation, on condition of Government having a veto on the appointment of bishops. This document, which emanated from an authority furnished with full pontifical powers, was received with a perfect storm of indignation. The voice of the successor of St. Peter was at that time "regarded with feelings of disgust and indignation" by the clergy of Dublin. It appeared "an unwarrantable assumption of authority on the part of the Propaganda, and incompetent to bind the Irish Catholics." The measure it recommended was "pernicious," and "mischievous," and it was resolved by the clergy of several dioceses that, even if it was under his Holiness's sign manual, they would not obey it. "We protest," said the clergy of Ossory, "against the rescript as against the veto. We reject the uncanonical interference of the King, as Roman Catholics; we reject the unconstitutional interference of the Pope, as citizens." Not less firm was the attitude assumed by the laity. In their address to the Pope in August, 1815, they express themselves as follows:—
 "We seek to obtain from our Government nothing more than the restoration of temporal rights, and must most humbly, but most firmly protest against the interference of your Holiness, or any other foreign prelate, state, or potentate, in the control of our temporal conduct, or in the arrangement of our political concerns."

How different this language is from that which is still ringing in our ears: "Rome has spoken; there is now no doubt, no hesitation. Another rescript! another crime; another reason for thankfulness to Almighty God."

It is not easy to see the distinction between these cases. If any question might have been supposed to be spiritual, it was one which referred to the actual appointment of bishops. If there was any matter on which the Holy See had a right to be heard, it was one which was so closely connected with the exercise of its privileges. If the mere titles of bishops have become spiritual in 1851, how could their appointment have been temporal in 1814? If the election of bishops was a temporal question, how can the system of united education be a spiritual one? If the interference of the Pope on a matter of Church government was un-

constitutional in 1814, how is it less so in erecting territorial sees, and condemning parliamentary colleges in 1851?

But we have more recent instances of a contemptuous disregard of the apostolic mandates. The late Pope sanctioned the national schools. It is the boast of the archdiocese of Tuam, that not as much as a solitary school of the kind within its limits, molests the "ancient solitary reign" of ignorance, poverty, and crime. It is the peculiar happiness of the most enlightened "John Archbishop of Tuam" that the Census Commissioners of 1841 could not find more than twenty per cent. of the entire population in his town, guilty of the abominable crime of knowing how to read and write. Rescript after rescript commanded the Roman Catholic clergy to abstain from taking any active part in politics; and the Irish clergy have been again and again reminded by him to whom they now profess such implicit obedience, that "the house of God is a house of prayer, and not an office for traffic, or for secular business; and that the ministers of peace, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God, should not engage themselves in secular concerns, and should have a horror of blood and revenge." Yet this did not prevent a chapel in the diocese of Ardlagh from being desecrated by the unhallowed revels of a Repeal banquet. The very last time that Dr. MacLisle exercised his prerogative of nominating a cowboy for the county of Mayo, he boasted that forty of his priests were on the hustings. Even yet altar denunciations have not been forgotten, and Dr. Cahill's pamphlets are still redolent of blood. Again, at the late Cork election, the Rev. Justin McCarthy, P.P. of Mallow, thus pronounces judgment upon the claims of a tried and faithful member of his party, Mr. William Fagan:—

"Much as I value him as a public man, I must withhold from him the small amount of aid I may be able to render him in the attainment of his present object, in consequence of his being one of the most signal supporters of a system of education pronounced to be fraught with grave and intrinsic dangers to faith and morals, by the supreme teaching authority in the Church of Christ. Convinced as I am that such a system is not only a failure, but a disgrace, and that it will do more harm than good, I cannot support it."

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can result from material legislation, and believing Mr. Fagan to be an ardent and talented supporter of this system, doubly condemned by the successor of Christ in the visible government of the Church, I must consider his opinions on this point, as far as I am concerned, more disqualifying than opinions I may deem erroneous on most other political questions."

It would be interesting to know by what casuistry the reverend returning officer reconciles this writ with the oath which he once took at Maynooth. That oath runs as follows:—"And I declare that I do not believe that the Pope of Rome hath or ought to have any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, superiority, or pre-eminence, directly or indirectly, within these realms." After Mr. Fagan had been found wanting in the clerical balance, Mr. Alexander M'Carthy aspired to the most sweet voices of the Corkagian priests. But the Bishop and his clergy found another candidate who undertook to "do their spiritings" more gently, and poor Mr. M'Carthy found to his no small vexation that the "holy men" had quietly settled the entire business, and that he was not to be permitted even the poor gratification of a hopeless contest. After all, the *Edinburgh Review* was not far wrong when, five-and-thirty years ago, it declared, that "the authority of the Pope seems to be acknowledged by our Irish brethren just so far as it suits their purposes, or coincides with their own doctrines."

Under all these circumstances, I do not believe that it is a very unreasonable hypothesis to imagine some hitherto undiscovered vortices in which the mind of "the venerated hierarchy" has been tossed to and fro. What the nature of this mysterious influence may be, it is not in my power, of course, distinctly to state. We may, however, derive some little assistance from the declaration of certain of the Prelates themselves. In an address presented by seventeen of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops to the Pope in 1845, they state, as one of the objections to the proposed scheme of Government Education, that it would seriously interfere with the well-being of the various Roman Catholic Colleges. I do not mean to say that such interested opposition is the sole cause of the crusade against the Colleges; but even without this positive statement of the

Bishops themselves, we might well believe that the college of Galway would prove a very disagreeable neighbour to the sensitive erudition of St. Jarlath's. One could not expect that the astronomical zeal of Primate Cullen would be abated by the fear of some of his lambs being seduced from the fold of Armagh, to tarry among the infidel rapparees of Belfast. We may be sure, too, that after all the trouble Dr. Slattery has taken to prop up the tottering fortunes of his seminary at Thurles, he was not likely to regard with much favour the rival "pestilence" in Cork. If we analyse the majority of Thurles celebrity, we shall find that out of the fourteen who composed it, eight had seminaries of their own, four were suffragan bishops, and quite under the influence of Dr. MacHale; one of them, indeed, is a Professor in the hallowed and enlightened precincts of St. Jarlath's; while, of the remaining two, one is the somewhat famous Lamb of Ardagh, who acts the part of Giant Maul to his brother Slaygood of Tuam, and the other is the letter-writing sage of Cloyne, who prides himself, like Mrs. Malaprop, and with quite as much success, upon his "nice derangement of words," and who doubtless fears that the profane philology of the new Colleges might not duly appreciate the incomparable grammar of his epistolary escapades in behalf of the Tenant League, and his persecuted friend, the *Tablet*. It is but right, however, to add, that of the minority, six were prelates who were connected with diocesan seminaries. It is, indeed, gratifying to reflect that so many men were so far raised above the prejudices of their order, the ties of interest, or the fear of slander, as to adhere to the spirit of the pledge they offered in 1845, and that among the faithless, six "were faithful found." There is another circumstance, which although not in itself conclusive, will help to strengthen the position we have indicated. Many of the inferior clergy, such as the Dominican and Franciscan friars, have always been staunch supporters of the Colleges. They keep elementary schools, and thus become acquainted with the advantages of a progressive education; while, at the same time, they see a new and honourable field opened up for the industry and talents of their most successful pupils. They are, therefore, so far from opposing the Colleges that they are in-

clined to afford them the warmest support. I am aware of one case in which an exemplary clergyman, who has successfully conducted a large elementary school, is anxious to open a boarding-house in connexion with the adjoining Queen's College, on the most reasonable terms, but has been withheld through fear of the decrees of the Synod of Thurles.

I may mention a remarkable case which has lately come to my ears, and which will go far to prove that their Godlessness is not the only objection to the Queen's Colleges. A Roman Catholic gentleman, of profound learning and of undoubted piety, determined to establish some means of education in the desolate districts of the West. He accordingly procured the grant of a suitable site, and collected subscriptions sufficient to enable him to build and endow the school. He did more, for he devoted his own time and vast learning to the accomplishment of the good work he had in hand. At first, all went on smoothly, and this excellent man's exertions were crowned with complete success. But as the school prospered, its plan was enlarged; a competent scholar was engaged, and a large class were progressing in classical knowledge, and the roll of the school showed a daily attendance of about 300 boys. The school promised soon to become a formidable rival to St. Jarlath's. The fiat went forth. The classics were condemned; the venerable founder, after a fruitless contest, withdrew in sorrow and disgust; the school languished, and at present drags on a merely nominal existence. Here at least religion was safe, faith was inviolate, and morals were secure. No sedition was to be feared; no unworthy or anti-Irish doctrines were likely to be set forth, but it was an infringement on the monopoly of Tuam. Such is the encouragement which the Church of Rome gives to knowledge. When her children ask her for bread, she gives them a stone.

There are two points connected with this controversy which we may here notice. It has been strongly urged of late that the Colleges Bill and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill are closely allied, and that the Irish Roman Catholics can never trust the proffer of education from a Government, the head of which denounced their religion as a superstitious mummery. It is worth while to re-

member that the person who introduced the Colleges Bill, and who steadily refused to sanction the demands of the assembled Bishops, was Sir Jas. Graham, the very statesman who, from his opposition to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, is now held up as the model of virtue and wisdom, although in 1845 Dr. MacHale declared that his Protestantism rendered him quite unworthy of confidence. It is also worth remembering that the Bill which Sir Jas. Graham then passed in its amended form, was stigmatised by Dr. MacHale as a "penal and oppressive enactment;" while it was under Lord John Russell's Administration that those various demands, which had been made by the Roman Catholic Prelates, were fully granted. The next point is, that it has been said we ought not to complain of opposition of the Synod of Thurles to the Colleges, as it is no more than what the clergy of the Established and Presbyterian Churches have done. It is true that some of the extreme party of both these Churches joined, for a time, in the senseless cry of the Godless Colleges. With that strange affinity which constantly exists between all extremes, the singular spectacle was presented of those who held Pío Nono to be the Vicar of Christ, and those who were daily denouncing him as Antichrist, making common cause against the progress of education. The one party termed the Colleges infidel, the other called them Mass Colleges and anti-Protestant Institutions. Happily this opposition on the part of the Protestants has greatly abated, if it has not altogether ceased. Our venerated Primate, the gifted Archbishop of Dublin, the great majority of the Bishops, including the Bishops of the dioceses in which each of the Colleges is situated, are zealous supporters of these institutions, and the heads of the Presbyterian and other Dissenting Churches have not been backward in offering their warmest encouragement and support. But, whatever this opposition may have been, between it and the conduct of the Roman Catholic Bishops there is one remarkable difference, a difference which illustrates the true extent of that civil liberty which we more than any other people enjoy, and which the citizens of Rome, despite Primate Cullen's assertions, do not possess. The most violent Protestant opponents of the Colleges, however freely they might express their

own sentiments, never attempted to coerce any others to adopt them. They never threatened the laity under the favourite penalty of eternal damnation. They never sought to force even the clergy to take any uniform and decided part in the movement. There is a case on record which will show the full extent of the difference. In the debate on the Maynooth grant, simultaneously with the passing of the Colleges Bill, the Marquess of Normanby attacked the Bishop of Cashel, in the House of Lords, for having reprimanded one of his clergy for having attended a National School, and for having used strong language towards that system in his charge to his clergy. And the applause with which the Right Rev. Prelate's denial of the statement was received—applause in which it is noticed that the Bishop of Exeter most conspicuously joined—and the entire tone of the debate, plainly showed that the accusation was admitted on all sides to be of a very grave character. And yet those who were foremost to condemn Bishop Daly, are now the foremost to applaud the Pope's command to his clergy to oppose, by word and deed, the Colleges of their Queen. No one can object to Dr. MacHale, or any other person holding any opinion they may think fit, provided that they do not interfere with the corresponding right of other people. Primate Cullen may propound his physical theories, and may employ his leisure hours in the innocent recreation of cursing the Freemasons, as much as he likes, but if he requires the chains and loathsome dens upon which the proof of his doctrines and the validity of his anathemas depend, he had better return to the mild and enlightened rule of Pius IX. and the most Catholic Ferdinand of Naples.

I have hitherto spoken of the Colleges in their relation to Roman Catholics, both because this part of the question has been the point in which the greatest disputes have arisen, and because it is so closely connected with the late arrogant assumptions of their Church. But all the securities which I have pointed out apply with equal force to Protestants of every denomination. A Protestant father, who sends his son to one of the Queen's Colleges, may be assured on the following points:

First.—That he will be taught all branches of useful learning by the best masters.

Second.—That each Professor is bound by the most solemn engagement to avoid all interference with the religious principles of the student.

Third.—That a clergyman of his own religion, appointed by the heads of his Church, will exercise a watchful control over the conduct of the youth while he is outside the College, and will supply special religious instruction suited to his own particular case.

Fourth.—If he wishes to keep his son separate from all who differ from him in religious belief, he can either place him with some confidential friend, or with an exclusive boarding-house under the complete and absolute control of his own Church.

Fifth.—If it should appear that these promises are not faithfully carried out, he can bring an appeal to the Board of Visitors, amongst whom sit the heads of his own Church, and many eminent laymen of his own persuasion, who will promptly see justice done.

It may be—indeed, it has been—said that all this looks very well on paper, but is not at all likely to be realised in fact. Here, too, we have a ready answer. We have only to refer to the Reports of the Presidents of the Colleges. We there find the most satisfactory accounts, as well of the exertions of the Professors as of the progress of the students.

“It gives me much pleasure,” says Sir Robert Kane, the President of the Cork College, “to be able to report that the systematic instruction in the various departments of science and literature in the College faculties and courses has been carried on by the several Professors with a degree of zeal, diligence, and ability, generally, most highly creditable to themselves, and most useful to the public.” “I feel sure,” says the President of the Galway College, “that in no collegiate institution do the Professors labour with more indefatigable zeal to promote the interests of the students; and it is right to say, that, in the majority of cases, their efforts have been met and responded to as they deserve.” The same gentleman, after lamenting the discontinuance of his duties by the Roman Catholic Dean of Residences, remarks:—“To the cordial support and co-operation we have received from the reverend Deans of the Established and Presbyterian Churches, I find it hard to do justice. These gen-

tleman have been instant in the discharge of every duty connected with their office; they have endeavoured to carry out the benevolent intentions of the Legislature in giving confidence to the parents of the students submitted to their charge, and in blending with that instruction which prepares a man for his walk through life that higher teaching which sanctifies and elevates his path." In Belfast, the Presbyterian Dean of Residences, the well-known and zealous Dr. Cooke, after describing his course of instruction, states:—"It gives me much pleasure to report that in every department the answering was most satisfactory. And, perhaps, it may be gratifying to add, that, among the religious essays, some of the most distinguished were by medical students, distinguished alike as specimens of composition and evidences of religious knowledge. The moral conduct of the students has been most exemplary; not a single complaint has reached me from any quarter." The Episcopal Dean also bears the most emphatic testimony to the conduct of the students under his care, and observes—"Having had now the experience of two sessions, I feel convinced of the wisdom which has made such ample provisions for securing the moral and religious training of the students; for, whilst the Dean's visitations of the licensed boarding-houses tend to secure the outward decorum and moral conduct of the students, the lectures are calculated, under God's blessing, to impress sound religious views." Similar testimony is borne by the Deans in the Cork College, from which, however, we have a report of the Roman Catholic Dean during the earlier part of the session. I cannot refrain from transcribing his note at length:—"It affords me great consolation to bear the same high testimony to the conduct of the Roman Catholic students of Queen's College, Cork (for what has passed of the present collegiate year), that I did at the close of the last year's studies. The students who reside with parents and guardians, and who do not necessarily come under my control, are equally entitled to my praise for attention and for orderly conduct as those residing in boarding-houses; and I am happy to be able to add, that whatever may be the speculative opinions of some wise and good men, I have not yet seen, nor have the

students yet experienced, danger to either faith or morals at Queen's College, Cork." "I have had reason," writes Mr. Magill, the Presbyterian Dean, "to be satisfied with their moral character and habits, their attention to their religious duties, and their interest in the several courses of study in which they were engaged. They leave Cork, I believe, in every way improved, and they carry with them a purpose of literary industry which may be regarded as the bud of future promise." "I have every reason to believe," says Mr. Perrin, the Dean for the Church of England, "that my pupils are regular and attentive to public worship." I need only refer to one other circumstance noticed in these Reports. It appears that a rejected candidate for scholarship in the Galway College considered himself as aggrieved, and applied for an extraordinary visitation. "This," says the President, "was at once granted, and his case received the most patient and attentive consideration. I feel much pleasure in stating that the accuracy, care, and honour of the Professors who examined the students, were completely vindicated, and that the decision of the College authorities, in not awarding a scholarship upon defective answering, was fully confirmed. But I feel equal satisfaction in referring to the prompt attention that was paid to the prayer of the memorialist, and to the proof which has been thus given, that any student who may consider himself aggrieved will have the wrong of which he complains at once investigated by a tribunal composed of men whose rank, integrity, and attainments, place them above the suspicion of injustice."

It merely remains for me briefly to notice the peculiar features of the educational system of the Queen's Colleges. They differ from the old Universities both in the subjects taught, and in the system of instruction. The complete curriculum of former days comprised classics, mathematics, mathematical physics, logics, and ethics. Although these subjects have been retained, the important branches of chemistry, natural history, and political economy, occupy a due share of the student's attention; while the language and literature of England, and of the chief European countries, along with modern history, find their appropriate representations. Mineralogy, and geo-

logy, and experimental physics, though not necessarily studied by students in arts, are duly provided for, and, perhaps, the most important innovation of all, considering the peculiar circumstances of the country, consists in the establishment of a Chair of Agriculture. There is now some prospect of having our country gentlemen properly taught that business by which they are to live, and of having a most important branch of science restored to its due dignity, by being admitted to its place with the more elegant, but less practical studies of an University education. Schools of engineering and medicine have also been supplied; and though last, not least, legal education has at length been recognised as a fit subject for academic care. The degrees also will in all cases imply a previous examination, and will thus indicate real knowledge, instead of being merely the representatives of so much time and money. In the words of the President of Galway College—"Enough to say that we shall endeavour to make our degrees not mere bits of paper signifying nothing, but the living records of actual desert; that we will not content ourselves with stimulating to education by prizes and endowments, but that we will, in addition to such stimulants, give education itself; that we will not send out pedants, 'with loads of learned lumber in their heads,' but rational patriots and useful citizens."

The peculiarity of the method of teaching in the Queen's Colleges consists in the adoption of what is termed the professorial to the entire exclusion of the tutorial system. This practice is nothing more nor less than the application to University education of the ordinary principle of division of labour. Each Professor attends to his single department, and in place of frittering away his powers upon a multitude of dissimilar pursuits, he can devote himself without any impediment to extend the limits and communicate the knowledge of his favourite study. So undeniable are the advantages of this simple and natural system, that its advocates support the old method, by asserting that in practice the division of labour is actually observed in it. It is, how-

ever, to the full development of this principle that the Queen's Colleges are indebted for their most important advantages. And it is, I am persuaded, by the skilful application of this same principle that our old Universities can be safely reformed, and perfect religious equality established without any undue interference with their original constitution.

I have thus shewn that the Queen's Colleges offer no common benefits to the great body of the middle classes in Ireland. At a comparatively trifling expense, not exceeding two-thirds of the cost for which a degree is obtained in Trinity College, a College remarkable for its moderate expense, they afford in every department of secular learning an education fully equal to the demands of the times. Men eminent for their attainments, and undistracted by ever-varying lectures, are the teachers, and are enabled by this freedom to pursue to the uttermost each branch of thought, or thoroughly to trace out the various secrets of nature. No religious distinction inflames vanity or oppresses merit. Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Dissenter, all receive their education on the same benches—all can compete for the same prizes, all are eligible for the same Chairs. The most ample securities have been provided against the dangers of infidelity on the one hand, and of proselytism on the other. The utmost pains have been taken to ensure the good conduct and protect the morals of the students, and hitherto these efforts have been crowned with success. And yet these institutions, where knowledge is pursued, where virtue is honoured, and religion taught, are branded by the organs of that party by whom they were demanded, and for whom they were mainly designed, with the blasphemous malediction—"The curse of Jesus Christ and St. Patrick be on you and all your doings."* Never was there a more complete illustration of the Divine warning, "Cast not your pearls before swine lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

A. B.

* *Rambler* for August, 1851.

LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WE resume our account of the life of Lord Jeffrey. Our last article brought the narrative to the death of Jeffrey's wife. We quoted some passages from his letters on the occasion, which show with what earnestness he continued to pursue his ordinary duties, and to deal fairly with his mind under this great calamity. Lord Cockburn has given extracts from Jeffrey's letters on the occasion to Mrs. Morehead, his wife's sister. In a very short time after his mother's wife died, and a letter to him on the subject is adverted to in a sentence which we extract:—

"How keenly and how painfully I feel for you, you may judge from the cruel similarity of our fortunes, even if there were no deeper sympathy in our characters. The pain I have felt, indeed, is not so properly sympathy, as a renewal of my own afflictions. If I had found any effectual comfort myself, this might enable me to lead you to it also; but I do think your loss irreparable, and I mourn for you as well as for myself. I found no consolation in business, and nothing but new sources of agony in success. The ear is closed in which alone I wished my praises to be sounded, and the prosperity I should have earned with such pride for her, and shared with her with such delight, now only reminds me of my loneliness. I have found one consolation, however, and that is in the love and society of those whom she loved and lived with. Her sister, I think I told you, married Robert Morehead, and is settled here. I am continually with her, and depend upon her love and confidence in me for all the enjoyment I have still in existence. She loves me with the warmest and most unbounded affection, and while I can be with her, I can still open my heart to sweet and soothing sensations. In living with her friends, and doing what I think would have gained her praise, I sometimes find a faint shadow of the happiness which I enjoyed in her presence. I can give you no other advice, and therefore I am glad that you have not so soon quitted the scene in which you were accustomed to see your darling, and come at once among people to whom she was unknown. You will not love us, I am afraid, because we did not know your Susan, and because her idea is not connected in your mind with any of our concerns, &c.

"I hope that even at present you do not indulge in solitude. I never had courage for it, and was driven, I think, by a cruel instinct, into the company of strangers, &c.

"Come and find me as affectionate, and unreserved, and domestic, as you knew me in our more careless days. I think I shall be able to comfort you, and revive in you some little interest in life, though I cannot undertake to restore that happiness which, I am afraid, when once cut down, revives not in this world. If I knew when you would arrive, I think I should like to meet you in London, that is, if it be from March to May. I shall probably be there at any rate. Do not neglect to let me know before you set out."—Vol. ii. pp. 122, 123.

Jeffrey now visited the southern coast of England. He was a good walker, loved rambling, and made good use of his vacations. Wherever he went on this journey, he was disturbed by the outpourings of London—an evil for which he ought to have been prepared, but which seems to have come on him with surprise. "I languish," he says, after impatiently describing the bustle and hurry of the fashionable life into which, in his own despite, he was thrown—"I languish perpetually for the repose and tranquillity of rational and domestic society; the quietness of the heart, and the activity of the imagination only."

Jeffrey practised in all the Scotch Courts of Law, civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical. Of the last, a graphic picture is given by Lord Cockburn, the most valuable part of whose book, and it is very valuable, is his account of Scottish society in its peculiarities, and more especially in its courts of law, with all that in them looks to us anomalous. Among the strangenesses is certainly to be mentioned the Court of General Assembly. "It is a sort of Presbyterian convocation, which meets along with a commissioner, representing the Crown, for about twelve days yearly. It consists of about 200 clergymen, and about 150 lay elders, presided over by a reverend president called the Moderator, who is elected by the Assembly annually." It is a kind

of parliament, and as such exercises authority over all the affairs of the Church. It is a law court—and as such, it punishes ecclesiastical delinquencies. It is passing into something like common life; little more picturesque than a meeting of Quakers, or of the canons of a cathedral. Nothing like so grand as what was seen in Ireland, at the Synod of Thurles, for instance. “The primitive features, which half-a-century ago distinguished it from every other meeting of men in this country, have greatly faded” :—

“The members gathered from every part of the country,—from growing cities, lonely glens, distant islands, agricultural districts, universities, and fallen burghs; the varieties of dialect and tone, uncorrupted fifty years ago by English; the kindly greetings; the social arrangements; the party plots; the strangeness of the subjects; partly theological, partly judicial, partly political, often all mixed; of the deepest apparent importance to the house, however insignificant or incomprehensible to others; the awkwardness of their forms, and the irregularity of their application; their ignorance of business; the conscientious intolerance of the rival sects; the helplessness, when the storm of disorder arises, of the poor shortlived inexperienced moderator; the mixture of clergy and laity, of nobility and commoners, civilians and soldiers; the curious efforts of oratory; the ready laughter, even among the grim; and consequently the easy jokes. Higher associations arise when we think of the venerable age of the institution; the noble struggles in which it has been engaged; the extensive usefulness of which it is capable; and the eminent men and the great eloquence it has frequently brought out; including, in modern times, the dignified persuasiveness of Principal Robertson, the graceful plausibility of Dr. George Hill, the Principal’s successor as the leader of the Church’s majority, the manly energy of Sir Harry Moncrieff, and the burning oratory of Chalmers. Connecting every jurisdiction, and every member of the church (which then meant the people), into one body, it was calculated to secure the benefits, without the dangers, of an official superintendence of morals and religion; and to do, in a more open and responsible way, for the Church of Scotland, what is done, or not done, by the bishops for the Church of England. Such a senate might have continued to direct and control the cheapest, the most popular, and the most republican, established church in the world. Its essential defect is as a court of justice. Nothing can ever make a mob of three hundred people a safe tribunal for the decision of private causes; and the Assembly’s forms are framed as if the object were to aggravate the evil.”—Vol. i. pp. 181, 182.

In spite of all its venerable associations it was fading away, and though Jeffrey practised there, as elsewhere, Lord Cockburn tells us, that to practise there was beneath Jeffrey’s rightful position. It had, however, its convenience. The audience was in general an attentive and a good one—not very scrupulous as to the strict relevancy of what might be said. It was an audience, too, in which a very little law went a great way—and better lawyers than Jeffrey would not like it the less for that. Jeffrey was declamatory, argumentative, humorous, witty; in short, said whatever he pleased with no restraint whatever, except what he felt from a regard for the interests of his client. His practising there was felt as an honour by them, and it was a dull day when he was not there. Cockburn tells of his once, when defending a clergyman from the charge of drunkenness, having nearly offended against the proprieties of time and place, by asking—“If there was a single reverend gentleman in the house who could lay his hand on his heart and say, that he had never been overtaken by the same infirmity.” The appeal was followed by uproar, and cries of order, when the skilful advocate resumed—“I beg your pardon, Moderator, it was entirely my ignorance of the habits of the Church.” The offence was forgiven in the laugh that followed.

We have an account of Sir Harry Moncrieff, which we wish we could transcribe, but we have not room. Moncrieff was a great preacher; and, on public occasions, as striking funerals, “he was the noblest deliverer of prayers.” “But it was in practical business, in the actual conflict of life, that his great and peculiar talents most manifested themselves.” “His views were clearly conceived, and stated with simplicity and assuredness;—a fearful man to grapple with.” Cockburn, towards the close of Moncrieff’s life, was one day walking with him; they met one whom Cockburn regarded as an illiberal opponent of Moncrieff’s. He expected to have them pass without salutation; but Sir Harry, to his surprise, shook the other by the hand, and spoke kindly to him. “When they separated, Cockburn said to Sir Harry, that he thought he had not liked that person. ‘Oh, no!—he’s a foolish, intemperate creature; but to tell you the truth, I dislike a man fewer every day that I live

now." On one occasion, having the opportunity of exhibiting the shameful inconsistency of a political opponent by producing a letter of his, he expressed his indignation, and afterwards told Cockburn that when he looked at——'s face, and saw his wretchedness, he had not the heart to produce his letter. "These," says Cockburn, "were not the feelings of a hard man."

The *Quarterly* now appeared. Offences had been given by the *Edinburgh* in many quarters, by many of its doctrines, by nothing more than its despairing tone as to the result of the Peninsular war. "The twenty-sixth number of the *Edinburgh Review*, containing Mr. Brougham's celebrated article, entitled 'Don Cevallos on the Usurpation of Spain,' had been just published, and Scott so highly resented the tone of that essay as to give orders that his name should be discontinued on the list of subscribers."* The article was not Brougham's, but Jeffrey's; and several subscribers at this time withdrew. "The late Earl of Buchan, a foolish, vain, old man, made the door of his house in George's-street be opened, and the Cevallos number of the *Review* he laid down on the innermost part of the floor of his lobby; and, then, after all this preparation, his lordship, personally, kicked the book out to the centre of the street, where he left it to be trodden into the mud, which, he had no doubt, must be the fate of the whole work, after this open proof of his high disapprobation."† This, no doubt, was one of the causes why the *Quarterly Review* appeared at the particular moment. The appearance, however, of some such publication was, in the then excited state of feeling in England, inevitable. The continuance of the publication would, of course, depend on its execution, and the talent enlisted in its service. Jeffrey, writing to Horner, says:—"Tell me what you hear and what you think of this new *Quarterly*; and do not let yourself imagine that I feel any unworthy jealousy, and still less, any unworthy fear, on the occasion. My natural independence would have been better pleased, if I had seen the work of an alert and vigorous man, than do rejoice in the success of a man of literary

attended to than any other, being generally improved in quality; and shall be proud to have set an example."

Jeffrey's views in politics were his own: they were unjustly regarded as if they altogether arose from partisan feelings. He thought the war hopeless; he regarded a French invasion as certain. "My honest impression is, that Bonaparte will be in Dublin in about fifteen months, perhaps sooner."—*To Horner, Dec. 29, 1808.* Nothing could be more unfair than to ascribe to him, individually, that he was playing a mere party game. In fact, his views were, in many respects, offensive to the Whigs—Jeffrey thinking that the country could be best governed by means of educating the people, so as to have them not only more easily governed, but in a great degree themselves the governing body. "He always thought the Whigs were disposed to govern too much through the influence of the aristocracy, and through a few great aristocratic families, without making the people a direct political element." "The people," says Jeffrey, in a letter to Horner, "are both stronger and wiser, and more discontented, than those, who are not the people, will believe. Let the true friends of liberty and the constitution join with the people, assist them to ask, with dignity and with order, all that ought to be granted, and endeavour to withhold them from asking more." Jeffrey's writings ought to be read in the spirit in which he wrote, and with a recollection how rapidly they were written. He asks Horner to judge of one of his articles "by the broad effect and honest meaning, without keeping me to points or phrases, or making me answer for exaggerations. I wrote it while they were printing, and have no anxiety except for your judgment, and that of about three other persons."

In May, 1810, he changed his residence to George's-street, where he passed the next seven or eight years.

His professional engagements soon increased, and it became plain, that the

lawyer must, we fear, be content with such immortality as the paragraphs of an Edinburgh newspaper supply:—

"They have their passing paragraphs of praise,
And are forgotten."

From this fate, Lord Cockburn would seek to save John Clerk, James Moncrieff, and George Cranstown; and if vivid portraiture in a popular book can save them from that oblivion which, we fear, is destined for Scotch lawyers and Scotch law, they are safe. John Clerk, son of Clerk of Eldin, for whom, as its originator, the modern system of naval tactics is claimed—a claim which cannot be described as admitted—was Solicitor-General for Scotland, in 1805 and 1806, and in considerable practice:—

"A contracted limb, which made him pitch when he walked, and only admitted of his standing erect by hanging it in the air, added to the peculiarity of a figure with which so many other ideas of oddity were connected. Blue eyes, very bushy eyebrows, coarse grizzly hair, always in disorder, and firm, projecting features, made his face and head not unlike that of a thorough-bred shaggy terrier. It was a countenance of great thought and great decision.

"Had his judgment been equal to his talent, few powerful men could have stood before him. For he had a strong, working, independent, ready, head; which had been improved by various learning, extending beyond his profession into the fields of general literature, and into the arts of painting and sculpture. Honest, warm-hearted, generous, and simple, he was a steady friend, and of the most touching affection in all the domestic relations. The whole family was deeply marked by an hereditary caustic humour, and none of its members more than he.

"These excellences, however, were affected by certain peculiarities, or habits, which segregated him from the whole human race."—Vol. i. p. 200.

These peculiarities were intense, most of them arising from self-admiration—a belief in his own infallibility, which, however great an advocate's knowledge of law, is likely to be distorted in every case by adverse counsel, in every case became the ground. He would have thought himself the champion of the interests of his client, and did not brow-beat the jury, and insult the judge."—says Lord C.

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says—"an utterance as slow as minute guns, and a poor diction, marked his unexcited state in one of his torpid moods"—when roused, he was strong, abrupt, vigorous. We are then told, that his sudden rallies when, after being refuted and run down he stood at bay, and either covered his escape, or died scalping, were unmatched in dexterity and force. His popularity was increased by his oddities. He and his consulting room withdrew the attention of strangers from the cases on which they had come to hear their fate:—

"Walls covered with books and pictures, of both of which he had a large collection; the floor encumbered by little ill-placed tables, each with a piece of old china on it; strange boxes, bits of sculpture, curious screens and chairs, cats and dogs (his special favourites), and all manner of trash, dead and living, and all in confusion; John himself sitting in the midst of this museum—in a red worsted night cap, his crippled limb resting horizontally on a tripod stool—and many pairs of spectacles and antique snuff boxes on a small table at his right hand; and there he sits—perhaps dreaming awake—probably descanting on some of his crotchets, and certainly abusing his friends the judges—when recalled to the business in hand; but generally giving acute and vigorous advice."—Vol. i. p. 204.

Of Moncrieff we wish we had room for Lord Cockburn's portrait; there is that in it which shows it to be a likeness. "Moncrieff, a son of Sir Harry's, and worthy of the name, was more remarkable for the force than the variety of his powers." Law and Whig politics were the business of his life; but politics were subordinate to law. He was educated, as it is called, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Oxford, but ended in knowing little or nothing but law—that is, Scotch law. But we must allow Lord Cockburn to use his own words:—

"The politics of the Scotch Whig party, and the affairs of that Presbyterian Church which he revered, occupied much of his attention throughout life; but even these were subordinate to the main end of rising, by hard work, in his profession.

"This restriction of his object had its necessary consequences. Though excellently educated at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Oxford, he left himself little leisure for literary culture; and, while grounded in the knowledge necessary for the profession of a liberal lawyer, he was not a well-read man. Without any of his father's dignified air, his out-

ward appearance was rather insignificant; but his countenance was marked by a pair of firm, compressed lips, denoting great vigour and resolution. The peculiarity of his voice always attracted attention. In its ordinary state it was shrill and harsh; and casual listeners, who only heard it in that state, went away with the idea that it was never anything else. They never heard him admonish a prisoner, of whom there was still hope; or doom one to die; or spurn a base sentiment; or protest before a great audience on behalf of a sacred principle. The organ changed into striking impressiveness, whenever it had to convey the deep tones of that solemn earnestness which was his eloquence. Always simple, direct, and practical, he had little need of imagination; and one so engrossed by severe occupation and grave thought, could not be expected to give much to general society by lively conversation. With his private friends he was always cheerful and innocently happy."—Vol. i. pp. 205, 206.

He was, we are told, a better arguer than thinker, and yet "one of his cures for a headache was to sit down and clear up some legal question." Within a very narrow range of subjects he was clear-headed; and though Lord Cockburn does not give him praise for oratory, he seems to have spoken more to the purpose than those on whom that praise is lavished. "He could in words unravel any argument however abstruse, or disentangle any facts however complicated, or impress any audience with the simple and serious emotions which he felt." He was emphatically an honest, honourable man.

Those who would read of Cranstoun, must seek the account in the book itself.

In 1810, M. Simond, a French gentleman, with his wife and niece, passed some weeks in Edinburgh. Madame Simond was a sister of Charles Wilkes, banker, in New York, a nephew of the famous John, and the niece was Charlotte Wilkes, daughter of Charles. Jeffrey was attracted by Miss Wilkes. The family thought of settling in England, and their marriage seemed a likely thing. However, the notion of a residence in England being given up, the young lady returned to America, whither in spring, 1813, he went for her. The achievement was an heroic one, if it be remembered that the countries were then at war, and if Jeffrey's horror of the sea be taken into account. He made his will before going, and directed "for some

of his friends, one or two dozen of claret from my cellar, and also a book, a picture, a piece of furniture—to drink and keep in memory of me." We ought to have said, that for the last two or three years before his voyage to America, he became the tenant of Hatton, about nine miles west of Edinburgh. It had been a seat of the Lauderdales, and the house had been built, and the grounds laid out, before the close of the seventeenth century. In its original condition—with its shaded avenues, its terraces, its fountains, gardens, sculpture, shrubs, and its lawns, it must have been a stately and luxurious place. It had been suffered to go into decay when Jeffrey occupied it first. It was to him a source of great delight—"it was the beginning of that half-town and half-villa life, which he ever afterwards led."

We have his journal while at sea. It opens with a passage in which man's dominion over the land, so as to change its whole surface and its inhabitants, is contrasted with his comparative powerlessness over the ocean. The passage is singularly like that in which begins—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!"

The journal is, however, full of memory and of anticipation.

We have the following picture of Hatton:—

"Now they are shooting partridges amidst the singing reapers, and by the side of inland brooks in Scotland; and the leaves are growing brown on my Hatton beeches, and the uplands are purple in their heath, and the air is full of fragrant smell, and the voices of birds; and Tuckey's [*Tuckey* was his nickname for one of Morehead's little girls] eyes are glittering wild with joy, and every hour is bringing some new face and some new thing to the happy dwellers in those accessible scenes. While here, there is the eternal barrenness of the water, and the hissing of the winds, and the same unvarying band of fellow-prisoners, and eternal longing for a termination that is altogether uncertain. But it will come in some shape or other."—Vol. i. p. 220.

After other pictures of Hatton Sundays, we have the following—"What a contrast my three last Sundays have afforded to this simple but happy life? To console myself, I am obliged to look forward to New York, and take a revival picture of peace and love there.

Fancy, though, is less tranquil and sure in her work than memory." He landed on the 4th of October. The American part of his journal is not of great interest; at all events, we have not much room for it. On the 9th of February, 1814, he returned. We do not feel it necessary to advert to the great political incidents of 1814 and 1815, though they were the subject of brilliant articles from Jeffrey, who saw in them the hope of permanent peace for Europe. In the autumn of 1814, he left Hutton, and transferred himself to Craighero, where, for the last thirty-four years of his life, his sunshades were passed in such happiness as is but rarely given to man. "It is on the eastern slope of Corstorphine-hill, about three miles to the north-west of Edinburgh:"—

"Two sides of the mansion were flanked by handsome bits of evergreen clawa. Two or three western dells had their stone fences removed, and were thrown into one, which sloped upwards from the house to the hill, and was crowned by a beautiful bank of wood; and the whole place, which now extended to thirty or forty acres, was always in excellent keeping. Its two defects were, that it had no stream, and that the hill robbed the house of much of the sun etc. Notwithstanding this, it was a most delightful spot; the best for his purposes that he could have found. The low ground, consisting of the house and its precincts, contained all that could be desired for secluded quiet, and for reasonable luxury. The high commanded magnificent and beautiful views, embracing some of the distant mountains in the slopes of Perth and Stirling, the near hills of the Firth of Forth, Edinburgh and the new town, the green and peaceful meadows which took itself."—Vol. I., p. 217.

Life has and its cares, and Jeffrey of toil, if not of care, 1816, juries excluded in Jeffrey was are a jury he had this the bar. spot h

"Saturday, 20th.—I have been a good part of the morning with Chantry, who has some beautiful things. I wished much for you while I was in his gallery. His busts and children are admirable, but I do not much like either his full statues or his designs in relief. He is a strange blunt fellow him self; and in his workshop I met another curiosity—a Scottish poet—a contemptible imitator of Burns, who is a sort of overseer for Chantry, and is trusted with all his business. [Allan Cunningham]. He was bred a carpenter, but being, like most of my countrymen, well educated, he wandered up to London, and set about reporting debates for the newspapers, but, being a strict Whig, he grew so impatient of the baseness he was obliged to set down, that he came to Chantry, who is a bit of a Whig also, and said he would rather sweep his shop for him than go on with such drudgery; and now he is his right hand man, and has invented various machines of great use and ingenuity. I shall send you a volume of his poetry, to let you see what universal geniuses come out of Scotland.

I think I shall go down to Malthus with Mackintosh this day week. I understand he is quite well, and I hope to hear a nightingale. I was surprised this morning to run against my old friend Tommy Moore, who looks you yet, I think, than when we met at Chalk Farm some sixteen years ago. His embarrassments, I understand, are nearly settled now, and he may again inhabit this country. I am to dine with him the day after to-morrow."—Vol. II., pp. 201-202.

In a letter to one of his new relatives at New-York, he says (6th May, 1822):—

"I have been very much amused in London, though rather too feverishly; so that it is extremely refreshing to get out of its stir and tumult, and sit down to reflect all I have seen and heard, and let the flowers' freshness and nightingales of this beautiful country. I was a good deal among wits and politicians, of whom you would not care much to hear. But I also saw a good deal of Miss Edgeworth and Tommy Moore, and something of your countryman, Washington Irving, with whom I was very happy to renew my acquaintance. Moore is still more delightful in society than he is in his writings; the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefulest, creature that ever set fortune at defiance. He was quite ruined about three years ago by the treachery of a deputy in a small office he held, and forced to reside in France. He came over, since I came to Fife land, to settle his debts by the sacrifice of every farthing he had in the world, and had scarcely got to London when he found that the whole

scheme of settlement had blown up, and that he must return in ten days to his exile. And yet I saw nobody so sociable, kind, and happy; so resigned, or rather so triumphant over fortune, by the buoyancy of his spirits, and the inward light of his mind. He told me a great deal about Lord Byron, with whom he had lived very much abroad, and of whose heart and temper, with all his partiality to him, he cannot say anything very favourable. There is nothing gloomy or bitter, however, in his ordinary talk, but rather a wild, rough, boyish pleasantry, much more like nature than his poetry.

"Miss Edgeworth I had not seen for twenty years, and found her very unlike my recollection.

"Have you any idea what sort of thing a truly elegant English woman of fashion is? I suspect not; for it is not to be seen almost out of England, and I do not know very well how to describe it. Great quietness, simplicity, and delicacy of manners, with a certain dignity and self-possession that puts vulgarity out of countenance, and keeps presumption in awe; a singularly sweet, soft, and rather low voice, with remarkable elegance and ease of diction; a perfect taste in wit and manners and conversation, but no loquacity, and rather languid spirits; a sort of indolent disdain of display and accomplishments; an air of great good nature and kindness, with but too often some heartlessness, duplicity and ambition. These are some of the traits, and such, I think, as would most strike an American. You would think her rather cold and spiritless; but she would predominate over you in the long run; and indeed is a very bewitching and dangerous creature, more seductive and graceful than any other in the world; but not better nor happier; and I am speaking even of the very best and most perfect. We have plenty of loud, foolish things, good humoured even in the highest society."—Vol. ii., pp. 204-206.

In October, 1829, Jeffrey resigned the editorship of the *Review*, which then passed into the hands of the late Mr. Macvey Napier.

It has been said, that you cannot read a common newspaper discussion on politics, without being compelled to acknowledge how the genius of Burke has influenced the style of writing and thinking of every man who addresses the public on the class of subjects which he treated. The same may, with more truth, at least with more plausibility, be said of Jeffrey. The style of periodical criticism has been formed by the *Edinburgh Review*; and certainly, in the whole range of periodical literature, no work making the slightest approach to its early excellence has appeared. Abundant information, spark-

ling wit, unceasing vivacity, and all thrown off as if without effort, as, in truth, there was little of conscious effort in the production of the best articles. How much the *Edinburgh Review* affected public opinion, and rendered safe the great changes involved in the emancipation of the Romanists and Dissenters, must instantly be manifest to any one who even, from the *Edinburgh Review* itself, judges by its articles of 1802, compared with those of the few years before Jeffrey gave up its conduct, what the nature of the contest was—how vigorously the battle was fought, and with what alternations of success. There can be no doubt, that as far as the *Edinburgh Review* was instrumental in forming public opinion, it was an honest journal. The fears which Jeffrey expressed were fears which he felt; his belief was, that the course which he advocated during that long interval was the only one which could avert the sanguinary revolution.

Having thrown off the cares of the *Review*, he looked for comparative repose, but it was not to be.

In December, 1830, the Whigs came into office, and made him Lord Advocate.

It was too bad. A cruel interruption of the comfort he had reckoned on; the abandonment of the ordinary duties of his profession; the necessity of going into Parliament, at considerable pecuniary risk; the relinquishment of Craigmack and his vacations: all this he had to bear, and more.

The office of Lord Advocate is of great dignity, but is an undesirable one. Its emoluments are about £3,000 a-year. There is some slender patronage, "but," says Lord Cockburn, "for the patron, patronage is more of a torture than a reward." The Lord Advocate is obliged to obtain a seat in Parliament. Between December, 1830, and May, 1832, Jeffrey's cost him about £10,000. He had to go to London so often as to destroy his practice. Of Scotch law, and Scotch affairs, nobody in office, in London, cares one farthing, or knows anything—so all is thrown on the Lord Advocate. The affairs of Ireland are attended to, because the Irish members are a noisy, mutinous, numerous crew. Scotch affairs are neglected, because the worst that can come of neglecting them is "a small and momentary mutiny."

among fifty-three not loquacious members." Jeffrey was, during his parliamentary career, most useful; and for the whole time most laboriously engaged. Besides his share in the general Reform Bill, the duty of carrying through the Burgh Reform in Scotland, and the Scottish Reform Bill, was thrown on him with little aid from any one. We cannot fight those battles again; and even with more space at our command, could not hope to make the peculiarly Scottish part of the subject intelligible.

A letter to Lord Cockburn, giving an account of one of his elections, will be read with interest on the eve of a general election:—

" 7th April, 1831.

"MY DEAR C.—I was duly elected at Malton yesterday. I got there on Tuesday at one o'clock; and, attended by twelve forward disciples, instantly set forth to call on my 700 electors, and solicit the honour of their votes. In three hours and a half I actually called at 635 doors, and shook 494 men by the hand. Next day the streets were filled with bands of music, and flags, and streamers of all descriptions; in the midst of which I was helped up, about eleven o'clock, to the dorsal ridge of a tall prancing steed, decorated with orange ribbons, having my reins and stirrups held by men in the borough liveries, and a long range of flags and music moving around me. In this state I paraded through all the streets at a foot pace, stopping at every turning to receive three huzzas, and to bow to all the women in the windows. At twelve I was safely deposited in the market-place, at the foot of a square-built scaffold, packed quite full of people; and after some dull ceremonies, was declared duly elected, by a show of hands and fervent acclamations. After which I addressed the multitude, amounting, they say, to near 5,000 persons, in very eloquent and touching terms; and was then received into a magnificent high-backed chair, covered with orange silk, and gay with flags and streamers, on which I was borne on the shoulders of six electors, nodding majestically through all the streets and streetlings; and at length returned safe and glorious to my inn. At five o'clock I had to entertain about 120 of the more respectable of my constituents, and to make divers speeches till near eleven o'clock; having, in the meantime, sallied out at the head of twenty friends, to visit another party of nearly the same magnitude, who were regaling in an inferior inn, and whom we found in a state of far greater exaltation. All the Cayleys, male and female, were kind enough to come in and support me; and about eleven I contrived to get away with Sir George and his son-in-law, and came out here with a great cavalcade

about midnight. The thing is thought to have gone off brilliantly. What it has cost, I do not know; but the accounts are to be settled by Lord Milton's agent, and sent to me to London.

"The place from which I write belongs to a Mr. Worsley, a man of large fortune, who has married one of Sir George Cayley's daughters, and has assembled their whole genealogy in his capacious mansion. You know I always took greatly to the family, and I like them, if possible, better the more I see of them in their family circle. The youngest, who is about sixteen, and I have long avowed a mutual flame; and the second, who is to be married next month, is nearly a perfect beauty. But it is the sweet blood, and the naturalness and gaiety of heart which I chiefly admire in them; and after my lonely journey, and tiresome election, the delight of roaming about these vernal valleys in the idleness of a long sunny day, in the midst of their bright smiles and happy laughs, reconciles me to existence again. It is a strange huge house, built about eighty years ago on a sort of Italian model, and full of old pictures and books, and cabinets full of gimcracks, and portfolios crammed with antique original sketches and engravings, and closets full of old plate and dusty china, which would give Thomson and you, and Johnny Clerk in his better days, work enough for a month, though I, who have only a day to spare, prefer talking with living creatures. This is all very childish and foolish, I confess, for a careful senator, at a great national crisis. But I have really been so hard worked and bothered of late, that you must excuse me if I enjoy one day of relaxation. I go off to-morrow at six o'clock, &c."—Vol. ii., p. 234-36.

In 1834, Jeffrey was appointed one of the Judges of Session. "The general course of his life after becoming a judge, exclusive of that part passed in court, was, that he was in London, or its neighbourhood, every spring; at Craigcrook, all autumn; and in Edinburgh, all winter." On Saturday, the 5th of June, 1841, he fainted in court. In London, during the following November, he had a consultation of physicians. It was not unfavourable, but it compelled a change in his mode of living. "No more dining out, or giving dinners, or appearing, at the best, like death's head, at these festivals; and feeding upon two slices of meat, and two glasses of sherry."

Eight years more were added to his life. The disruption of the Scottish Church was a source of regret to him; but he strongly sympathised with the Free Church movement. He read indefatigably; and, unlike old men, his

feelings were strongly interested in new works of poetry and fiction. Dickens was one of his great delights. Of Macaulay's History of England he read the proof sheets, not merely suggesting changes in the matter and the expression, but attending to the very "commas and colons."

The closing years of his life were clouded by the deaths of many of his early friends—and the end was near. In January, 1848, he contributed his last article to the *Edinburgh Review*—a paper on the claims of Watt and Cavendish, as the discoverers of the composition of water.

We feel reluctant to transcribe his letters to his daughter, Mrs. Empson. They are singularly beautiful, but altogether unsuceptible of abridgment. We have said before, what must have been manifested even in our imperfect sketch, that never did a man live so truly and so wholly in his affections as Jeffrey.—

"On Tuesday the 22nd he was in court for the last time. He was then under no apparent illness; inasmuch that, before going home, he walked round the Calton Hill, with his usual quickness of step, and alacrity of gait. But he was taken ill that night of bronchitis and feverishness; though seemingly not worse than he had often been. On the evening of Friday the 25th, he dictated a letter to the Lord President, saying that there was no chance of his being in court that week; nor, I fear, very much even for the next. 'I shall not write again to you, therefore, till I can point out some prospect of again appearing in my place. But I do not think it improbable that my next communication to you will be to announce that I have resolved to resign my place on the bench.' On the same evening he dictated the last letter he ever wrote to the Empsons. In reference to his old critical habits, parts

of it are very curious. It was long, and gave a full and clear description of the whole course of his illness, from which he expected to recover, but had made up his mind not to continue longer on the bench. 'I don't think I have had any proper sleep for the last three nights, and I employ portions of them in a way that seems to assume the existence of a sort of dreamy state, lying quite consciously in my bed with my eyes alternately shut and open, enjoying curious visions. He saw 'part of a proof sheet of a new edition of the Apocrypha, and all about Baruch and the Maccabees. I read a good deal in this with much interest,' &c. and 'a huge Californian newspaper, full of all manner of odd advertisements, some of which amused me much by their novelty. I had then prints of the vulgar old editions of Shakespeare's times, which were very disgusting.' 'I could conjure up the specter of a close printed political paper filled with discussions on free trade, protection, and colonies, such as one sees in the *Times*, the *Freeman*, and the *Daily News*. I read the identicals with a good deal of pain and difficulty, owing to the smallness of the type, but with great interest, and, I believe, often for more than an hour at a time; forming a judgment of their merits with great freedom and acuteness, and often saying to myself 'this is very cleverly put, but there is a fallacy in it, for so and so.'

"He died on the evening of the next day, Saturday the 26th of January, 1850, in his seventy-seventh year."—Vol. I., pp. 407, 408.

In this notice of Lord Cockburn's book, we have not interrupted the narrative by saying how admirably we think his duty, as a biographer, has been performed in everything calculated to present Lord Jeffrey to us as a great lawyer, and as a great and good man. We think something more may yet be done, and ought to be done, to bring more distinctly before the public mind Jeffrey's great and original powers as exhibited in literature.

PERTH.—A SUMMER SOUVENIR.

"HERE I am in Perth; and I could not have chosen a better time. Everything is in blossom; and trees flower here that I never saw flower elsewhere. It is quite a City of Scents. Lilac, and laburnum, and hawthorn both pink and white, are in every garden and wood; the chesnut-trees are covered with their tall spikes of white flowers on the Inches; and whin, and broom, and blaeberry are in full blossom on the hills around. I saw a curious thing to-day, in the grounds of Belwood—a pink and-yellow laburnum; and not grafted—different coloured blossoms were hanging from the same bough. A rare sight, and most beautiful. . . . I cannot bring myself to leave here yet. I am in love with the "Fair City"—and with its Inches—and with the Tay—and with its salmon!! . . . I never spent a happier fortnight in my life."—*Extract from Author's Letter.*

I.

We're going with thy blossoms,
Fair City! fare thee well:
We're going—but thy blossoms
We'll long remember well.
We've seen thee in thy beauty,
When every tree was flowers,
When scents were floating on the air,
And sunshine sped the hours.
But brighter, sweeter sunshine
Lay in our hearts the while—
So sweet, we felt that heretofore
We ne'er had learn'd to smile!
'Twas Love's bright stream within us
That glass'd so well and true
The beauty of the outer world,
Its charms of form and hue:
And the love we gave each other
Flow'd out on all around—
To earth and sky, and mead and flower,
To stream, and scent, and sound—
Until we loved each little flower
That grew upon the ground.

II.

But now thy blooms are falling:
The lilac's grace is fled,
The gold of the laburnum
No longer decks its head,
The glory of the hawthorn's gone,
The chesnut sheds its flowers;
And we, too, like thy blossoms,
Are going from thy bowers!

III.

But not unmindful go we
Of every happy hour,
Nor leave thee like the butterfly
That scorns the wither'd flower.

And when, in turn, *our* blossoms
 In future years decay,
 And the heart is left like a lilac-bough
 That lightnings sear'd away,
 Then of the twain that praise thee now
 The one that's left will come
 And see thee in thy pride once more,
 And hear thy summer-hum ;
 And walk beside thy river,
 Flowing still bright along,
 And think how once life's stream with them
 Went softly as a song.
 And as he strays among thy bowers,
 Whence scents like dews are shed,
 And the gold of the laburnum
 Once more glows o'er his head ;
 The beauty all around will breed
 A weary pining wee
 For the inner beauty, sweeter far,
 That the Happy only know—
 For the light of youth and love, that here
 Was burning long ago !

IV.

Farewell ! thy blooms are falling,
 The gay woods shed their flowers ;
 And we now, like thy blossoms,
 Are going from thy bowers.
 Fall, blooms !—but oh ! how joyously,
 How lovingly, how gay
 The summer sun is shining
 On this our parting day !
 The morning skies are brimming
 With its golden light,
 Viewless birds are singing
 In the azure height ;
 And swifter than the wind, away
 We speed upon our flight.
 Farewell ! farewell ! A moral breathes
 In this summer hour :—
 Though blooms may fall, and partings come,
 And Love yield up its flower,
 Yet may the lonely after-time
 Be not without its dower ;
 For Heaven has still its sunshine,
 And its soothing song,
 To cheer us, as to Beauty's Home
 Time draws us swift along !

R. H. P.

THE HEIRS OF RANDOLPH ABBEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WORKING OF THE INVISIBLE POISON.

Yes! one faint sigh, one low, deep gasp, and all was still. For, like the last breath that dies on the lips when life is ended, this mournful sound was indeed a death-sigh—the death-sigh of all human happiness, as it for ever expired in the heart of Aletheia Randolph. Yes, she had been there—lying down among the long grass, and hidden by the thick brushwood. The horse that carried Richard Sydney had passed within one yard of her, as he departed from his interview with Lilius; and he little knew with what a spasm of desire she had longed, in that awful moment, that these trampling hoofs might come with their iron tread upon her heart, and beat the throbbing life out of it for ever.

She had been there! Oh! let it be considered for one instant what these words imply. There—not where Sydney had revealed to Lilius the workings of his own passionate heart, writhing beneath the two-fold bonds of the death-bed vow and his overwhelming love for herself; but there, where she had only heard the words he had addressed to her cousin as they parted, which, by a fatal coincidence, so perfectly agreed with the false information Gabriel's mother had given her, as to the motive of their interview.

Aletheia had at first altogether discredited this woman's iniquitous tale, and actually disbelieved the possibility of such a meeting; and it was, therefore, to convince herself whether this statement was true, that she had come thither that morning; for she felt that, if it were, it involved, of course, the credibility of the whole account, and stamped with the aspect of truth the impression her enemy had so skilfully striven to fasten upon her, that she was herself the one sole obstacle to Richard Sydney's happiness. The merest shadow of possibility that this might be the case rendered it, as she conceived, imperative, for his own sake, that she should adopt the one only means she possessed of ascertaining the truth, by

watching him that morning. But when she did indeed see him in close and, as it seemed, tenderest intercourse with her cousin, not even the consciousness that her very life was trembling in the balance could overcome the sense of honour which restrained her from going near enough to hear their conversation. She would not even look upon them, but lay down on the ground with her head in the dust, and in the endurance of such terror as seemed to rend the very soul within her—terror, that she was about to know—to learn by incontrovertible proof, that he to whom she had given her life and love—for whom she had sacrificed every earthly joy and every human tie—responded by no answering affection, but counted the irrevocable gift, which she herself had no power to withdraw, a burden heavy to be borne—a hateful clog on his own heart's happiness.

The miserable victim was, as her enemy had said, only too well prepared to believe this—it seemed suddenly and naturally to explain all that had been so incomprehensible to her in Sydney's conduct, ever since he had begun to act in accordance with the fatal vow, of which she knew nothing. After her father's death, they had not met until she was established at Randolph Abbey (whither she had at once removed), as Richard had felt that it was beyond his human strength to commence the system of cruelty to which he was bound, when the blow was yet recent which had deprived her of the parent's sheltering love, that might have softened, perhaps, the bitterness of the anguish he was about to inflict upon her. She believed it had been her father's wish that Sydney and herself should not again meet till she was under her uncle's protection. And this seemed so natural an arrangement that she thought nothing of it at the time beyond the pain of the brief separation. Now, however, the recollection came back upon her, as with a new and terrible signification, that

Sydney had spent this interval in Ireland, where his unfortunate sister was placed: and it seemed to her jealous, breaking heart but too evident that he had there met Lilius Randolph—met and loved her, as one so pure and beautiful must needs be loved.

If so, how simple was now the explanation of all his torturing severity—his harsh and crushing tyranny. He loved her no more! he loved another! Oh, was it so—was it, indeed, so? As she lay there, with this one awful question racking her inmost soul, it seemed to her, in the mere possibility of such a coming agony, as if the very earth were crumbling beneath her feet—the very world passing away, with all that it contained, and only one infinite and dreary waste of desolation spreading itself out before her, like the illimitable expanse of waters before the eyes of the drowning man. Yet this suspense seemed almost blessedness, a moment after, when even it was gone, with its bare possibility of hope, and when, dull, cold, heavy as the stroke of the executioner dividing soul and body, came the blow that finally and for ever separated her from all hope and peace, and possibility of joy upon this earth.

As she lay there, suddenly those footsteps came, whose tread seemed ever on her very heart, and that voice which, night and day, was echoing ever in her faithful soul, spoke out the words that were to her, in actual truth, the sentence of her death—the words that Sydney uttered so unconsciously to Lilius, when, in the excitement of his gratitude and returning hope, he called her by endearing names, and told her how her coming had been new life to him, and how he prayed her to return speedily, speedily, to bless him once again; and Aletheia heard Lilius answer, promising so softly to return and bring him good tidings. *Good tidings!* what were they to be?—tidings of her, of Aletheia's death! For surely thus alone could any prospect of happiness be given to those two who loved one another, and so loving, doubtless hated her. Oh, that they might have these good tidings soon!—oh, that they could have them even now! For Aletheia never doubted, when she heard their parting words, that Mrs. Randolph's words were true, and she herself, of all earth's living souls, most desolate.

She heard them—and they parted, and the merciless hoofs went past and touched her not, and trampled not down her palpitating frame. And so were they merciless, indeed, for sweet and welcome had been that death of violence compared with the horror of the life that was left her. They were gone, and she was alone, lying in her piteous, helpless misery, beneath that glorious sky, to which, alas! her earth-bound spirit never yet had turned; and for one moment her heart was convulsed with uncontrollable anguish as she thought on her own doom. In the prime of youth she lay there, fitted by every generous gift of nature to be to others a blessing, and herself most blest—with her intense affections and her deep, devoted tenderness, and yet how terrible a shipwreck had she made! Her whole heart's love—and what that love was, this history has already shown—her whole entire life, her every power, capacity, and thought had been lavished upon one, and that one had flung back the gift in her very face, not as worthless only, but as burdensome, as undeserved, as even abhorrent! Oh! in all this world's treasure-house of sorrows, was there one to equal such a consciousness?

Her fainting soul contracted as with a deadly spasm at the thought; but this lasted only for a few brief minutes; that space was given to her own ruined existence, and then the true woman's nature asserted its indomitable power, and she thought no longer of herself, but of him. Of him! and straightway, out of the chaos of misery in which her soul was plunged, there arose up one thought, clear, distinct, and of resistless might, which at once absorbed her whole being, and enslaved every faculty in its service. It was the sudden recollection that the happiness of Richard Sydney was in *her* power, not as she had hoped, in the one blessed dream for ever gone, by the unceasing devotion of her love, but by the withdrawal of herself from his life, his presence, his thoughts, so that she might be to him as though she had never been. And all was forgotten in that moment; all the sharp and dreary agony of her own utter desolation; all the faithlessness of him she could never cease to love, whilst she bent every power of her mind to the performance of this one work which was left to her on earth—this building up of his hap-

piness upon her own grave, if need be! for, in the first impulsive energy of her longing to perform this her allotted task, it seemed plain to her, that the surest means of accomplishing it was by her death.

Her death; oh! how gladly, how thankfully would she even then have made her own dead body a stepping-stone for him whereby to reach the desire of his heart! But she stood there a breathing, living being; and in that hour, when she was for ever hurled from her stronghold in this world, she dared not quench the faint gleam of heaven's better light, that too dimly had shone for her through the mist of her human passions, and now was the one solitary ray in the tremendous darkness that had fallen upon her. She dared not quench the half-conscious hope of a purer life in the deadly guilt of suicide. No! thus she could not save even Richard Sydney; but not the less she resolved, that though she were compelled to live, as it were, *unto herself* a piteous, agonising life, yet would she die to him. Yes! she would, she could become as dead to him; she would go forth, it mattered not where, without ever looking on his face again; and he should believe her dead, and rejoice to think that from the ashes of her mouldering corpse should spring for him a phoenix-life of new and happier love and joy.

At once Aletheia's resolution was taken: even to depart that hour, that instant, and never again let any one of those who had known her hitherto behold her face or hear her voice on earth. The deep, stern determination to do this thing, which now possessed her mind, seemed to drive out every other sensation, and her whole capability of thought and action became concentrated on the accomplishment of her purpose. She rose from the earth, and stood upright, rigid, and firm, as though her slight frame had been cast in iron; and she pressed both hands to her throbbing head, whilst she pondered for a few brief instants on the measures she must take for the execution of her resolve. Where she was to go, was not for a moment a question with her; it mattered absolutely nothing on what spot of this weary earth she laid herself down to die; only this she determined for the better security of her complete separation from those who were to believe her dead, that her

flight must be beyond the sea. She would go by the swiftest conveyance to the nearest coast, and there embark in the first ship that was prepared to leave England. Would she go without returning to the Abbey? It was what she earnestly desired, but it might not be; she must prepare some indication to be left behind her, that she knew the love which Richard and Lilius bore one to another, and had gone from the world that she might leave them to their joy; and she must provide herself with the necessary means for her departure; but this would be the work of a few minutes; she would go swiftly and silently, and as swiftly as silently depart.

And already her feet, so feeble heretofore, with steady, vigorous steps went over the meadow-land and bore her towards the Abbey. Where came then this strength, this energy, which seemed to have inspired, as with new life, her, whom so naturally we might have looked to see prostrate in her anguish? It was the terrible strength, the terrible vigour of that indomitable devotion which enables the woman to suffer torture, even unto the death, for him she loves. Had her love and her agony been less, her courage had been feebler also. At that moment she did virtually ignore her own existence, excepting in so far as it affected *his* happiness. She saw not herself as the desolate outcast driven out from the only love her pure heart had ever known or ever desired, but only as the stumbling-block on *his* path of hope and joy. As such she acted, as such she felt for the time; it was reserved to her future of despair to restore self-consciousness, and with it the better sentient knowledge in every moment and hour of the surpassing misery of her fate. It is this instinctive power of incorporating themselves in the life of those they love, which has enabled women to perform deeds of such rare dauntlessness and devotion; and assuredly, no suffering, which any from this cause have endured, could well have equalled that to which Aletheia knew, in her despairing calm, she was dooming herself in thus departing, never to return, from the one presence that was light and life to her.

She entered the Abbey by a side door so as to be completely unobserved, and stole quietly into her own room; she felt exactly like a criminal

whose time of execution is fixed, and who is constrained to wind up the affairs of this life in the last hours that are left to him. As she proceeded to make her preparations, her first care was to take every letter or gift she had ever received from Sydney, every thing which could indicate how entirely he had once devoted himself to her, and burn them; lest, haply, they might be found after her death, and bring odium upon him whom she still sought to honour with all pure and loving reverence. She then left all her other possessions untouched, for these alone had any value for her, and having provided herself with money for her journey, there remained only to find some means of acquainting Lilius and Sydney that she knew and blest their mutual love, and had for ever withdrawn herself from being, in any sense, an obstruction to their happiness.

To write to him was beyond her strength; did she but venture to address one single word to him, she well knew she could not restrain the expression of her utter wretchedness, and she would sooner have consumed her right hand in the fire than utter one syllable that would have grieved him; rather, for his dear sake, she longed, in every way, to lead him to believe that this, her worse than death-agony, was a painless parting!

But an easier method than this was open to her. She took from her finger, for the first and last time, the ring which Sydney himself had placed there as the seal of their union, and folded it in a piece of paper, on which she wrote only these few simple words—eloquent, indeed, of all she desired to convey:—

“Lilius, by the love which *I* have borne to Richard Sydney, I beseech you make him happy. Think of me as one at rest.

“ALETHEIA.”

There was no falsehood contained in these last words, for she knew that if, for her sorrow, her days were prolonged, she would yet rest in the still repose of despair—at least the struggle of life was over for her.

Aletheia believed that Lilius had not yet returned home, and she resolved to leave this in her room, but when she reached the door, which stood open, she saw that her cousin was indeed there, although not in a con-

dition to perceive her entrance. Lilius, wearied with her long walk, had fallen asleep on the sofa; even as she had once found Aletheia slumbering, she slumbered now—but how wide the contrast between the sleep of sorrow, whose deep unrest had filled her very heart with pity, and her own childlike sweet repose.

Thus sleeping, the perfect calm and innocence of her untroubled soul gave her an expression of extreme youth, to which her attitude corresponded; for she lay as a young child almost always does, with her head pillowed on her arm, and her long hair half hiding the rounded cheek and gently closed eyes. For a moment poor Aletheia felt as if it almost filled the convulsive beatings of her own sick heart to listen to that breathing, placid as an infant's, and look upon the sweet face where the light of the last smile seemed lingering yet; and a few scalding tears dropped from her eyes, as she acknowledged to herself that it was no wonder this angel child had robbed her of the love which had been her own life's hope. There was no bitterness of feeling against Lilius as she stood and looked upon her—her great sorrow was past all power of jealousy or envy.

Gently she laid upon that quiet breast the ring and the paper she had brought, and with a solemn, sad forgiveness bent over the sleeping child, and lightly kissed her forehead. Lilius did not move or awake, but she smiled in her happy dreams, attributing that caress perhaps to one far dearer, and the thought that it might be so, thrilled through Aletheia's heart with exquisite pain. It seemed the finishing stroke; she turned away, drew the thick veil over her face, and went out from her home—utterly and for evermore—ALONE.

The unnatural strength which had hitherto sustained her did not fail her now. There was a railway not far from the Abbey, whence she knew she could soon reach one of the swift-flying steamers, that would convey her to as great a distance as she desired. All the modern conveniences for travellers were in full operation in that part of the country, and Lilius herself had only arrived by a more primitive conveyance, because her Irish home was situated on so wild and unfrequented a spot on the coast, that she was quite out

of reach of them ; and her careful old grandfather preferred seeing her embark himself in the sailing vessel, which would carry her direct to the fishing village near the Abbey, rather than let her undertake a long journey to Dublin. Aletheia soon reached the station therefore, and asked when the next train started for the nearest sea-port town ? There was one about to depart almost immediately, and many minutes had not elapsed before she was miles away from Randolph Abbey, and from him for whom she lived, and without whom it appeared to her that life could not be. The power of thought seemed altogether taken from her during that fearful journey ; she sat rigid as a statue, and through the deep veil she wore those who travelled with her wondered to see her fixed eyes, looking as with a stony gaze which saw no visible thing. Some persons spoke to her, but she heard them not ; and she could never herself recall at any future time the events of that day, excepting as one dark and miserable blank.

Her movements were perfectly calm, and, as it would seem, full of forethought, yet they were, in truth, mechanical as those of an automaton. When the train arrived at its destination, she entered a carriage, and bid them drive to the shore. They soon reached it. The dull, heavy fall of the waves, as she approached the sea, smote on her soul as the most mournful sound she had ever heard. She could hardly divest herself of the idea that she was going to be buried alive beneath them ! and, truly, hers was to be a living burial. She desired them to inquire if there were any ships about to sail from England immediately ; they told her that a steamer bound for Ireland would be under weigh in a few minutes. It was enough. She left the carriage and went on board at once. She was the last passenger received, and the ship, almost instantly turning from the shore, plunged into a stormy sea, and sped on its way.

Night was closing in—a dark, tempestuous night, and the deck was soon deserted by all the passengers save Aletheia, who remained motionless on the seat where she had placed herself on first embarking. The attendants and others endeavoured to persuade her to go below ; but her only answer was, to entreat that they would leave

her undisturbed, in a tone so deeply, so calmly mournful, that not one dared to molest her further.

And there, the live-long night, she sat, with her pale hands folded on her knee, and her glazed eyes looking out, with an unmeaning stare, upon the dark boiling water, that writhed and foamed at her feet, and which yet she saw not ; for, in actual fact, her gaze was fixed in spirit on the one beloved face which, in mortal vision, she was never to behold again.

It seemed even unto herself throughout these dreadful hours as though she had been turned into a statue of stone ; and there were moments when her brain almost reeled, and she asked herself whether she were not, in very truth, the corpse she desired him to believe her, and death itself gone past with all the bitterness thereof ! She felt not the spray that drenched her garments, or the rough wind that drove back the hair from her face, and failed to bring a tinge of colour to the dead, white cheek ; nor yet, the cold of that boisterous night that chilled her limbs, till they were well nigh powerless, for the ice that had gathered round her heart rendered her insensible to all, and through the din of the tumultuous elements she listened unceasingly, with absorbed attention, to the mocking accents of the voice which had been the music of her life, and which she seemed still to hear uttering her name, in tones of deepest tenderness.

With the grey dawn of the morning the vessel reached her destination, and Aletheia, dragging herself along with difficulty on her failing feet, landed, with the rest of the passengers, in that great noble city which lies like a stately queen on the Irish shores. She shrank back with a feeling of terror from the sound of voices round her, and the rushing of many feet on the pavement, and she felt that the risk of discovery was too great in a scene like this, if, by any chance Sydney obtained a clue to her progress so far. She must, therefore, go further yet ; and there was, perhaps, an unconscious hope in her determination to do so, that the fatigues of this fearful journey might do for her what she dared not do for herself, and quench, at last, the miserable life that would not die within her. It seems a paradox to talk of the *strength of exhaustion*, yet there is such a thing, and it was that which now upheld Aletheia

Randolph. Every nerve was strained to the most painful tension, and she exerted her over-taxed powers with a sort of desperate tenacity.

From an hotel at no great distance, conveyances were starting to different parts of the country, and having ascertained which of them was going the longest day's journey, she placed herself within it, and was soon travelling along a road which led to one of the wildest and most mountainous parts of the Green Isle of the West.

How the day passed Aletheia never knew, for she fell almost immediately on leaving Dublin into a state of stupor, from which she did not awake till it was late in the evening. She then found that the coach, which had not yet reached its destination, had halted for a brief space, at a lonely village, situated in the midst of wild rugged hills, which seemed to rise up around it so as to shut it out completely from the external world. Aletheia felt, at last, that she could go no further, and this seemed a secure refuge where none were likely to seek or find her. With the utmost difficulty she alighted, being now altogether prostrate from fatigue and mental suffering. She looked round calmly for some place where she might lay down her head and die; for it seemed to her now that she must, within a very brief space, be quit of the burden of this existence which had become so intolerable.

The village inn was close to her, with several houses scattered round it; but there was no longer strength or courage within her fainting spirit to meet the gaze of living eyes, or hear

the sound of living voices. She believed, as we have said, that she was dying; and, like the poor stricken deer, that, as with an instinctive consciousness of the sacred dignity of death, hides itself in some thicket there to pant out its last breath unseen, Aletheia desired to find some unfrequented spot where her dying agonies—the agonies in soul and body which she endured for Richard Sydney, might be for ever concealed from all human scrutiny.

And such a resting-place seemed close at hand. In an isolated position, at a little distance, stood the village church, surrounded with its quiet burial ground. No human being was near it, and the shadows of evening were already falling round it like a mourning veil.

Thither Aletheia turned at once, staggering along with limbs well nigh powerless, and eyes so dim with gathering darkness, that she might well believe they never could look upon the light of earth again. With the last energy of the desperate resolution that had throughout upheld her, she reached, at last that home of quiet rest. Then she tottered feebly on among the graves till she found a narrow, vacant space, which seemed a fitting couch for her, and there laid herself down, calm as a child that seeks its placid slumber. At once, the unnatural excitement which had sustained her subsided, when the necessity for exertion was over; she had only time to cross her hands humbly on her breast, when her senses failed, and she became unconscious, though the scarcely perceptible heaving of her breast showed that life was not yet altogether extinct.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE UNSEEN RETRIBUTION COMMENCES.

LILIAS awoke from her sweet, happy slumber. She awoke, and started up with the name upon her lips that now contained all the promise of life for her. "Hubert!—Hubert!"—she had not seen him that day, and she must go at once to tell him all she had been doing, for already it had become a sort of necessity with her to impart to him every thought that passed through her bright, pure mind, and she knew how interested he would be in Aletheia's history, and he would tell her what was

right and what was wrong in the strange tale she had heard, and help her to form a right judgment in this as in all other matters; and so she sprung to the ground, that she might not delay another moment the deep joy of seeing him; but her movement caused the ring which Aletheia had laid on her breast to fall to the ground. Lilius started in astonishment, and stooped to pick it up; but who could have put it there? What could it be? Eagerly she unfolded the paper in which it was

wrapped, and at once recognised it as being the sole ornament which Aletheia ever wore, and one which never left her night or day. She had always felt convinced that this ring was connected with the mystery of her cousin's fate; and now as her eye fell upon the double initials, R.S. and A.R., which were inscribed on the inside, she readily understood what had been its meaning to Aletheia and Sydney. There was a date also, which she knew to be that of the year when their strange union had been accomplished; but it struck a sudden terror to her heart to think that this should have been given to her—what did it portend?

She was not long left in doubt; she had not immediately perceived that there were a few lines of writing in the paper in which it was enclosed, but the moment she read the brief and yet fearfully expressive words with which Aletheia Randolph had sealed her doom, the whole truth became plain to her at once; and, indeed, it would have required one far less frank of comprehension than Lilius to have had any doubt on the subject. It was palpably evident that her miserable cousin had in some way been deluded into the belief that she and Sydney had met as lovers.

Lilius's first exclamation was, "Some enemy has done this;" but where was Aletheia? She flew to her apartment in an agony of fear, lest it might be too late to save her from all the fearful consequences of such a delusion. Alas! the sight of her cousin's room only added to her apprehensions; it was vacant, and everything was arranged within it with the evident intention that the occupant should never return to it again. Where was she? Then for one instant the horrible idea of suicide passed through the mind of Lilius; but she as speedily discarded it. She felt, from what she knew of Aletheia, that this was a crime she never would commit; and with the relief which this conviction brought to her, her sunny spirit soon found means to seize upon a hope, that out of this present evil a great good would come.

Aletheia had left the Abbey; and it seemed, indeed, the only course she could have adopted under the false impression which misled her; but Lilius never doubted that Sydney could speedily trace her steps wherever she might have gone; and in the explanation which would follow, Aletheia

would be restored to far truer happiness than she could have known ever since her father had bound so terrible a vow on Richard's conscience. Lilius sat down, and at once wrote to him an account of what occurred, inclosing the ring and paper; and before she thought it possible that her letter could almost have reached Sydney Court, he had arrived at the utmost speed with which his horse could carry him, and burst into Lilius's room like one distracted. His first impulse had been to believe Aletheia lost to him for ever; but Lilius found no great difficulty in inspiring him with her own hopeful view of the case, and having ascertained from one of the servants, who had seen her go out, that Aletheia had taken the high road which led to the railway station, he started off at once in pursuit of her, promising to send Lilius tidings of the progress of his search in every stage of it.

Sydney's first attempt to discover at the station, if any one answering to his description of Aletheia had been there within the last few hours, was not so unsuccessful as might have been expected. Her appearance and manner had been too remarkable to escape notice. One of the porters did recollect the pale, silent lady, that looked, as he said, more like a corpse come out of its grave than a living being. He did not, however, in the very least, remember what train she had taken, or the direction in which she had travelled, and he was about to say so, in answer to Sydney's eager inquiries, when his worldly wisdom suggested to him, that probably he might receive some recompense for more satisfactory information, and he, therefore, confidently asserted that the lady had gone by the express to Dover, and that he perfectly recalled every circumstance connected with her departure.

Unhappily, it seemed so very probable that Aletheia might have indeed gone there for the purpose of crossing over to France, that Sydney adopted the idea at once, and started off instantly, on this false scent, with many a hope destined to a fearful disappointment, that all would be as Lilius had prophesied, and that Aletheia would be doubly restored to him when she came to know the secret of his mysterious conduct.

He thought it most likely that she would cross to Calais that evening, but

he could follow her without any delay, nor did he doubt that he could easily find her there, and as the train sped on its way, and carried him every instant further from her, he let his mind wander into dreams of an almost diivine joy, when he thought that he should see her once again and take her home to his heart, never more to suffer, as she had done, by even the faintest doubt of his love and truth.

Sydney wrote a few lines to Lilius, from the station, telling her that he believed he was already on Aletheia's track, and that he doubted not she would again be safe at the Abbey in a very few days; he further said, that for obvious reasons he was most anxious that the circumstances of her flight should be carefully hidden from all her relations, and that he trusted this matter to Lilius, who could with perfect truth tell her uncle that she knew the reason of her cousin's absence, and hoped to see her again at home very shortly.

Both Sir Michael and Lady Randolph, however, received the intelligence with great indifference. The temporary absence of one who held herself so completely aloof from all, could not in reality much affect any of the inhabitants of the Abbey. Poor Aletheia was too completely dead to everything but the one absorbing thought that governed her own life, to have awakened much interest, and it was only as one of the heirs, that they thought of her at all. Lady Randolph received Lilius's communication without comment, and Sir Michael said, that if Aletheia was returned at the close of the six months' probation he had appointed for his heirs, she might remain absent until then.

There was one, however, for whom the tidings of Aletheia's departure had a fearful meaning, and for a time Gabriel felt as if he must almost lose his senses in the terrible uncertainty as to whether her flight boded good or evil to him, nor was it until he had consulted with his mother on the subject, that he regained his composure. This base woman took a most favourable view of the circumstances, and she soon persuaded her son to adopt her own belief, that their plot had been even more successful than they could have hoped for. It was evident, she said, that they had placed the most effectual barrier between Aletheia and Sydney—in the one strong

indomitable resolution never to behold him again, which they had driven her to adopt through all the pangs of bitterest jealousy and despair. They had thus skilfully rendered her very self their agent, and it was certain that no efforts of theirs to effect a separation, could afford half the security against a meeting which Aletheia's own determined will could give.

Mrs. Randolph possessed, in too great a degree, the cunning and activity of a genuine intriguer, not to have ascertained all Sydney's movements, and she knew that he was gone in quest of Aletheia; but she likewise strongly suspected from her own conversation with the porter who had given him his information, that he had gone on a false scent; but at all events, she declared it mattered little whether it were so or not, as she was certain Aletheia would take measures to prevent the possibility of his discovering her retreat.

Gabriel believed this also, and there was a sense of triumph unutterable in the thought, but it was tempered by a terror of which he could not dispossess himself, that if lost to Sydney, she was lost to him likewise, and that she would so effectually conceal herself from his rival, as to render it impossible for himself to find her. This idea his mother overruled: she reminded him that Aletheia had not the same reasons for avoiding him, as she had for hiding herself from Richard, and that she might possibly be glad at some future time to reveal herself to him under promise of secrecy, in order to obtain tidings of her relations; and further, Mrs. Randolph had hopes still better grounded, that she might herself be brought into communication with her before many weeks had elapsed; for little as Gabriel's mother could understand the subtle refinement of the love which had been poor Aletheia's curse, she yet knew something of the woman's heart, and she felt certain that the deep-longing tenderness of her unhappy victim, would drive her by some means to discover whether her bitter sacrifice had indeed wrought the happiness of Sydney, for whose sake it had been made. This information it did indeed seem likely she would seek from the person whom she had hitherto trusted, as being at once his faithful dependent, and too completely an inferior in station and intellect, to

be a dangerous confidant. In this case Mrs. Randolph was certain to hear from her.

Gabriel saw that there was indeed some probability in this prospect, and he finally acquiesced entirely in his mother's decision, that he must patiently abide the result of Sydney's search; the more, as it was absolutely essential to him and his prospects, that he should remain at the Abbey till the inheritance had been decided.

"Go home, then," said his mother, in concluding the interview which restored him to calm. "Do you devote yourself wholly and unreservedly to overthrow the rival heirs, Lilius and Walter, and when Sydney abandons his search, under the belief that Aletheia is dead, as I foresee he will, trust me that, if she be above ground at all, I will find her for my son—the future Lord of Randolph Abbey."

"But if she be not—mother, mother—if she should be dead." Gabriel could say no more; the very thought brought the cold dews of anguish to his brow.

"Gabriel," said his mother, with a

certain solemnity which the force of truth gave to her words; "take my word for it—the soul of Aletheia Randolph cannot, if it would, depart this life until she knows, beyond a doubt, that he, for whom she dies, is more blest in her death than in her life, and that, remember, she must learn from me."

"Mother, it is enough. I believe you are right, and I trust myself implicitly to your guidance. Truly, there is work enough for me yet at the Abbey before I can bring these difficult machinations of ours to a close; and to that, as you wish, I will devote myself; but there can be no risk in gaining from Lilius all the information she can give me respecting Sydney's movements. She knows full well what Aletheia is to me, and will not be astonished at my anxiety."

"No, on the contrary, it may have a good effect that she should see it. Come, then, take courage, my child; trust me, all is well, and we are nearer the consummation of our highest hopes than you imagine;" and with these flattering hopes they parted.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

THERE was a strange contrast between the ungovernable passion which united Sydney and Aletheia, and the wild anguish which was its bitter fruit, and the calm, blessed love which cast its peaceful sunshine around Lilius and Hubert Lyle, gladdening the lives of both with a joy as deep as it was serene. We might draw a profitable lesson from this contrast, had we space to linger on it, because it resulted simply from the absence in the one case of that holy submission to better and higher laws than the impulses of human passion, which in the other was all powerful. The love of Aletheia and Sydney, though pure, was censurable, in that it had absorbed so utterly their heart and soul, that they could not have resigned or subdued it at the call of the Divine Love which alone may be the supreme affection of an immortal soul; but that of the deformed man and the sweet lily, whose presence had indeed shed the fragrance of happiness on his mortal days, was defaced by no such overwhelming exclusive-

ness, and had ever founded its hope in eternity rather than in any prospect of satisfaction in this world.

With Hubert, especially, this was the case; each day and hour increased the intense affection which he felt for the gentle child who had come so tenderly to nestle by his side, and with him this love was the more intense, that it was the one solitary feeling by which the human nature he had so laboured to crush, was permitted to assert its power. Yet, whilst he loved her with all the powers of his heart, he did so without ever for one moment anticipating, that his earthly destiny would in any sense be moulded in compassion to this love, but rather with a calm expectation that very soon their present intercourse, which was the sole joy he had ever expected from it, would be brought to a sudden termination, and he should be left to feel the chill of his loneliness, all the more bitter for his brief experience of her sweet influence on his life.

Lilius herself, with that great thoughtfulness which lay deep and still, below

her sparkling vivacity and artlessness, had fully resolved on her own line of conduct with regard to him, and she had done so in submission to what she believed to be her duty, although it was not less the course to which her own generous heart prompted her. She knew that he loved her unutterably, and that his love was without hope, because of the infirmities which he believed must for ever separate them; and she returned his affection with all the pure devotion of her soul, and was fully resolved that, since his happiness was in her hands, she would minister to it with nothing less than the gift of her entire life. She did not seek to precipitate an avowal of this her noble resolution, for she saw that he was perfectly happy in their present intercourse, and she waited, in her maidenly reserve, till some occasion should call forth the actual confession of his feelings, to bless him with the glad surprise of her answering love.

It was well that Lilius had thus prepared herself for her future course of action, and fixed it on so sure a foundation as that of duty and rectitude, for the storm was brooding over Randolph Abbey, which soon was to burst upon it and scatter its inhabitants in a strange confusion, that would sorely try those who had no better rule whereby to govern their lives, than the cravings of their soul, for such joys as most commended themselves to their passions.

Now, whilst Lilius and Hubert were thus steadily progressing towards a union as complete in outward ties as that which already bound them in heart, Gabriel was successfully pursuing his course of deception with his uncle, by persuading him that her marriage with Walter was an event not only certain, but speedily to be accomplished. Sir Michael implicitly believed him, and, only chafed somewhat at the delay which interfered with his plans, as they were now rapidly approaching the expiration of the term he had fixed for his decision respecting the inheritance. His irritable spirit was at this time in no mood to bear patiently the slightest contradiction; and when, from day to day, he found that Walter did not come, as he expected, to announce his marriage, he resolved that he would speak to his tardy nephew himself, and urge him to complete, without further delay, a union that was

to bring satisfaction to so many hearts. Sir Michael's chief motive in forming this resolution was, that he might have an opportunity of making a last attempt to subdue Lady Randolph's indomitable will to his own, and induce her to consent that the son he hated should be excluded from the possessions which he would have so gladly bestowed upon herself.

He came then to her room one morning, when some accidental circumstance had irritated him against Hubert even more than usual, and prefaced his attack upon her firmness by announcing to her that, as Walter and Lilius were mutually attached, their marriage was to take place very shortly. Lady Randolph was fully disposed to credit this statement. She had not been blind to Walter's admiration for his gentle cousin; and she never for one moment supposed that her own unhappy son could have been preferred to that noble young man, with his handsome form and manifold attractions. Yet the mode in which Sir Michael made the announcement galled her to the quick; and when he proceeded once more to make her the offer of the inheritance, on conditions which she had ever held to be a deliberate insult, she spurned it with more than her ordinary pride and scorn.

Her husband felt that this was a last struggle between them, and all the fiery passions of his nature rose to the conflict. His words became almost threatening, when he bade her think on the fate he would prepare for her if he now finally took measures to make Walter and Lilius his heirs. He reminded her that his life hung on a thread, and that, so soon as he should have departed to wait for her in the grave, there would indeed remain no other home to which, as his wife, she would be entitled, save only a resting-place in the burial-ground of the Randolphs. On earth (and he smiled grimly as he spoke), she would be a houseless, poverty-stricken widow, who must even go forth with this cherished son to starve, since she had declared herself too proud to accept the charity of his relations. Doubtless it would be offered to her—doubtless the future Lady of Randolph Abbey, the gentle Lilius, would give her rooms as a poor dependent, if she chose to accept them. And so, with taunting words, he goaded almost to madness this proud wo-

man, whom, at that moment, he scarce knew whether he most loved or hated.

Lady Randolph rose from her seat, every limb quivering with anger, yet calm by the desperate effort with which she restrained her passion.

"Sir Michael, I tell you, as I have told you from the commencement of this hateful strife, that, for the love of him whom alone upon this earth I have adored, I will not desert the son I bore him, and rather perish, if need be, by a death obscure and miserable, than meet him on the eternal shore, without this last proof of my affection, changeless still. Yes, he shall know then, that for his dear sake—for him, in the person of his only child—I have preferred starvation to these fair possessions. But for you, think not you have triumphed—I will defy you to the last. I married you that I might possess the wealth and luxury for which, by nature, I have a passionate craving; and these I will now take measures to enjoy to the very uttermost, till the hour when your dead hands shall rend them from my grasp. I will use every means of amusement and excitement which my present position can command. I will fill these halls with glittering, mirthful crowds, and forget in their society that your brilliant wife will soon be your starving widow. I will rouse the envy of all who see me by my magnificence and pomp. If the period of my power be brief, it shall, at least, be splendid; and now, even now, will I begin."

She turned as she spoke, and rung the bell with violence.

"Yes, Sir Michael, this very day will I begin. The finest horses in your stable, the most luxurious carriage, shall convey me—the most sumptuous garments shall adorn me—and so will I go to bid your neighbours and your friends to such a *fête* as this country never knew before."

"And I go to sign a will in favour of Lilius Randolph," exclaimed Sir Michael, nearly choking with rage at this scornful defiance, at once of his love and of his anger.

He flung himself out of the room, and heard, as he hurried from her presence, the order given to the servant who answered her summons, to send round the carriage immediately, and to desire that they would harness a pair of magnificent thorough-bred horses, which had cost Sir Michael an

extravagant price. His heart swelled with mortified pride at this indication that she did indeed mean to carry out her threats, and show the world for what purpose she had married him; and he retired to his study resolved, at least, to be as firm as herself, and to despatch a summons to his lawyer forthwith.

Lilius was passing through the hall when the carriage drove to the door, and Lady Randolph descended the stairs to go out.

"Are you going to drive, dear aunt?" she said. "Shall I go with you?" for she knew that Lady Randolph usually disliked extremely being without a companion.

"No, child, I choose to be alone," replied her aunt, with an abruptness which showed that her temper was greatly ruffled.

Lilius saw how it was with her, and said no more; but she gently took the shawl from the hands of the servant, and followed Lady Randolph to the carriage-steps that she might perform for her those little offices of kindness which she loved to lavish on Hubert's mother.

Suddenly, as Lady Randolph cast a quick glance on the equipage that awaited her, her eye kindled, and her cheek crimsoned with indignation.

"What is the meaning of this?" she exclaimed, angrily. "Why are my orders disobeyed? Did I not expressly desire the black horses to be harnessed to-day? Where are they—why are these greys here?"

"If you please, my lady," said the coachman, with some trepidation, "the blacks have not been exercised this week, and they are uncommon fresh, and I was afraid of what might happen if we had them out, and I thought —"

"And you thought you could slight my orders with impunity," interrupted Lady Randolph, who was only too glad to find an offending individual on whom to vent the rage that consumed her. "No servant of mine shall disobey me twice; get down off the box, and go to the steward for your wages—you are no longer in my service. And you, Wilton," turning to the under-coachman, who watched the scene with secret delight, "drive the carriage to the stable, and bring it back with the black horses as fast as you can. Let me see by your activity that you are

fit for the place which is vacant now."

It may be imagined with what alacrity the man obeyed. The wonted enmity subsisted between him and his colleague—for it is seldom that rival coachmen are on friendly terms—and this was a most unlooked-for triumph. It was not long before he returned with the two noble fiery horses, almost wresting the reins from his hands in their impetuous ardour. Lillas had witnessed the whole of this scene with dismay; she was almost terrified at her aunt's unusual harshness; and she was grieved for the deposed coachman, who stood, with sullen looks, muttering unpleasant prophecies as to the consequences of going out with such a pair of horses, and above all, with such a worthless driver; and now, when Lillas saw how the powerful animals did, indeed, chafe and paw the ground, and exhibit every symptom of ungovernable fire, she became really alarmed for her aunt's safety.

"Dear Lady Randolph," she said, "surely those horses are very wild—pray don't go out with them."

"Nonsense, child; you were always absurdly timid. I tell you their impetuous speed is precisely what I enjoy. I envy their fierceness and their strength," she added, as she looked at them and felt how vainly her own proud spirit chafed at its manifold bonds. "There, go to Hubert, go, he has not seen you to-day, and leave me to myself." She hastened into the carriage as she spoke, and bidding the man put his horses to their mettle, she was in another instant borne off at a pace which certainly did seem perilous; and Lillas returned to the house, that she might not hear the ill-omened mutterings of the disgraced servant. Her momentary uneasiness was, however, soon forgotten in the charm of Hubert's conversation; and the remainder of the afternoon was spent in answering a letter of Sydney's, who announced that he had as yet no tidings of Aletheia, although he still believed her to be in France.

It was past the usual hour for dinner, and the gong had not sounded, which made Lillas inquire the reason of the delay. She was told Lady Randolph had not returned. A sudden pang of apprehension shot through her heart, and she went down quickly to the terrace, whence she

could command a view of the avenue and part of the high-road. Here she found Sir Michael walking about, with a clouded brow. He seemed glad to see her, and, drawing her arm into his, they began to pace to and fro. Lillas saw at once that he was fully as much discomposed in temper as her aunt had been; she guessed that some scene of recrimination had taken place between them, and she remained prudently silent till her uncle spoke. Presently he took out his watch.

"Half-past seven!" he exclaimed. "Well, Lady Randolph is, indeed, resolved to show us how little she cares either for our society or our convenience; but she knows I like the dinner to be punctually at seven," he added, bitterly, "for which reason, I presume, she chooses to delay."

"I wish she would come home, indeed," said Lillas, anxiously; "but not on account of the dinner."

"Why, then?" asked Sir Michael, struck by her tone.

"Did you see the carriage when she went out?"

"No, I did not. Why do you ask?"

"Because she went with the black horses, and they were very fresh; and there was only Wilton to drive them, whom Walter thinks so careless."

Sir Michael's expression underwent an extraordinary change. He started with the most violent emotion—

"Child, do you mean to say there was any danger?" he exclaimed.

"It did not strike me so much at the time; but now I think it very strange that she delays, and I remember the coachman, Jenkins, whom she dismissed, seemed almost to anticipate some accident."

"Oh, the villain! and why did he not warn me?" said Sir Michael, passionately flinging aside her arm, and rushing to the steps, that he might send for assistance.

But suddenly Lillas followed, and laid a trembling hand upon his arm.

"Uncle," she whispered hoarsely.

The sound of her voice terrified him, he scarce knew why. He turned round with an inquiring look. She led him to the edge of the terrace, and pointed to the avenue. As his eyes fell on the sight which she indicated, a convulsive shuddering shook his frame; he leant heavily on her shoulder for support, and they stood together motion-

less and appalled. Slowly along the avenue a carriage was approaching. It was evidently one which had been procured at the village inn, and several men walked at the horses' heads, who were advancing at a foot-pace. Behind it, two common labourers appeared, leading the fatal black horses, now covered with blood and foam, their ardour stayed only too completely by the severe wounds which they had received. This dismal procession required no explanation. With one bound Lilius leaped from the terrace to the gravel walk, and ran to the hall-door, where she stood awaiting it. Sir Michael more slowly followed, for his limbs were palsied by terror. He was obliged to cling to one of the pillars for support as the carriage stopped at last before him. The first person that sprung from it was the village surgeon. He did not wait to speak to any one, but at once, with the assistance of the servants, who came flocking to the scene, removed the apparently lifeless form of Lady Randolph from the carriage, and carried her into the house.

"Show me a room where she can be laid at once," he said, looking round for some one who would understand the emergency.

Lilius instantly opened the door of an unoccupied room which entered from the hall, and the doctor, without another word, passed into it, and laid his motionless burden on the bed. All followed and crowded round. Sir Michael and Lilius were nearest, Walter a few paces farther back, and a number of servants behind him.

The first sound that was heard was the voice of the disgraced coachman, muttering low and yet distinct, words of such ominous import that all present shuddered as they heard them.

"My lady said I should never go out with her no more; but I will drive her once again in spite of her, and that's to her burying."

Yes, she lay there—the haughty woman who so lately had walked down scornfully amongst them, in the pride of her queen-like beauty—she lay there a ghastly, disfigured heap, with closed eyes, and lips white as ashes, and the blood congealing slowly on a large wound in her head.

Sir Michael, panting, struggling for utterance, grasped the surgeon's arm as with fingers of iron—

"Is she gone?" he gasped hoarsely; "tell me is she gone?"

"No, Sir Michael," replied the surgeon, in a tone of deep compassion; "Lady Randolph still breathes, but it were worse than useless to conceal the truth from you—she has received a mortal injury, and an hour or two must terminate her existence. The horses ran off, and precipitated the carriage down a steep bank. The coachman was killed, and Lady Randolph was extricated from it by some labourers, in the state you see her. They came for me immediately, but I can do nothing. Her end is fast approaching."

"Oh, my Catherine—my Catherine!" It was all forgotten, the variance and strife of their unhappy union—the bitterness and anger of the last few hours—her open hatred, and his despised love; he only saw before him, dying, dying fast, the one adored being, who had been the idol of his life, since first his strong heart had learned to beat with human passion; the peerless bride, that in his early days of hope and ardour he vowed to win, or perish; the beautiful young girl, who first awakened in his soul a vision of delight, as to the joys this earth might have. Dying! dying! Oh, could they not save her. He flung them aside, and threw himself upon his knees before the bed, while he grasped even the folds of her dress, and kissed them passionately.

"Save her—save her," he cried, turning to the doctor, "and you shall have my whole possessions; my fortune, if you will save her. Let me hear her voice once more."

The doctor shook his head.

"It is in vain, Sir Michael; indeed it is; no human aid can now avail her. The utmost I can do is to apply such powerful restoratives as may recall her to consciousness for a few brief moments before she passes from us; and, while I do so, it were well that any relations she might wish to see should be called."

The good man knew she had a son. It was of him that Lilius had thought unceasingly after the first moment of fearful consternation at this appalling accident. She had but waited to know what tidings she must take him, and now, quietly gliding through the crowd, she left the room. Walter understood, and approved her purpose, and he

opened the door for her with an eloquent look of approbation.

In a few minutes she reappeared, leading by the hand Hubert Lyle, whose face of deadly pallor, and eyes replete with anguish, showed that he was suffering intensely. Yet was he calm, for his was the sorrow of submission, whilst Sir Michael literally raved in all the frenzy of a grief that owned no lord. He looked round as they entered, and when he saw the object of his hatred, his expression changed to one of fiercest anger. He started up and stamped upon the ground—

“What, here! even here, wretched boy! Can I not even watch my dying wife, but you must come with Henry Lyle’s eyes to look on her—and me. Lilius, how have you dared to do this?” He would have rudely resisted Hubert’s approach, heedless of the crowd that surrounded him; but the young girl laid a restraining hand on his arm with a solemn dignity.

“Uncle, this is a death-bed,” she said; “in the presence of that awful power to which each one of us shall bow, all human passions must be hushed—rectitude alone must direct our actions, now and always. It is Hubert Lyle’s right to attend his mother in her dying moments as it is yours to be with your wife. There is room for both.”

She drew back to make way for the son, and signed to him to approach, whilst Sir Michael, quelled by the righteous judgment which he could not resist, though uttered by those innocent lips, no longer attempted to expel him, and only glared at him as a tiger would upon his prey. Hubert bent over Lady Randolph, and kissed her cold hands in an agony of grief.

“Dearest, dearest mother,” was all he could say; but these were the first words the dying woman heard, though without catching the sense of them. The strong stimulants had restored her to a brief consciousness; and as Hubert thus spoke to her, with his voice so strangely like his father’s, it seemed to her failing senses, in the delirium of weakness and approaching death, that the long-lost husband had returned to her—that her beloved was at her side once more. She stretched out her feeble hands to feel him, for the death-shadow lay dark upon her now sightless eyes; she spoke—and Sir Michael heard her voice once more as he had desired; but, oh! with what

torrents of bitterness was the very soul of the old man flooded as he heard the import of her words uttered in a gurgling whisper as if the spirit outward bound, were already at her lips in its departing.

“Oh! Henry, my Henry, are you come at last? I thought you never would return, my own, my darling husband. Oh! speak again, that I may know it is indeed yourself. I have been so faithful, dearest, I have never, for one instant, ceased to love you—always and only you! Speak, speak again, beloved; say you have come to take me home, never, never, more to part.”

“Never more to part, indeed,” said Hubert, with a burst of sorrow, for it seemed to him as if, truly, the spirit of his dead father had come to take her home even as she said.

She heard his answer, and still, in delusion, thinking nothing of her son, went on—

“Yes, yes; oh! I am so happy; you have been so long away, my Henry, and I have been so wretched, none can dream what I have suffered. Do you know?”—and she lowered her voice to a whisper—“Michael Randolph got possession of me—I cannot tell you how, but he had me in his power; and, oh! I hated him as much as I love you, my own; but now we shall never so much as speak of him we both abhor; he can never tear me from your arms again, since I at last am safe within them. Now let us go, beloved, let us go and rest in our own home;” and she twined her hands round Hubert’s neck.

“Oh! this is too much,” cried out Sir Michael, in a state of anguish, piteous to behold.

“Catherine, Catherine, will you die without one word save words of hate to me, who have so loved you?”

He flung himself almost upon her.

“My own wife, you are raving; he is dead the man of whom you speak. Oh! say one word of love to me—to me who have so worshipped you. I am your husband, I alone—your husband, Michael Randolph.

“No,” she shrieked out, clinging frantically to Hubert with the last energy of expiring strength. “Save me, Henry, save me; do you hear him? It is he, our enemy, he wants to drag me from your dear embrace. Take me away—oh, take me away, my own true husband, mine alone—and be-

fore all the world will I swear that you only have I loved, and him for ever hated."

She uttered these last words with a fearful effort, and it seemed to snap the thread of life. She drew her limbs up in a last convulsion, her frame collapsed, and Catherine Randolph sunk down in Hubert's arms, a corpse.

With the strength as it seemed of madness, Sir Michael threw his stepson back, and lifting up the head of his wife with both his hands, gazed steadily upon her still pallid face. Then drawing her close to his heart with one hand, whilst he clenched the other in a violent blow upon the breast of Hubert, he exclaimed, in a tone of concentrated rage which it was terrible to hear—"She is dead, I tell you she is dead, and therefore she is mine—if she was yours living, she is mine dead;" (he seemed to identify Hubert with his father)—"and, therefore, I say unto you begone!—begone out of this house this instant—this very hour. This house is mine, and there is no Catherine here to claim my promise that you shall abide in it. You have no right to set a foot within its threshold, and if you quit it not within this hour, I will command these very servants there to fling you from the door."

"It needs not," said Hubert, his white cheek kindling for a moment, and the next relapsing to a deadly pallor; "I know, indeed, this is no home for me, and willingly, believe me, I never passed one night beneath its roof. I might have thought that Christian pity would have let me linger by my mother's cold remains while they abode within it still; but it matters not, the living spirit is not here, and I shall meet these last poor relics at her grave. Profane not the house of death with violence, Sir Michael, for I go from it to return no more, whilst yet the breast is warm that cradled me in infancy." Calmly he stooped, and pressed a fond kiss on his mother's hand, while a few large tears fell heavily from his eyes; then rising, he fixed on Liliast one long look of such unutterable love and hopelessness, that even then it well-nigh broke her heart, and turning slowly, Hubert Lyle walked towards the door. The servants made way for him with a sort of mournful respect, and the lonely man went out, as he believed, friendless and a beggar; but Liliast followed him.

Sir Michael remained alone by that death-bed, unhallowed, and, therefore, awful, where neither heavenly hope nor penitence had been, and only the dark power of human passion.

WAR AND ITS RESULTS.

"But *Heaven's* most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter."—WORDSWORTH.

FROM the era of Creation, and the earliest dawn of historic records, down to the middle of this nineteenth century of grace—from the sweeping conquests of Ninus and Semiramis, and the siege of Troy, to the last invasion of Cuba by Lopez, and the destruction of Lagos inclusive—man, the pugnacious, has been invariably disposed to settle his quarrels, national and domestic, by force of arms rather than by weight of argument. All great changes, whether for good or evil, for advancement or retrogression, have been carried out more by the "holy text of pike and gun" than through the milder persuasives of religion and rational conviction. In the annals of the past, the brilliant

achievements of warriors constitute the most prominent, as also the most attractive chapters. There is a seductive charm in glory, so irresistible, that sometimes we almost detect ourselves wishing the aggressive cause to prevail, from admiration of the commanding genius by which its energies are misdirected. The false but dazzling glitter of military renown, perplexes and confounds the mind in an estimate of true magnanimity. The hero is less useful than the philosopher or mechanic. The world could better spare the memories of Hannibal and Cæsar than the discoveries of Newton and Watt. But the successful soldier is more talked of, is more imposing to

the eye, and has a greater retinue of external attractions. The thunder of artillery and the flourish of trumpets are impressive attendants on his state. The widow's cry, and the feeble wail of the orphan, are lost amidst the shouts of applauding multitudes. "These are the ushers of Marius," says the proud matron Volumnia; "before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears."

But the days of great general wars, it is said, have passed away for ever, and will return no more. Peace advocates have convinced themselves, and are labouring hard with pen and tongue to persuade their readers and hearers that the civilised nations of the globe are grown too wise to quarrel any longer—that they see the folly and wickedness of mutual destruction, and are resolved to live henceforward as one family. The lion and the lamb are lying down together, not in metaphor, but in reality. According to these reasoners, it argues a combination of legislative blindness and unjustifiable waste, to provide against an unprovoked attack on the part of the Prince President of France, because it is morally, religiously, and politically *improper*, that such an enterprise as the plunder of London should cross his imagination. If we credit our well-meaning, gentle philanthropists, railroads, steam-engines, electric telegraphs, monster excursion trains, industrial exhibitions, cheap literature, the removal of taxes on knowledge, free trade, concession without pledges, and, above all, the influence of the Gospel, have produced this sweeping revolution, which has utterly dissipated the prophecy of the ex-Emperor at St. Helena, that in a couple of generations Europe would be either Cossack or republican. The theory is very soothing and delightful; but how is it proved, and on what basis does it rest? We look abroad for facts by which to test the value of assertions, and we find, with the exception of London, every important European capital bristling with cannon, and the "circumstance of war," as if in a state of internal siege, and afraid of itself. We see entire populations transformed into national guards, to prevent their throats being cut by one another. Enormous standing armies are everywhere kept on foot, of course as symbolical of foreign

and domestic harmony, and to illustrate the principle that the best security for peace is a ready preparation for war. Perhaps the evidences of universal good-will lie in the subversion of republican Rome by republican France, with the temporary restoration of Papal despotism through foreign bayonets—in the mad escapade of the late King of Sardinia—in the revolts of Hungary and Sicily—the sanguinary battles between Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein—the recent almost deadly collision between Prussia and Austria—the military *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, with the available forces held ready in hand by all the leading powers of the Continent, either to pounce on the first unprotected frontier which presents temptation, or to keep down the bubbling turbulence at home, which threatens to destroy themselves. All this looks much more like an armed truce than a lasting pacification. England is fortunately placed without the volcanic arena, and can look calmly on, watching the result; due care being taken at the same time that the fire-engines are in order, and an ample supply of water at hand, to keep the embers of conflagration at a respectable distance. To a simple, unsophisticated mind, the present state of European politics savours of dangerous contradiction; but, reconciling apparent paradoxes, or, in other and more homely words, making black appear white, is the favourite rule by which modern philosophers prove themselves to be wiser than their antecedents, while they propose to expedite the millennium, and advance the existing social system to a rapid state of perfection.

The "Peace Congress," during the last summer, held their annual meetings at Exeter Hall, at each of which, something beyond the usual quantum of absurdity was uttered by philosophical Agapemonists, who glorified themselves into greater discoverers than Columbus or Galileo, for recording in wordy resolutions stale truisms which everybody knew before. Their intentions are benevolent; but they sadly mistake the process through which their objects can be accomplished. They are not the first community who have defeated themselves by a total incapacity of handling their own weapons. On the plan they lay down, the purpose they have in view will be

achieved somewhere about that clearly defined epoch, known in history as the "Greek Kalends." It has been affirmed, by respectable authority, that a certain unpopular penal colony is "paved with good intentions." We are not sure that we clearly understand this, or why it should be so, unless, perhaps, as a moral commentary on the folly of wasting life in impracticable speculations. The enthusiasts of the peace movement have adopted a school of logic peculiarly their own. Mr. C. Gilpin, as a preface to his resolution for abolishing loans, the sinews of war, propounded that, as war is wrong in itself, he who provides the means of doing anything wrong, is compromised in the action. Here is an appeal to the *petitio principii*, on a very extended scale, and evidently intended as a hint to the house of Rothschild and Co. We doubt if it will weigh much on their consciences when the next advantageous war loan, with responsible security, falls in their way. The Rev. Angell James, of Birmingham, discovered that it was very sinful and blasphemous to bless the colours of regiments. He should hardly pause here on the threshold, but should go on to denounce the military profession altogether; and, in furtherance of this principle, we could suggest to him to give a modernised version, with variations, of Tertullian's celebrated treatise "*De Corona Militis*," in which, some sixteen hundred and twenty years ago, that velvet-mouthed monitor informed the Roman legionaries, that fighting in obedience to their engagements was the direct avenue to damnation. But they heeded him not, and went fighting on as before. A learned German professor told the meeting, that from his own knowledge, thirty-five millions of the inhabitants of Austria were disciples of peace. Now, the entire population of the Austrian empire is given at thirty-seven millions. Seeing, as we have so lately seen, that the whole is one mass of rebellion, held under by the domineering interference of Russia, full to overflowing of intestine discords, ready to fall to by the ears again on the slightest invitation—that the ill-amalgamated fabric is tottering to a dissolution, and Kossuth preaching a crusade against it, with as much zeal as Peter the Hermit did of old against the Saracens, we take leave to doubt the accuracy of the cru-

dite gentleman's calculation, and think he must have made a slight mistake in what our sage King James would have called the *summa totalis*—or, as Joseph Hume translates it, "the tottle of the whole." We wonder whether the creed of our men of peace will allow them to fight *pro aris et focis* (as Major Sturgeon has it), when we are invaded, as some people assure us we shall certainly be, during the ensuing summer. We are much inclined to think many of these sturdy non-combatants would, on such an emergency, don their harness, and stand side by side, valorous competitors with the professional "Alexanders at sixpence per day," as Voltaire, that incorrigible scoffer, designates the regular soldiery. There is an old story of a Quaker, who happening to be on board a man of war when an enemy hove in sight, refused to take a part in the approaching conflict, but seeing that the captain, who talked big of close quarters, kept at a respectable distance—"Friend," said he coolly, "if thou really meanest to run down that vessel, port thy helm, or thou wilt never get near her." He was, probably, the same, who being, on another occasion, a passenger in an English frigate, when a French ship of much superior force bore down upon her, the captain who wanted all the hands he could muster, said—"Jonathan, wilt thou fight?" "I think not," answered Jonathan. "Then go below, and don't stay on deck to set a bad example." "Friend," rejoined Broadbrim, "I will not go below, and peradventure I may not set a bad example." As soon as the ships got into close action, he posted himself at the gangway, in a position of great danger and exposure. Whenever the enemy attempted to board, he seized one by the middle and flung him into the water, exclaiming, gently—"Friend, thou hast no business here." He was a genuine peace advocate, but he enforced his arguments by practical demonstration. Your sons of harmony often ring out telling discords when their blood is fairly excited. A volunteer corps of Quakers would, we suspect, prove troublesome customers, opposed to an Algerine battalion.

War appears to be a necessary evil, contingent on the fallen state of humanity. We shall never cease to bend under its influence. This dreaded engine in promoting revolutions, must therefore always be associated with a

controlling interest. Two very well-written volumes appeared in June last, from the pen of Professor Creasy, of the London University, entitled "*The Fifteen decisive Battles of the World.*"* A more exciting subject could scarcely have been selected. The author remarks justly in his preface—"For a writer of the present day to choose battles for his favourite topic, merely because they were battles—merely because so many myriads of troops were arrayed in them, and so many hundreds or thousands of human beings stabbed, hewed, or shot each other to death during them, would argue strange weakness or depravity of mind. Yet, it cannot be denied, that a fearful and wonderful interest is attached to those scenes of carnage. There are some battles also which claim our attention, on account of their enduring importance, and by reason of the practical influence on our own social and political condition, which we can trace up to the results of those engagements. They have for us an abiding and actual interest, both while we investigate the chain of causes and effects by which they have helped to make us what we are; and also, while we speculate on what we probably should have been, if any one of those battles had come to a different termination." This reasoning is clear and convincing; but the title of Mr. Creasy's book invites objection at the outset. The exclusive preliminary article "the," stands like "Sir Oracle," demanding acquiescence, while controversy is prohibited. Remove the dogmatic monosyllable, or the qualifying numeral adjective which follows, and the question remains an open one, to be decided by the most convincing arguments. Mr. Creasy writes in a forcible style, with the accuracy of a diligent historian. His selection is built on what he designates "phenomena of primary impulses;" the seed producing the tree, which otherwise could not have existed. The principle is sound in the abstract; but we think we shall succeed in showing, that it fails in more than one instance of individual application, selected by the author himself, and that in others he

has departed from his own rule. The series commences with **MARATHON**—a soul-stirring theme, and an enduring name. Far be it from us to undervalue that noble deed of patriotism, or to dim the bright halo of glory with which its memory is encircled:—

"The battle-field where Persia's victim horde
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn, to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word."†

The field was won by Miltiades with his Athenians, and the routed host of Datis and Artaphernes took refuge in their ships. Looking at the disparity of numbers, and the comparative loss, this *was* indeed a great battle, with an almost incredible result; but we cannot agree with Mr. Creasy, that this victory was decisive of the fate of Greece. It certainly taught the Greeks that the Persians were not invincible, but the subsequent invasion by Xerxes proved that the power of his mighty empire was checked, not broken, by the first repulse. Had the result been different, and Athens sacked, it is too much to assume that the conquest of all the hardy republics of the Grecian confederacy could have followed as a necessary consequence. It was seen afterwards that Athens itself was not extinguished, because the city and territory of Attica were abandoned. The first invading army came on a mission of predatory retaliation, rather than with a view to permanent conquest. Nine years before, the Athenians and Eretrians had plundered Sardis by a sudden march, and the insult demanded signal vengeance at the hands of the Great King. Compared with the millions poured into Greece by Xerxes, the army of the Satraps defeated at Marathon was a mere detachment. In our opinion, Salamis, Plataea, and Mycale were the "decisive" battles which secured the triumph of civilisation over barbarism, destroyed the might of Persia, and secured thenceforward the independence of Greece. Marathon obtained a respite, and was most important as an example and encouragement. In Mr. Creasy's own words, it "originated a new impulse," but the subsequent greater conflicts

* "*The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo.*" By E. S. Creasy, M.A., &c. &c. In 2 vols. cr. 8vo. Bentley, London. 1851.

† Lord Byron, "*Childe Harold*," Canto 2. The noble poet says the plain of Marathon was offered to him for sale in 1810, at the sum of sixteen thousand piasters—about nine hundred pounds sterling.

“turned back the tide of fate,” and formed the critical epoch in the history of the two nations. The distinction appears to us to be precisely that between the opening scene and catastrophe of a dramatic representation. The question entirely resolves itself into a matter of opinion, and would scarcely elicit a unanimous verdict from a jury specially empanelled to decide on the case.

We come next to the “**DEFEAT OF THE ATHENIANS AT SYRACUSE**,” a decisive failure, which influenced the destinies of nations to the full extent, argued by Mr. Creasy, and the other authorities from whom he has quoted. But it is surely a misnomer to apply the singular insulated term “battle” to a long series of varying and complicated operations, extending over a period of two years, and embracing numerous conflicts by sea and land. The retreat of the Ten Thousand, the retreat of the French army from Moscow, the retreat of the British from Cabul, all these are in many features parallel cases, and, except the first, similar in disastrous results; but to call either a “battle” would be a misapplied term, reversing the axiom in mathematics, and implying that a part is equal to the whole, rather than that the whole is equal to all its parts taken together. These remarks may be considered, by some, as splitting hairs, and mere verbal criticism, but why should not the historian be as severely accurate in his terms as in his facts? We recommend the following sentences which occur at page 73, vol. ii., to the close study of all advocates for democratic ascendancy, and believers in model republics, with the blessings of fraternity, liberty, and equality!—“All republics that acquire supremacy over other nations, rule them selfishly and oppressively. There is no exception to this in either ancient or modern times. Carthage, Rome, Venice, Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Holland, and Republican France, all tyrannised over every province and subject state where they gained authority.”

Mr. Creasy passes over the career of Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, and totally omits the “battle of Chæronea,” which destroyed the independence of the Grecian republics, and firmly established the Macedonian supremacy over Greece. Had this decisive conflict ended differently, the

career of the renowned Emathian conqueror might never have taken place, or changed the destinies of the world. Arguing back on the Professor’s own doctrine of primary impulses, Chæronea and not Arbela should be selected as the originating cause of the subsequent events. But ARBELA was unquestionably the culminating point from whence the conquests of Alexander derived permanence and consistency. Had he been defeated or killed on that field, himself or his surviving generals might have extricated the remains of the army, and carried them back to the coast, but the dream of universal sovereignty would have been dissipated for ever. Quintus Curtius and Arrian, in ancient times, have given us histories of Alexander and his astonishing achievements. The former writes in the style of a romancing fabulist—the latter as a reasonable and judicious biographer. The battle of Arbela ranks high among the decisive victories of the world. It was won by a rare combination of military skill, discipline, and valour, and the consequences were commensurate. “Alexander’s victory at Arbela,” says Mr. Creasy, “not only overthrew an oriental dynasty, but established European rulers in its stead. It broke the monotony of the eastern world by the impression of western energy and superior civilisation—even as England’s present mission is to break up the mental and moral stagnation of India and Cathay, by pouring upon and through them the impulsive current of Anglo-Saxon commerce and conquest.”

Between the Athenian discomfiture at Syracuse and the battle of the METABRUS, the fourth in our author’s list, two hundred and six years elapsed. During this interval, the rising importance of Rome had nearly been extinguished for ever by the invasion of the Gauls under Brennus, B.C., 390, and that of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, who was finally defeated, after desperate and doubtful conflicts, B.C., 275. Had either of these enterprises terminated successfully, the predominating power of Europe would have passed into other hands, and the pages of history would have been written in other tongues. Polybius, in his introduction, which is a summary of the early Roman history previous to the first Punic war, makes no mention of the victory gained by Camillus over the Gauls, so much ce-

lebrated by Livy. He expressly says, "The Romans were compelled to purchase peace on the terms which the Gauls thought proper to impose." The grave character of Polybius, and his strict observance of truth and consistency, argue strongly in favour of his assertion. Livy, on the contrary, has been justly accused of indulging in flights of imagination, and probably invented this famous battle to embellish his pages. The earlier historian, Polybius, ranks higher as an authority; he ought to have had better opportunities of ascertaining the real fact, with less interest in exaggerating or detracting from the fame of the Romans. Rome was taken by Brennus, nineteen years after the battle of *Ægos Potamos*, and sixteen before that of *Leuctra*.

On the action of the *Metaurus*, we think the reasoning of Mr. Creasy is again at fault. The result, most certainly, prevented Carthage from conquering Rome, but by no means entailed the downfall of Carthage. It was decisive on one side of the question, but not on the other. The double conclusion cannot be borne out by the consequences. The despairing exclamation of Hannibal—"Rome will now be the mistress of the world!" wrung from him in the first agony of disappointment, is hardly to be construed into an admission, that because the fortunes of Rome were then in the ascendant, his own country must of necessity be destroyed. When Pitt received the news of *Austerlitz*, he said to his secretary, pointing to the map of Europe, "Roll up that map, it will not be required these twenty years." Had he lived but seven years longer, he would have seen that his momentary despondency had made him a false prophet. The "unequalled march" of the consul Nero, as Lord Byron terms it, was a noble specimen of strategic ability, worthy of Epaminondas, Frederic, or Wellington. It saved Rome, which, but for his manœuvre and victory, would have fallen under the combined attack of *Hasdrubal* and Hannibal. But the latter still held his unflinching grasp of Southern Italy, and relaxed not his hold for more than five long years, until finally recalled to defend his own country. He then embarked without molestation, carrying

with him his veteran soldiers, all his *materiel* of war, and his military chest. The fate of Carthage hung in the balance when he encountered Scipio on the field of *ZAMA*. The fortunes of the two rival republics were to take their colour from the issue of that day. Carthage had still her unconquered general, with all the *prestige* of his glory, and had gained victories under greater disadvantages. She was fighting for existence on her own soil in the very crisis of her destiny. The star of Hannibal went down for ever; the humiliating conditions to which Carthage was forced to submit, reduced her at once to a nominal sovereignty, the peace was nothing but a truce, and the third Punic war a pretext to be acted on at the pleasure of Rome. But had fortune or Providence decided otherwise, had Hannibal defeated and destroyed the army of Scipio at Zama, as completely as fifteen years before he had done that of *Paulus Æmilius* at *Cannæ*, Carthage could then, at least, have commanded peace on equal terms; both nations would have paused to recover breath, and recruit their exhausted strength; the ambitious dictum of the Roman senate, "*delenda est Carthago*," must have been placed in abeyance for an indefinite period, while the current of events would have been checked, if not diverted altogether into another channel. Surely, then, it will be difficult to show good and sufficient cause why Zama should be excluded from the list of "those few battles, of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes."*

Our author now passes over another interval of two hundred and eight years; and deals next with the slaughter of *Varus* and his legions by *Arminius*. This was the heaviest blow inflicted on Rome since she had arrived at greatness, and forced her to abandon for ever all projects of permanent conquest beyond the Rhine. *Tiberius*, *Germanicus*, *Drusus*, and, at a later period, the apostate Emperor, *Julian*, each conducted successful expeditions across the barrier-stream, but Germany, liberated by her native hero, never became a portion of the Roman empire; and in the fifth century, took the lead

* Hallam, as quoted by Professor Creasy.

in parcelling out the provinces of the Cæsars into the kingdoms of modern Europe. Nearly one hundred years before the triumph of Arminius, occurred "the great and terrible war of the Cimbri and Teutones against Rome." This horde of barbarians emigrated from the north to seek by force of arms a more congenial settlement in the tempting south. Their object was plunder and extermination. Rome, and the prospects of advancing civilisation, were in danger, not of eclipse, but of total extinction. These savage invaders destroyed successively two Roman armies, under Spurius Cassius, and Q. Servilius Cæpio, with his colleague, Cneius Manlius. In the words of Mr. Creasy, "the military genius of Marius here saved his country." In the year 102 B.C. he defeated the Teutones at Aix, in Provence, and, a few months later, utterly swept away the army of the Cimbri, who had passed the Alps, near Vercellæ. Yet these two battles, which rescued from impending destruction the foremost nation of the civilised world, are passed over by the historian, who proposes to give an exclusive list of the great feats in war which have materially influenced the social and political condition of mankind. Then came, preceding the catastrophe of Varus, in regular succession, PHARSALIA, PHILIPPI, ACTIUM. In our humble opinion, those three "decisive battles" operated materially on "the drama of the world in its subsequent scenes." Against "THE BATTLE OF CHALONS," A.D. 451, and that of TOURS, A.D. 732, we have nothing to object. The progress of Attila and barbarous idolatry was stayed by the one, and the fiat of "thus far and no farther" was issued conclusively by the other, to the hitherto irresistible followers of Mohammed. These two glorious deeds of chivalry will endure for ever as imperishable landmarks and beacons of light. But what would have been the condition of Christian Rome in 451, if Constantine had not triumphed over Maxentius, one hundred and forty years earlier, on the banks of the Tiber, and under the symbol of the cross? We dwell not on the questionable miracle of the signal in the heavens, but on the undisputed fact that the success, conversion, and sovereign influence of Constantine, gave to Christianity an impulsive lever which a contrary result

of the conflict at Rome, A.D. 312, would have entirely set aside. Yet this decisive battle is passed over as slight and of no moment. Again, reverting to the victory of TOURS, we naturally look back to Mr. Creasy's fundamental theory, "the phenomena of primary impulse." And thus the reflecting mirror carries us to the little valley of BEDER, in Arabia, and the year 623, where we find the false prophet, Mohammed, in the infancy of his bold assumption, with three hundred and thirteen devoted followers, confronting the hostile forces of the Koreish, amounting to nine hundred and fifty horse and foot—a paltry skirmish, as regards the numbers engaged (or destroyed), but involving the destiny and future fortunes of countless thousands in its result. We entirely agree with Mr. Creasy, "that it is not the number of killed and wounded in a battle that determines its general historical importance." Had Mohammed fallen on that first and petty field of contest, and his adherents been dispersed or slaughtered, the future sweeping victories of Abubeker, Omar, Caled, Amrou, Abdallah, and their successors, would never have occupied a prominent position in the pages of history; the hosts of Charles Martel and Abderahman would never have met in mortal conflict on the level plain of Tours; and the nations of the world would not have beheld, in 1852, as many millions subjected to the mistaken faith of Islam, as bow in reverence before the pure Gospel of the Redeemer.

The battle of HASTINGS, the eighth in the series allowed by Mr. Creasy, gave a powerful kingdom to the Conqueror, and substituted Norman improvement for Saxon ignorance and intemperance. But it is not generally remembered that the complete subjugation of England employed ten years of incessant warfare, with many hard contested fights, and much expenditure of blood and treasure. The first great victory of William of Normandy saw his rival's death, and gave him a crown. But he was compelled to vindicate his right to its permanent inheritance at the point of the lance, and by frequent and bloody instalments. Time rolled on: Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, effaced the national disgrace of Hastings, and, in retaliation, gave France to Normanised England. The VICTORY OF JOAN OF ARC, AT ORLEANS, with

her brilliant defeat and capture of the formidable Lord Talbot, at Patay (through the cowardice of Sir John Fastolf), again turned the tide, which flowed for twenty-three successive years in favour of France, until the decisive battle of Castillon, in 1452, terminated a long succession of wars, by the final expulsion of the English. But, admitting the full measure of glory which circles round the brow of the pure virgin of Domremy, neither her victory at Orleans nor Patay gave the "primary impulse" to the fiery valour of France. Even during the lifetime of the great conqueror, Henry V., the charm of English invincibility was broken. At Beaugé, in Anjou, in the year 1421, the Duke of Clarence attacked a combined army of French and Scotch auxiliaries. He was defeated and slain, and left fifteen hundred gallant warriors on the field of battle. Then followed in rapid succession the taking of Constantinople, by Mahomet II., with the establishment of the Turkish rule and religion in Eastern Europe. The first victory of Cortez in Mexico, with a few hardy warriors against countless numbers (an undoubted "phenomenon of primary impulse"); the conquest of Peru by Pizarro; and the great sea-fight at Lepanto, which gave the first effectual check to the advance of the Ottomans—are none of these actions worthy to be included in the great military achievements which have changed the features of society? The chronological series has brought us down to the DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA in 1588—the tenth of Mr. Creasy's fifteen battles—a great and conclusive catastrophe, which secured the independence of England, and, perhaps, the existence of the Protestant faith. But this mighty result was achieved quite as much by the elements, as by the prowess of man, and partly in despite of Queen Elizabeth—who, on receiving news that the Armada had suffered heavy loss on the day after they sailed from Lisbon by a violent tempest, which obliged them to put into Corunna, immediately concluded that the design of invasion was abandoned for that summer, and wrote to the admiral, instigated by motives of parsimony, desiring him to lay up the large ships and discharge the seamen. Fortunately for England, Lord Howard of Effingham was a bold and true patriot. He ventured to disobey the orders of the lioness, and beg-

ged to keep all the ships in commission, even if it should be at his own expense. With his name, those of his subordinate lieutenants, Drake, Hawkins, Fro-bisher, and Raleigh, are bound together in a circle of immortality.

BLEINHEIM in 1704, and PULTOWA in 1709, stand pre-eminently forward in Mr. Creasy's list. Glorious battles they were, with vast results—those of the latter, by far the most influential and enduring. Blenheim dissipated entirely the visions of universal conquest which had so long disturbed the imagination of Louis XIV., and materially affected the prospects of the Protestant religion on the Continent; but the objects obtained by this, and the subsequent victories of Marlborough, were, in a great measure, nullified by the treaty of Utrecht, when England abandoned her allies, resigned nearly all her blood-stained advantages, and relaxed her hold of her implacable enemy, when he was nearly strangled in her hands. How often have we gained all in fight, and lost everything by treaty! Pultowa reduced Sweden, which until then had stood in the front rank, to the condition of a second-rate monarchy, from whence she has never recovered, while—

"The power and fortune of the war
Has passed to the triumphant Czar."

Russia, before that date but little estimated, and whose extinction was confidently predicted, became, by the event of Pultowa, arbitress of the north of Europe—a position she has never since abandoned; while her population, internal resources, and political influence, have gone on steadily increasing until she has become a bugbear to the nations of the Continent, and a darkening cloud to be closely watched by those who have enjoyed the blessings of civil and religious liberty. While feeling so clearly and acutely the influence which the blows struck at the bigotry and intolerance of Louis XIV. exercised on the advancement of the Gospel, we marvel much that Mr. Creasy has passed over in silence the decisive campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus, who came forward in 1630 as the avowed champion of his faith, when the Protestants of Northern and Central Germany were nearly annihilated under the iron despotism of Austria. The fields of Leipsig and Lutzen (the latter sealed with his

blood) attest to all posterity the importance of his services, the commanding military ability by which they were accomplished, and the consequences by which they were attended. The pages of history present few characters so perfectly unsullied both in public and in private life, as that of Gustavus Adolphus. His kingdom and interests were removed beyond the reach of danger. He had no views of personal ambition, no selfish schemes to gratify. He took the field from conviction, and gave up his repose, his energies, and his life, to maintain the cause which his conscience told him was a righteous one. His skill in war places him in the foremost file of great and successful commanders. Original in his tactics, rapid and decisive in striking at the critical moment, he wrested from the veteran Tilly the laurel which he had won in thirty victories, and taught the haughty Wallenstein that he was able to force him from his intrenchments, and compel him to fight when little disposed to risk the chance of battle. His admirable system of discipline was diametrically contrasted with the unbridled license of the Imperial armies, who, like marauding moss-troopers, plundered friends and foes with equal brutality. The influence of his reputation and character long survived the brief term of his mortal existence; while the skilful statesmen, generals, and well-trained soldiers of that eminent school, upheld, in many intricate negotiations and numerous well-contested fields, the ancient glories of Scandinavia. Gustavus of Sweden was evidently a chosen instrument, selected for a particular object; and, by the wise, but to us unfathomable dispensations of Providence, was stopped short in his mission at the moment of its accomplishment. His portion in the eventful history of the 'Thirty Years' War operated most powerfully on the existing and future prospects of the European community. The effect of the achievements of this great monarch was not without its full influence on the terms of the treaty of Westphalia.

The Seven Years' War, from 1756 to 1763, with the victories of Frederic of Prussia, form another decisive epoch in the history of European advancement. A state, which a few years before had been a feeble electorate, by the military energy of its rulers was converted into a powerful kingdom,

standing as a bulwark and balance against the encroachments of France and Austria. Frederic the Great was, personally, an unbelieving scoffer, but as a monarch and leader of armies his successful battles advanced the cause of true religion.

We think Mr. Creasy shows, by good reasoning, that the defeat and surrender of General Burgoyne at SARATOGA, was the turning pivot on which the fortune of England depended in the quarrel with her American Colonies. The fighting continued for six years longer, until wound up by the capture of a second British army at York Town—a very humiliating close to a contest, begun in a grievous spirit of injustice, and carried on throughout by an extraordinary succession of errors, with no redeeming display of combined ability or military skill. Washington and Gates proved to be better generals than Clinton, Burgoyne, and Cornwallis. The Americans themselves date from "Bunker's Hill" as their early harbinger of independence, and to this hour celebrate as a victory the hardy resistance which their untried recruits there opposed to the practised warriors of Great Britain. It was to them "a primary impulse," the impression of which was never absent from their minds in all the subsequent engagements. Bad generalship on our part threw away a host of valuable lives. Had the English commanders, instead of taking the bull by the horns and marching straight up the face of the hill, turned the flank of the American position by landing their forces higher up the river, their object would have been effected with little difficulty and trifling loss. But we have often suffered dearly for holding an enemy in contempt, and several rough lessons have not entirely cured this fatal monomania.

The importance of VALMY appears to us greatly exaggerated. It was a trifling affair in itself, although the armies on both sides were more numerous than many which before and since have changed the destinies of empires. The sanguinary and more decisive conflict at JEMAPPES, which took place a fortnight later, according to our judgment, "determined the belligerent character of the French Revolution, and the imperishable activity of its republican principles." Jemappes, and not Valmy, gave Belgium to France, and

recalled the Duke of Brunswick from his intended promenade to Paris. Valmy, compared to Jemappes, was as Montebello to Marengo, the overture indicating and foretelling, rather than deciding the catastrophe. A reader perusing Mr. Creasy's account, and unacquainted with any other, would be unable to discover that such a battle as Jemappes had ever been fought; that an Austrian army was there driven from an intrenched position of great strength; that the consequences gave a whole country to the victors, and rescued their own land from impending invasion. If Dumouriez had been beaten at Jemappes, Valmy would scarcely have been remembered. So far from the army under Kellermann being chiefly composed of "raw Carmagnole levies, artisans, and base mechanics, who had never been drilled into military machines," it will be found, on comparing credible authorities, that the greater part consisted of old soldiers; and the French had the advantage of a fortified post, well supported by artillery. The flourish which some of their writers make about desperate charges, and crossing bayonets with the Prussians, is sheer romance. There was no such home collision at Valmy, nor in any subsequent battle throughout the war. Crossing bayonets is a poetical vision. At Valmy, the actual fighting, as Horace Walpole says of Falkirk, in 1746, "lay in a very small compass;" though not for the same reason he assigns, "that the greater part of both armies ran away." But they kept at a respectable distance, and reduced the whole affair to what has been, with greater truth, called "*The Cannonade of Valmy*." It was one of the noisiest of combats. Each of the two armies fired throughout the day more than twenty thousand cannon-shot, and yet lost no more in killed and wounded than three or four hundred men on either side.* "*The Duke of Brunswick*," says Dumouriez, "very phlegmatically commenced a useless cannonade, and thus lost four inestimable hours, instead of deciding the affair immediately by a sudden attack, the success of which was infallible, and the attempt not dangerous, as his retreat was secure."

The Prussians rushed boldly up the hill, and then as boldly rushed down again, unpursued by the French. Kellermann was satisfied that his men held their ground. Recruits will seldom fly when mingled with veterans. At Jemappes, Dumouriez rendered this impossible, by placing the "Carmagnoles" in the front line, with the Austrian cannon before them, and the bayonets of their own comrades in the rear. Mr. Creasy says, "the Prussians retreated, leaving eight hundred dead behind, and at nightfall the French remained victors on the heights of Valmy." It was, in fact, a drawn battle. Other authorities say, the Prussians lay all night under arms on the heights of La Lune, in their original position, between Kellermann and the direct line of his communications, and that the French general, without beat of drum, retreated and crossed the small river Aube, to take up a better position, nearer to Sainte Menehould. The French point to Valmy with an air of triumph, because they half expected, and ought to have been, well beaten, but were agreeably disappointed.

The surpassing glory of WATERLOO is placed beyond dispute or discussion. Most truly has Byron apostrophised that mighty conflict—

"Thou first and last of fields, king-making victory."

But even if the result had been otherwise—if Napoleon had issued his bulletin of triumph from the Palace of Lacken, while Wellington and Blücher retreated with the wreck of their forces to Antwerp and Holland, the Emperor's term of sovereignty was still a limited one. He had no reserves, while the overwhelming hosts of Russia and Austria were rapidly approaching the Rhine. The heart of France was not with him. He depended on the army alone; the nation was tired of war, and wanted a respite from the empty glory which drained its population and exhausted its coffers. La Vendée and the South were ready for insurrection, and the grand theatrical spectacle of the "*Champ de Mai*" he knew and felt to be a failure. He would have found himself like the scorpion, enveloped by a circle of fire, with no escape but self-

* See a very carefully compiled authority, "*The History of George the Third*," vol. iii.

destruction. Turning again to first causes, the fall of Napoleon may be dated from the burning of Moscow, and more conclusively from the disastrous issue of Leipsig, while the primary impulse undoubtedly sprang from the victories of Lord Wellington in the Peninsula. "The Spanish ulcer," as Talleyrand emphatically expressed himself, was eating into the vitals of France, when, in all the outward exuberance of florid health, his splendid legions crossed the Niemen, and advanced to the anticipated conquest of Russia. Let us suppose the three mortal days of Leipsig had been reversed. Napoleon from Berlin could have commanded such a peace as might have enabled France, after a short respite, to strike again for the dominion of the Continent. When we consider the terms offered to him at Chatillon in 1814, where he stood at bay, a hunted lion, without the chance of escape, we may judge what he might have extorted, had Leipsig proved to him another Austerlitz, Jena, or Wagram.

We must now close this discursive essay, for which Mr. Creasy's book has furnished us with the leading materials. It is impossible to enumerate here all the "decisive battles" which appear to us to have operated signally on the changes of the world, and on which the author we are considering says, "it is probable no two historical inquirers will entirely agree." Such perfect coincidence in matters resting on opinion is impossible. But as rapid thought presents familiar images, memory suggests readily, PLASSEY, which laid the foundations of our Indian empire, with many other intermediate deeds of arms, down to SOBRAON and GOOJERAT, by which the stately fabric has been finally

consolidated. Reverting again to our own domestic annals, we find BANNOCKBURN, which gave enduring independence to a neighbouring kingdom, with BOSWORTH and NASEBY, which subverted dynasties and governments, and of which opposite results "would have essentially varied the drama of the world." If the Plantagenet had proved victorious at Bosworth, in 1485, the feudal system, with the hereditary influence of the great barons, would have continued to prevail for an indefinite period; while the rise of the middling classes, the mercantile interests, the representative community, and the flourishing marine, commenced under the Tudors, and fostered by the Stuarts, might never have existed, to place England on the pinnacle on which she now stands. If Charles the First had succeeded at Naseby as completely as Cromwell did afterwards at Worcester, and if the stubborn Protector had fallen before he grasped the helm of sovereignty, "the right divine of kings to govern wrong" (as it has been called) would have been strengthened by the decision of arms; while bigotry and selfish policy could have stopped the march of salutary freedom and general education.

In conclusion, we are fully alive to the merit of Mr. Creasy's volumes, and their value as general historical references, although we differ from him on some essential points of detail. His book will continue to be read with entertainment and profitable instruction. We dislike the fashion of his title-page, and we consider his list as much too narrow and exclusive. We have endeavoured to show why we think some items in his selection are invested with undue importance, while others might have figured there on far superior pretensions.

STRAY LEAVES FROM GREECE.—PART III.

Argos—the Town, Theatre, Ruins, &c.—Presentiments of Evil—A Greek Quarrel—Faithlessness of the Austrian Captain—Our Desertion—Pelargo—The Hotel at Nauplia—Dinner the Chef-d'œuvre—We start for Corinth—Incidents of the Road—Nemea—Adventure—Manque—Arrival at Corinth—Detention at Calamaki—We sail for Athens—Dead Calm, and Night at Sea.

WITH a hearty laugh, and an injunction to the coachman to mend his pace, we started once more, and in half-an-hour reached the far-famed town of Argos—a straggling collection of miserable abodes, dirty shops, and tumble-down stalls;—we rattled through it as fast as voice and whip could compel our unfortunate horses, and alighted at the foot of the Acropolis.

There was something irresistibly comic in the affected resignation with which our Sudetto friend (gathering a kind of desperate indifference from his despair) listened to the plans according to which we were to explore the sites, and examine the remains (albeit sufficiently small) of the world-noted spot on which we stood; and it was only when Lord Ward, with the gravity of a judge, and an *elan* which would have done honour to our antiquarian, proposed that we should commence operations by ascending the Acropolis—thus securing a general idea which would give value to our minute observations—that he discovered we were amusing ourselves at his expense. The few minutes thus wasted, were, as we were destined later to comprehend, of vital importance. Already our appreciation of the flight of time, and the comparative merits of the past and present, had received a marvellous impulsion from the fact, reported by our Phaeton, that the steam of the vessel was already up; and we determined (feeling that to leave Argos wholly unexplored was simply impossible) to limit our researches (if such a term may be applied to observations so superficial as ours) to the theatre, and the Roman remains contiguous to it. The former is a very interesting proof of the largeness of idea, and contempt of difficulty, which is so peculiarly characteristic of the works of the people to whom it is to be attributed. The fact, indeed, of a theatre, probably one of many, capable of containing 14,000 people, is one which requires no comment.

The Roman restorations and additions, in brick and mortar, are reduced either to shapeless masses, or to the level of the soil, while the greater portion of the original work remains intact; time having been insufficient to erase from the stone the marks of the chisel. The Roman ruin, a quadrangular building, is wholly without interest, at least to those who, like ourselves, had seen those of Rome; and a shrug of the shoulders was, I believe, the extent of the notice bestowed upon it. Already the sun was low in the horizon, and with a kind of nervous presentiment of evil, we commenced accusing each other of tardiness and waste of time. The road from Argos to Nauplia formed an entire contrast to that which we had hitherto found, smooth as a bowling-green and level as a billiard-table; and we were whirling with most satisfactory speed towards our destination, when the driver of the second carriage, inspired, either by the wine he had imbibed at Argos, or a sudden *accès* of the morning emulation, attempted to pass: the result was a collision; a curious demonstration of the amount of noise two people are capable, under certain conditions, of making; and an example of the indefinite number of abusive epithets which may be introduced into a given number of words, without producing what would be, elsewhere, inevitable results.

As a general rule, it may be very well to trust to the wisdom of sayings which have received the sanction of ages; but there are exceptions, and this was one. For some time we acted upon an implicit faith in the maxim, “too strong to last long;” but finding, *au contraire*, that the longer the storm lasted, the stronger it became, we were compelled to resort to extreme measures. What the worthy belligerents dared not inflict upon each other, we administered with the strictest impartiality to both. The result of a few “well-placed” blows was a sudden cessation of hostilities, and the resumption

of our rapid journey. During the time thus occupied, V—— sat, gazing with a kind of basaliskian, rattlesnakian fascination upon the steamer, now distinctly visible—his mouth open, his eye glaring, his hand grasping (with a force which endangered the continuity of his skin) the side of the carriage, unconscious of all that was going on. As we started, we were scared by a groan, which might have given vent to the accumulated agonies of the world at large, followed immediately by the terrible announcement of the long-dreaded fact of the vessel's departure, couched in the strong and expressive words, "By ——, she's off." It was, alas! too true: the steamer had weighed anchor, and was already in motion. Deprived of all power of speech, we pointed to the harbour, jingled the contents of a full purse in the driver's ears, and having thus tremendously appealed to his Hellenic organisation, we stared blankly in each others' faces.

"Nobody knows what a horse can do till he tries it," says a popular writer; and assuredly no one would have given ours credit for the pace at which he dashed recklessly along. As we approached the town, it became evident that we were waited for, and our hopes revived; about a mile from the city, when, owing to intervening objects, we could no longer discern the vessel, we were met by a train of ragged men and demi-nude boys, all panting, breathless, and eager, who pointed, with gestures demoniacally eloquent, to the town. We could not understand a word; but gathering from their emphatic pantomime the fullest confirmation of our fears, we urged the drivers forward. Strongly excited, half-maddened, indeed, by the hope of gain, and the above-mentioned emulative peculiarity, they goaded the unfortunate animals to their utmost speed. Reckless of life or limb, we dashed through the town, upsetting everything and paralysing with terror everybody in our way, and followed by abuse, of which, fortunately, we could only understand the *animus*. Panting and out of breath, our coachman drew up so short that the pole of the vehicle following us passed through the back of our carriage, and good-naturedly assisted in the excavation of the hamper from beneath the seat, while the horses, unable to keep their footing, or glad of an excuse to rest, rolled quietly upon the pavement.

To leap to the ground and rush to the *quai* was a brief operation. Not readily shall I forget the scene which awaited us. In the centre of a mass of articles the most incongruous—carpet-bags, coats, cloaks, eye glasses, chessmen, drawing materials, books, dressing-boxes, sticks, pistols, and parasols, and all the appurtenances, in fact, of rather luxurious travellers—stood "Pelasgo," a Greek courier, whom we had brought from Corfu, livid with a rage too deep for words, his breast heaving, his eyes distended, his figure dilated, and his whole attitude bespeaking a state of mind the effect of which the gallant Austrian would do well to avoid: he was the very impersonation of southern excitement. It was but too true; after waiting for us a few minutes, deaf to all entreaties (our fares were paid *à avance*), and scarcely allowing time for the *enlèvement* of our goods and chattels, the miserable deceiver had steamed quietly away, leaving us to our fates, and the tender mercies of the inhabitants, bipedal and multipedal, of Nauplia.

It was a heavy blow to be thus hopelessly doomed to pass a night in the wretched town, which, with all the good-nature resulting from absolute independence of its deficiencies, we had found so little tempting. A shock to all; to poor V——, to whose sorrows was added the possible chance of missing a projected trip to the far east, in the brig commanded by his gallant brother, it was too much. As is usual in such cases, the ladies were the first to recover their equanimity, and to set the good example of making the best of a bad thing. Preceded by Pelasgo, who, endued by the passion in which he still remained, with superhuman strength, strode unflinchingly under the weight of a mass of *roba* piled upon his shoulders, with about the same mercy as the Neapolitans display in loading their caratelle, we directed our steps to the hotel, called, in bitter mockery of our anticipated sufferings, "*delle pace*," reminding one of Byron's couplet—

"Thro' streets, called groves, as being devoid of trees,
O'er mounts, called pleasant, having naught to please."

As we were gazing blankly enough down the narrow vista of dirty houses, looking out for "our hotel" (God save the mark), we were brought to a sud-

den pause, by the announcement, "*siamo arrivati ecco l'albergo.*" Not without hesitation, and in an order resulting from a chivalric feeling that men ought to go first into such a place, we entered a damp, dark, greasy kind of courtyard; and, under the guidance of the master-spirit, ascended the dilapidated staircase, followed and encountered by faces sufficiently dirty and villanous-looking to satisfy the romance of the most novel-reading young lady of fifteen; thence ushered into the kitchen, we beheld divers preparations, exemplifying the precept, "*optimum est alienâ frui insaniâ,*" and indicating our host's appreciation of the genus *things*, so ably distinguished by little Bailey as "*consequences.*"

Inquiring for our rooms, we were answered by a weak stare of bewildered amazement, preparing us in a slight degree for what we were to expect. After a family consultation, during which the muscles of the landlord's face underwent a series of contortions they had probably never known before, and certainly never without organic destruction could undergo again, having lighted a smoky oil-lamp, the worthy man proceeded to unfold the mysteries of his *ménage*. I shall spare my readers any detailed account; let it suffice to say, that I should be unable to convey to him or her, any conception of its utter discomfort, squalid wretchedness, and pretentious misery. The floors were literally caked with accumulated dirt; the walls were time-stained, paperless, and rough; the ceilings cracked, and preaching from a thousand flaws the advantages of dry weather; the beds, such as would have defied the seven sleepers of St. Albans; the chairs and tables "maimed and disfigured by the hand of time," while the perfumes exhaled by every part and portion, were, to use the meekest of meek expletives, anti-appetising.

The process of dining which we underwent, rather than performed, was very amusing. A portion of soup—dangerously hot water salted, regardless of expense, with a few strings of vermicelli floating about, horribly suggestive of the derivation of the term *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, was ladled out, with an air which would have been to "Gaunymede himself a hint," and placed before each, regarded suspiciously, and dismissed. The lamb, bearing an unpleasant resemblance to its "natural

enemy" in an infant state, was torn asunder, with a magnanimous disregard to anatomical rules, and distributed, to be treated in a similar way, the host eyeing us the while with a kind of conscious superiority and self-reliance most ludicrous. Presently he retired, and, after a few moments, his face flushed, his eye kindled, and holding over his head a steaming dish, the contents of which we could not discern, he reappeared. The keeper of the regalia never deposited the precious charge upon its velvet cushion with more reverential awe, or greater pride in his trust, than did the portly landlord his master-piece upon the soiled tablecloth. His appearance was greeted, I regret to say, with a burst of uncontrollable laughter; no frog under the touch of the galvanic wire—not Guy Stephan herself, catalepted in her most outrageous defiance of normal attitudes, could present such a caricature of animal form, as did the unfortunate turkey thus placed upon the table. Wiping his forehead, the host waved his hand, and exclaimed, in tones in which triumph and remorse were strangely mingled—"*Ecco! Mior e signori, il gallinaccio casolino, l'idol dei poderi bimbi, sacrificato sull'altaro, dei suoi appetiti. Mangia pure! i dolori fanciuleschi passano.*" Again the good man partially cleaned his apron upon his cheeks; and, overcome by his feelings, left the room. I should think that Regulus rolling down the hill in his tub of spikes, had as good a chance of sleeping as we had at the Hotel "*Della Pace.*" Not having closed one's eyes involved being awake early; and with the first ray of light I dressed, and sallied forth, to procure a memento of Nauplia. Having done this satisfactorily, many parts of the town being, truth to tell, singularly picturesque, I returned to breakfast, found our party all assembled, and, considering the state of affairs, in great force. At nine we started, having determined to ride across the country to Corinth, and thence to go to Calamaki, in order to meet the Monday's steamer to Athens. Borrowing from the governor of the city two side-saddles, and laying the whole industrial population under an embargo for provisions, we started; and in about two hours reached Krobota, where we found the horses, which we had sent on over night, awaiting us.

There is always great fun in an equestrian start on the Continent: the large majority of saddles which slip round, of bits which fall out, of stirrups which will not, and cannot be made of equal length, of horses which will not, or cannot move, is sure to be made merriment; and ours at Krobota formed no exception. In due course, however, we were finally mounted, and *en route* for Corinth, purposing to diverge a little from the main road, to refresh and repose for an hour under the scanty shade afforded by the temple of Nemea. It was a glorious day, bright and cloudless, with a fine breeze and a certain elasticity in the air, which makes fatigue comparatively light. Our road was varied and beautiful, presenting in turn every element of landscape perfection. The greater portion of it lay either by the side or in the bed of a small river, profusely bordered by magnificent oleanders, and pursuing, with merry voice, its brilliant and sparkling way. After all, there is no enjoyment so great as that of passing through a lovely country in fine weather; it is a pleasure *sans arriere pensee*—pure and bright, stamping the mind with images which have no alloy. To the reader quietly reposing in his arm-chair any account of the vagaries in which our happiness found vent, would create a smile very possibly of contempt. We leaped the streams, scaled rocks, and culled flowers, chased hares and entrapped tortoises, and even indulged in visions of wolves and wild boars. After a delightful ride of two or three hours (we were too happy to take minute note of time), we reached the point at which the *sentiero* leading to Nemea diverged from the main road.

Being by chance in the van, I and my companion enjoyed the full benefit of the life and animation given to the scene by the long train of horses, mules, travellers, and attendants, winding, at various intervals, along the narrow pathway, and forming a foreground of singular beauty to one of the most perfect landscape combinations I have ever seen. Large masses of grey granite, their forms defined by the bright sun-light, stood out amidst the richest colouring which heather, broom, myrtle, the gorgeous oleander, and the bright green of the young ferns, in their profusest growth, could produce. Amidst these, obeying their arbitrary

commands, the narrow path meandered, dotted here and there by the baggage-laden mules, with their picturesque guides, and the long train of idlers whom so unusual an event had attracted. Farther off, a wide plain, formed by the bases of two lines of broken mountain ranges, led the eye to a small angle of the sea, from whose shores the town of Argos, and the battlemented citadel stood out, purple as a sapphire, against a back-ground of mountain, endued by the prismatic atmosphere with a thousand nameless *nuances* of tone. After pausing a few moments in silent admiration, we proceeded towards Nemea, giving an order to the drivers of the baggage-mules to follow, not thinking it wise to trust to their honesty. We had proceeded, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, ere we discovered that this order had not been obeyed; and, after a brief consultation, it was agreed that two of us should return, taking the above-mentioned Greek courier as interpreter, and bring up the refractory escorts. We galloped back, and soon gained the main path. Nothing was to be seen of them; but we saw, however, by the foot-prints, that they must have gone forward, and, accordingly, we put spurs to our horses, and gave chase. In ten minutes we reached the brow of a hill, commanding the entire plain between Nemea and the rocky defiles forming the approach to Corinth. Completely *desorientes*, we drew rein. I had fancied that my horse had shewn an inclination to diverge to the right at a particular spot; and we agreed to trot back, leaving the beasts entirely to their own guidance.

At the same spot, my sagacious beast made a dart to the left with such rapidity that, had I not been prepared, I should probably have done what Pelasgo, in the most ludicrous manner possible, did—lose his seat, and roll, screaming for assistance (like Pelham in the puddle at Paris), amid the sharp points of the prickly pear and juniper trees. Feeling sure we were upon the right scent, we merely pressed our horses forward, and soon came to a rapid descent, leading to a vast wall of rock, which rose almost perpendicularly from the banks of the river. Seeing part of a mule behind a projecting portion of the rock, and being by this time rejoined by Pelasgo, we forded the stream, and ascended the

opposite bank. Salvator Rosa would have clapped his hands with glee at the scene which, as we turned suddenly the abrupt wall of granite, met our gaze. The rascally guides, evidently determined upon appropriating the contents of our carpet-bags, had unladen the mules, tied them to the knarled roots of the ivy which decorated the entrance to an enormous cave, and were, at the moment we entered, on the point of demonstrating the futility of any trust in Bramah, and the superior efficacy of the most primitive of weapons. It was a moment of great excitement. Starting to their feet, every hand, except the one already armed, was plunged into the left vest; and, as they were about five to one in number, we awaited, not wholly without anxiety, the result of a brief discussion, during which we mounted the little space which separated us from them. A moment's hesitation, the slightest indication of fear, and all would have been lost; so, speaking loud and distinctly, I desired Pelasgo to tell them that we had fire-arms of a kind they had never heard of, and could each kill a dozen or two without the smallest fatigue. A derisive laugh greeted this speech; so, deliberately drawing our revolvers, we quietly levelled them at the heads of the two ringleaders, and not descending to any further parley, pointed imperiously to the carpet-bags, and then to the mules. The effect was instantaneous; the man who had taken the initiative, fell on his knees, and swore by all that was most sacred, they never had the faintest idea of robbing us, but had merely come there to rest the horses while we were gone to Nemea. Our best policy was, clearly, to accept this barefaced lie; so we ordered Pelasgo to urge all speed upon them. We waited until the animals were once more laden, and, keeping mischief before us, rejoined our party. Here an excellent luncheon rewarded our diligence, and, by restoring our equanimity, mental and physical, qualified us for the full enjoyment of these impressive ruins, amid which we sat, built of the most inferior material I have ever seen adopted in Greece, and bearing evidence, both in execution and design, of a very early stage of art. There are several circumstances which invest this singular ruin with a peculiar and distinct interest. Standing absolutely

alone in the centre of a vast and featureless plain, nothing detracts from its solemn and impressive grandeur, or diverts the mind of the observer from its contemplation. One of the questions most invariably suggested by the ruins, which add such a measureless charm to Rome, Pæstum, Sicily, and Greece, and which is at the same time most difficult of solution is, by what possible agency the results we at once admire and deplore, have been produced. Here all is evident; time has not dared to interfere with the work of a mightier destroyer than itself; and either its solitary position, or the worthlessness of its material, has protected it wholly from the spoliation of man, or from any evidence of that offensive bad taste, which is so inseparably connected with any efforts he may be induced, for the sake of self-glorification or pecuniary profit, to make in the arrestation of the stern, but certain ellect of ages. The mountains have been shaken, the earth has rocked to and fro, and the works of the mighty have been levelled with the dust. Nowhere exist evidences so unmistakable of the presence of the earthquake; as they fell, so lie the fluted columns, the triglyphed entablature, the sculptured pediment—not a fragment is missing—the capital may be half-buried, overgrown with moss, or concealed by briars, but it is there. Every course of which each colour was composed is there; and often these, forming an entire column, lie piled against each other, in an order so regular, as to suggest rather the fact of intention than the exertion of the resistless force which, from the radiated manner in which the fallen shafts lie around the base, must have heaved the whole fabric upwards bodily in the centre. The three columns which remain seem rather to exist by the caprice of the destroyer, than from any existivie power of their own; for the blocks of which they are composed have been shaken from their centres, and the capitals hurled from their places. After being allowed half-an-hour to make a sketch, we remounted our horses, and, somewhat sobered by fatigue, proceeded upon our journey. As we traversed the plain, a magnificent eagle soared proudly from the earth, holding in his talons a large black mass. A pistol-shot so far destroyed his composure, that he dropped

his prey, which proved to be a large tortoise, the back of which he had broken, in order to devour (a feat almost entirely accomplished) the unfortunate animal. As if conscious that he was out of reach, he hung a few moments suspended over our heads, and then swept grandly through the air. Without adventure of any kind, we pursued our way; conversation was an effort, and it became painfully evident that some of our party had been over-tasked. The sun set, and still Corinth was distant: the pedestrians of our number began to flag, and dropped behind; our horses, dead beat, required all our energies to keep them going; and in answer to the question, repeated at varied intervals, as to our probable arrival, the same provoking "*fra poco*," tried our patience to the utmost. I cannot say how intensely painful was that last weary, weary hour. V—— and I had left our horses, to walk by the side of our friends; and as every moment added to their sufferings, without affording any reasonable prospect of relief, it will be readily imagined that the first glimmering ray of light which bespoke our approach to Corinth, was hailed with intense thankfulness and delight. I believe the natural goodness of my disposition has prevailed; but I remember well vowing, that so long as I lived I would never forgive V—— for deceiving us as he did, with regard to the accommodation at Corinth. That it was worse than that of Nauplia may seem to be impossible, but was not the less simply true: food we could procure none, and rum, perniciously strong, was the only fluid, except water. Too much worn out to leave their rooms, or touch anything in the shape of food, our lady companions left us to our repose, and we all four prepared to pass the night as we best might. In the room in which we had hoped to dine sumptuously, pinning our faith to V——'s poetic description, was a single bed; and after some trouble, having procured three mattresses, we arranged our respective couches. Having a wholesome dread of rats, and a peculiar dislike to black beetles and mice, I placed my bed upon six chairs, taking care to surround my haven with a line of water; a precaution laughed at by my friends, but which, if generally adopted, would have ensured us a good night's rest. As it was, I had no sooner fallen asleep,

than I was awakened by an exclamation more potent than choice, in which the animal world in general, and mice in particular, were consigned to the devil. And this lasted all night. No sooner had I closed my eyes, than I was disturbed, to curse V——'s wakefulness, and envy the profound slumber of those who dreamed on unconscious of all that was passing around them. As the morning broke, cold and grey, I sat up in my bed, and looked around me. I could not help thinking what would the beloved ones at home feel if they could be suddenly clairvoyant, and behold us in that beggarly abode of misery and squalid discomfort. Rising at once, and performing my ablution as well as circumstances would permit, I wandered out, and, directed by a painter's instinct, soon reached the object of my search, the temple of Minerva Chalamatis.

With some difficulty, being absolutely ignorant of the modern Greek language, I procured a supply of water, and commenced my sketch from the point which, after due deliberation, I selected, and, in which, the Acrocorinthus—certainly one of the grandest mountain forms the throes of a convulsed world ever produced—forms its back-ground. This temple is peculiarly adapted to the purposes of painting. The columns, seven in number, are rich in colour, and time-worn to the precise degree required by the picturesque, receiving from a thousand injuries all the detail of the highest finish of Chiaroscuro. It is of the Doric order—simple, and inelegant perhaps in proportion; but deriving from its intense colouring, a more than compensating charm. It is a very singular fact, that no instance of the beautiful order which took its name from this city, exists near it, and, still more so, that the acanthus, from whose graceful leaves, according to the well-known tale, the idea was derived, is not indigenous to the soil. These ruins are said (and the assertion is borne out by the coarseness of the material, as well as by the general proportions), to be the oldest remains in the length and breadth of Greece. Its history is wrapped in the profoundest obscurity; its very name, although given with the coolest aplomb by Murray, is a matter of conjecture—the only point upon which antiquarians are agreed, being its extreme antiquity. I had just time

to finish my drawing, when I was summoned to breakfast, where I found the whole party assembled. Two of them, V——, and our antiquarian, the only members of our company who had been sufficiently enterprising to ascend the citadel, were dilating with fervent eloquence upon the glories of the prospect which had rewarded the ascent, leaving far behind every other point of view which they had seen. I have too often remarked how invariably any expedition performed by one or more of a number, is, *par excellence*, the expedition of the journey, to be at all surprised at this, and, therefore, easily consoled myself with the possession of a valuable drawing, endeavouring, as far as possible, to remedy my loss by drinking deep at the fountain of their observation. It required but little stretch of the imagination to comprehend the charm of such a view; to look down from a spot synonymous with glory, from walls whose every stone is eloquent of the poet, upon such a scene, might warm the coldest heart, and excite the most phlegmatic. With one sweep of the eye you behold the summits of Parnassus, the homes of the Muses, and Helicon, of Parnes, Hymettus, Cithæron, and the Acropolis of Athens, the Gulf of Lepanto, the Ægean Sea, the Bays of Corinth and Livadostro; the States of Achaia, Locris, Phœcis, Bœotia, Attica, and Argolis. Verily I do not know that the assertion of the worthy pair was at all exaggerated. The modern town is deplorably wretched. Indeed, all the abuse I have lavished upon Nauplia may be applied in its most literal sense to Corinth; and it is necessary to recall its successive devastations by the Roman, the Goth, the Greek, and the Turk, to be able to realize the unquestioned fact, that here the policy, the art, the legislation, and commerce of the world were centred; and that luxury, refinement, and civilization, had reached a point, which seemed rather the descendant of a more ancient than the descendant of a more modern age than the present.

an open felucca, and sail to Athens. Having selected what appeared to me the trimmest craft in the harbour, we were preparing to embark, the boat having been pulled alongside the quay, when we found our irate Pelasgo was missing. A very few inquiries led to the somewhat startling discovery, that he had been thrown into durance vile for some offence, the precise nature of which it was not easy to understand. So we marched to the authorities, and after a short parley with the sentinels, in which we acquitted ourselves in excellent Italian, and they in, no doubt, equally unexceptionable Greek, neither understanding one word of what the other said, we were admitted into the court, which we found sitting in full conclave. An interpreter being procured, we were begged to take seats, a civility which we declined, and the proceedings commenced.

The unfortunate Pelasgo, heavily handcuffed, sat upon a stone bench, completely dumbfounded, crying bitterly. As we entered, I had caught his eye, and understanding that he wished to speak, I walked straight to him. With native talent, he disguised his words by the most inappropriate voice and misleading pantomime, and communicated to me that he had said we were all more or less closely connected with royalty, and had only to demand his release with sufficient impudence, to compel it. Thus "coached," we inquired, with majestic dignity, how it came to pass that our servant had been incarcerated? Evidently embarrassed, the chief judge, prefect, or whatsoever he might be more correctly termed, replied, that he had spoken disrespectfully of a certain document, which we had deliberately neglected to procure at Nauplia. There was no defending this, so we took refuge in the aforesaid relationship, and asked the worthy president if he was prepared to take the consequences of causing so distinguished a party to be late at dinner on board the Queen, and to brave the angry anger of the

harbour. It would be difficult to imagine, impossible to describe, anything so thoroughly enjoyable. We were completely refreshed, and the change of motion, from the merciless jolting we had undergone, to the swift, gliding ease of the felucca, was alone sufficiently agreeable to put us in good spirits. The sky was cloudless, the sea of that intense blue which is only to be seen in these latitudes; the wind full at our stern, the vessel "walked the waters like a thing of life;" the mast bent to the bellying sail; the bright waves curled behind us, and the sharp prow cleft the waters in a manner which told of a speed not to be despised. As we flew along, the Acropolis of Corinth rose once more to view, blue and hazy, but still clearly defined; the snowysummits of the Basilica, gleaming in a sunshine temporarily denied to the citadel, served as a back-ground of surpassing brilliancy. In five hours, let the wind which wafted us thus swiftly over the waters last, we should be in Athens. We congratulated ourselves upon our enterprise and spirit, devised divers other trips in the same boat, with the same crew and, *Deo volente*, the same breeze. Having refreshed ourselves to the amount permitted by the very meagre supply we, in our confidence of a prosperous voyage, had thought fit to provide, we had recourse to our books, maps, chessmen, and drawing.

How beautiful was the scenery we flitted past; how pure the azure of the sky and sea: even V—— was mollified, and amused himself by transferring my sketches to the deck of the vessel, *en grande*, and with involuntary variations. We had been thus pleasantly employed for about an hour when, aroused by the flapping of the sails, we awoke to the painful conviction that our cherished breeze was playing us false. For a few moments we clung to the hope that it was but a partial lull—vain delusion! Gradually the sea fell; the sails hung loose, and flapped ominously against the mast: the very pennant assumed the perpendicular line, and the vessel ceased to be amenable to the helm. It was decidedly, more than we bargained for. Our discontent with the weather, which affairs had taken other ways. V—— in that he always knew on, the the sun we

had compelled the reluctant crew to take, were powerless, in the idle hands which plied them, to make head against a strong counter current, which carried us quickly towards the south. Slowly the daylight faded, and silence fell upon all—a silence only broken by the occasional enunciation by V——, of the inevitable certainty of a night at sea, a descent upon Algeria, or our murder, in cold blood, by the pirates.

Feeling that the former of these lugubrious fancies would assuredly be realised, we proposed to use the remaining twilight to good purpose. We ordered all our luggage from the hold, and made a perfect couch for the ladies. This was scarcely done, ere—

"Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light,

the sun set; the brief twilight rapidly departed, and it was night—silent, solemn, ever-glorious night! The stars came forth one by one, and took their places in the deep-blue vault of heaven; the last ripple died upon the waters, and stillness—that stillness which is only to be felt at sea—fell around us. Two of our party, either blessed with insensible olfactories, or cursed with unwonted sensitiveness to cold, had retired below. After an ill-sustained attempt at conversation, we, too, relapsed into silence, and essayed to slumber; not all of us in vain, as—

"The regular breathing, calm and deep,
Which tells of a healthful and tranquil sleep,"

soon bore witness. For myself, it was hopeless; and after half an hour's attempt to woo the drowsy god, I raised myself upon my elbow, and seeing that one, at least, of my companions was in the same frame of mind, commenced a whispered conversation. So long as I may live, I shall remember that eventful night; every topic upon which we touched is impressed vividly upon my mind, all chastened, elevated, and refined by the sense of the presence of the sublime which is inseparable from a night at sea. Presently the moon arose, and climbed, paling the stars, high into the heaven, to be reflected, with scarcely diminished splendour, in the sleeping sea. Talking thus of many things, drinking deeply the cup of pleasure thus offered, the hours of the night passed quickly, and it was with surprise that I found it was three o'clock. The cold became intense; want

of food and rest began to produce their inevitable results, and if not to sleep, we relapsed into silence. How long this continued I do not well know; but I remember feeling the vessel swing round, and hearing a confused Babel of strange sounds. Rousing myself, I found that it was morning. As the sun rose, the sails were bent by a strong breeze, which had suddenly sprung up, and we were once more skimming along the waters, swift as an arrow. Pale and ghastly, our companions emerged from the hold, half asphyxiated, and suffering intensely from the hardness of the bed they had selected—namely, the

shingles which composed the miniature ballast of our trusty felucca. As we passed the entrance to the Bay of Salamis, the English fleet, in all its imposing grandeur, lent another charm to the scene; and rubbing our eyes, by way of toilet, we hailed the long-wished-for shores of the Piræus. In half-an-hour, we were rattling on to Athens, having prevailed upon the coachman to forego, for an equivalent consideration, one, at least, of the normal pauses in which the Attic jarvies indulge themselves and their horses, in performing these five miles. We had been exactly twenty-two hours at sea.

THE BRAVE MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I

Loud let the Brave Man's praises swell,
As organ blast, or clang of bell;
Of lofty soul, and spirit strong,
He asks not gold—he asks but song!
Then glory to God, by whose gift I raise
The tribute of song to the Brave Man's praise!

II.

The thaw-wind came from the Southern Sea,
Dewy and dark o'er Italy;
The scattered clouds fled far aloof,
As flies the flock before the wolf;
It swept o'er the plain, and it strew'd the wood,
And it burst the ice-bands on river and flood.

III.

The snow-drifts melt, till the mountain calls
With the voice of a thousand waterfalls;
The waters are over both field and dell,
Still doth the land-flood wax and swell;
And high roll its billows, as in their track
They hurry the ice-crag of floating wrack.

IV.

On pillars stout, and arches wide,
A bridge of granite stems the tide;
And midway o'er the foaming flood,
Upon the bridge the toll-house stood;
There dwelleth the toll-man, with babes and wife:
Oh, toll-man! oh, toll-man! quick! flee for thy life!

v.

Near, and more near, the wild waves urge :
 Loud howls the wind, loud roars the surge !
 The toll-man sprang on the roof in fright,
 And he gazed on the waves in their gathering might :
 All-merciful God ! to our sins be good !
 We are lost ! we are lost ! The flood ! the flood !

vi.

High rolled the waves ! In headlong track
 Hither and thither dashed the wrack !
 On either bank uprose the flood ;
 Scarce on their base the arches stood !
 The toll-man, trembling for house and life,
 Outcries the storm with his babes and wife.

vii.

High heaves the flood-wreck—block on block
 The sturdy pillars feel the shock ;
 On either arch the surges break ;
 On either side the arches shake.
 They totter ! they sink 'neath the whelming wave ;
 All-merciful Heaven ! have pity and save !

viii.

Upon the river's further strand,
 A trembling crowd of gazers stand ;
 In wild despair their hands they wring,
 Yet none may aid or succour bring ;
 And the hapless toll-man, with babes and wife,
 Is screaming for help through the stormy strife.

ix.

When shall the Brave Man's praises swell,
 As organ blast, or clang of bell ?
 Ah ! name him *now*, he tarries long ;
 Name him at last, my glorious song.
 Oh ! speed, for the terrible death draws near ;
 Oh ! Brave Man ! oh ! Brave Man ! arise ; appear !

x.

Quick gallops up, in headlong speed,
 A noble count, on noble steed !
 And lo ! on his fingers hold
 A purse well stored with shining gold.
 A hundred pistons the man who shall save
 The yawning wave !

xi.

Oh ! Brave Man ! say, my song,
 Whom dost thou belong ?
 Oh ! Brave Man ! t brave he be,
 Oh ! Brave Man ! arise, appear !
 Oh ! Brave Man ! draws near !

XII.

And ever higher swell the waves,
And louder still the storm wind raves,
And lower sink their hearts in fear.
Oh, Brave Man, Brave Man, haste, appear!
Buttress and pillar, they groan and strain!
And the rocking arches are rent in twain!

XIII.

Again, again, before their eyes,
High holds the Count the glittering prize,
All see, but all the danger shun,
Of all the thousand stirs not one,
And the tollman in vain through the tumult wild,
Outscreams the tempest with wife and child.

XIV.

But who amid the crowd is seen,
In peasant garb, with simple mien,
Firm, leaning on a trusty stave,
In form and feature tall and grave?
He hears the Count, and the scream of fear
He sees that the moment of death draws near!

XV.

Into a skiff he boldly sprang;
He braved the storm that round him rang;
He called aloud on God's great name,
And backward a deliverer came.
But the fisher skiff seems all too small
From the raging waters to save them all!

XVI.

The river round him boiled and surged,
Thrice through the waves his skiff he urged,
And back through wind and waters' roar,
He bore them safely to the shore.
So fierce rolled the river, that scarce the last
In the fisher skiff through the danger passed.

XVII.

Who is the Brave Man? say, my song,
To whom shall that high name belong?
Bravely the peasant ventured in,
But 'twas, perchance, the prize to win.
If the generous Count had proffered no gold,
The peasant, methinks, had not been so bold!

XVIII.

Out spake the Count, "Right boldly done!
Here, take thy purse; 'twas nobly won!"
A generous act, in truth, was this,
By Heaven! the Count right noble is!
But loftier still was the soul displayed
By him in the peasant-garb arrayed!

XIX.

"Poor though I be, thy hand withhold,
I barter not my life for gold!
Yon hapless man is ruined now;
Great Count, on him thy gift bestow!"
He spake from his heart in his honest pride,
And he turned on his heel, and strode aside.

XX.

Then loudly let his praises swell,
As organ blast or clang of bell,
Of lofty soul and spirit strong,
He asks not gold, he asks but song.
So glory to God, by whose gift I raise
The tribute of song to the Brave Man's praise!

L. G. S.

MISREPRESENTATIVES OF IRELAND—OUR M.P.s.

It is just five years since, in some remarks on the "Irish Members," we urged upon our countrymen the paramount importance of improving the representation of Ireland, by returning none but men of character and position to the House of Commons. We did not expect that a great change could be made all at once in a bad system, and that an end could be put immediately to the adventurer genus of Irish M.P.s. We expected that such a reform, to be effected by public opinion, should gradually come round; and after the long maintenance of the O'Connell system—of five-pound Repealer M.P.s—of the tail senators, skulking from their duns, and shirking their public duties—we were not sanguine about any immediate improvement. We now return to the subject, and ask our countrymen, Roman Catholics and Protestants, for their attention, while we examine how the representatives of Ireland in 1847 have done their duty, in consecutive Sessions of Parliament. What have been their talents? Has their conduct been honourable? Has the patriotism been worthy of the country of Ireland? Has the representation been worthy of the country?

organs of prejudice, is cast upon all ranks and classes of the people of Ireland. We are not going to do any such thing. We propose to mark a great public evil, with practical reference to its cure; and we do not enter upon the question from the least desire of subjecting to acrimonious criticism a class of public characters, many of whom are beneath criticism. We wish to set in a strong and distinct light certain political facts, which, if once seized hold of by public opinion, will, with an eloquence of their own, convince the public of Ireland that the class of Irish members should be considerably improved.

The first fact that we desire to impress upon the country is this—that while Irish intellect never was more active or more honoured than now in Arts, Letters, and Science, it has lamentably degenerated in the Senate; or, in other words, while Irishmen in this age can boast of famous countrymen as Sculptors, Painters, Authors, Scholars, and Divines, it is an extraordinary fact that the Senators of Ireland have fallen far below what they were twenty-five years since.

Without now investigating the cause of this change for the worse, let us exclusively regard the fact itself, which we can better appreciate if we institute a contrast between the laurels gained by Irish intellect in the sciences

and arts, with the miserably-stunted chaplets gained in the Senate.

We assert, without fear of contradiction, that Irish intellect was never, at any former period, more active than now in Trinity College, in the Church, at the Bar, in the Medical Profession, in the Fine Arts, or in Letters. In Trinity College, Lloyd and Hamilton are names of European fame, and several of the younger Fellows, with Salmon and Jellett at their head, are known by reputation wherever Mathematics are diligently cultivated. Has the English Bench of Bishops a more learned divine, or profounder reasoner, than the Bishop of Ossory? In that eloquence of the pulpit which is at once erudite and popular, which can influence great assemblies in delivery, and satisfy academical readers in perusal, Mortimer O'Sullivan and Hugh MacNeile sustain the reputation of the Green Isle, as of a country prolific in orators. In another class of pulpit eloquence, depending on great elocutionary art and proficiency in practical rhetoric, Lord Riversdale, Bishop of Killaloe, is now without a rival, unless we turn to the accomplished son of Dean Kirwan, who brilliantly sustains the fame of his gifted father. At the bar, so far from there being a degeneracy, there is, in our opinion, an improvement in the general efficiency of the profession, and in the decided increase of deeply-read lawyers. It is true, that we have no Curran, nor Plunket, nor Bushe; but these were men of an age, as much beyond what may be generally expected from the bar, as Milton, Dryden and Byron, are beyond the poets of average times. But with as much well-founded confidence as Lord Plunket did in his memorable farewell speech in 1841, we now "challenge comparison," on the part of the Irish Bar, with Westminster Hall. Where is there a better lawyer than our present Lord Chancellor Blackburne. Show us, at the English Bar, any man with the great natural powers, the uncommon quickness, the versatile energy, and masculine oratory of Isaac Butt. When only six years a barrister, the present Chancel-

lor of England gave him a silk gown; and, if we may trust what we have heard from good authority, not only did Lord St. Leonards, but Lord St. Germans also, urgently press upon Sir Robert Peel the expediency of engaging Mr. Butt in eminent official service. Tell us the name of any English barrister, who could have made a grander display than the Solicitor-General for Ireland (Mr. Whiteside) did, in the case of the "*Queen v. O'Connell*." Would Thessiger, Cockburn, Kelly, if they had a month to prepare, equal the last hour of Whiteside's glorious display in the first day of that famed address? Since his entrance into the House of Commons, Mr. Whiteside has spoken with singular readiness, and facility of reply. He has twice encountered Messrs. Cobden and Bright, with vigorous ability; and in the debate of Tuesday, 4th May, on the Militia Bill, he tore to pieces the elaborate speech of the latter agitator, with a ready force of argument that brought down thundering cheers from the House of Commons.

There are seventy English barristers in the present House of Commons. Does any one of them possess, in the same degree, the union of moral and mental qualities seen in Joseph Napier—profound erudition joined to high moral tone of character—the mental faculties vivified by sincerely-cherished spiritual convictions—the faculty for affairs vined to the capacity for persuasion? Mr. Henn, Mr. Brewster, Mr. Francis Fitzgerald, Sergeant Christian, and others, abundantly demonstrate that the Irish Bar, so far from retrograding, is advancing in ability.

At the English Bar several Irishmen have advanced to distinction. Baron Martin has attained the bench; Sergeants Shee and Murphy, though of opposite politics to ours, we readily admit to be fluent and skilful advocates. Mr. Hugh Hill and Mr. Keatinge are in the first rank on their respective circuits. But far greater legal success than that of these accomplished persons is that of Mr. Willes,* whose name meets the eye in the reports in every

* It is to this gentleman that allusion is made by a very worthy Irishman, Sir Thomas Deane, in the reports of the National Exhibition to be held at Cork.

"Mr. Shea had received a cheque for £10 10s.

a Mr. Willes, of London, enclosing a

'Sir—In answer to the Cork]

April, 1861.
and suggest Sir
released cheque



day's *Times*; very constantly in the Equity Reports, as "Mr. Willes, of the Common Law Bar." It seems only like yesterday since we heard of his Mathematical talents in T.C.D.; and recollecting that he is still in early manhood, and learning from various quarters of the extent, as well as the rapidity, of his success, aware that he is esteemed as one of the first lawyers at the bar, and selected for his eminence as one of the Law Inquiry Commissioners, we can fairly claim that at the English Bar, as in arts and science, Irish talent is eminent and distinguished.

Let us now glance at the Medical Profession. London has many eminent surgeons and physicians, and we have the highest respect for their well-earned celebrity. In the special knowledge of particular branches of knowledge, the London faculty is deservedly famous. But with all our respect for Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Lawrence, Doctors Watson and Chambers, we ask them to give us a match for Sir Philip Crampton, as an operative surgeon, as an accomplished scholar, and as a finished gentleman fit to adorn high societies? Doctor Watson is a most able physician, and the general principles of Medical Science have been most luminously expounded by him; but we think Sir Henry Marsh a man of more intuitive perception, and with more of the distinctive genius of a physician. Need we mention the names of Stokes, of Graves, Cusack, Wilde, and others, to prove that Irish intellect has not been retrograde in the healing arts.

Nor should we forget, on this head, that one of the very first names in the London faculty, Richard Quain, F.R.S., author of the great work on the Arteries, belongs to an Irishman. In the Fine Arts, MacClise, MacDowell, Hogan, Foley, Moore, Mulready, Elmore, Danby, speak for themselves, and tell, with several names, that *never* were so many Irishmen simultaneously eminent in sculpture and painting; whilst in architecture the name of Barry is united to works which make that patronymic twice renowned in art. In General Science we have Professor Romney Robinson, second to none in Europe for an acquaintance with almost every branch of human knowledge; the Astronomer Royal; Lord Rosse, the Herschel of his age, and several others too numerous to mention. In the list of authors we can particularise only a few of the many eminent Irishmen, beginning with Petrie, whose name will stand in letters as long as the Round Towers—a choice specimen of a true literary Irishman, with genial affections not narrowed to class or creed—expansive and liberal, in the proper meaning of that abused word; Lever, Ferguson, Jonathan Freke Slingsby, M'Carthy, and Carleton; and in political writing, for energy and strength of style, for the union of downright force and directness of purpose, and the command of thoroughly English diction, no political pen approaches that of Dr. Giffard, the learned and universally-respected editor of the *Standard*. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the first

for £10 10s. I most heartily rejoice at the intended Exhibition, but more at the contents of the prospectus which you have been good enough to send me. The account of the progress of the deputations from the Committee, and their reception in the principal towns which they visited, is deeply affecting. It is the first healthy united movement I remember in the country, and I must sincerely hope that this is the first throb of a revival complete and permanent.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

‘JAMES WILLES.

‘The Right Worshipful the Mayor of Cork.’

“Sir T. Deane considered that one of the most gratifying communications they had received since the formation of the Committee. It was from a distinguished fellow-citizen, a son of the respected Dr. Willes, and from one who had by his talent raised himself in a most eminent degree, to a high position in England. He was an honour to this city that had given him birth, and to the seminaries in which he had been educated. He would move that the thanks of the Committee be given to Mr. Willes. It was charming to find that men at a distance did not forget their native place, but were cheering on their countrymen in the manner that had been just read. Mr. Willes possessed a work executed by that great meteor that once flashed across this city (Ford), and he would suggest that he be requested to send it to the Exhibition, for without it the Exhibition would be incomplete.

“The Archdeacon, as a friend of Dr. Willes, seconded the vote of thanks, which was passed.”

political writer of the Tory party, and the most versatile journalist of the Whig connexion—the editors of the *Standard* and the *Globe*—Doctor Giffard and “Father Prout,” should both be Irishmen. Nor, in speaking of political writers, should we forget the brilliant and impassioned Croly.

Now, from this galaxy of names, sufficient to attest the versatility and force of Irish intellect, let us turn to the House of Commons, and ask what laurels have been won there by Irishmen during the last five years? We will not rake up the memories of those lights of other days—Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Flood, Hussey Burgh, Canning, and others. We will not try the members for Ireland by any extraordinary test, requiring vast abilities or colossal intellects; but we put the question fairly, and ask our countrymen to mention the names of Irishmen, who in political life are as eminent and respected in the House of Commons, as the host of names we have mentioned above, are in the various paths of intellectual exertion to which they have applied.

Look at the Members who represent what is called the popular party. If you believe themselves, and place any confidence in their words (which no persons of the least knowledge of them may do), they are now working in the holiest and noblest of all causes, that of “Civil and Religious Liberty.” They tell us that they are struggling for

“Happy homes and altars free.”

And though these knights of the brigade cannot add, in the Young Ireland fashion—

“Their only talisman, the sword;”

they vociferously exclaim—

“Their only spell-word—Liberty.”

Ah! gentlemen, liberty is, indeed, a holy inspiration, and brings, with sublime ideas, burning words and glowing sentiments vigorously uttered. You have (if you are to be believed) a

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nells, Newports, Spring Rices, Thomas Wy-es—*et hoc genus omne*.

No Irish Member has spoken so often, sometimes so offensively, as Mr. Reynolds. Amongst politicians, he is a notoriety, not a celebrity. He is one of the most disagreeable and tiresome speakers we ever heard. His voice is coarse, harsh, creaking, and monotonous, reminding us of a winnowing-machine out of repair. Although he has been for all his life haranguing, he has not attained to the art of fluent speaking; he has defects of voice, intonation, and manner, that would have made Demosthenes himself a repulsive speaker. His language is commonplace, vulgar, and colloquial; his diction betrays no attainments in literature, and his mode of dealing with his topics suggests nothing but the hacknied exaggeration of a platform speaker. Of course, being an Irishman, he has something of that Milesian humour which every Paddy possesses more or less; for as a great English wit once remarked, “who thanks an Irishman for being humorous,” any more than a Spaniard for being dignified, a Frenchman lively, or an Englishman industrious? But Mr. Reynolds has no originality in his humour. His jokes are worn out, and much more venerable than himself. *Timeo hominem unius libri*; and of all bores, we dread him whose favourite author is the recondite and rarely-read Mr. Joseph Miller.

To be a leader in politics is a part altogether beyond the powers of Mr. Reynolds. He has neither the enlarged comprehension, the extensive information, nor the commanding qualities required. Of course, having passed many years of his life in business, he knows a great deal of every day life; and if he would follow the advice given him by the late Richard Sheil, and avoid his excessive personalities, confining himself to Committee work, and to political matters of subordinate detail, it is very possible that in case he should find himself a peculiar constituency willing to elect him as their representative, he might be a valuable member amongst the

on his part was hopelessly distanced by the rapid rise in Roman Catholic popularity of Mr. Keogh, the Member for Athlone. Mr. Keogh is undoubtedly a clever man; always a fluent and often a forcible speaker, with a stentorian voice that is of considerable assistance to him in producing effect, and with that command of language which an educated barrister possesses, fond of reading the orations of Erskine, Curran, and Brougham. The changes in his political aspects since he entered the House of Commons would require as heavy a draw on the memory as to repeat the Homeric Catalogue of the Ships, and when enumerated would be more puzzling than Doctor Ohm's mathematical illustrations of the Electrometer. We cannot concur with that House of Commons wag who suggested that it was Mr. Keogh's intention to personify the Differential Calculus. We recollect that the logic of some parts of the celebrated orations in Thucydides is not quite agreed upon by classical critics—some hinting at a *hiatus calde deflexus*, and others insisting that the speeches in Thucydides are in parts addressed to the ear. If so succinct and nervous a historian as Thucydides is occasionally unintelligible, we have a large allowance for the Member for Athlone, though he never probably counted on his seat for that borough as a *verax et ali*. The discrepancy between his Peclism in the days of O'Connell, his opposition to the idol of the Roman Catholics, and his leadership of the Brigade, may not be so astonishing, when we recollect that Lord John Russell, after having quivered for years under the *shillelagh* of O'Connell, sought to obtain political capital by aspersing the creed of the Roman Catholics, to whom he has himself confessed in the House he gave "more than their strict share of official promotion." We are very far from extenuating the conduct of Mr. Keogh; but we may say that when Lord Arundel, Mr. More O'Ferrall, and others, of whom we hoped better things, were buckled to the Papal authority, Mr. Keogh refused to jump back to the weak Arundel—the effete O'Ferrall. One good act Mr. Keogh performed that we cannot forget. He effectually silenced Mr. Roebuck in his indiscriminate assaults on Ireland and the Irish. He has ready repartee, considerable humour, and controversial capacity. We could wish that they were exerted in a better cause than that to which they are now devoted.

We will not pass *seriatim* through the long list of fourth-rate men sent from Ireland to Parliament—we pass on to general considerations. We would like to see the active energies of the community efficiently represented by men of conduct and capacity. The encouragement given by the constituencies of Ireland to the lowest class of political adventurers is the main cause of the deterioration of our representatives. On this point we may mention a fact, that speaks volumes as to the *class* to which many of the Irish popular M.P.s have belonged. There is a club in London called by the name of the *Erectheium*; its originators probably supposed that the name would sound like the *Athenæum*; but beyond the fact of the two names ending in *um*, there is not the least resemblance between the two clubs. In the very numerous list of members for the *Erectheium*, for the year 1851, we can only perceive one M.P., and only one titled person is in the whole list, the late Sir John D. Paul, who, we believe, was the main founder of that club. Now, we have been informed, on good authority, that not less than *fifteen* Irish members were in one day all admitted into the *Erectheium* last summer; and we have heard that several of these members, who might, from their political antecedents, be expected to be found at the Reform Club, have never ventured to present themselves to the ballot at that club, lest, like one of the very richest (but not most respected of their body), they should be treated to a copious shower of black balls.

Now, some of the West-End clubs are not so very particular in their selection of members. There are a vast number of clubs, secondary in their character, and anxious to obtain new members, for the purpose of supporting their great expenses. Any thorough gentleman, with respectable antecedents, can easily get into them; but the difficulty of a large batch of

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the popular Irish M.P.s to find a club is significant of their class and conduct.

Adventurers—we repeat, mere adventurers—were returned, in various instances, at the last general elections in Ireland. We fear, unless the constituencies are roused to the importance of selecting proper candidates at the coming dissolution, that grievous harm will be done to the political character of our representative body. We entreat, therefore, that electors, and persons who have influence with them, would consider well the position in life, and the prospects of the parties seeking to be returned to the House of Commons. If men capable of raising the fame of Ireland, of winning lustre to themselves, and graduating honourably amongst the statesmen and orators of the empire—if such men come before them, let them not narrowly inquire as to the extent of their personal resources, or the level of their social positions. Such men will soon win elevation for themselves, and raise their country's character along with their own. But, supposing that it should be sought to engage the confidence of electors for briefless barristers, who get their party in the readiest market, and are willing to sell it in the dearest—of men, who failing to win clients or confidence at the bar, desire to sham popular principles for a season, until having dragged themselves in political dirt, they can sell themselves for some colonial office, where they may escape at once from the creditors they bilked and the constituencies they have betrayed; then we do hope that such men will be scouted from the hustings. Is there not something very suspicious in a young Irish barrister (unless he has wealth and high social station) wishing to get into Parliament? He cannot be raised to the bench, for he has not position or professional reputation to justify his elevation. If he had eloquence, talent, or learning, he would not take to adventuring in St. Stephen's, but would work on at his profession, until he was in that rank, when, like a Napier, a Butt, or a Whiteside, he could justly lay claim to judicial honours. Wearied of dragging his bag about the Hall, and of his petty professional gains, he turns political adventurer, affects violent prejudices, and rants from a platform. He trusts for

success to the simplicity of constituencies, the frenzied folly of heated partisans, and the chapter of accidents. He will promise everything, perform nothing; and, with Ireland on his lips, and liberty on his tongue, he will jump out of his pledges, and leap into a place, snapping his fingers like a mercynian at his gaping dupes.

Electors of the counties of Cork and Longford—do you believe that you were faithfully served by Doctor Maurice Power, and Major Blackhall? “Hurrah for O’Connell!”—“Hurrah for Repeal!”—and “Hurrah for the People,” were the final words of Dr. Power’s address to the Electors of the County of Cork. The Roman Catholics of that county returned him, and when Lord J. Russell wrote his “Durham Letter,” did the gentleman who invoked O’Connell, Repeal, and the People, join in the sympathies of those who returned him? He was otherwise engaged, and would have only desired his bamboozled constituents to cry—“Hurrah for St. Lucia, and £2,000 a-year.”

Then, again, Major Blackhall went through the *formula* of taking a whole string of pledges propounded to him by the Roman Catholic priests of Longford. Where is he now? What has he done for his constituents?

Scanning the list of candidates now trying to get returned to the House of Commons, we observe several mere adventurers, without talents or genius to compensate for their selfishness and scheming. If there be any man more than another who is to be carefully watched, or sceptically regarded, it is an Irish attorney aiming at a seat in Parliament. Such a man’s real aim must be intensely personal. Why does he leave his business? Why does he desert his lucrative occupations? If he has made a fortune and can live without a profession in order to show his independence, he should refrain from practising it, if he aspires to Parliamentary position. The English attorneys are, by reason of their great numbers, and on account of the large pecuniary transactions in the sister country, more wealthy (not more respectable) than our Irish attorneys. Now it is a very remarkable fact, that in England, constituencies carefully avoid choosing attorneys for their members. The very term, “a political attorney,” is significant of job-

bing of private bills, and peddling in public affairs. We have the greatest respect for the profession of attornies; doubtless, the bar is a more illustrious but not more useful body than that of attornies, and for the profession in Ireland, as it has been conducted for the last twenty years, we feel the sincerest respect. It would be superfluous to cite the many names that rise spontaneously to the memory in considering the profession; but it is somewhat remarkable that none of those who occupy the highest professional position, and possess the largest means, though so well able to afford electioneering expenses, and to maintain the rank of Members of Parliament, have ever sought to be returned to the House of Commons. Why so? Simply, because their engagements were too extensive, and their business too lucrative to desert it for Parliament. If English attornies do not seek to enter the House of Commons until they have ceased to practise their profession, we confess that there seems something strange to us in the notion of Irish attornies leaving their records and their causes to embark in London life and Parliamentary struggles.

We expect that jobbing Parliamentary attornies will make a heavy bill of costs against that "unprotected female," Mrs. Green Erin—very *green*, indeed, to trust her affairs to jobbers and speculators with a six-and-eight-penny system of politics. Poor lady! How amazed she will be when Mr. O'Latitat sends her his little account, viz.:—

Mrs. Green Erin, of Emerald Hall, Dr. to Timothy M'Quirk O'Latitat:—

To attending 113 days at the Offence Association, in order to receive your instructions to proceed	£355	19	0
To listening to the discussions at the Offence Association for 21 days, at ten guineas a day	220	10	0		
To <i>extra</i> trouble in listening to Mr. John Reynolds, in four days	42	6	8
To share in the <i>Puffaway</i> , for the purpose of writing you up	150	0	0		
To patriotic expenditure at the borough of Ballygammon	1530	6	8		
To five years' parliamentary services in your behalf, at £1,500 per annum, to remunerate me for professional losses	7500	0	0

To torment of mind endured by associating with the Brigade M.P.s	4467	3	4
To obloquy cast upon me by the Saxon scribblers of the Saxon tyrants	1893	6	8
To damage done my health by chronic sickness incurred by nausea, resulting from seeing myself written up in the <i>Puffaway</i> , and other organs	718	3	4		
To general injury done to my personal, professional, and political character, by being associated with one of your "low class" Irish M.P.s	10197	6	8		
	£27075	2	4		

Poor Mrs. Green Erin will, no doubt, be surprised at such a bill being furnished her, and we hope that it will at least produce its own effect, that of inducing her to *open her eyes at last*, and not allow the change of her lands, messuages, hereditaments, and tenements to pass into the custody of sordid sharpers. Instead of referring the above bill of costs to the taxing-officer, we will at present advise a reference to the credit side of Mr. O'Latitat's account:—

Mrs. Green Erin, of Emerald Hall in account with Timothy MacQuirk O'Latitat:
Cr. £ s. d.

By fourteen situations sold in the Customs, at £40 each	...	560	0	0
By three ditto in the G.P.O., at £20 each	...	60	0	0
By 44 men got into the London police through using your name, at £1 10s. each	...	66	0	0
By profit on assignment of 500 shares in the "Promissory Humbug Association," given for use of M.P.'s name	...	413	0	0
By ditto in the "Joint Stock Clattercrash Banking Company," and for attending as director of the year	...	1150	13	4
By special grant from "Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty," as an M.P. in their service...	500	0	0	

£2749 13 4

In order to make things pleasant, I will deduct 15 per cent. from my account furnished, and am satisfied to take a place in the West Indies at £2,000 *per annum* in payment thereof."

T. Mac O'L.

Such is the way in which poor Mrs. Erin has been cheated for years past. The sharpers of public life, the

luxuriating pe'lers in agitation, the itinerant charlatans have traded upon her credulity. Would that at last her eyes were opened to the importance of selecting proper representatives!

There is another fact about the present list of parliamentary candidates before us, that strikes us as being very remarkable. It is the number of journalists aspiring to become M.P. for Ireland, and significantly enough, all of them are on the ultra-popular side. In England and Scotland journalists do not become M.P.s, and it is deserving of note that journalists are not liked in the House of Commons for various reasons. Members of the House do not like to be in close contact with persons always on the look out for news, and on the watch for topics of journal interest. We know, upon the best authority, that in the case of certain M.P.s contributing to daily journals, eluding out their incomes by their pens, the fact damaged their social consideration in the house—"The fellow, no doubt, is able to write fluently enough; but why does he not meet us face to face in debate? Why does he attack us from the ambush of his types, instead of grappling with our speeches as we make them? He is no M.P., but a newspaper man, using this house as his shop for trading purposes!" Such is the way that leading-article-writing M.P.s have been spoken of, and thought of, by general and independent Members of the House. The labours of a journalist and an M.P. are, in our mind, not only inconsistent, but antagonistic. Journalists look too much to the cry of the hour and to the latest opinion, and M.P.s ought to be above such considerations. M.P. journalists will always be looked on in Parliament as literary spies, as dangerous companions; and official persons will, for various reasons, fear their advances. We have heard this subject carefully discussed by literary persons of great experience, and by shrewd members of the House of Commons, and the parliamentary prejudice against journalist M.P.s. is certainly very strong, and in some respects founded in strong causes. "He is talking for his journal," is a sentiment enough to paralyse the power of the most fluent speaker that ever was trained under the influence of platform applause and *ad captandum* claptrap politics.

As the late Chief Justice said in

the case of "*Birch versus Somerville*," we "throw out those remarks generally as we would in any other case." Of course they cannot affect the pretensions of men with known wealth, and with responsible partners of credit and character.

But there is an election, in which a certain journalist is a candidate, on which we have something to say. We allude to New Ross. Mr. Gavan Duffy's antecedents we need not dwell upon, nor give any reasons how ardently we desire to see Mr. Henry Lambert, of Carnagh, chosen in preference to Mr. Duffy. Mr. Lambert is a man of high talent, and high family—a Roman Catholic in religion, a consistent Conservative in politics. Recollecting his former ability in Parliament, and how the Repealers winced under his rebukes, we should gladly see him M.P. for New Ross. But what of Sir Thomas Redington, the third candidate? We will say of the three candidates, that, in our opinion, Mr. Lambert is the most eligible in every way; Mr. Gavan Duffy the most dangerous; and Sir Thomas Redington the most degraded! When in office he swallowed Lord John Russell's Durham blister, and now makes a wry face, while he attempts to spit it out of his mouth. Lord Derby, at Merchant Tailors' Hall, declared that in his opinion there was no need for Lord John vilifying the creed of Roman Catholics, and galling them about "mummeries of superstition." Mr. Wilson Croker, in the *Quarterly Review*, severely rebuked Lord John for the offensive language he had penned. While high Tories thus protested against the virulence of Lord John Russell, Sir Thomas Redington pocketed the affront and the salary together. He joined with Lord Clarendon in jury-pecking, in a fashion without precedent. He sat for two years under the rule and sway of Lord John Russell, and now he has "the sublime effrontery" to attack the very policy which he aided by his countenance, and supported by holding at once his office and his tongue! Shame! Shame! Oh! Sir Knight of the Bath, with your deeply blushing ail and what is there in a seat in Parliament to tempt one born amongst the gentlemen of Ireland to degrade his name to a renegade to a recreant?

to his party when out of power—never did any factionist play a more shameless game. Backed by the Imperial Executive, Sir Thomas did not fear to aid in punishing O'Brien and Meagher—guilty and mistaken, but not mercenary men; backed by the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and with Lord Derby and Mr. Wilson Croker as witnesses to the virulence of the Durham Letter, he had not the spirit to aid in punishing Lord John. But Sir Thomas is “an honourable man.” Pah!

We dwell upon the importance of looking to the antecedents and condition in life of the candidates for Parliamentary honours, because we desire to see an INFLUENTIAL class of Members returned for Ireland. While we have no sympathy with the place-begging crew who advertise themselves as patriots, we are painfully conscious that Ireland (unlike Scotland) has not received her fair share of the official honours and emoluments of the Empire promised to her at the Union. From the Colonies, the Indian Empire, and great departments of state nearer home, Irishmen have been excluded, because the IRISH INTEREST has never been properly worked in Parliament, with reference to the distribution of Indian and Colonial patronage. Hitherto our Irish Conservative Members have not been active enough in dealing with this question. It has been raised, but very feebly, by “popular” Members, without parliamentary influence or much personal credit. We trust that the Irish gentry, and those representatives of Ireland interested in sustaining their property, will not allow this important question to get into the hands of the *MacQuirk O'Latitat* class of Members. But in order that it should be properly dealt with, and efficiently worked, we must have a class of Members, *sans reprochē*, who can give weight to any cause they espouse, unlike the *bragaway* M.P.s, whose notion of imparting weight to a subject is by sinking it! What could a hundred Doctor Maurice Powers, or three hundred Major Blackhalls do for Ireland?—For the Catholics they courted and deserted, or for the Protestants they abused? Given a class of Members of worse than dubious social position, with wives and children pressing upon them for aid, or with a cohort of London duns escorting

them up the lobbies of the palace at Westminster, what can result to Ireland but corruption for the country and conscience-selling class of Members themselves—shame and degradation to the land that produced them? Who cares to hear such men in debate?—who listens to them, as they rant for the reporters' gallery, for a while deceiving their constituents by the exaggerated intensity of their harangues, and the consistency of their votes on trivial questions—but sure to decamp when the Downing-street screw is put on them? The Maurice Power or Major Blackhall class of members are worse than useless to Ireland; and unless our countrymen rouse themselves, and choose a better and more efficient body than they have returned to the last Parliament, our country will be again doomed to suffer sorely for the sins of beggarly representatives, and the political turpitude of bribe-entreating humbugs, who would take any amount of pledges as readily as Cornwall smugglers would swallow a score of Custom-house oaths.

Recollect, we say to the gentry of Ireland—to Protestants and Roman Catholics, that the Poor Law has been put upon you by the Empire, and that agricultural Ireland has been made to succumb to legislation for commercial and manufacturing England. You have now a fair claim to insist on the talent, energy, and enterprise of Ireland being admitted to Indian and Colonial offices in due proportion to her wealth and population. In that respect, as we will show at another time, she has been scandalously treated, and by none worse than by the Whigs. In Scotland the younger sons, in early life, get promotion in India and the Colonies, and they often return to repurchase their family estates, sustain their names, and assist their native land. The system, founded by Dundas, continues to this day; and we must in Ireland resolve that our public men should open for their pauperised country a new vein of ore, by insisting upon their constitutional and imperial right to certain Colonial and Indian “diggings,” from which they have hitherto been debarred. We hear much of the West Indian and East Indian interests, of the Bank interest, the Dock interest, and the Shipping interest; but we do not hear of the IRISH INTEREST—though our ears are stunned with cries of “the

Brigade," "the Catholic Hierarchy," &c., &c. Alas! it is in that flatulent and noisy school of politics, dealing in words and platform speeches, and vows at hustings and pilgrimages to the Defence Association, that the danger really lies of our Roman Catholic countrymen (more particularly) being caught by sound, to the neglect of substance. The *bragaway* class of Members will give pledges and break them; ranting in opposition to-day, and cutting to the Colonies on the morrow, bellying all the louder when they are more resolved to bilk their party. Sorry would we be to suppose that our Roman Catholic countrymen would not aspire to elevating the intellectual honour of Ireland. For our own generation they can point to the illustrious poet, whose memory Ireland honours, and to some other distinguished names. But after subtracting the names of O'Connell and Sheil, we press upon them, in no ungenerous spirit, that they have, either through carelessness or good-natured credulity, allowed a whole class of Members to get into the House of Commons, whose performances have not been creditable to the fame of Ireland. We are sorry to say that clamour, and a few clerical agitators, have done more to return candidates to Parliament, than considerations of public duty or sound principles of patriotism.

Take the case of Mr. Anstey, elected for Youghal, in 1847. It is a sample of the mode in which the popular party has managed its affairs, and consulted for the interests of the community. He was, or said he was, a convert to the Roman Catholic creed. What his real opinions were it is not of the slightest consequence to inquire. He went over to Youghal, armed with a letter of introduction to the priests, and set up as a candidate, in opposition to the Duke of Devonshire. The Duke, like many of his party, had a morbid partiality for his cousins, and resolved to put them in for Youghal. It so happened that the Protestants of that ancient and loyal town thought that the Duke ought to pay more regard to their feelings, and introduce to them candidates more personally interested in the welfare of Ireland than mere men of fashion, even though they should bear the honoured name of Cavendish. They would have been anxious to accommodate the Duke, perhaps, if he had met

them half-way, but they had no notion of being treated as mere serfs, and, accordingly, they declined to vote for his Grace's nominee, nor can our readers be surprised at such conduct on the part of the Protestants of Youghal. Mr. Anstey easily obtained the seat by the active support given to him by the credulous Roman Catholics of the town, who believed in his truth. During, and subsequent to his candidature, his favourite subject of invective was Lord Palmerston, whom he attacked with the most apparently sincere antipathy. What has Mr. Anstey done for Ireland?—and how did he redeem the pledges given at the hustings? The newspapers recorded, in summary terms, the substance of his pointless and almost endless harangues. Whatever pretensions to a parliamentary reputation Mr. Anstey possessed, were pulverised in ten minutes by one of the shortest and happiest replies ever made in Parliament—the terse and pithy rejoinder of the late Mr. Sheil; and the newspapers have not failed to inform us of the frequency of Mr. Anstey as a guest at Lady Palmerston's receptions! Certainly we must admit that the same authorities do very often record a selection of strange names at those fashionable assemblies. It was a maxim of Cardinal De Retz that "politicians neither love nor hate;" and Lord Palmerston chooses his guests so queerly with regard to their personal antecedents towards himself, that he would seem to be a witness to the truth of the Cardinal's maxims. Because, at first sight, it does seem as odd to read of Mr. Anstey being a guest at Lord Palmerston's, as if we heard of Mr. Disraeli spending a season at Drayton Manor, or Mr. Reynolds being on a visit to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But, doubtless, Lord Palmerston knows well why he invited the Member for Youghal to his reunions.

But our readers will ask what is the practical cure for this state of things? We say, in reply, that the Roman Catholics, for their own interests and honour, as well as for the credit of their native land, should be induced to combine with the Protestant gentry of this island in returning as many Derbyites as possible to the next Parliament. The Whigs, as a party, are utterly extinct. Their cousinhood may survive to be snappish in opposition, and to coquet with Radical agitators,

but as a party they are gone. It would be beyond the genius of a Chatham to revive them, even if such a man were to condescend to their alliance; and assuredly neither Lord John Russell nor Earl Grey have aught of Chatham in their natures. The great Tory party, true to its national instincts, now is upheld, not less by the support of its powerful friends and adherents, than by the general distrust of the insincere and shuffling Whigs. The Whigs are utterly ruined. Lord John Russell is hated by half of his party, for his ruinous leadership of the Opposition. In such circumstances, the only party that can be formed for Ireland is one in alliance with the property, the talent, and established respectability of the country. Nothing could be more injurious than to return to the House of Commons needy adventurers; barristers without independence, briefs, or clients; or attornies hunting for registrarships, *et hoc genus omne*. It is the boast of the ministerial party in Ireland that they can point in the House of Commons to the Attorney and Solicitor-General for Ireland, as men who uphold the character of the country for talent. While we write, we learn that Mr. Butt's great powers have found a sphere suitable for their exertion in Parliament. It was a movement in advance, that certain influential parties in the northern portion of this island overleaped mere family feelings, and selected Sir Emerson Tennent for a seat in Parliament. Mere territorial influence, without a recognition of active talents, would be injurious to the best interests of property in Ireland; and we tell the nobility and landlords of Ireland that it is not enough to rely, in choosing Members, to look to rent-rolls and high station, but that talent and aptitude for parliamentary life must also be regarded. Lord Claude Hamilton has shown himself very ready and skilful in debate, and is one of the most rising Members in the House. Lord Naas, by his vigilance for the interests of Ireland, and his thorough business habits, has gained general respect. Mr. G. A. Hamilton's abilities and character are universally appreciated; and we could wish that more Members, resembling them in assiduity and zeal, were sent to London to take charge of "The Irish Interest." Let

the independent Roman Catholics ally themselves, at the coming contest, with the Ministerial party, and they will strengthen those influences which can alone raise Ireland from her depressed condition, and subdue those noxious elements of sectarian ascendancy, which "Brigades" and "Defence Associations" would perpetuate, for the sake of stipendiary advantages to adventurers in agitation, and to the degrading profit of despicable caterers to religious discord, and cringing slaves to Ultramontane absolutism.

In conclusion, we can only say that we have dealt with the subject on public grounds, and might, if we had thought fit, have written with great severity of the conduct of certain M.P.s, whose offences we leave to be dealt with by their constituents. We sincerely hope that the popular mind is not so intoxicated with faction as to be utterly incapable of distinguishing between good and bad candidates on the hustings. We have written on a painful topic, and have reluctantly been obliged to use the language of reprehension. We will, however, wind up with a story, which can point a moral as well as raise a laugh at the absurdity of political intoxication. There was a certain publican who kept a house of entertainment not far from Leixlip. He realised a small fortune by selling inferior porter to his customers when drunk. It so happened that when the brewery of "D. O'Connell and Company" was started, he became a customer of the concern, which for a brief period obtained an ephemeral success over that of Guinness and Co., the D'Arcys, Thunders, and other non-political brewers. The O'Connell beverage, however, was not thought so palatable or nourishing; and, like many of his order, the publican had a quantity of it left on his hands. However, late on a Sunday night, when his house would be crowded with sots, he would whisper his faithful Terry—"Are the boys drunk yet?" "Not yet entirely, Sir, but they soon will be." In half an hour after, Terry would return with the welcome intelligence of "the boys" being fairly drunk." "Then tip 'em the Connell, you divil—tip 'em the Connell; they'll niver know the differ 'twixt that and the Guinness!" And so the publican got rid of his unsaleable porter. Let

not the people of Ireland imitate the sots of Leixlip, and so far be politically inebriate as not to know the difference between genuine Irish gentlemen, anxious to uphold the character of the country, and promote the happiness of all classes, and a wretched, venal gang of adventurous scamps,

elbowing their way into Parliament—skulking to Downing-street—shunned in London society; without eloquence, genius, or virtue; anxious to run—not the race of fame and honour, but that vile race in which the Power and Blackhall hacks of faction have borne away the prizes of salary and SHAME!

NOTE ON THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES.

SINCE the letter on the Queen's Colleges was printed, the Triennial Visitations of the Queen's Colleges have been held. The following account of the result of these inquiries is given by the learned Ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, at the close of the Visitation in the Galway College, as reported by the *Galway Vindicator* :—

“ Ex-Chancellor Brady, in closing the proceedings, said, that the Visitors had now been at the three institutions—in Belfast, in Cork, and in Galway; and that they had found all three admirably calculated to carry out the object for which they had been founded, namely, to impart a sound and valuable education to the young men of the country. They had heard from the President of each that good order reigned among them; and the Deans of Residences in each had reported favourably as to the degree of attention paid by the students to their religious duties. The Visitors had found the Professors engaged in the discharge of the duties of their several offices. There was this gratifying circumstance, that in the whole round of visitation, there had been no complaint laid before them on the grounds of the morals of any individual in any of the departments. There had been questions submitted to them arising out of the construction of the statutes, which latter were of recent enunciation, and subject to difference as to their scope and meaning; but there had been no complaint made before them, affecting the moral character of any individual. They had heard from the Deans of Residences, in Belfast, and Cork, and here, the most satisfactory account as to the attention paid by the students to their religious duties; and from all they had seen, and all the inquiries they had made, they had demonstration of the wisdom of those by whom the institutions were founded, both as to the general plan of education, and the agents whom they had chosen to put it in operation.”

INDEX TO VOL. XXXIX.

- Alison, Archibald, *Life of John Duke of Marlborough, with some Account of his Contemporaries, and of the War of the Succession*, reviewed, 589.
 Australia and her Gold Diggings, 607.
- Badamar, the Rath of, a Poem from the Irish, 325, 513.
 Birth, the, of the New Year, 8.
 Brandam, Diogo, Portuguese Poet, Specimen of, 419.
 Brave Man, the, from the German, 766.
 Brooke, Henry.—Our Portrait Gallery, No. LXVII., 200.
 Bursting, the, of the Bud, by Jonathan Freke Slingsby, 355.
- Calderon's "The Scarf and the Flower.—Scenes and Stories from the Spanish Stage," No. V., 33.
 Carlyle, Thomas, *The Life of John Sterling*, reviewed, 186.
 Caxton's Golden Legend, 547.
 Cecile; or, the Pervert, by Sir Charles Rockingham, reviewed, 223.
 Celto-Scythic Progresses, the, 277.
 Chesney, Colonel, *Observations on the past and present state of Fire-Arms, and on the probable effects in War of the New Muskets, with a Proposition for re-organising the Royal Regiment of Artillery, &c.*, reviewed, 447.
 Clarendon, Lord, his Administration in Ireland, 237, 373.
 Collins, Mortimer, *Lilies of the Valley*, 537; *Parva rogasse sat est*, 543.
 Correspondance entre le Comte de Mirabeau, et le Comte de la Marck pendant les années 1789, '90, et '91, recueillie, mise en ordre, et publiée, par M. de Bacourt, reviewed, 151.
 Croly, Rev. George, LL.D., *Scenes from Scripture, with other Poems*, reviewed, 9.
- Death, the, of the Old Year, 7.
 Disraeli, B., *Lord George Bentinck, a Political Biography*, reviewed, 114.
- Falcam, Christovam, Portuguese Poet, Notices and Specimens of, 411.
 Ferguson, W. D., and Vance, Andrew, the Tenure and Improvement of Land in Ireland considered, with reference to the relation of Landlord and Tenant, and Tenant Right, reviewed, 137.
- Florence Sackville, or Self-Dependence, an Autobiography, by Miss Burbury, reviewed, 219.
 Forster, Rev. Charles, B.D., *The One Primeval Language traced experimentally through Ancient Inscriptions, &c.*, reviewed, 226.
 Forsyth, William, *The Song of other Years*, 544.
 Freshness, the, of the Heart, 5.
- Garrick and his Biographers, 430.
 Geology and the Development Theory.—Letter to the Editor from a candid Geologist, 81.
 George, Anita, *Memoirs of the Queen of Spain*, edited with an Introduction and Notes, by Miss Julia Pardoe, reviewed, second notice, 50.
 Gilfillan, George, the Bards of the Bible, reviewed, 9.
 Gold Diggings of Australia, 607.
 Golden Legend, the, as treated by Jacobus de Voragine, William Caxton, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 547.
 Greece, *Stray Leaves from*, 316, 518, 758.
 Green, Mary Anne Everett, *Lives of the Princesses of England*, reviewed, second notice, 50.
- Hare, Archdeacon, *Remains of John Sterling*, reviewed, 186.
 Hawkins'-street Theatre Royal, how it came to be built, with a cursory glance at what has been done there during thirty years, 679.
 Henderson, John, *Notices of*, 564.
- Ireland under Lord Clarendon, Part I. 237; Part II., *The Rebellion in the City and the Field*, 373.
 Irish Land, Landlords, and Tenants, 133.
- Jeffrey, Lord, *Life of*, by Lord Cockburn, reviewed, 625, 722.
 John Drayton; being a History of the Early Life and Development of a Liverpool Engineer, reviewed, 225.
 Jubinal, Achille, *La Legende Latine de S. Brandaines, avec une Traduction inédite en Prose et en Poésie Romanes*, reviewed, 547.
- Kishoge Papers, No. X.—the Saint of the Long Robe, 22.

Krazinski, Count Valerian—Sketch of the Religious History of the Slavonic Nations, reviewed, 698.

Lardner, Dr., Handbook of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, reviewed, 27.

Let Life, the, in the Lease, 292.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, the Golden Legend, reviewed, 547.

Longfield, Robert, on the Legislative Measures requisite to facilitate the adoption of Commercial Contracts respecting the Occupation of Land in Ireland, reviewed, 137.

M'Carthy, Denis Florence, Scenes and Stories from the Spanish Stage, No. V., Calderon's The Scarf and the Flower, 33.

M'Carthy, D. F., The Year-King, a Poem, 129; The Meeting of the Flowers, a Poem, 584.

Macias, Portuguese Poet, Notices and Specimens of, 420.

Manager, more Leaves from the Portfolio of a. Miscellaneous Anecdotes and Notitia Dramatica, 423; David Garrick and his Biographers, 430; John Henderson, 564; the Poet of Hope and the Danish Professor, 567; John Palmer, 568; Hawkins'-street Theatre, its Origin and History, 679.

Melville, Herman, The Whale, reviewed, 221. Memory, 3.

Mirabeau's Relations with the Court of Louis XVI., 151.

Misrepresentatives of Ireland—Our M.P.s, 769.

Moore, Thomas, Recollections of, 477; A Lament for, 494; A Coina for Moore, 653; Proposed Testimonial to, 656.

Mrs. Mathews, or Family Mysteries, a Novel, reviewed, 219.

Napier, Lieut.-Gen. Sir William, History of Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde, and Campaign in the Cutchee Hills, reviewed, 363.

New-Year's Eve, a Scene in the City, by Jonathan Freke Slingsby, 1.

Nicholl, Andrew, "May," 538.

Novels, a Budget of, 215.

Oak Tree, the Old, 4.

Obituary. Eliot Warburton, 235; William Thompson, Esq., of Belfast, 531.

Our Portrait Gallery, No. LXVI., Sir James Emerson Tennent, 84; No. LXVII., Henry Brooke, 200.

Palmer, John, Sudden Death of, 569.

Palmerston, Lord, and our Policy in the Mediterranean, 329.

Pereira, Nuno, Portuguese Poet, Specimens of, 418.

Perth, a Summer Souvenir, 731.

Poetry. Memory, 3; The Old Oak Tree, 4; The Freshness of the Heart, 6; The Death of the Old Year, 7; The Birth of

the New Year, 8; The Saint of the Long Robe, being No. X. of the Kishoge Papers, 22; Threnody, to J. H., 80; The Year-King, by D. F. M'Carthy, 129; Song, Anacreon to Ilia, by Sydney Whiting, 119; The Rath of Badamar, or the Enchantment, from the Irish, Part I., 325; Part II., 513; Spring is Coming, 856; Death and Resurrection, 858; Egeria, 360; Song, 362; Dawn upon the River, 406; Sunlight on the River, 407; Shadows on the River, 408; A Lament for Thomas Moore, 494; Song, the Dawn of May, 536; Lilies of the Valley, by Mortimer Collins, 587; May, by Andrew Nicholl, 538; A May-day Song, by a Citizen, 539; Song, To —, 540; Song, "Happy Bird," 541; Lost and Found, 542; Parva rogasse sat est, by Mortimer Collins, 543; The Song of Other Years, by William Forsyth, 544; The Meeting of the Flowers, by D. F. M'Carthy, 584; A Coina for Moore, 653; Perth, a Summer Souvenir, 731; The Brave Man, from the German, 766.

Popular Physics, 27.

Portuguese Olive, Leaves from the, No. II., Christovam Falcam, Macias, 411.

Queen's Colleges, the. Letter to the Editor, 707; Note to, 780.

Randolph Abbey, the Heirs of, Chap. I., The Meeting in the Storm, 98; Chap. II., The Old Man's Revenge on the Dead, 103; Chap. III., The Assembling of the Heirs in presence of the Judge, 109; Chap. IV., The Midnight Voice and its Answered Call, 167; Chap. V., A Meeting for the Dissection of Souls, 172; Chap. VI., The Dead Father is made the Persecutor of the Living Son, 180; Chap. VII., The Seed is Sown from which the Whirlwind shall be Reaped, 338; Chap. VIII., The Work of a Master-Passion, 344; Chap. IX., The Treasures of the World and the Treasures of the Soul are Weighed in the Balance, 346; Chap. X., The Traitor's Hour of Triumph, 496; Chap. XI., A Light in the Darkness, 504; Chap. XII., Human Sympathy begins to Work, 511; Chap. XIII., A Murder is Planned which the Law cannot Reach, 639; Chap. XIV., The Record of a Madness which was not Insanity, 643; Chap. XV., The Death-bed Vow, and its Result, 650; Chap. XVII., The Working of the Invisible Poison, 733; Chap. XVIII., The Unseen Retribution Commences, 738; Chap. XIX., An Unwelcome Guest, 741.

Rath, the, of Badamar, or the Enchantment, from the Irish; Part I., 325; Part II., 513.

Ravenscliffe, by the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," reviewed, 216.

Reviews.—Scenes from Scripture, with other Poems, by Rev. George Croly, LL.D., 9; The Bards of the Bible, by George Gillfillan, 9; Handbook of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, by Dr. Lardner, 27; Lives of the Princesses of England, from the Norman Conquest, by Mary Anne Everett Green, Vols. I. & II., 50; Memoirs of the Queens of Spain, by Anita George, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Miss Julia Pardoe, Vol. I., 50; The Lily and the Bee, an Apologue of the Crystal Palace, by Samuel Warren, F.R.S., 66; Lord George Bentinck, a Political Biography, by B. Disraeli, 114; On the Legislative Measures requisite to Facilitate the Adoption of Commercial Contracts respecting the Occupation of Land in Ireland, by Robert Longfield, 137; The Tenure and Improvement of Land in Ireland Considered with Reference to the Relation of Landlord and Tenant, and Tenant Right, by William Dwyer Ferguson and Andrew Vance, 137; The Irish Land Question, with practical Plans for an Improved Land Tenure, and a New Land System, by Vincent Scully, Esq., Q.C., 137; Correspondence entre le Comte de Mirabeau et le Comte de la Marck, pendant les années 1789, '90, et '91, recueillie, mise en ordre, et publiée, par M. de Bacourt, 151; The Life of John Sterling, by Thomas Carlyle, 186; Remains of John Sterling, by Archdeacon Hare, 186; Ravenscliffe, by the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," 216; Florence Sackville, or Self-Dependence, an Autobiography, by Miss Burbury, 219; Mrs. Mathews, or Family Mysteries, 219; The Whale, by Herman Melville, 221; Cecile, or the Pervert, by Sir Charles Rockingham, 223; John Drayton, being the History of the Early Life and Development of a Liverpool Engineer, 225; The One Primeval Language Traced Experimentally through Ancient Inscriptions, &c., by the Rev. Chas. Forster, B.D., 226; Vindication of the Bardic Accounts of the Early Invasions of Ireland by the River Ocean of the Greeks, 277; The Natural History of Ireland, by William Thompson, Esq., Vols. I., II., and III., The Birds of Ireland, 307; History of Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde, and Campaign in the Cutchee Hills, by Lieut.-General Sir William Napier, K.C.B., 363; Observations on the Past and Present State of Fire-Arms, and on the probable Effects in War of the New Muskets, with a Proposition for Re-organising the Royal Regiment of Artillery, by Col. Chesney, Royal Artillery, 447; Arctic Searching Expedition, a Journal of a Boat Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea in Search of the Discovery Ships of Sir John Franklin, by Sir John Richard-

son, C.B., 458; La Legende Dorée, par Jacques de Voragine, traduite du Latin, 547; The Golden Legend, by William Caxton, 547; La Legende Latine de S. Brandaines, avec une Traduction inédite en Prose et en Poesie Romane, publiée par Achille Jubinal, 547; The Golden Legend, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 547; Sir James Stephen's Lectures on the History of France, 570; The Life of John Duke of Marlborough, with some Account of his Contemporaries, and of the War of the Succession, by Archibald Alison, LL.D., 589; Life of Lord Jeffrey, by Lord Cockburn, 625; The same, second notice, 722; Sketches of the Religious History of the Slavonic Nations, by Count Valerian Krazinski, 698. Richardson, Sir John, Arctic Searching Expedition, a Journal of a Boat Voyage through Rupert's Land, and the Arctic Sea, in search of the Discovery Ships of Sir John Franklin, reviewed, 458. Rosas and La Plata, 663.

Saint, the, of the Long Robe, 22. Scully, Vincent, Q.C., the Irish Land Question, with Practical Plans for an Improved Land Tenure, and a new Land System, reviewed, 137. Slingsby, Jonathan Freke, New-Year's Eve, 1; The Bursting of the Bud, 355; Sunshine and Shadow, a Reverie for April, 403; Maga's May-bush, 533. Stephen, Sir James, Lectures on the History of France, reviewed, 570. Sterling, John, and his Biographers, 185. Stray Leaves from Greece, Part I., 316; Part II., 518; Part III., 758. Sunshine and Shadow, a Reverie for April, 403.

Tennent, Sir James Emerson—Our Portrait Gallery, No. LXVI., 84. Thompson, William, The Natural History of Ireland, Vols. I., II., III.—Birds of Ireland, reviewed, 307. Thompson, the late William, Esq., of Belfast, 531. Threnody to J. H., 80. Tory Island, account of, 434.

Vindication of the Bardic Accounts of the early Invasions of Ireland by the River Ocean of the Greeks, reviewed, 277. Voragine, Jacques de, La Legende Dorée, traduite du Latin, reviewed, 547.

War and its Results, 747. Warburton, Eliot, the late, 235. Warren, Samuel, F.R.S., The Lily and the Bee, an Apologue of the Crystal Palace, reviewed, 66. Whiting, Sydney, Song, Anacreon to Ilia, 199. Wordsworth, to our Friends at the coming Elections, 528.

DIRECTION TO THE BINDER.

Portrait of Sir James Emerson Tennent to face page 84
Portrait of Henry Brooke to face page ... 200



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